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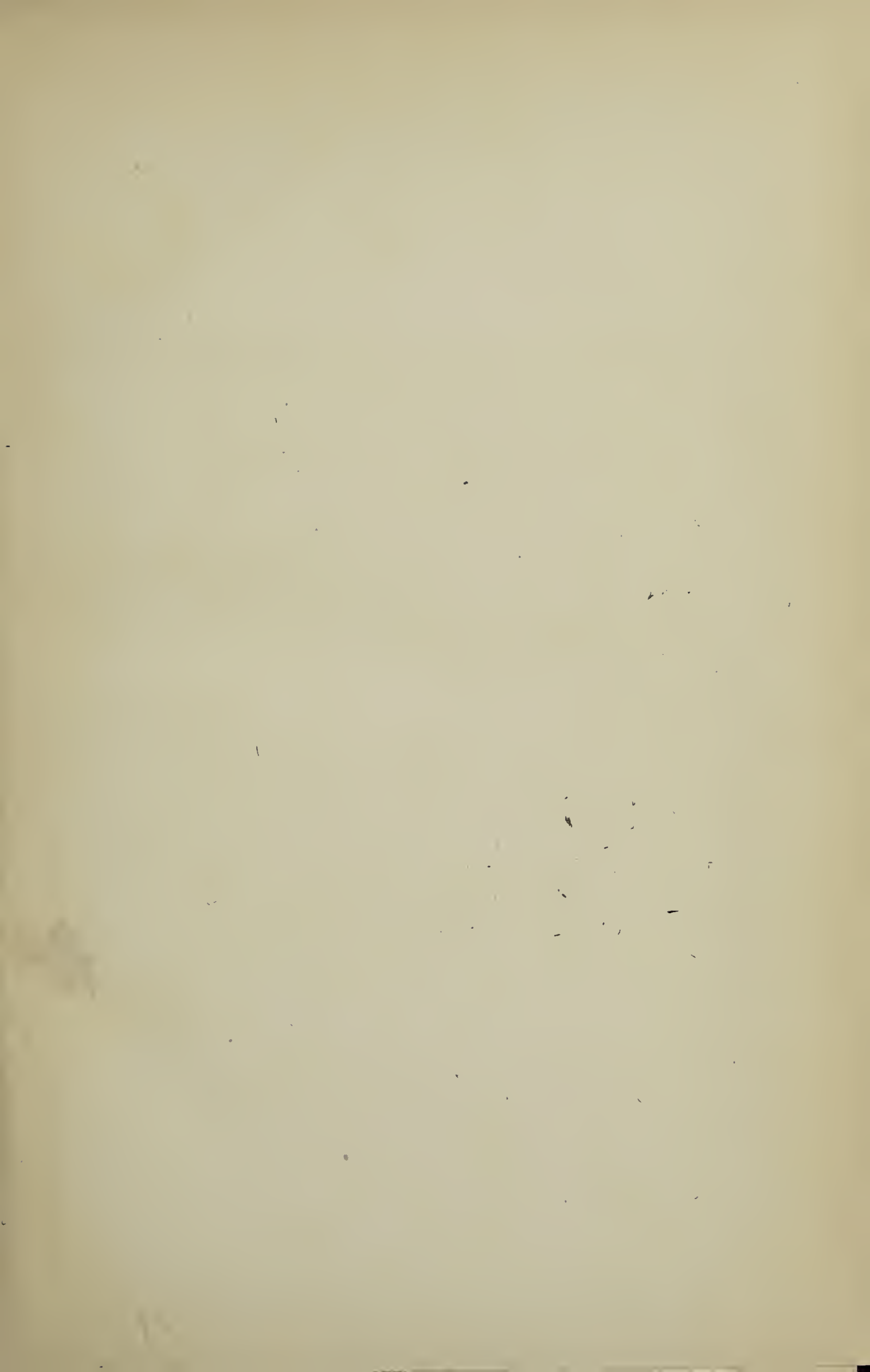
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MAJ. GEN. U. S. GRANT.

THE
REBELLION RECORD:

A Diary of American Events,

WITH

DOCUMENTS, NARRATIVES, ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENTS,
POETRY, ETC.

EDITED BY

FRANK MOORE,

AUTHOR OF "DIARY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

SIXTH VOLUME.

WITH FOURTEEN PORTRAITS ON STEEL, AND VARIOUS MAPS AND DIAGRAMS.

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REBELLION RECORD.

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MAJ. GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE.

D I A R Y .

OCTOBER 10, 1862.

TO-DAY a force of Union troops, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Boyle, of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry, entered Harrodsburgh, Kentucky, completely surprising and taking prisoners one thousand six hundred rebel troops, composed of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, being the rear-guard of General Bragg's army.—Governor Harris, of Tennessee, issued an order requiring the enrolment of all persons between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five, announcing that thirty days would be allowed for volunteering.

—A FIGHT took place on the Upper Missouri River, about a hundred and fifty miles below Fort Berthold, between a party of miners, who were descending the river in a Mackinaw boat, and a large number of the Yancton Sioux tribe of Indians. The firing was kept up on both sides from nine o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, when the Indians gave up the chase, a good many of their number having been killed or wounded. Only one of the miners was wounded.—*Sioux City Register, November 1.*

—GENERAL J. E. B. STUART'S rebel cavalry entered Chambersburgh, Pennsylvania, and destroyed over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of government stores and private property.—(*Doc. 1.*)

—A PARTY of about one hundred rebel guerrillas entered Hawesville, Indiana, and for a time held possession of the town, but were finally driven out by the Cannelton Home Guard.—Governor Letcher, of Virginia, issued a proclamation putting in force an act of the Rebel Legislature of October first, prohibiting the removal of salt from the limits of the State of Virginia, and making provisions regulating its sale to people within the State.—(*Doc. 3.*)

—HENRY FAIRBACK, of Colonel Bissell's Engineer regiment, of the West; Albert Bacon, of the

Fourteenth Illinois, and Robert Timmins, of the Thirty-fifth Indiana, who were captured in the battles of Shiloh and Corinth, this day made their escape from Macon, Georgia. After travelling for seventeen nights, and enduring many hardships, they finally reached the Union gunboat *Western World*, then blockading Doboy Sound, Ga., and were taken on board.

October 11.—A sharp fight took place a few miles from Helena, Arkansas, between a detachment of the Fourth Iowa cavalry, under the command of Major Rector, and a superior force of Texan Rangers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Giddings, resulting in a rout of the latter, nine of their number, including Lieutenant-Colonel Giddings, being captured. The Unionists had three men killed and nine wounded.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—THE ship *Manchester*, from New-York to Liverpool, laden with grain and cotton, was captured by the rebel steamer *Alabama*, in lat. $41^{\circ} 25'$, lon. $55^{\circ} 50'$, when her officers and crew were taken off, with such stores as were wanted, and she was burned.—The One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment New-York volunteers, under command of Colonel John H. Ketcham, left Poughkeepsie this day for Washington.

—A FORCE of three hundred Union cavalry, under the command of Colonel McReynolds, made a descent on the rebel Colonel Imboden's camp, at Cacapon Bridge, about seventeen miles from Winchester, Virginia, and captured a major, lieutenant, twenty-five privates, a large number of horses and mules, one thousand blankets, a quantity of ammunition, brass cannon, wagons, fire-arms, clothing, and Colonel Imboden's private papers.—*Cumberland (Md.) Union.*

—THE rebel gunboat *Palmetto State*, built at Charleston, mainly through the efforts and offerings of the women of South-Carolina, was

formally named and dedicated. Colonel Richard Yeadon delivered an oration on the occasion.

—THE Seventh regiment Maine volunteers, one hundred and sixty-one in number, under command of Colonel Mason, left Washington this day, by order of General Halleck, on its way home to recruit its decimated ranks.

—THE schooner Elmira Cornelius, while trying to run the blockade at Bull's Bay, S. C., was this day captured by the United States steamer Restless. Her captain ran her ashore, but she was got off by the assistance of the United States steamer Flag.

—RUMORS of peace began to be mooted. The *Richmond Enquirer* of this date says: "There are prospects of an early peace, which conclusion is founded on the results of the battles in Virginia and Maryland, and the campaign now progressing. The battle of Antietam was, to the Federal forces, the most terrible defeat of the war."

—THE United States gunboat Maratanza, Commander Scott, while lying off Cape Fear River, North-Carolina, was fired into by a rebel battery of two Armstrong guns, which the rebels had constructed on the beach during the night. The second shell struck the ship and exploded, killing two and wounding five. After which, the Maratanza immediately got under weigh and stood out to sea.—*Com. Scott's Despatch.*

—YESTERDAY a body of Union cavalry captured fifty wagons laden with ammunition, on the road between Camp Dick Robinson and Danville, Kentucky, and to-day a portion of General Dumont's forces captured at Versailles, Kentucky, a train of wagons, two pieces of artillery, and three hundred and fifty rebels, without a fight.

—THE preamble and resolution, submitted to the rebel House of Representatives by Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, concerning the retaliatory measures to be adopted against the Government of the United States, passed the House by a vote of thirty-five yeas to twenty-two nays.—(*Doc. 35.*)

—THE schooner Revere (British, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia) was this day captured off Cape Fear, North-Carolina, by the United States gunboats Maratanza and Monticello. Her cargo consisted of military stores.

October 12. — This day, the rebel General Stuart's cavalry, which had passed around the Union army of General McClellan, made good its escape across the Potomac at White's Ford, near the mouth of the Monocacy River. During the

day, General Pleasanton, with five hundred cavalry, harassed the rebel rear, and engaged them in a sharp skirmish, but with no material loss on either side.—(*Doc. 5.*)

—CONSIDERABLE excitement was created in Gainsville, Texas, by the discovery of a secret organization of Unionists, whose object was said to be that of killing the secessionists, after which, they were to remove to Missouri, taking with them whatever property they could carry, and burn the remainder. The militia were called out, and arrested twenty-nine persons supposed to belong to the organization, two of whom were immediately hanged.—*Houston News.*

October 13.—A successful reconnoissance was this day made by a force of Union troops under the command of General Stahel, in the vicinity of Paris, Snicker's Gap, and Leesburgh, Virginia. More than one hundred prisoners were taken and paroled; important information was obtained, and the command returned to its headquarters at Centreville, without losing a man.—*New-York Times, October 16.*

—THE Sixth regiment Missouri State militia, under command of Colonel Catherwood, returned to camp at Sedalia, Missouri, after a successful scouting expedition, in which they broke up and dispersed several bands of rebel guerrillas, killing about fifty of their number. They took prisoner Colonel William H. McCoun, of the rebel army.

—THE expedition to Jacksonville, Florida, this day returned to Hilton Head, South-Carolina, when General J. M. Brannan made a report to the Secretary of the Navy, announcing the complete success of the expedition—the capture of the rebel fortification at St. John's Bluff, with guns and ammunition, and a rebel steamer.—(*Doc. 6.*)

—THE rebel Congress in session at Richmond passed an act authorizing Jefferson Davis to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in certain cases.—The rebel House of Representatives passed a bill making it a death-penalty for Union soldiers to have in their possession, or for endeavoring to pass counterfeit rebel Treasury notes.—The rebel Congress adjourned *sine die.*

—THE ship Tonawanda, from Philadelphia for Liverpool, captured by the rebel steamer Alabama on the ninth, was to-day released and again set sail on her voyage, there being no manner of providing for the considerable number of women and children captured on board of her.

October 14. — The London propeller, *Ouachita*, was this day captured in the Gulf Stream, opposite Frying Pan Shoals, by the United States gunboat *Memphis*, Commander *Watnaugh*.

—A SKIRMISH occurred at *Stanford*, Kentucky, between the advance forces of the Union army under General *Buell*, and the rear-guard of the rebel army under General *Bragg*, resulting in the retreat of the rebels, fourteen of whom were taken prisoners, a number of horses and guns captured, and a lieutenant-colonel killed.—*Stanford* was occupied by Union forces.

October 15.—Governor *Vance*, of North-Carolina, issued an appeal to the people of that State, in which he said, that, “after the most strenuous exertions on the part of its officers, the State finds it impossible to clothe and shoe our soldiers without again appealing to that overflowing fountain of generosity—the private contributions of our people,” and asking that all possible contributions be made. “A great lot of blankets, also, might yet be spared from private use, and thousands could be made from the carpets on our parlor floors.”—(*Doc. 8.*)

—THE bark *Lamplighter*, of Boston, Captain *Harding*, from New-York to Gibraltar, was this day captured in latitude 41° 30', longitude 59° 17', by the rebel privateer *Alabama*, and burned.

—THE Right Reverend *John H. Hopkins*, Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, addressed a letter to the House of Bishops, assembled in General Convention at New-York, protesting against the political aspect of the Pastoral Letter adopted by that body.—*See Supplement.*

—THE *Bridgeport* (Second Connecticut) battery, one hundred and sixty-five men, under the command of Captain *John W. Sterling*, arrived at New-York *en route* for the seat of war. Of the one hundred and sixty-five men comprised in this corps, one hundred and thirty-seven are from amongst the most active business men of *Bridgeport*.—General *McClellan* made a preliminary report of the military operations under his charge since the evacuation of *Harrison's Landing*, Va.—(*Doc. 2.*)

—DRAFTING in Boston commenced to-day, under the supervision of Judge *Russell*, Commissioner, aided by Sheriff *Clark*, and Dr. *N. W. Shurtleff*, who was blindfolded and drew the names from a box.—At *Baltimore*, Maryland, the draft was also made, only forty men being required to fill the quota of that city.—A force of

rebel troops under the command of Colonels *Anderson*, *Johnson*, and *Martin*, captured the steamer *Hazel Dell* at *Caseyville*, Kentucky.

—AN expedition of armed boats from the blockading fleet at *Apalachicola*, Florida, proceeded up the *Apalachicola River*, and, after a sharp contest with a rebel force, drove them back and captured a schooner laden with cotton preparatory to running the blockade. Upon returning, the expedition was fired upon by a party of rebels at *Apalachicola*, when the town was shelled and set on fire.—(*Doc. 36.*)

—A SKIRMISH took place in the vicinity of *Carsville*, Virginia, between a company of the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant *Williams*, and a force of rebels in ambush, resulting in the killing and wounding of several of the Nationals.—Acting Master *Frederick Crocker*, of the United States steamer *Kensington*, made an expedition from *Sabine Pass*, Texas, up the river, and destroyed the large railroad bridge at *Taylor's Bayou*, put to flight a body of rebels, and burned their encampment and two rebel schooners.—(*Doc. 7.*)

October 16.—The One Hundred and Seventieth regiment New-York volunteers, being the second of the Irish Legion, left *Staten Island*, New-York, *en route* for the seat of war.—Governor *Curtin*, of Pennsylvania, was to-day authorized by the War Department to permit drafted militia to become volunteers by changing their term of service from nine months to three years.

—THE steamer *Emilie* was boarded by a gang of guerrillas at *Portland*, Mo., and plundered of all her stores. The passengers were also robbed of their clothing and valuables.—The United States steamer sloop-of-war *Ticonderoga*, was this day successfully launched from the Navy-Yard, *Brooklyn*, New-York.

—A RECONNOISSANCE by part of the army of the *Potomac* was made from *Harper's Ferry* this morning. General *Humphrey's* division, supported by that of General *Porter*, crossed the *Potomac River* at *Blackford's Ford* and advanced on *Shepherdstown*. He was met by a strong force of the rebels, who opened a heavy fire upon him; and as General *Humphrey* had no artillery, and the object of the reconnoissance having been accomplished, he withdrew his forces across the river.

THE steamer *John H. Dickey*, plying between *St. Louis*, Mo., and *Memphis*, Tennessee, was

this day attacked by a band of rebel guerrillas, in the vicinity of Pemiscot Bayou, Missouri, but escaped without much injury. No one was killed, and only one person slightly wounded.—The rebel Brigadier-General George B. Anderson, who was wounded at Sharpsburgh, Md., died at Raleigh, North-Carolina.

—A RECONNOISSANCE under the command of General Hancock, left Bolivar Heights early this morning and proceeded toward Charlestown, Va. When a mile and a half from the town, the rebels opened fire upon the Union troops from a battery of five pieces, which was responded to by Clark's and Tompkins's Rhode Island batteries, for about two hours, when the rebels fell back to the hills beyond the town. The rebels' guns were well served, but only a few of their shells exploded. The Nationals had one man killed and eight wounded; the rebels had nine men wounded and taken prisoners, among whom was Captain Smith, of the Richmond artillery.—The National troops entered Charlestown and occupied it.

—THE draft commenced in every county of the State of Pennsylvania, except that of Philadelphia, without any undue excitement.

October 17.—A fight took place near Lexington, Kentucky, between a rebel force of about three thousand cavalry and six pieces of artillery, under the command of General John Morgan, and three hundred and fifty Union cavalry, under Major Charles B. Seidel, Third Ohio cavalry, resulting in a retreat of the Nationals with a loss of four killed, twenty-four wounded, and a large number of prisoners.

—TO-DAY a band of rebel guerrillas under Quantrel, entered Shawnee, Kansas, and completely sacked it, burning thirteen houses and killing three men. Six miles south of the town they overtook two teams laden with goods. They killed one of the drivers, dangerously wounded the other, and captured the teams and goods.—*Leavenworth Conservative.*

—THE Common Council of Boston, Massachusetts, having voted to raise the bounty to volunteers to two hundred dollars, drafting in that city ceased.

—A UNION force under Acting Master Crocker, of the U. S. steamer Kensington, landed at Sabine City, Texas, attacked and routed a party of rebels five miles from the city, and burned their encampment.—(*Doc. 7.*)

—A SKIRMISH occurred at Thoroughfare Gap between a Union reconnoitring force under General Stahel, and a body of rebel troops, resulting in the retreat of the latter toward Haymarket. A caisson containing ammunition was captured, and about one hundred rebel prisoners were taken.—(*Doc. 37.*)

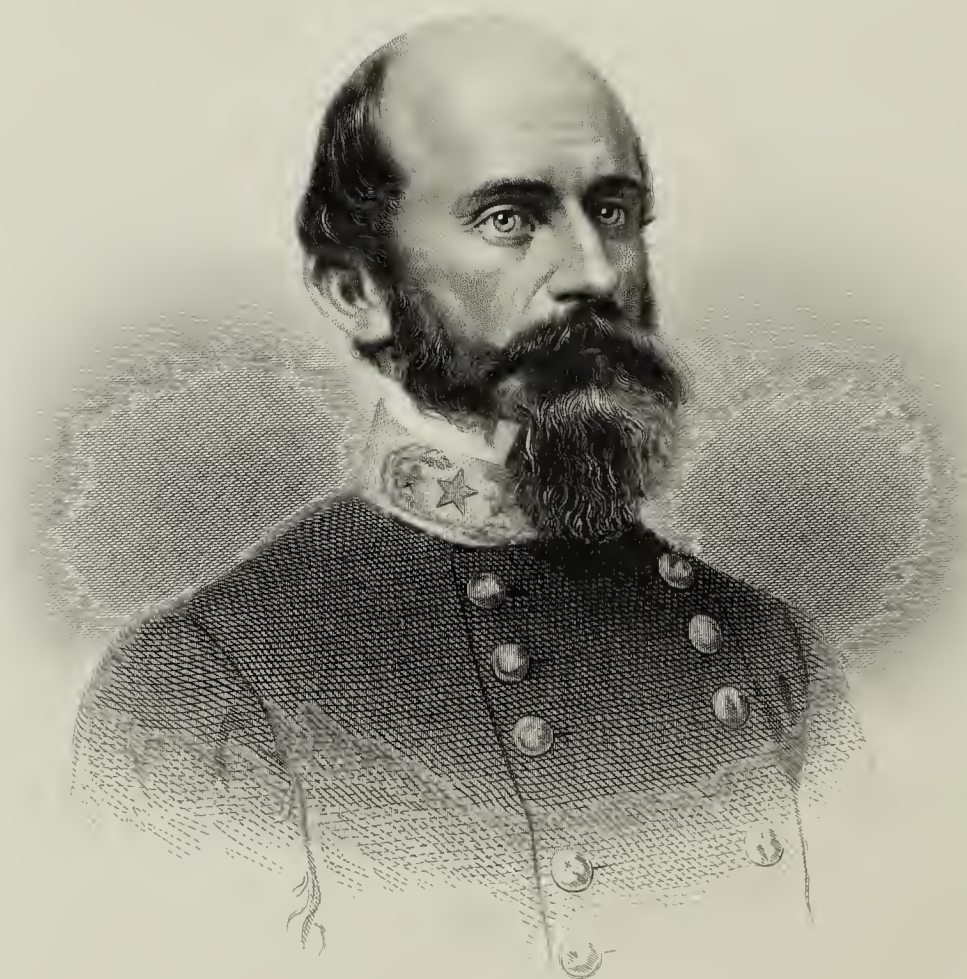
—CONSIDERABLE difficulty was experienced by the officers appointed to complete the enrolment for the draft in Pennsylvania. In the town of Berkley, Luzerne County, the military had to be called out, who fired on the insurgents, killing four or five of their number. The draft was also resisted in Carbondale, Scranton, and other towns in the mining districts. The resistants were mostly Irishmen.

October 18.—To-day as a small party of the Forty-third Indiana regiment were doing picket-duty in the vicinity of Helena, Arkansas, they were attacked by a gang of rebel guerrillas, killing one and taking several of their number prisoners.

—THE British frigate, *Racer*, by permission of Flag-Officer Green, commanding U. S. blockading squadron off South-Carolina, entered Charleston Harbor, and took away the British Consul.—The Twenty-third Maine and the Fourteenth New-Hampshire regiments, left Boston this morning for New-York, *en route* for the seat of war.

—A SKIRMISH occurred in the vicinity of Lexington, Kentucky, between a detachment of the Fourth Ohio cavalry, under the command of Captain Robey, and a large force of rebel cavalry under General John H. Morgan, resulting in the capture of the entire National force. The rebels then dashed into Lexington, capturing the provost-guard, and without stopping any length of time, moved off in the direction of Versailles, Kentucky. By this operation General Morgan secured about three hundred and fifty horses, with their equipments, as many prisoners, and the arms and accoutrements of the men. He paroled the prisoners.

—TEN of Porter's rebel guerrillas, Willis Baker, Thomas Humston, Morgan Bixler, John Y. McPheeters, Herbert Hudson, John M. Wade, Marion Sair, Captain Thomas A. Snider, Eleazer Lake, and Hiram Smith, held as hostages by order of General McNeil, for the safe return of Andrew Allsman, an aged citizen of Palmyra, Mo., who had been carried off by the guerrillas, were publicly shot this day.—(*Doc. 10.*)



Engr'd by A. H. PIERCE.

GEN. RICHARD S. EWELL.

—NINE Union pickets were fired upon and killed by rebel guerrillas at a point on the Mississippi opposite Helena, Ark.—A supply train of seven wagons laden with forage and commissary stores for the use of the reconnoitring force under General Stahel, was captured by a body of rebel cavalry at Haymarket, and taken to Warrenton, Va. A lieutenant and twenty-six Union soldiers were also made prisoners.

—A body of seven hundred rebel cavalry came upon a party of thirty-two Union cavalry under command of Lieutenant Baldwin, at Haymarket, Va., capturing all but nine of them, who made their escape after a severe chase.—(Doc. 37.)

October 19.—The United States gunboat *Ellis*, of the Newbern, N. C., blockading squadron, Lieutenant W. D. Cushing, commander, captured the British schooner *Adelaide*, of Halifax, N. S., in New Topsail Inlet, twelve miles from Wilmington, while attempting to run the blockade with a cargo of cotton and turpentine. The vessel being aground, with her cargo, was destroyed.

—THE steamer *Catahoula*, plying between Helena, Ark., and Memphis, Tenn., was this day fired into by a band of rebel guerrillas, at a point a few miles below the latter city. No one was killed, and only one man wounded.—A party of Morgan's rebel cavalry this day attacked and destroyed a train of fifty-one loaded wagons and thirty-one empty ones, at Bardstown, Ky., paroling the teamsters and driving off the horses and mules.—*Louisville Journal*.

—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SACKETT, Ninth New-York cavalry, commanding a reconnoitring party sent out to patrol the country between Centreville and Leesburgh, Va., made a report narrating the operations of the expedition. During the reconnoissance he captured and paroled sixty or seventy soldiers.—A body of rebel cavalry under the lead of Colonel Jeffries, entered and occupied Commerce, Tenn.—(Doc. 9.)

October 20.—A skirmish took place on the Cumberland River, a few miles from Nashville, Tenn., between a considerable force of rebel cavalry under General Forrest, and a body of Union troops under the command of Colonel Miller, in which the rebels were driven across the river with some loss. A number of prisoners, including a colonel, were taken.

—FIVE hundred cases of yellow fever were reported in Wilmington, N. C. The mortality was very great, thirty or forty dying daily. The pub-

lication of the *Journal* newspaper had to be suspended, as almost all the hands necessary to carry on the work were sick with the fever.

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN issued an order establishing a Provisional Court for the State of Louisiana, and appointing Charles A. Peabody, of New-York, to be a Provisional Judge to hold the court.—(Doc. 11.)

—MAJOR WOODSON, of the Tenth cavalry, Missouri State militia, attacked a band of rebel guerrillas on Auxvois River, dispersed them, killing and wounding several, capturing arms, ammunition, blankets, and horses.—The Twenty-seventh regiment Maine volunteers, left Portland this morning for the seat of war.

—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES STUART, with a portion of the Tenth Illinois cavalry, attacked two hundred rebel cavalry near Marshfield, Mo., this day, completely routing and disorganizing them, and capturing twenty-seven prisoners.—The plantations in the vicinity of President's Island, on the Mississippi, were burned to-day in retaliation for an attack upon the steamer *Catahoula* by the rebels.

October 21.—A reconnoissance was this day made by a strong force of Union troops, under the command of General Geary, into Loudon County, Va. Several skirmishes took place with parties of the rebels, resulting in their retreat, leaving in the hands of the Unionists seventy-five prisoners, including a number of officers, and about thirty horses.

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN addressed a letter to Major-General Grant, Governor Johnson, and all having military, naval, and civil authority under the United States within the State of Tennessee, recommending Thomas R. Smith, a citizen of Tennessee, who went to that State, seeking to have such of its people as desired to have peace again upon the old terms under the Constitution, to manifest such desire by electing members to the Congress of the United States, State officers, and a Senator of the United States. The President wished the parties addressed to aid Mr. Smith, and all others seeking for this object, as much as possible.—A Union meeting was held in Beaufort, N. C. Patriotic speeches were made, and resolutions indorsing President Lincoln's proclamation liberating the slaves of rebels, were passed.

The Union army under General Schofield, left Pea Ridge, Ark., last evening, in pursuit of the

rebels retreating through that State. One portion of the Union army under General Schofield, taking the road toward Huntsville, and the other under General Blunt going toward Maysville, on the boundary line between Arkansas and the Indian Nation.—(*Doc. 12.*)

—A SKIRMISH took place at Woodville, Tenn., between the Second Illinois cavalry, under the command of Major John J. Mudd, and a party of rebel guerrillas under Haywood, resulting in a complete rout of the latter, leaving in the hands of the Unionists forty of their number as prisoners, a wagon-load of arms, a large number of saddles, and about one hundred horses and mules.

—A fight occurred at Fort Cobb, in the Indian Territory, between a body of loyal Indians belonging to six different tribes, numbering about seven hundred, and a force of rebel Indians, of the Tongkawa tribe, under Colonel Leper, resulting in the defeat of the rebels with great slaughter. Colonel Leper, who was a white man, was killed.—*Leavenworth Conservative.*

October 22.—General Blunt with a division of Union troops this day attacked a force of rebels five thousand strong at Old Fort Wayne, near Maysville, Ark., and after an hour's sharp fighting completely routed them and captured all their artillery, a large number of horses, and a portion of their transports and garrison equipage, the rebels retreating toward Fort Smith.—General Schofield with a Union force this day drove the rebels under General Hindman, through Huntsville, Ark., to a point beyond the Boston Mountain.—(*Doc. 12.*)

—YESTERDAY an expedition of troops, gunboats, and transports, under command of General J. M. Brannan, left Hilton Head, S. C., by way of the Coosahatchie and Pocatigo Rivers, to destroy the bridges and tear up the track of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. One wing of the expedition under command of Colonel W. B. Barton, to-day marched upon the village of Coosahatchie, attacked a passing train, killing and wounding several, afterward tore up the railroad track, cut the telegraph wires, and marched upon the bridge, but was prevented from burning the bridge at this point by the presence of a superior rebel force. The other wing of the expedition, under command of General Brannan, landed at Mackay's Point, marched ten miles inland to Pocatigo bridge, skirmishing with and routing the rebels as they advanced. At the bridge a superior force was encountered well intrenched,

and after a warm engagement and considerable loss, the expedition was compelled to abandon its object and return to the boats.—(*Doc. 13.*)

—A SHARP fight took place near Van Buren, Ark., between a force of Union cavalry under the command of Major B. F. Lazear, and a body of rebel guerrilla cavalry, numbering four hundred and fifty men, under Boone, resulting in a complete rout of the latter, with considerable loss.

—THE Twenty-fourth Texas Rangers to-day captured a train of thirty wagons, of the Fifth and Ninth Illinois cavalry, near Helena, Ark., and took several prisoners.—The Fourteenth regiment of Vermont volunteers, under the command of Colonel W. S. Nichols, passed through Springfield, Mass., *en route* for the seat of war.—*Springfield Republican.*

A SKIRMISH took place between the Union and rebel pickets in the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., terminating in a retreat of the Unionists to their intrenchments at Nashville, with some loss.—The British brig Robert Bruce, of Bristol, England, Captain Muir, was this day captured off Shallotte Inlet, N. C., by the United States gunboat Penobscot, while attempting to run the blockade.—Two squadrons of the Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry, under the command of Captain Duncan, made a reconnoissance to-day in the vicinity of Hedgesville, Va. Captain Duncan drove the rebel pickets into the town, and then charged the main body, routing them and taking nineteen prisoners, including three officers.

October 23.—The British schooner Francis, of Nassau, N. P., was captured in the vicinity of Indian River, Florida, by the United States gunboat Sagamore.—The rebel authorities at Richmond were notified that aliens, or persons claiming the protection of foreign governments, would not be allowed to go North on the flag of truce boats.

—A FIGHT took place near Waverly, Tenn., between a reconnoitring party of Union troops, consisting of about two hundred of the Eighty-third Illinois infantry, supported by one piece of artillery, under the command of Major Blott, and a large force of rebel guerrillas, which resulted, after an hour's duration, in a complete rout of the latter, with a loss of about forty of their number killed and wounded, and thirty taken prisoners. The Unionists had one killed, and several wounded.—(*Doc. 38.*)

—GENERAL ROSECRANS issued an order from his headquarters at Corinth, Miss., announcing that "the Seventeenth Iowa regiment, by its gallantry in the battle of Corinth, on the fourth, charging the enemy and capturing the flag of the Fortieth Mississippi, had amply atoned for its misfortune at Iuka, and stands among the honored regiments of his command."—The United States gunboats Merrimac and Mississippi, with the Third, Fifth, and Forty-fourth Massachusetts regiments on board, left Boston this morning for Newbern, N. C.—The *Richmond Dispatch* of this date published a letter purporting to be from a nephew of Secretary Seward.—*See Supplement.*

—THE combined rebel armies under Generals Bragg and E. Kirby Smith, reached Tennessee on their retreat from Kentucky this day. A correspondent, who accompanied the army, thus writes to the *Sun*, a rebel paper at Columbia, Tenn.: "The combined armies of Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith, including the forces of McCown, Stephenson, and Marshall, began their retrograde movement on the thirteenth instant, from Dick's River, not far distant from Harrodsburgh, Ky., General Bragg's force leading and passing out of the State ahead of General Smith. Many of the men are worn out with almost constant marching, by day and by night, pinched a great portion of the time by hunger and thirst, and having to subsist a good portion of the time on parched corn, pumpkins, etc., and drinking frequently water from holes. How different the feelings of officers and men of these armies now, compared with what they were upon their entrance into Kentucky two months since! It is unnecessary for me to say here that the expedition of the confederate forces into Kentucky, has resulted in a miserable failure."—*Columbia Sun.*

—A fight occurred at a bridge near Shelby Depot, Tenn., between a reconnoitring force of Union troops under the command of Colonel Stuart, Fifty-fifth Illinois, and a body of guerrillas, who had set fire to the bridge, resulting in a rout of the rebels, with a loss of eight or ten of their number killed.—The Fifteenth regiment of Vermont volunteers, commanded by Colonel Redfield Proctor, passed through Springfield, Mass., on the way to the scene of war.—*Springfield Republican.*

—A FORCE of five hundred Union cavalry, under the command of Colonel Edward McCook, left Crab Orchard, Kentucky, this morning, and pro-

ceeded toward Point Lick and Big Hill, where they encountered several bands of Morgan's guerrillas and Scott's rebel cavalry, killing four or five of them and capturing their telegraph operator, with his apparatus; also, thirty-three wagons, partly loaded. Thence the Union forces proceeded to Richmond, where they captured two hundred sick and wounded rebels, whom they paroled.

—The ship Lafayette, of New-Haven, Captain Small, from New-York for Belfast, with a cargo of wheat and corn, was this day captured, and burned in latitude 40, longitude 64, by the rebel privateer Alabama.

October 24.—A party of rebels, a hundred and fifty strong, attacked a force of Union troops, numbering only eighty, stationed at Manassas Junction, Virginia. The Union troops retreated with the loss of fifteen men and two officers taken prisoners. Captain Conger of the Third Virginia cavalry, with a detachment of his regiment, who had been on a scouting expedition, met the same party of rebels between Catlett's Station and Warrenton. Captain Conger attacked and dispersed them, killing several and taking two prisoners.

—A FIGHT took place near Grand Prairie, Missouri, between a small force of Union troops, under the command of Major Frank J. White, and a body of rebel guerrillas, resulting in a complete rout of the latter, with a loss of eight killed and twenty wounded. The Union party had only two or three of their number wounded.

A RECONNOISSANCE in force, under the command of Brigadier-General Ferry, was made from Suffolk, Virginia, to the Blackwater. At a place near the river, known as the Common Road Crossing, a small party of rebels were encountered, when a skirmish ensued, terminating in a retreat of the rebels, with a loss of six of their number. The Unionists had one man killed, Lieutenant Wheelan, of the New-York Mounted Rifles.—(*Doc. 15.*)

—A SKIRMISH took place at Morgantown, Kentucky, between a detachment of Union troops, and a force of Morgan's rebel guerrillas, resulting in a retreat of the latter, with a loss of sixteen of their number left in the hands of the Unionists.

—THE United States gunboat Clifton captured in Matagorda Bay, Texas, a yacht.—The British steamer Scotia, while attempting to break the blockade of Charleston, South-Carolina, was captured by the United States bark Restless, under the command of Lieutenant Commanding Edward Conroy.—(*Doc. 14.*)

October 25.—By order of the President, Major-General Buell was removed from the command of the Department of Kentucky, and Major-General Rosecrans appointed in his place.—The rebel conscript law went into effect in East-Tennessee, today, and was rigidly enforced.

—CHATTANOOGA, Tennessee, was visited by a severe snow-storm, preceded by sleet, causing the ground to be frozen so as to retain the snow. The ground was entirely covered to the depth of an inch and a half.—General Rosecrans, at his headquarters at Corinth, Mississippi, issued an order taking leave of his army, and announcing that the troops of that district would hereafter be commanded by General C. S. Hamilton, he having been called to duty elsewhere.—A party of the Forty-third Indiana regiment, while on a foraging expedition in the vicinity of Helena, Arkansas, were fired into by a band of rebel guerrilla cavalry, killing three and wounding two. The rebels escaped before a shot could be fired at them.

October 26.—The schooner Crenshaw of New-York, Captain Nelson, from New-York for Glasgow with a cargo of flour, was this day captured in latitude 40°, longitude 64°, by the rebel privateer Alabama, and burned.

—INDIANOLA, Texas, surrendered to the United States gunboats Clifton and Westfield without firing a shot.—A party of Unionists attempted to land at Saint Mary's, Georgia, but were repulsed. The gunboats then shelled and completely destroyed the town.

October 27.—The British steamer Anglia, with an assorted cargo, while attempting to run the blockade of Charleston, S. C., was captured by the United States bark Restless and steamer Flag.—(*Doc. 14.*)

—A FIGHT took place near Fayetteville, Arkansas, between a force of Union troops, under the command of General Herron, and a large body of rebel guerrillas, resulting, after an hour's duration, in the utter rout of the rebels, leaving eight dead on the field, some wounded, all their baggage and many of their wagons.

—THE United States gunboat Clifton captured a rebel schooner with eighteen bales of cotton on board, in Matagorda Bay, Texas. The cotton was transferred to the gunboat, and the schooner burned.—A fight took place at Putnam's Ferry, Mo., between a force of Union troops under the command of Colonel Lewis, Twenty-third

Iowa, and a body of rebels numbering about one thousand five hundred, in which the latter were defeated with a loss of several killed and over forty taken prisoners.

A SKIRMISH took place near Labadieville, La., between a force of Union troops under the command of General Weitzel, and a body of rebels under Colonel J. P. McPheeters, resulting in the rout of the latter with great loss. Colonel McPheeters was among the killed.—(*Doc. 16.*)

October 28.—A company of Union troops under Captain Partridge was captured by a force of rebels, while on picket-duty in the vicinity of Pensacola, Fla.—The rebel steamer Caroline, formerly the Arizona, with a cargo of munitions of war, was captured off Mobile, Ala., by the United States steamer Montgomery, and taken to Pensacola, Fla.

—A FIGHT took place at Cross Hollows, near Fayetteville, Ark., between a Union force of about one thousand cavalry, under the command of General Herron, and a large body of rebel troops, consisting of five regiments of Texan Rangers and two pieces of artillery, under the command of Colonel Craven, resulting, after an engagement of about an hour's duration, in a rout of the rebels with a loss of eight men killed and the whole of their camp equipments left in the hands of the Nationals.—(*Doc. 17.*)

—GENERAL GRANT sent the following message from his headquarters at Jackson, Tenn., to the War Department: "The following despatch is just received from Brigadier-General Davis, at Columbus, Ky.: The expedition to Clarkson, Mo., thirty-four miles from Madrid, under command of Captain Rodgers, company K, Second Illinois artillery, has been entirely successful in dispersing the guerrillas, killing ten, and mortally wounding two, capturing Colonel Clark in command, Captain Esther, three lieutenants, three surgeons, thirty-seven men, seventy stand of arms, fifty-two horses, thirteen mules, two wagons and a large quantity of ammunition, burning their barracks and magazines, entirely breaking up the whole camp."

—GENERAL HALLECK, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the U. S., addressed a letter to Secretary Stanton, in reply to general interrogatories concerning the supplies furnished to the army of the Potomac, under General McClellan. From all the information General Halleck could obtain, he was of opinion that the requisitions from that

army had been filled more promptly, and that the men as a general rule, had been better supplied than the Union armies operating in the West.

—AN expedition, consisting of twelve thousand Union troops, under the command of General John G. Foster, left Newbern, N. C., and proceeded up Albemarle Sound. Its destination was unknown. Part of the force went by land and part on schooners, the latter being convoyed by two gunboats. It was surmised that the expedition was to attack Weldon, N. C., an important railroad centre.

—MACKAY'S POINT, S. C., was this day bombarded by a part of the Union blockading squadron.—A company of rebel cavalry were captured in the vicinity of Cotton Creek, Fla., by a scouting-party of Union troops.

—THE barque *Lauretta*, Captain W. M. Wells, which left New-York on the twenty-fifth instant, laden with flour, etc., and bound for Madeira and Messina, was this day captured by the rebel privateer *Alabama*, and destroyed by fire. The cargo was said to be owned by a British merchant.—The Union forces under General Weitzel entered Thibodeaux, La., without opposition.

—THE British schooner *Trier*, of and from Nassau, N. P., laden with salt, etc., was captured while attempting to run into Indian River, Fla., by the U. S. gunboat *Sagamore*.

October 29.—A skirmish took place on the Ridgeville road, at a point five miles distant from Petersburg, Va., between a reconnoitring force of Union troops under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Quirk, and a detachment of the rebel General Stuart's cavalry, resulting in a rout of the latter and the capture of sixteen of their number, with about two hundred head of cattle which the rebels were driving to their camp.—(*Doc. 18.*)

—EARLY this morning a force of Union troops under the command of Major Keenan, Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, left Purcellsville, Va., on a reconnoitring expedition. They passed through Berrysville, Snickersville, and Philomont. On arriving at Union they found that town occupied by a battalion of Georgia cavalry, whom they drove out. Here it was ascertained that General Walker, in command of a force of South-Carolina troops, was in position five miles from Middleburgh. Major Keenan also found about a hundred wounded rebel soldiers, all of whom he paroled, and learned that General Longstreet was in command of the rebel forces near Upperville. He next proceeded to Aldie, in the vicinity of

which place he unexpectedly came upon a detachment of the First Michigan cavalry, sent out by General Sigel from his command near Centreville. Major Keenan then returned to Purcellsville, having marched thirty-five miles, and obtained some valuable information.

—THE brig *Baron de Castine*, of Boston, Captain Saunders, was this day captured in lat. 39°, long. 69°, by the rebel privateer *Alabama*, and liberated on a bond for six thousand dollars.

—THE ship *Alleganian*, of New-York, was boarded at night while at anchor off the mouth of the Rappahannock, by a party of rebels, who, after rifling her, and taking off the crew, set her on fire. The U. S. steamer *Crusader* subsequently came up, and endeavored to extinguish the flames, but without success.

—A FIGHT took place near Butler, Bates County, Missouri, between a detachment of the First Kansas colored volunteers, under the command of Colonel Seaman, and a body of rebel guerrillas under Cockerill, resulting in a repulse of the latter with a loss of about thirty killed and wounded. The Unionists had eight men killed and ten wounded.—(*Doc. 19.*)

October 30.—Major-General O. M. Mitchel, Commander of the Tenth army corps, department of the South, died on the evening of this day at Beaufort, South-Carolina.

—A SKIRMISH took place to-day between a detachment of cavalry under the command of Colonel Wyndham, First New-Jersey cavalry, and a force of rebels stationed at Thoroughfare Gap, resulting in the retirement of the latter to the almost impassable hills in the vicinity.

—THE rebel schooner *Velocity*, laden with salt, leather, Manilla rope, etc., was captured by the United States steamer *Kensington*, in the vicinity of Sabine Pass, Texas.

—IN obedience to orders from the War Department, Major-General Buell transferred the command of the department and the army of the Ohio to Major-General W. S. Rosecrans.

October 31.—The town of Franklin, on the Blackwater River, Virginia, was this day shelled by three batteries of Union artillery, and partially destroyed, the rebel forces being driven off with great loss.—An enthusiastic meeting was held at Key West, Florida, to raise funds for the relief of the families of volunteers in the Union army. One thousand dollars were collected.

—JAMES R. LACKLAND, charged with encouragement of the rebellion, by publicly opposing the national government, was arrested at St. Louis, Mo.—Between three and four hundred East-Tennesseans arrived at Lexington, Ky., with the intention of joining the Union army.—A rebel force of cavalry under General Stuart, attacked a small force of Union cavalry stationed at Maysville, Va., and drove them toward Aldie.

—THE rebels under General Hindman having committed depredation upon Union citizens residing in the vicinity of Helena, Ark., the national troops retaliated on rebel sympathizers, and destroyed a number of farms in that locality.—The Wilmington, N. C., salt-works were this day destroyed by Captain Cushing of the national gunboat Ellis.

November 1.—An expedition, consisting of the U. S. steamer *Northerner* and gunboat *States of the North*, with a detachment of the Third New-York cavalry, and two pieces of Allis's artillery, under the command of Major Garrard, proceeded, on the twenty-ninth ultimo, up the Pungo Creek, N. C., where they captured two rebel schooners. Proceeding to Montgomery, the troops disembarked. Major Garrard then marched his force to Germantown, Swanquarter, and Middletown, capturing in these places one hundred and thirty horses and mules, and twenty-five prisoners, among whom were a rebel lieutenant-colonel, a major, a captain, and a lieutenant. To-day, on returning from Middletown, they were met by a squad of rebel cavalry, on whom they opened one of their field-pieces, when they fled at the first fire. The force then returned to Montgomery, and embarked on the steamer without further molestation.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

—AT New-Orleans, La., General Butler issued the following orders:—"No pass to go beyond the lines of this army, in any direction, will be respected by any officer or soldier, unless it bear the personal signature of the Commanding General of this Department.

"All persons of the age of sixteen years and upward, coming within the lines, will be held as spies, unless they take the oath of allegiance to the United States, or show that they are neutral aliens; and all persons whatsoever thus coming will immediately report themselves at the office of the Provost-Marshal.

"No person will be arrested as a slave by any policeman or other person, and put in confinement for safe keeping, unless the person arresting

knows that such person is owned by a loyal citizen of the United States.

"The Inspector and Superintendent of Prisons is authorized to discharge from confinement all slaves not known to be the slaves of loyal owners."

—YESTERDAY and to-day, the U. S. gunboats *Clifton* and *Westfield* bombarded the town of Lavacca, on Matagorda Bay, Texas. The rebels opened fire on the gunboats from two batteries, but without doing them any injury. After firing more than one hundred and thirty rounds, the gunboats found their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and they were thus compelled to raise the siege without effecting a capture of the town. During the bombardment, a one hundred pound rifled gun on board the *Westfield*, burst, wounding three men and Acting Master Warren.

—GOVERNOR BROWN, of Georgia, issued an address to the planters of that State, calling upon them voluntarily to send to General Mercer one fifth of their negroes, in order to complete the fortifications around Savannah. If they were not sent in, General Mercer was authorized to impress whatever number he required for that purpose.—(*Doc. 22.*)

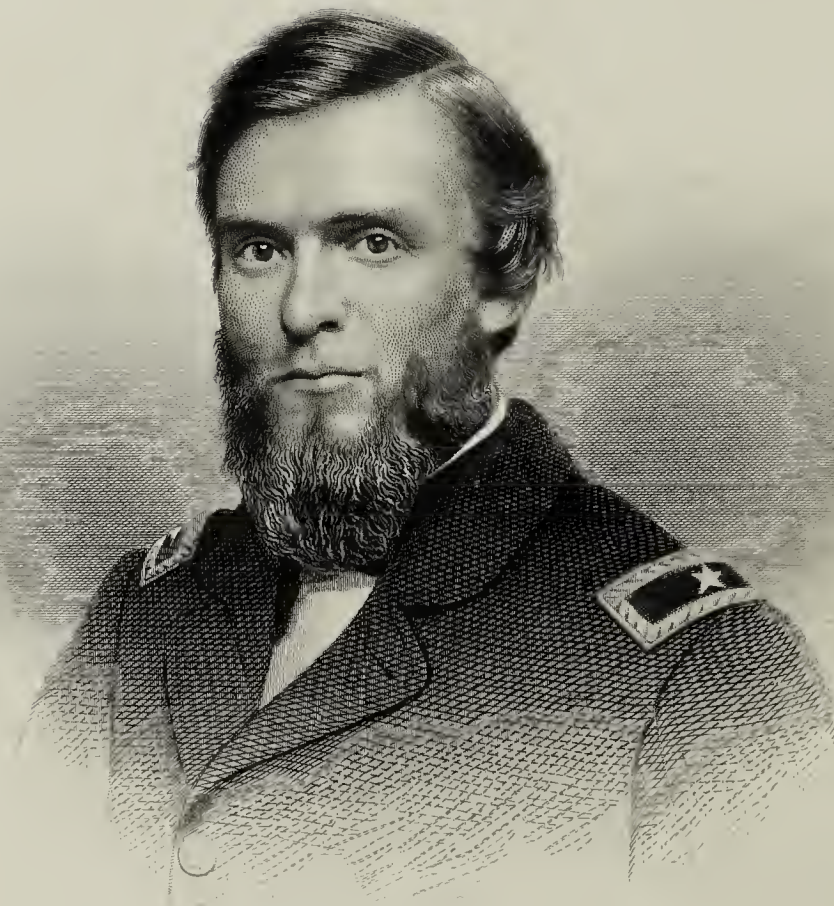
—THE rebel schooner *Adventurer*, laden with salt, leather, etc., was captured by the United States steamer *Kensington*, in the vicinity of Mermanteau Pass, La.—Major-General Peck, from his headquarters at Suffolk, Va., issued a general order denouncing pillage, and calling upon his forces to cooperate with him in bringing the guilty to a speedy trial.—The *Richmond Whig* of this date opposes the rebel conscription law as "unpopular, if not odious, among a large class of the people."

—A NATIONAL force composed of the First Mounted Riflemen, N. Y. S. V., Follett's battery, the Eleventh cavalry of Pennsylvania volunteers, and General Wessel's brigade, visited Franklin, Va., to-day, and succeeded in driving the rebels from the town with some loss.—*New-York Tribune*.

November 2.—Yesterday and to-day, a series of skirmishes took place near Philomont, Va., between a force under General Pleasanton, which was advancing from Purcellsville to Union, and the rebel forces under General Stuart, ending in the retreat of the rebels.—(*Doc. 21.*)

—SNICKER'S GAP, Va., was occupied by the National forces under General McClellan. When General Hancock arrived there it was held by the





Eng^d by A H Ritchie

BRIG. GEN. J. W. SILL.

rebel cavalry, who were driven out; a column of rebel infantry advanced to retake it, but were dispersed by the fire of the National artillery. General Pleasanton pursued the rebels several miles beyond Union, and at three o'clock in the afternoon succeeded in exploding one of their eaissons and capturing ten of their wounded.—*General McClellan's Despatch.*

—AN expedition under Colonel Dewey to Pittman's Ferry, Current River, Mo., in pursuit of a band of guerrillas infesting that locality, this day returned to camp at Patterson, Wayne County, Mo., having captured thirteen rebels and made a march of one hundred and sixty miles in eight days.—(*Doc. 23.*)

—AN engagement occurred near Williamston, N. C., between four companies of the Twentieth regiment of North-Carolina rebels, under the command of Colonel Burgwyn, and a party of National troops.—*Richmond Despatch, November 7.*

—COLONEL LEE, of Hamilton's National cavalry, returned to Grand Junction, Miss., after a three days' reconnoissance in the direction of Ripley and ten miles south. Ripley was captured and held twenty-four hours, as was also the town of Orizaba. Lieutenant-Colonel Hovis and the Surgeon of Faulkner's rebel rangers were captured, together with a captain, two lieutenants, and sixty men. Faulkner himself effected his escape, with the loss of four men.—The British schooner Pathfinder was captured by the gunboat Penobscot, off Shallot Inlet, N. C.—The ship Levi Starbuck, in latitude 35°, 30', longitude 66°, was captured and burned by the rebel privateer Alabama.

November 3.—A fight took place in Bayou Teehe, fourteen miles from Brashear City, La., between five Union gunboats and a large rebel force, supported by the rebel gunboat Cotten, resulting in a retreat of the rebels and the escape of the gunboat.—(*Doc. 27.*)

—TAMPA, Florida, was bombarded by the National forces.—Major Reid Sanders, of the rebel army, was captured in the Chesapeake this morning by Captain Dungan of the gunboat Hercules, while endeavoring to embark for Europe.

—A FORCE of rebel guerrillas, numbering about three hundred men, under Quantrel, attacked near Harrisonville, Mo., a wagon train, with an escort of twenty-two men of the Sixth Missouri cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant Newby, killing eight of the escort, six teamsters, wounding four, and taking five prisoners, includ-

ing Lieutenant Newby, and burning the entire train of thirteen wagons. Three or four hours thereafter, the rebels were overtaken by detachments of the Fifth and Sixth regiments, Missouri cavalry, under the command of Colonel Catherwood, and utterly routed. They were pursued for twenty-five or thirty miles with great loss. The Unionists did not lose a man.—*Missouri Democrat.*

—THE steamer Darlington, with a company of colored troops on board, under the command of Colonel O. T. Beard, proceeded up Bell River, Florida, drove in the rebel pickets below Cooper's, destroyed their place of rendezvous, then destroyed the salt-works, and all the salt, eorn, wagons, and horses which could not be taken away. Thence proceeded to Jolly River and destroyed two salt-works, with a large amount of salt and corn. Thence went to Saint Mary's, and brought off two families of contrabands, after driving in the rebel pickets.

—CAPTAIN FLINT, of the First Vermont cavalry, with eighty men of his company, doing picket-duty in the vicinity of New-Baltimore, Va., was attacked by one hundred and fifty rebel cavalry. Captain Flint drove the rebels two or three miles, and then returned to his post.—Piedmont, Va., was occupied by the National cavalry under Generals Pleasanton and Averill.

November 4.—Francis Arnold, General Sigel's cook, and five others, were arrested to-day in the vicinity of Fairfax Court-House, Virginia, for smuggling contraband of war through the lines to the rebels. A quantity of goods in their possession, consisting of swords, shoulder-straps, gold lace, etc., were seized, and the men were sent to the old Capitol Prison at Washington.

—THE Union pickets near Bolivar Heights, Virginia, were attacked to-day by a party of rebel cavalry, and three of their number were captured.—*New-York Evening Post.*

—GENERAL GRANT, with several divisions of his army from Bolivar, Tennessee, and Corinth, Mississippi, occupied La Grange, Mississippi, this night.—*New-York Herald.*

—THE English bark Sophia, while attempting to run the blockade of Wilmington, North-Carolina, was destroyed by the National steamers Daylight and Mount Vernon.—*Com. Scott's Report.*

—THE United States expeditionary steamer Darlington, with a small force of colored troops

on board, under the command of Colonel O. T. Beard, proceeded to King's Bay, Georgia, and destroyed the extensive rebel salt-works, about a mile from the landing, together with all the property on the place. On returning to the steamer, Colonel Beard's command was attacked by a party of rebels, but they succeeded in reaching the vessel without injury. The colored troops returned the rebel fire, killing two of the enemy.

November 5.—Lamar, Missouri, was this day captured by a body of rebel guerrillas under Quantrel, after a sharp fight with the garrison, consisting of only eighty State troops, under the command of Major Bruden, and partially destroyed by fire.—*Leavenworth Conservative.*

—A SKIRMISH took place to-day at Barbee's Cross-Roads, Virginia, between a force of Union troops, under the command of General Pleasanton, and a detachment of General Stuart's rebel cavalry, resulting in the retreat of the latter with considerable loss.—(*Doc. 29.*)

—SALEM, Virginia, was occupied by the National cavalry under General Bayard.—Curran Pope, Colonel of the Fifteenth regiment of Kentucky volunteers, died at Danville, Kentucky.—This day, while a battalion of General Shackleford's cavalry, under the command of Major Holloway, was moving from Henderson to Bowling Green, Kentucky, a party of rebel guerrillas under Johnson attempted to surprise them, on the Greenville road, about seven miles from Madisonville. The attack was promptly met by the National forces, and the rebels were routed with the loss of eight killed and a large number wounded and captured. Colonel Fowler, who commanded the guerrillas, was among the killed.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—THIS day Colonel Wyndham, of Bayard's cavalry, had a spirited engagement with the rebel cavalry and artillery at New-Baltimore, Virginia, and succeeded in driving them off to their main body, near Warrenton.—General McClellan by direction of the President of the United States, was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and General Burnside was ordered to succeed him.—The monitor Weehawken was launched at Jersey City, New-Jersey.

—A fight took place to-day in the vicinity of Nashville, Tennessee, between the Union forces under General Negley, and a numerically much superior rebel force in two divisions, one of which was

under the command of General J. H. Morgan, resulting in a repulse of the rebels with considerable loss.—(*Doc. 28.*)

November 6.—Major-General Butler, from his headquarters at New-Orleans, issued the following order:

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NUMBER 1, }
CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, }
NEW-ORLEANS, LA., March 20, 1862. } ”

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 90.

XII. All process from any court of law or equity in the parishes of Orleans and Jefferson, for the ejection of the families of soldiers now in the service of the government, either on land or water, for rent past due, is hereby suspended, and no such collections shall be forced until further orders.

By command of Major-General LOVELL.

J. G. PICKETT,
Assistant Adjutant-General.”

The above extract from orders of the rebel General Lovell is accepted and ordered as referring to the families of soldiers and sailors now in the service of the United States.

By command of Major-General BUTLER.

GEORGE C. STRONG, A. A. G.

—GENERAL REYNOLDS took possession of Warrenton, Virginia, this afternoon, the rebels offering no opposition; five prisoners belonging to the Third Virginia cavalry, and two infantry soldiers were captured.—General Charles D. Jameson died at Old Town, Maine, this morning.—The English schooner Dart was captured off Sabine Pass, Texas, by the United States schooner Rachel Seaman.

—GENERAL BEAUREGARD ordered non-combatants to leave Charleston, South-Carolina, “with all their movable property, including the slaves.” This was done “to avoid embarrassments and delay, in case a sudden necessity should arise for the removal of the entire population.”

—A FIGHT took place near Leatherwood, Kentucky, between a small body of Union troops under the command of Captain Ambrose Powell, and a gang of rebel guerrillas, resulting in the flight of the latter, leaving six of their number dead, and their captain mortally wounded.—*Frankfort Commonwealth.*

November 7.—At Big Beaver Creek, Missouri, a block-house, occupied by portions of two companies of the Tenth Illinois cavalry, and two militia companies, was attacked by the rebel Colonel Green, who had one thousand three hundred men

and three pieces of artillery. On the destruction of the block-house, the militia retreated to the woods, and fought five hours, when Captain Barstow, who was in command, displayed the white flag, and surrendered the garrison.—*New-York Tribune*.

—TO-DAY a debate took place in the rebel Senate, on the bill to extend the operation of the sequestration act to all persons natives of or residents within any of the rebel States, and who had refused to submit to the constitution and laws of those States. A substitute proposed by the Committee of the Judiciary was adopted. It provided that the President of the rebel States should issue his proclamation, ordering all persons within the limits of those States who were loyal, and adhered to the United States Government, to leave the rebel States within forty days, on pain of forfeiture of property. Another of its provisions was the granting of immunity to all persons adhering to the Union who, within forty days, should take the oath of allegiance to the rebel States.

—THE United States steamer *Darlington*, with a company of colored troops on board, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel O. T. Beard, Forty-eighth New-York volunteers, proceeded up Sapelo River, Georgia, accompanied by the Union gun-boat *Potomska*, and captured a number of rebels and slaves on the plantations along the river, and destroyed a large and valuable salt-work. The rebels on shore attacked the *Darlington* several times on the route, but the colored troops fought bravely, and she escaped without injury.

—A SINGLE company of enrolled militia, at Lamar, Missouri, barricaded the court-house in that place, and successfully repelled an attack made upon them by a large body of guerrillas, said to be under the command of Quantrel.—General McClellan issued his farewell address to the "officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac."—(*Doc. 30.*)

November 8.—Yesterday General Bayard was attacked by the rebels at Rappahannock Bridge, Virginia, but succeeded in repulsing them. This morning he continued his operations and compelled them to retire, leaving him in possession of the bridge and all the neighboring fords. During the day, he captured Lieutenant-Colonel Blunt, of General Longstreet's staff, together with two servants and ten men of the rebel army.—A very heavy snow-storm occurred in Richmond,

Virginia, and its vicinity.—The First company of the South-Carolina colored volunteers was mustered into the service of the United States, at Beaufort, South-Carolina, by General Saxton.

—COLONEL LEE, of the Seventh Kansas, with about one thousand five hundred Union cavalry, made a successful reconnoissance in the vicinity of Hudsonville, Mississippi, defeating a party of rebels in a short skirmish, killing sixteen, and capturing one hundred and seventy-five of their number, one hundred horses, and a stack of fire-arms.—(*Doc. 39.*)

—THE ship *T. B. Wales*, in latitude 28°, 30', longitude 58°, was captured and burned by the privateer *Alabama*.—General Pleasanton, in a skirmish with the rebel General Stuart, captured three pieces of artillery, a captain, a lieutenant, and five privates, without loss. The *Richmond Whig*, of this day, declared that the success of the Democrats in the elections at the North was "about equal to a declaration of peace."—Holly Springs, Mississippi, was evacuated by the rebels.—*Mobile News*.

—PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, sent a despatch to Paris, in reply to a proposal of concerted mediation between the belligerents in America, made to the Russian government by the Emperor of the French. The despatch says: "We are inclined to believe that a combined step by France, England, and Russia, no matter how conciliatory and how cautiously made, if it were taken with an official and collective character, would run the risk of causing the very opposite of the object of pacification, which is the aim of the wishes of the three Courts."

—A SKIRMISH occurred near Marianna, Ark., between a detachment of the Third and Fourth Iowa and Ninth Illinois cavalry, under the command of Captain Marland L. Perkins and a party of rebels, resulting in defeat of the latter, with a loss of five killed. The Nationals had one man wounded.—*Missouri Democrat*.

November 9.—A reconnoissance was this day made by a party of Union troops under the command of Captain Dahlgren, to Fredericksburgh, Va., where they discovered a force of rebels, whom, after a sharp skirmish, they drove off with some loss.—(*Doc. 31.*)

—YESTERDAY an expedition under the command of General Kelley, composed of about eight hundred rank and file, left New-Creek, Va., for

the purpose of capturing or driving off the rebel Colonel Imboden and his men. The Union force reached Moorefield this morning, and after remaining a few hours, pushed on toward the rebel camp, which was about four miles beyond that place. When they arrived at the camp, finding it deserted, they continued the pursuit, and overtaking them at a point about eighteen miles from Moorefield, gave them battle and drove them into the mountains.—(*Doc. 40.*)

—ST. MARY'S, Fla., was bombarded and partially destroyed by the United States gunboat Mohawk.—A reconnoissance from Bolivar Heights, Md., was made by General John W. Geary, surprising the rebels at Halltown; occupying Charles-town, and reaching a point in the vicinity of Front Royal, from which the positions of the rebel Generals Longstreet and Hill were discovered.—*Baltimore American.*

—GENERAL BUTLER, commanding department of the Gulf, issued an order enforcing the confiscation act in the district of Lafourche, comprising all the territory in the State of Louisiana, west of the Mississippi River, except the parishes of Plaquemines and Jefferson.—(*Doc. 41.*)

—JOHN B. VILLIPIGUE, Brigadier-General in the rebel army, died at Port Hudson.—The draft was again postponed in the State of New-York.—The Forty-third, Forty-fourth, and Forty-sixth regiments of Massachusetts volunteers left Boston for the seat of war.

—A SKIRMISH took place at the house of Captain Eversoll, on the North Fork of the Kentucky River, in Perry County, Ky., between two companies of Union troops under Captains Morgan and Eversoll, and a numerous body of rebel guerrillas, resulting in a retreat of the latter, leaving three of their number dead on the field.—*Frankfort Commonwealth.*

November 10.—An expedition consisting of about four hundred Union troops, under the command of Colonel Foster, this day left Henderson, Ky., in pursuit of several bands of rebel guerrillas that had been for some time infesting north-western Kentucky. The force divided itself into four columns, and was entirely successful, defeating the rebels wherever they were come up with, taking a large number of prisoners, horses, and arms.

—A PARTY of regular cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant Ash, of the Second dragoons, on a foraging party, at a point ten miles south of

Warrenton, Va., encountered a squadron of the Fifth Virginia rebel cavalry, whom they routed and put to flight, after making a gallant charge directly through their ranks.—Officers of all grades belonging to the army of the Potomac were ordered to join their respective commands within twenty-four hours.

—CAPTAIN G. W. GILMORE, with a party of Union troops, made a reconnoissance into Greenbrier County, Va. Near Williamsburgh, he captured a wagon-train belonging to the rebel General Jenkins, about to be loaded with grain; also a number of prisoners, horses, mules, etc. He set fire to the wagons and grain.—(*Doc. 43.*)

—GENERAL BURNSIDE, in accordance with the orders of President Lincoln, assumed command of the army of the Potomac.—The Legislature of Georgia passed a bill to obstruct the navigable rivers of the State, and appropriated five hundred thousand dollars to aid in the work. The Governor was also authorized to impress slaves for the purpose.—*Savannah Republican.*

—RESISTANCE to the draft occurred in Ozaukee County, Wis.—An enthusiastic Union meeting was held at Memphis, Tenn.

November 11.—Yesterday a skirmish took place near Huntsville, Tenn., between a band of rebel guerrillas and a detachment of the Huntsville Home Guard, under Captain Duncan, resulting in a rout of the rebels with a loss of four killed and several wounded; the Home Guard sustaining no loss whatever. To-day the rebels crossed the Cumberland Mountains, committing many depredations on their route, and made their way to Jacksboro, Tenn.

—GREAT excitement existed at Chambersburgh, Pa., it having been reported that the rebels were in Mercersburgh, and on their march for the former place.—The One Hundred and Fifty-sixth regiment of New-York volunteers, under the command of Colonel Erastus Cooke, left Kingston for the seat of war.—Lieutenant Johnson, of the Seventeenth regiment of Kentucky, was dismissed the service of the United States.—A fight took place near Lebanon, Tenn., between a party of National cavalry, under the command of Kennett and Wofford, and the rebels under Morgan, resulting in the defeat of the latter with a loss of seven killed and one hundred and twenty-five captured.—At Newbern, N. C., the National pickets and a small advance force were driven in by a large body of rebels, who opened the attack with shell and canister. Every thing was pre-

pared to meet the rebels, should they attempt to enter the town, but they confined themselves to harassing the pickets, and withdrew during the night.—The Supreme Court of Georgia decided that the rebel conscript law was constitutional, under the provision which gives to Congress the power to raise armies, and also distinguished from the power to call out the militia. Judge Jenkins delivered the opinion.—*Savannah Republican*.

November 12.—General Hooker assumed command of the Fifth corps of the army of the Potomac.—The British schooner *Maria* was captured, while endeavoring to evade the blockade at Sabine Pass, Texas.

—A CAVALRY engagement took place near Lamar, Miss., between a detachment of the Second Illinois and a company of the Seventh Kansas regiments, under the command of Major John J. Mudd, and a force of rebels, resulting in an utter route of the latter with great loss.—*Missouri Democrat*.

November 13.—Earl Russell replied, officially, to the circular of Drouyn De Lhuys, proposing mediation in the affairs of the United States of America, dissenting from the French proposition for the reasons, that “there is no ground, at the present moment, to hope that the Federal Government would accept the proposal suggested, and a refusal from Washington, at the present time, would prevent any speedy renewal of the offer of the government.”—*See Supplement*.

—THE Fifteenth regiment of New-Hampshire volunteers, under the command of Colonel John W. Kingman, left Concord, for the rendezvous of General Banks’s expedition, on Long Island, N. Y.—Governor Brown, of Georgia, sent a message to the General Assembly of that State, in reference to the raids of negroes in Camden County.—(*Doc. 44.*)

—AT seven o’clock this morning, Colonel Lee, chief of cavalry on the staff of General Hamilton, took possession of Holly Springs, Miss., after a slight skirmish, in which four rebels were killed and a number taken prisoners.—President Lincoln issued an order directing that the Attorney-General of the United States be charged with the superintendence and direction of all proceedings under the Conscription Act, and authorizing him to call upon the military authorities to aid him in carrying out its provisions.

—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BEARD, of the Forty-

eighth New-York regiment, in command of one hundred and sixty of the First South-Carolina (colored) volunteers, left Beaufort, S. C., on an expedition to the Doboy River, Ga., where he succeeded in loading the U. S. steamers *Ben De-ford* and *Darlington* with about three thousand feet of lumber.—(*Doc. 48.*)

COLONEL SHANKS, with four hundred men, attacked a camp of rebel guerrillas, above Calhoun, Ky., on Green River, a few nights since. The rebels broke and ran in every direction, leaving their horses, arms and all their camp equipage to fall into the hands of the Union forces.—Governor Letcher, of Virginia, issued a proclamation informing the people that he had reason to believe that the volunteers from that State, in the rebel army, were not provided with the necessary supply of shirts, drawers, shoes, stockings, and gloves, and appealing to them to furnish such of these articles as they might be able to spare for the use of the troops.—(*Doc. 53.*)

November 14.—General Burnside issued an order reorganizing the army of the Potomac.—At New-Orleans, Brigadier-General Shepley issued a proclamation authorizing the election of members of the Congress of the United States, in those portions of the State of Louisiana held by the National forces.

November 15.—A fight took place near Fayetteville, Va., between a detachment of Union troops, under the command of General Sturgis, and a large body of rebels, resulting, after about an hour’s duration, in a retreat of the rebels.—(*Doc. 45.*)

—AN enthusiastic Union meeting was held at New-Orleans, La., at which J. A. Rozier presided, and speeches were made by Thomas J. Durant, Colonel Deming of the Seventy-Fifth N. Y. S. V., and others. After the meeting dispersed a procession was formed, and paraded through the principal streets of the city by torchlight.

—THE iron-clad steamer *Passaic*, with Admiral Gregory, General Superintendent of iron-clads; Chief-Engineers Stimers, Lawton, and Robie, on board, made her trial-trip up the Hudson River, as far as the Palisades, where she fired several shots from her eleven-inch and fifteen-inch guns. The working of the guns, the turrets, and the sailing qualities of the vessel gave satisfaction to all on board.

—THE Second army corps of the army of the Potomac, under the command of General Couch,

left Warrenton, in the advance on Fredericksburgh, Virginia.

November 16.—The remaining corps of the army of the Potomac, which had been encamped around Warrenton, with the exception of the Fifth corps, and the cavalry under the command of General Pleasanton, followed in the advance on Fredericksburgh.—President Lincoln issued an order respecting the observance of the Sabbath-day in the army and navy.—(*Doc. 32.*)

—THE advance of General Sill's brigade had a skirmish with a party of rebel cavalry on the Murfreesboro road, seven miles from Nashville, Tenn., without any loss.

November 17.—Warrenton, Va., was finally evacuated by the army under General Burnside.—The Twenty-third regiment of Connecticut volunteers, under the command of Colonel Charles E. L. Holmes, arrived in New-York, *en route* for the seat of war.—The schooner Annie Dees was captured by the gunboat Seneca, while attempting to run the blockade of Charleston, S. C.

—AT Gloucester Point, Va., an outpost picket-guard, belonging to the One Hundred and Fourth regiment of Pennsylvania, was attacked at about three o'clock this morning by a party of rebel cavalrymen, who succeeded in escaping from the National lines, after killing one of the guard, wounding three, and capturing two others.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—THE Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in London issued an address, which they earnestly commended to the favorable consideration of their fellow-countrymen, and to the friends of humanity in all lands, with the object of evoking such an expression of sympathy as should encourage the emancipation party in the United States, in their most difficult position, to persevere in their endeavors to obtain justice for the slave.

—JEFFERSON DAVIS, at Richmond, Va., issued the following order :

Lieutenant-General T. N. Holmes, Commanding Trans-Mississippi Department :

GENERAL: Inclosed you will find a slip from the Memphis Daily Appeal, of the third instant, containing an account, purporting to be derived from the Palmyra (Missouri) *Courier*, a Federal journal, of the murder of ten confederate citizens of Missouri, by order of General McNeil of the United States army.

You will communicate by flag of truce with

the Federal officer commanding that department, and ascertain if the facts are as stated. If they be so, you will demand the immediate surrender of General McNeil to the confederate authorities, and, if this demand is not complied with, you will inform said commanding officer that you are ordered to execute the first ten United States officers who may be captured and fall into your hands.

November 18.—A skirmish took place at Rural Hills, Tenn., between a force of Union troops under the command of Colonel Hawkins, and a body of rebel cavalry, resulting in a retreat of the latter, leaving sixteen of their number dead on the field.—(*Doc. 46.*)

—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL John Mix, with a force of the Third New-York cavalry, and a part of Allis's artillery, went from Newbern, N. C., on a reconnoissance on the Dover road toward Kinston. At Cove Creek they encountered the Tenth regiment of North-Carolina rebel infantry, and a large portion of the Second cavalry belonging to the same State, who, after a spirited engagement, retreated from the field, leaving a number of arms, blankets, and other equipments.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—FALMOUTH, Va., was occupied by the advance column of the army of the Potomac, under the command of General Sumner.—(*Doc. 47.*)

—THE English schooners Ariel and Ann Maria were captured off Little Run, S. C., by the United States gunboat Monticello, under the command of Captain Braine.

November 19.—Colonel Dodge, of the New-York Mounted Rifles, made a descent on a party of rebels at Blackwater, Va., and dispersed them, capturing a number of tents, rifles, and other implements of war.—James A. Seddon was appointed rebel Secretary of War, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of G. W. Randolph.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

—A SKIRMISH took place near Wallen's Creek, Ky., between a small force of the Harlem County State Guard and a gang of rebel guerrillas, in which the latter were routed with the loss of all their camp equipage, including horses, guns, swords, etc.—The first General Council of the Episcopal Church of the rebel States met at Augusta, Ga.

—THE Fiftieth regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, under the command of Colonel Messer, left Boston for the seat of war.—The rebel pri-

vateer Alabama succeeded in escaping from the harbor of Martinique.—*See Supplement.*

—GENERAL ROSECRANS, from his headquarters at Nashville, Tenn., issued general orders defining the relations between soldiers and citizens.—*General Order No. 19.*

November 20.—Colonel Carlin's expedition, which had been patrolling the country between Nashville and Clarksville, Tenn., returned to the former place this evening, having captured forty-three rebels, eighteen horses, twenty mules, and one hundred muskets.—*Louisville Journal.*

—JUST before daybreak this morning a party of rebel cavalry made a sudden descent upon the National pickets stationed at Bull Run bridge, Va., and captured three of their number.—Both Warrenton and Leesburgh were occupied by rebel cavalry.

November 21.—General Patrick, Provost-Marshal-General of the army of the Potomac, this morning crossed the Rappahannock to Fredericksburgh, Va., under a flag of truce, conveying to the rebel authorities of that city a letter from Major-General Sumner, commanding right grand division of the army, demanding its surrender.—(*Doc. 54.*)

—A SHARP skirmish took place at Bayou Bon-touca, near Fort Pike, La., between a small detachment of Union troops commanded by Captain Darling, Thirty-first Massachusetts, and a band of guerrillas, numbering one hundred and fifty, under Captain Evans. The fight lasted about half an hour, and resulted in a rout of the rebels, with a loss to them of four killed and several wounded. The Union force had none killed and but one wounded.

—CHARLES A. DAVIS, a chaplain in the army of the United States, was this day expelled from the Methodist Conference of Virginia, by that body in session at Petersburg.—Salem, Va., was occupied by the rebels.

November 22.—A party of National troops, consisting of details from four companies of the First New-York cavalry, under the command of Captain Harkins, had a skirmish with a body of rebels near Winchester, Va., and succeeded in capturing four men and thirty horses.—*Baltimore American.*

—MAJOR-GENERAL SUMNER, commanding the right grand division of the army of the Potomac at Fredericksburgh, Va., in reply to a communication from the Mayor and Common Council of

that town, praying that the town should not be fired upon, informed them that he was authorized to say that so long as no hostile demonstration was made from the town it would not be shelled.—(*Doc. 54.*)

—COMMANDER FOXHALL A. PARKER, of the steamer Mahaska, in conjunction with a body of land forces under Brigadier-General Naglee, made an expedition into Mathew County, Va., and together destroyed twelve salt-works, with a large quantity of salt, burned five schooners, two sloops, and a number of scows and boats, and captured a lighter and twenty-four large canoes. They also destroyed a vessel on the stocks.—*Report of Admiral Lee.*

—A PARTY of rebels made an attack upon the National forces near Halltown, Va., but were driven back by General Geary, who opened on them a masked battery of six guns.—The Secretary of War issued an order discharging from military custody all persons who had been arrested for discouraging volunteer enlistments, opposing the draft, or for otherwise giving aid and comfort to the rebels; also discharging all persons who had been arrested in the rebel States, and sent from such States for disloyalty or hostility to the Government of the United States, upon giving their parole to do no act of hostility against the Government, nor render aid to its enemies.

November 23.—Lieutenant Cushing, in command of the United States steamer Ellis, proceeded up New-River, N. C., on a reconnoitring expedition. At Jacksonville, he captured two schooners, and in returning down the river, succeeded in running his own vessel on a shoal and losing her.—(*Doc. 33.*)

November 24.—General Kelley sent out a party of National scouts from New-Creek, who succeeded in capturing a rebel cavalry picket of twelve men, with horses and accoutrements, within four miles of Winchester, Va. The prisoners reported that Stonewall Jackson had left that vicinity with his command for Richmond, leaving only a regiment of cavalry, who were instructed to follow in a few days.—Notice was given to women desiring to go to their friends in the rebel States, that their applications would have to be presented in writing, and verified by oath, previous to the sixteenth day of December following.—The schooner Retribution ran the blockade of Wilmington, N. C.—General R. H. Milroy, commanding the Cheat

Mountain (Va.) division of the Union army, issued an order suppressing the circulation of the Wheeling (Va.) *Press* within his lines.—*General Orders, No. 36.*

—AT noon to-day, several hundred mounted guerrillas attacked a Federal supply train of forty-seven wagons, in Texas County, Mo., between Hartsville and Houston, about thirty miles south of Lebanon. The train escort consisted of fifty men of the Third Missouri cavalry. They made a vigorous resistance, had five of their number killed, and about a dozen wounded, and inflicted an equal if not greater loss upon the enemy. The latter succeeded in capturing only twenty of the wagons. The rest were brought off in safety, with their contents, by the escort and the teamsters.—*Missouri Democrat.*

—THE schooner Agnes, and sloop Ellen, from Nassau, N. P., had run into Indian River, Fla., and discharged their cargoes, and when returning in ballast, were captured by a boat expedition from the United States gunboat Sagamore, some eight miles down the river.

November 25.—J. W. Shirk, of the gunboat Lexington, had a skirmish with a body of rebels at a plantation on the Mississippi River, twenty miles below Helena, Ark. The gunboat was fired upon by a party of infantry, assisted by a piece of artillery, without damage, however, except to the wood-work of the vessel. Captain Shirk brought his guns to bear on the attacking party, and soon compelled them to retreat, leaving behind several killed and wounded. He afterward landed a party of sailors, who captured and carried off twenty contrabands, and sixteen bales of cotton.—*Official Report.*

—JAMES BUCHANAN, in the *National Intelligencer* of this day, closed a controversy between General Winfield Scott and himself, on subjects growing out of the rebellion.—The Eighth and Fifty-first regiments of Massachusetts volunteers, under the command of Colonels Coffin and Sprague, embarked from Boston for Newbern, N. C.

—THIS morning at daylight, a body of rebel cavalry entered Poolesville, Md., seized the government telegraph operators stationed there, paroled them, and then permitted them to telegraph to the authorities at Washington an account of what had befallen them.—Colonel Dodge, with two battalions of mounted rifles and one howitzer, had a spirited but short engagement with

the rebels at Zuni, on the Blackwater River, Va., resulting in the rout of the rebels, with the wounding of one private on the National side.

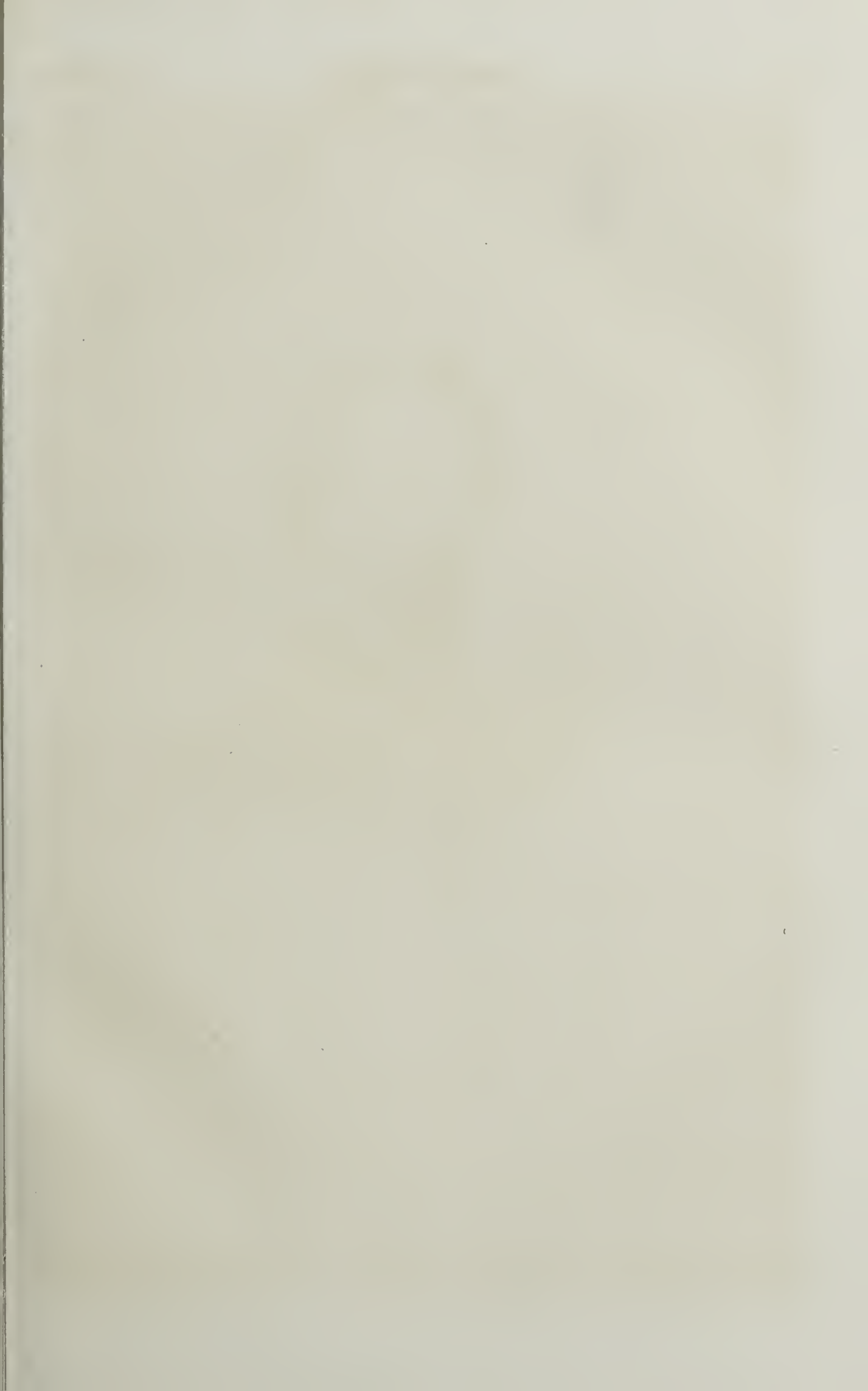
—HENDERSON, Tenn., was captured by the rebel cavalry, who burned the railroad station at that place, and made prisoners of a company of Union troops.—The rebel guerrilla Burke was killed at Shepherdstown, Md., by a party of the Second Massachusetts regiment, under the command of Captain Cogswell.—*Baltimore American.*

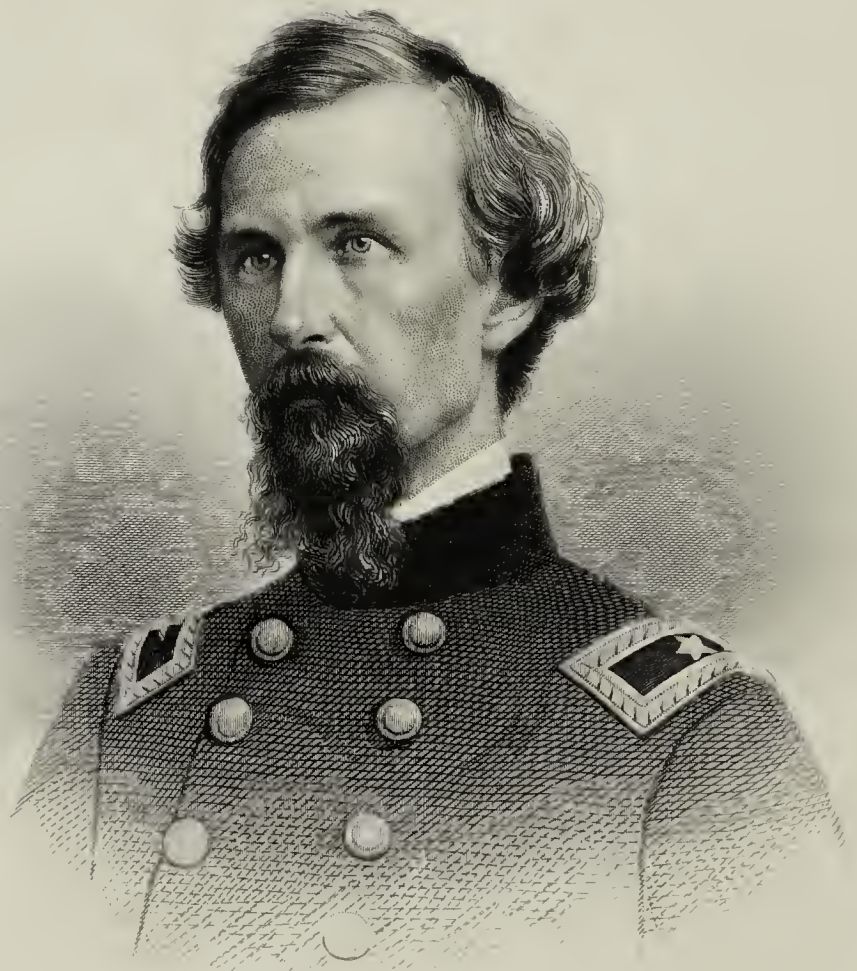
—A PARTY of rebel guerrillas, who were making a raid in Crawford County, Mo., robbing the farmers of their fire-arms, horses, harness, clothing, negroes, etc., were to-day overtaken in the vicinity of Huzza River, Iron County, by a company of volunteers, under the command of Captain N. B. Reeves, and dispersed, with the loss of all their plunder, two of the party being killed.—(*Doc. 69.*)

November 26.—A fight took place at Cold Knob Mountain, Va., between the Second Virginia volunteer cavalry, Colonel J. C. Paxton, and a force of rebel troops, in which the latter were routed, with the loss of over one hundred of their number taken prisoners, with their horses, etc.—(*Doc. 49.*)

—BETWEEN two and three o'clock this morning, a gang of twenty or thirty rebel guerrillas, led by Evan Dorsey, crossed into Maryland and visited the village of Urbanna, seven miles south-east of Frederick, on the road leading to Washington. They made a descent upon the store of Thomas A. Smith, the Postmaster at Urbanna, and, after robbing the store, made Smith and a young man named Harris, the assistant postmaster, mount two of Smith's horses, with the design of carrying them off as prisoners. Smith, who was a resolute man, watched his opportunity, and gave them the slip in the darkness of the night. The rebels fired three or four shots after him, but missed him. Thinking Harris might also escape, one of the gang shot him through the body, saying: "We'll make short of you, before you try on the same game." They then rode away, leaving him for dead by the roadside.—*National Intelligencer.*

—A SUCCESSFUL reconnoissance was made this morning by a detachment of Union troops, under the command of General Geary, from Harper's Ferry, along the Shenandoah to the vicinity of Berryville, Va. They captured a number of prisoners, destroyed a rebel cloth factory, which cost over one hundred thousand dollars, and obtained some valuable information concerning the numbers and position of the rebel forces.





Engr^d by A. H. F. Smith

BRIG. GEN. GODFREY WEITZEL.

—THE Seventh Illinois cavalry attacked a force of rebel troops encamped near Summerville, Miss., and captured twenty-eight of their number, including a captain and two lieutenants, with their horses, arms, etc.

November 27.—Colonel Kirk, commanding the Fifth brigade of General Sill's division, made a reconnoissance from Nashville toward La Vergne, Tenn., with two companies of the Third Indiana cavalry, and that portion of his brigade not on picket-duty. He came upon the rebel outposts of cavalry three quarters of a mile beyond Scrougesville. The rebels fired a few rounds and fled, until they fell in with their other outposts on the right and left of the road, when they made a stand at a church three fourths of a mile beyond. Here they discharged several rounds at the Union advance, slightly wounding Lieutenant-Colonel Hurd, of the Thirtieth Indiana, who was bravely leading his men. This regiment, under lead of Colonel Dodge, quickly drove the guerrillas from their position, who retreated until they reached their artillery, which was planted on a hill. They fired a few rounds and continued retreating. The National troops chased them some two miles beyond La Vergne, when the rebels fled so fast, that they soon became invisible. Several of the rebels were killed and wounded, a number of them being seen to fall. They were carried off by their friends. The Nationals had ten privates wounded; none killed. A guerrilla, who was captured, stated that General Wheeler, who was in command, was wounded. — *Nashville Union, November 29.*

—A UNION cavalry force, two thousand five hundred strong, under the command of Brigadier-General C. C. Washburne, left Helena, Ark., this afternoon, on an expedition into the State of Mississippi.—(*Doc. 61.*)

—POLITICAL prisoners were released from Fort Warren, Mass.—At Louisville, Ky., General Boyle issued the following order: "All commanding officers serving in this district are ordered not to permit any negroes or slaves to enter the camps, and all officers and privates are forbidden to interfere or intermeddle with the slaves in any way."—The schooner *Mary E. Mangum*, while entering the port of Roseau, Dominica, was fired into by the rebel steamer *Alabama*, without damage.—This morning the United States forces consisting of the Ninth Illinois and part of the Fourteenth Missouri regiments, under the command of Colonel Mersey, evacuated Rienzi, Miss., carry-

ing away all the government stores and property. This movement was made in anticipation of an attack upon Corinth by the rebels, who were reported to be advancing in two heavy columns upon that place, respectively from the south and east.—*Missouri Democrat.*

November 28.—The battle of Cane Hill, Ark., was fought by the Union forces under General Blunt, and the rebel troops under the command of General Marmaduke, which resulted in a retreat of the latter with considerable loss.—(*Doc. 34.*)

—THIS morning, while doing picket-duty near Hartwood Church, about fifteen miles from Falmouth, Va., the first and third squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, belonging to General Averill's brigade, were suddenly attacked by a numerically superior force of rebel cavalry, and after a brief resistance, in which four of the Unionists were killed and nine wounded, were finally taken prisoners.

—AN important reconnoissance was this day made by a large Union force under the command of General Stahel, to Upperville, Paris, Ashby's Gap, Sniekersville, Berryville, etc.—(*Doc. 50.*)

—AN expedition consisting of five thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, under the command of General A. P. Hovey, yesterday left Helena, Ark., and to-day arrived at Delta, Miss., for the purpose of cutting the road and telegraph wires, on the Tennessee and Mississippi railroads, and creating a panic in the rebel forces under General Price. Bridges on both roads were destroyed, together with two locomotives and thirty or forty freight-cars.—The cavalry under General Washburne had several skirmishes with General Price's rear-guard, the main body of whose army being in full retreat to the Big Black River, driving them and capturing about fifty prisoners. The expedition was considered to be very successful.—*New-Albany Ledger.*

November 29.—The steamer *Star* was captured and burned by guerrillas at a point about two miles below Plaquemine, La. This morning the *Star* went up as high as Plaquemine; she soon left, and came down about a mile, when she landed and took in forty-five hogsheads of sugar; after which she crossed over to the left bank, at a wood-pile about another mile lower down, to take in wood. She had not got more than a cord when she was surprised by a gang of guerrillas, who took possession of her and moved her to the opposite side of the river, and after rolling out

about thirty hogsheads of sugar, set her on fire. Captain McKiege and the engineer, William Dewey, were detained as prisoners, but the rest of the crew were given their liberty.—*New-Orleans Delta*, December 2.

—A SKIRMISH occurred between a scouting-party from Captain Mear's Maryland Home Guard, stationed at Berlin, and a body of Bob White's rebel cavalry, in which the latter were put to flight with a loss of two men.—General Curtis, at St. Louis, Mo., reported to the War Department at Washington, that a cavalry expedition, under Major Torry, to the forks of the Mingo and St. Francis Rivers, had captured Colonel Phelan and ten men of the rebel army.

—THE *Savannah Republican* says that "the people of Charleston, S. C., have pulled up their lead pipes and contributed sixty thousand pounds to the government, and that the government will issue receipts for all lead pipes and other fixtures, and binds itself to replace them at the end of the war."—The advance column of the Union army under General Grant, passed through Holly Springs, Miss., this morning.—(*Doc.* 55.)

November 30.—A skirmish took place near Abbeville, Miss., between a reconnoitring force of Union troops under the command of Colonel Lee, and a strong body of rebels, resulting in a retreat of the latter to their fortifications at Abbeville, with some loss. Not a man of the Union party was injured.

—AN expedition to Yellville, Ark., by the First Iowa, Tenth Illinois, and Second Wisconsin regiments, under command of Colonel Dudley Wickersham, returned to General Herron's camp, having been successful in destroying portions of the rebel saltpetre-works, arsenal, and store-houses, with about five hundred shot-guns and rifles.—*General Curtis's Despatch*.

—A RUMOR was prevalent in Washington, that a proposition for an armistice of thirty days was made by the rebel government, and that General Robert E. Lee was in that place negotiating the terms.—The Forty-seventh regiment of Massachusetts troops, under the command of Colonel Marsh, left Boston for the seat of war.—An expedition to Hyde County, N. C., under the command of Major Garrard of the Third New-York cavalry, returned to Newbern, having thoroughly destroyed all the bridges in that vicinity, besides capturing Colonel Carter, of the Thirteenth North-Carolina volunteers, and a rebel sergeant belong-

ing to the Fourth North-Carolina confederate troops.—George P. Kane, late Marshal of Baltimore, Md., issued an address to his fellow-citizens of the State of Maryland, setting forth a statement relative to his incarceration at Fort Warren, Mass.—The schooner Levi Rowe, while attempting to run the blockade of Wilmington, N. C., was captured by the steamer Mount Vernon.—The bark Parker Cook was captured and destroyed, in the Mona Passage, by the rebel steamer Alabama.

December 1.—Both Houses of the Congress of the United States met at Washington. The message of President Lincoln was received and read. Among the recommendations offered for adoption in the message, were the following resolution and articles emendatory to the Constitution of the United States :

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two thirds of both houses concurring, that the following articles be proposed to the Legislatures or Conventions of the several States, as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, all or any of which articles, when ratified by three fourths of the said Legislatures or Conventions, to be valid as part or parts of the said Constitution, namely :

ARTICLE.—Every State wherein slavery now exists, which shall abolish the same therein at any time or times before the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, shall receive compensation from the United States as follows, to wit :

The President of the United States shall deliver to every such State, bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of —, for each slave shown to have been therein, by the eighth census of the United States ; said bonds to be delivered to such State by instalments, or in one parcel at the completion of the abolishment, according as the same shall have been gradual or at one time within such State ; and interest shall begin to run upon any such bond only from the proper time of its delivery as aforesaid, and afterward. Any State having received bonds as aforesaid, and afterward introducing or tolerating slavery therein, shall refund to the United States the bonds so received, or the value thereof, and all interest paid thereon.

ARTICLE.—All slaves who shall have enjoyed actual freedom, by the chances of the war at any time, before the end of the rebellion, shall be forever free ; but all owners of such, who shall not

have been disloyal, shall be compensated for them at the same rates as is provided for States adopting abolishment of slavery—but in such a way that no slave shall be twice accounted for.

ARTICLE.—Congress may appropriate money, and otherwise provide for colonizing free colored persons with their own consent, at any place or places without the United States.

—WILLIAM W. LUNT, lately a private belonging to the Ninth regiment of Maine volunteers, was executed at Hilton Head, S. C., for desertion.—The National cavalry, belonging to the army of General Grant, under the command of Colonel Lee, took possession of the rebel forts on the Tallahatchie River. By a sudden descent, early in the morning, Colonel Lee captured a battery of six guns, with the horses attached thereto, on the north side of the river.—A slight skirmish took place in the vicinity of Horse Creek, Dade County, Mo., between a detachment of the Fourth Missouri cavalry, under the command of Major Kelly, and a small band of guerrillas, in which the rebels were routed, leaving five of their number in the hands of the Unionists.—*Springfield Missourian*.

—A DETACHMENT of the Third Virginia National cavalry, under the command of Captain S. B. Cruger, entered Warrenton, Va., to-day, after routing the rebel cavalry, and capturing one prisoner, nine horses, and a wagon, without any Union loss.—T. R. Cressy, Chaplain Minnesota Second regiment, made a report of the operations of the regiment, from the first of August to this date.—(*Doc. 56.*)

—THE British schooner *George*, from Nassau, N. P., laden with coffee, salt, etc., was captured off Indian River, Florida, by the United States gunboat *Sagamore*, Lieutenant Commanding Earle English.—Official confirmation of the hostile plans of "Little Crow," and a portion of the northern Indians, was this day received by W. P. Dole, Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the United States.—*St. Paul Press, January 1, 1863.*

—A UNION boat expedition, under the command of Acting Master Gordon, proceeded up Bell River, La., and captured an armed rebel launch, mounting a twelve-pounder brass howitzer.—This morning, Gen. Slocum, with a body of National troops, had a skirmish with the rebel cavalry, under White, Henderson, and Baylor, near Charlestown, Va., and succeeded in routing them. This evening he again attacked them at Berryville, killing five and wounding eighteen.—*General Slocum's Report.*

December 2.—Abbeville, Miss., was evacuated by the rebels, and occupied by the National cavalry belonging to the army of General Grant.—A fight took place near Franklin, Va., between a force of Union troops, under the command of Colonel Spear, Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, and a body of rebel cavalry, supported by artillery, resulting in a complete rout of the rebels, with considerable loss.—(*Doc. 57.*)

—LIEUTENANT HOFFMAN of the First New-Jersey cavalry, and six of his men, were surprised while on picket-duty, at a point three miles from Dumfries, Va. In their unsuccessful resistance, private Thomas Buffin was seriously wounded.—General Averill sent a reconnoissance from Brooks's Station, up the Rappahannock River, which succeeded in capturing a number of rebel pickets, and obtaining valuable information.—At three o'clock this morning parts of two companies of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, numbering sixty men, under the command of Captain Wilson, were attacked at King George Court-House, Va., by a large body of rebels, who succeeded in getting between their station and the main body of the National cavalry, and thus compelled them to retreat with some loss.—A portion of the expedition under the command of Major-General Banks, sailed from New-York.—Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, in an elaborate letter to the *National Intelligencer*, refuted the charges, made by a New-Orleans journal, reflecting on his conduct as Commissioner of the United States, in that city.—Major-General Halleck made a report of the operations of the armies of the Union, from the twenty-third day of July, when, in compliance with the President's order, he assumed command as General-in-Chief, to this date.—(*Doc. 58.*)

—COLONEL J. M. GLOVER, commandant at Rolla, Mo., having intelligence that several hundred rebels were in camp on Current River, at the head waters, on the thirtieth ultimo, proceeded with one hundred and thirty men to attack them. His force were parts of companies A and B of the Third Missouri cavalry, and part of company H, Ninth Missouri cavalry. This morning he found a light force of the enemy in the gorges of the Ozarks and routed them, killing four, capturing two, and taking four horses. The detachment marched two hundred miles in seven days, and not a man of it was harmed. No considerable body of the rebels could be found, and the force returned to Rolla.—*General Curtis's Despatch.*

—A SUCCESSFUL reconnoissance was this day made from Bolivar Heights, Va., by a force of Union troops, under the command of General Geary, to Charleston, Berryville, Winchester, etc.—(*Doe.* 59.)

December 3.—Major A. P. Henry, with a party of National troops, belonging to the Ninety-first Indiana infantry and Fifteenth Kentucky cavalry, entered and took possession of Princeton, Ky., at eight o'clock this morning, capturing a number of guerrillas and other persons inimical to the Government of the United States.—The schooners Emma Tuttle, Brilliant, and J. P. Boker were captured while attempting to run the blockade; the first two at New-Inlet, and the last at Deep Inlet, N. C.

—A SERIES of skirmishes occurred near Oxford, Miss., between a brigade of Union troops under the command of Colonel Hatch, and a considerable force of the rebels, resulting in the capture by the Unionists of ninety-two prisoners, and the killing and wounding of twenty of their number.—(*Cincinnati Commercial.*)

December 4.—A sharp fight occurred between six United States gunboats lying off Port Royal, on the Rappahannock River, Va., and the rebel batteries behind the town. The firing was very rapid, and lasted about two hours, completely riddling some of the houses, when the rebels ceased firing, and the gunboats dropped down the river one and a half miles. Some of the rebel shot struck very near the boats, but no damage was done them.

—THE North-Carolina House of Commons unanimously passed a series of resolutions, expressive of their confidence in the patriotism and uprightnes of Jefferson Davis, and his ability to sustain the government of the rebels; also heartily approving the policy for the conduct of the war set forth by Governor Vance, and finally declaring that the "separation was final, and that North-Carolina would never consent to reünion at any time or upon any terms."—A skirmish took place near Tuscumbia, Ala., in which the rebels were compelled to abandon their camps, after losing a large number of horses, and seventy taken prisoners.—Winchester, Va., surrendered to a reconnoitring force of Union troops under the command of General Geary.—(*Doe.* 59.)

—A SHARP fight took place at Watervalley, Miss., between two brigades of Union troops, commanded by Colonels Hatch and Lee, and a

large body of rebels. After a charge from the Union troops, the rebels were routed, leaving three hundred of their number, and fifty horses in the hands of the Unionists.

—THE rebel General Hindman, before making his attack on the National forces in Arkansas, issued an address to his soldiers, in which he told them what to do, and what *not* to do in battle.—(*Doe.* 60.)

December 5.—A fight took place near Coffeeville, Miss., between a force of Union cavalry, numbering about two thousand, under the commands of Colonels Dickey and Lee, and a body of rebel infantry about five thousand strong, resulting, after a contest of about two hours' duration, in a retreat of the Unionists with a loss of about one hundred men killed, wounded, and missing.—(*Doe.* 63.)

—TO-DAY the Thirtieth Iowa and Twenty-ninth Wisconsin regiments arrived at Helena, Ark., and after pitching their tents, were attacked by a body of three hundred rebels, whom they repulsed, killing eight and capturing thirty.—General Winfield Scott, through the columns of the *National Intelligencer*, replied to the letter of James Buchanan.

December 6.—General A. P. Hovey, from the headquarters of his expedition, issued an order to the officers and soldiers under his command, thanking them for their cheerfulness and bravery during the expedition to Mississippi. In concluding, he said: "Brigadier-General Washburne's energy and skill deserve particular mention."

—THE rebel schooners Southern Merchant and Naniope, laden with sugar and molasses, were this day captured in Chicot Pass, on the Mississippi, by United States gunboat Diana, under the command of Acting Master Goodwin.—General Viele, Military Governor of Norfolk, Va., issued a proclamation and a writ of election for a member of Congress for the Norfolk district of Virginia.—Major-General Dix, commanding Department of Virginia, issued an address from his headquarters at Fortress Monroe to the inhabitants of Norfolk, Princess Anne, Nansemond, and Isle of Wight Counties, informing them that smuggling goods across the line to the rebels was prohibited; that every person detected in the attempt would be put at hard labor in Fort Norfolk, and the property seized and sold for the benefit of the poor. Also, that in order they should resume their place in the Union, with the full en-

joyment of all their rights as citizens of the United States, an election would be immediately ordered, enabling them to return a member to represent them in the next House of Representatives.

—THE schooner *Medora*, of Baltimore, Md., laden with borax, medical stores, military uniforms, shoes, blankets, ammunition, etc., supposed to be intended for the rebel army, was captured by a company of Union troops under the command of Captain Kearney, while lying at anchor near Hackett's Point, Md.

—A FIGHT took place near Lebanon, Tenn., between the Ninety-third Ohio infantry, Colonel Charles Anderson, acting as the guard of a forage train, and a force of rebels, resulting in the retreat of the latter.—(*Doc. 64.*)

December 7.—The United States mail steamer *Ariel* was captured off the eastern shore of Cuba by the rebel privateer *Alabama*, but was released after some detention, on giving a bond for two hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars, payable in thirty days after the acknowledgment of the rebel government.—General A. P. Hovey, returned to Friar's Point on the Mississippi, this morning.

—THE battle of Prairie Grove, or Fayetteville, Arkansas, was this day fought between the National forces under the command of Generals Blunt and Herron, and the rebels under Generals Hindman, Marmaduke, Parsons, and Frost, resulting in the defeat of the latter with heavy loss.—(*Doc. 24.*)

—A FIGHT took place at Hartsville, Tenn., between a body of Union troops under the command of Colonel A. B. Moore, of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, and a numerically much superior force of rebels under General John H. Morgan, resulting in the surrender of the whole Union force.—(*Doc. 65.*)

December 8.—Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee, issued a proclamation appointing and ordering elections to be held on the twenty-ninth day of December, 1862, to fill the vacancies in the Thirty-seventh Congress.—Rumors of an invasion of New-Mexico, by outlaws from Texas, were received at Barclay's Fort, N. M., and preparations were made to repel it.—The iron-clad steamer *Shenandoah* was launched at Philadelphia, Pa.—At New-Orleans, La., notice was given, by direction of the Commanding General, that all persons arriving at that place would be required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

December 9.—A fight took place near La Vergne, Tenn., between a detachment of Union troops, acting as a guard and escort to a forage-train of fifty wagons, and a large force of rebels, resulting in a retreat of the latter with considerable loss.—(*Doc. 66.*)

—YESTERDAY the steamer *Lake City* was set on fire and destroyed by a band of guerrillas at Concordia, Ark., and to-day the United States naval despatch-boat *De Soto* went to Concordia, and burned forty-two houses.

—THEODORUS BAILEY, Acting Rear-Admiral of the United States Navy, assumed command of the Eastern Gulf Blockading squadron, and issued general orders to that effect.—At New-Orleans, La., General Butler issued a repetition of General Order No. 55, by which certain cotton-brokers, who had subscribed to aid the rebellion, were assessed at the rate of twenty-five per cent on the amount of their subscription, for the relief of the poor of the city.—*Butler's General Orders, No. 105.*

—A SKIRMISH took place near Brentville, Tenn., between a reconnoitring party of Union troops, under the command of Colonel John A. Martin, and a body of rebels, resulting in a precipitate retreat of the latter, leaving their guns on the field in their flight.—(*Doc. 67.*)

December 10.—A fight took place between seven or eight United States gunboats on the Rapahannock River, above Port Royal, Va., and the rebel shore batteries. At the commencement of the fight, the gunboat *Teazer* succeeded in bringing out two schooners which were within range of the rebel guns. The firing lasted for nearly three hours, when the rebels' guns were silenced. The fleet lay off all night and reopened in the morning, but no reply was made. Two of the gunboats were struck several times, killing one man and wounding three.

—THE town of Plymouth, N. C., garrisoned by a small force of Union troops, was this day captured by a body of rebels, and partially burned. The U. S. gunboat *Southfield*, Captain C. W. F. Behm, lying in the stream opposite the town, was also attacked; but, after being considerably damaged she escaped.

—THE schooner *Alitia*, with thirteen bales of cotton on board, was this day captured by the United States gunboat *Sagamore*, while attempting to escape from Indian River, Florida.—The bill creating the State of Western Virginia, was passed

by the United States House of Representatives by a vote of ninety-six to fifty-five, having been previously adopted by the Senate.—J. Wesley Green published an extended statement, that he brought certain peace propositions from Jefferson Davis to President Lincoln, and that he had several interviews with the President, and two with the Cabinet.—*New-York Evening Post.*

December 11.—The United States gunboat Cairo was sunk in the Yazoo River, by a torpedo. The vessel sank in seven minutes after being struck. The crew were saved, but every thing else on board was lost.—(*Doc. 72.*)

—COLONEL JONES, of the rebel army, surrendered himself to a scouting-party of the Sixth Missouri cavalry, commanded by Colonel Catherwood, near Warrensburgh, Mo.—President Lincoln, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate of the United States, sent a message to that body, accompanying all the information in his possession, touching the Indian barbarities in the State of Minnesota.—An expedition, consisting of a strong Union force of all arms, under the command of Major-General Foster, left Newbern, N. C., this morning, for the purpose of destroying railway and other bridges in the interior of that State.—(*Doc. 73.*)

—GEN. BRAGG, commanding the rebel troops at Murfreesboro, Tenn., addressed a letter to Gen. Rosecrans, commanding the Union forces at Nashville, informing him that as a number of citizens of Tennessee, charged only with political offences or proclivities, were arrested and imprisoned in the penitentiary at Nashville, he should enforce rigid and unyielding retaliation against the commissioned officers, who should fall into his hands, until this violation of good faith should be corrected.

—GOVERNOR VANCE, of North-Carolina, issued a proclamation prohibiting, for the space of thirty days, the transportation from the State of articles of food and apparel.—Fredericksburgh, Va., was bombarded by the National forces under General Burnside.—(*Doc. 68.*)

December 12.—A skirmish took place near Corinth, Miss., between a body of Union troops, under Colonel Sweeney, Fifty-second Illinois, and a rebel force, commanded by Colonel Roddy, resulting in a rebel loss of eleven killed, thirty wounded, and forty prisoners. The Union party lost one killed and two prisoners.—One thousand seven hundred and fifty paroled Union prisoners, cap-

tured by the rebel guerrilla chief, John H. Morgan, arrived at Nashville, Tenn., this day.

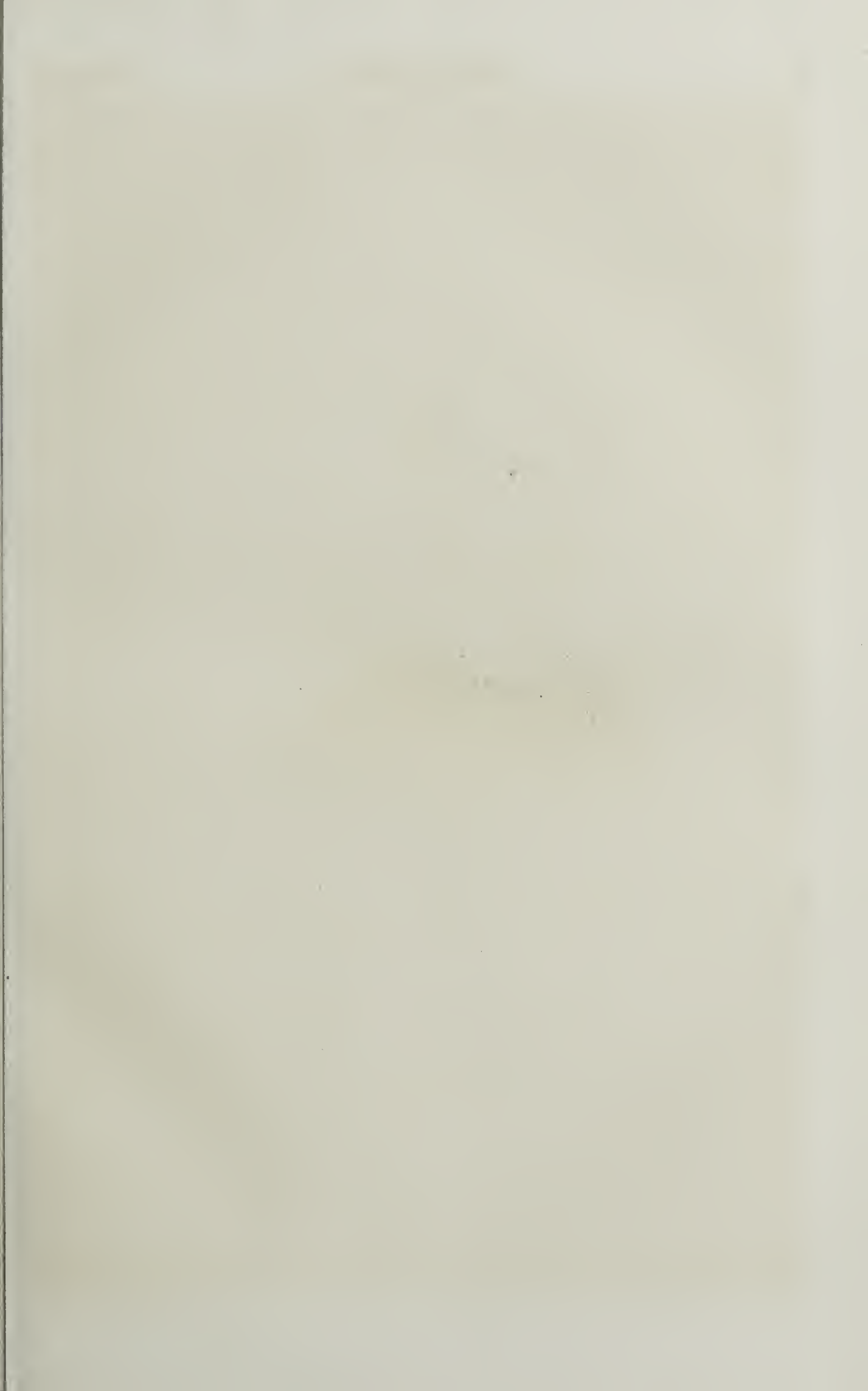
—A RECONNOISSANCE was this day made by a strong force of Union troops, under the command of General Ferry, to the Blackwater River, Va. The rebels were discovered, in great strength, all along the river in the vicinity of Zuni. After an artillery fight of three or four hours, in which the rebels were driven back, the National force returned to their camp at Suffolk.—(*Doc. 71.*)

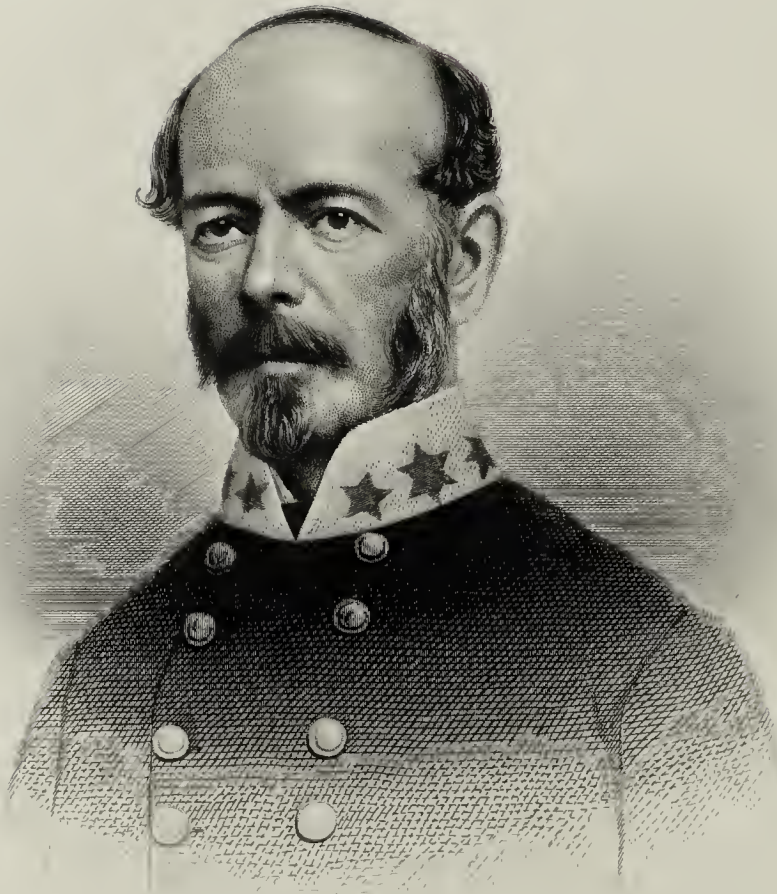
—THIS afternoon the gunboat Essex, accompanied by the transport Winona, while making a reconnoissance of the fortifications at Port Hudson, was fired upon by a party of rebel artillerists, under the command of Captain Boone, and compelled to retire.—About day-break this morning, a large body of General Stuart's rebel cavalry entered Dumfries, Va., and captured thirty-five National pickets and sutlers. After destroying the telegraph and several Government wagons, they retreated, and the town was soon after occupied by the Union troops, under Brigadier-General Steinwehr.—A skirmish took place on the Kinston road, about fourteen miles from Newbern, N. C., between the advance column of the expeditionary forces, under General Foster, and a small body of rebels, resulting in a rout of the latter with some loss.—(*Doc. 73.*)

—THE rebel salt-works, at Yellville, Ark., were completely destroyed by a body of Union troops, under the command of Captain Milton Birch. Six thousand dollars' worth of saltpetre was destroyed. The works cost the rebels thirty thousand dollars.—(*Doc. 70.*)

—BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. S. STANLEY, with a strong force of National cavalry, made a descent from Nashville, this morning, upon Franklin, Tenn., and after routing the rebels from the town, destroying mills and other property useful to them, returned to his camp, having lost but one man. Five rebels, including one lieutenant, were killed, ten wounded, twelve taken prisoners, and a large number of horses were captured.—Fredericksburgh, Va., was occupied by the National troops, under General Burnside.

December 13.—To-day the battle of Fredericksburgh, Va., was fought, between the Union army of the Potomac, under the command of Major-General Burnside, and the rebel forces, under General Lee. The battle was fiercely and stubbornly contested on both sides, and resulted in the repulse of the Unionists.—(*Docs. 25, 68.*)





Engraved by H. F. F. F. F.

GEN. JOS. E. JOHNSTON.

—JEFFERSON DAVIS reviewed the rebel forces, under General Bragg, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.—John N. Cocke and company, of Portsmouth, Va., having refused to pay their debts to Northern citizens, on the ground that a law of the rebel Congress had released them from all obligations to Northern creditors, General Viele issued a proclamation informing them that their excuse was not valid, and that they must pay or a sufficient amount of their property would be seized and sold.—Two regiments of Union infantry, and one company of cavalry, surprised a band of rebels, at Tusculumbia, Ala., completely routing them, and capturing seventy prisoners, their horses and baggage. The National loss was four killed and fourteen wounded.

—GOVERNOR JOHNSON, of Tennessee, this day issued an order assessing certain individuals in the city of Nashville, in various amounts, to be paid in five monthly instalments, "in behalf of the many helpless widows, wives, and children in the city of Nashville, who have been reduced to poverty and wretchedness in consequence of their husbands, sons, and fathers having been forced into the armies of this unholy and nefarious rebellion."

—THE Michigan Twenty-sixth infantry, Colonel J. S. Farrar, numbering nine hundred and three men, this day left Jackson, Mich., for the seat of war in Virginia.—A fight took place at South-West Creek, N. C., between a detachment of the expeditionary forces, under General Foster, and a body of rebel troops, in which the latter were routed with the loss of a number of prisoners, a six-pounder gun, caisson, etc.—(*Doc. 73.*)

—A FLEET of small boats, under the command of Captain Murray, left Newbern, N. C., to attack the rebel works on the river at Kinston; but owing to the lowness of the water, only one boat—under Colonel Manchester, marine artillery—was brought into action, and the works being found too strong, she was obliged to retire.—(*Doc. 73.*)

December 14.—A skirmish occurred at Wireman's Shoals, about five miles below Prestonsburgh, Ky., between a body of Union troops, numbering two hundred men, under Captain Thornbeery, who was sent by Colonel Dills, of the Thirty-ninth Kentucky, to guard some arms, munitions, etc., intended for his regiment, and a force of rebels, estimated at eight hundred men, which resulted in the defeat of the Unionists, and the capture by the rebels of seven hundred

muskets, forty thousand rounds of cartridges, several hundred uniforms, and a large supply of provisions.

—THE *True Presbyterian* and the *Baptist Recorder*, published in Louisville, Ky., were suppressed, and the editor of the *Recorder* sent to the military prison.—Coffeeville, Miss., was this day occupied by the Union forces under Colonel Mizner and Colonel Lee.

—A BATTLE was fought near Kinston, N. C., by the expeditionary forces under General Foster, and a strong body of rebel troops under the command of General Evans, resulting in a retreat of the rebels, and the capture and occupation of the town by the Unionists. In this affair a rebel battery of field-pieces and four hundred prisoners were taken.—(*Doc. 73.*)

—AT Helena, Ark., a picket-guard, consisting of a Lieutenant and twenty-three men of the Sixth Missouri, were surrounded and made prisoners by a party of rebel guerrillas.—A skirmish took place at Woodsonville, Tenn., without any result.—This evening about eight o'clock, a body of rebel cavalry under Major White, made a raid into Poolesville, Md., and captured a party of the Scott Nine Hundred cavalry.—A wagon-train, laden with provisions and clothing for the troops at Ringgold Barracks, Texas, escorted by a small party of soldiers on the way from Fort Brown to the Barracks, was this day attacked by a party of Mexicans and captured. All the soldiers and teamsters, except one man who escaped, were killed.—*Brownsville Flag.*

December 15.—The National War Committee of the citizens of New-York addressed an urgent memorial to Congress, asking for the passage of a law authorizing the granting of commissions to private armed vessels for the capture of the Alabama, and other cruisers, and the offer of a suitable reward for the capture.

—THE General Assembly of the State of Louisiana, in accordance with a proclamation of the rebel Governor, Thomas O. Moore, met at Opelousas, "to consider and provide for the exigencies of public defence."—The advance of General Banks's expedition arrived at New-Orleans.—General Hovey's expedition returned to Helena, Ark.

—GENERAL BUTLER having been superseded by General Banks, as commander of the Department of the Gulf, issued his farewell address to the "Soldiers of the Army of the Gulf," and another

"To the People of New-Orleans," in which he reviewed his government since he had been appointed to the command of the department.—(Doc. 74.)

December 16.—A detachment of Union troops, under command of Major Withers, Tenth Virginia infantry, while on a reconnoitring expedition, entered the village of Wardensville, Va., and captured the whole rebel mail, consisting of several hundred letters and a large quantity of newspapers.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

—IN obedience to orders from President Lincoln, Major-General Banks issued a proclamation assuming command of the Department of the Gulf.—(Doc. 75.)

—A BODY of rebel troops, numbering about one thousand two hundred men, encamped in the vicinity of New-Haven, Ky., was surprised and captured by a detachment of Wolford's cavalry, under command of Captain Adams, First Kentucky, without firing a shot.—(Doc. 76.)

—THE army of the Potomac was withdrawn from Fredericksburgh, Va., to the north side of the Rappahannock, because General Burnside felt fully convinced that the rebel position in front could not be carried, and it was a military necessity either to attack the enemy or retire. A repulse would have been disastrous to the National arms, under the then existing circumstances. The army was withdrawn at night without the knowledge of the rebels, and without loss either of property or men.—*General Burnside's Despatch.*

—AN artillery fight took place along both banks of the river Neuse, near Whitehall, N. C., between the forces under General Foster and the rebel forces under General Evans, resulting, after an hour's firing, in the withdrawal and silence of the rebel guns.—(Doc. 73.)

December 17.—Four hundred and sixty Union soldiers, including eleven commissioned officers, taken prisoners before Fredericksburgh, arrived at Richmond, Va.—The one Hundred and Seventy-third regiment of New-York volunteers left New-York for the seat of war.—Baton Rouge, La., was occupied by a portion of the command of General Banks.

—MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT, commanding Department of the Tennessee, issued an order from his headquarters at Oxford, Miss., expelling every Jew within his department, within twenty-four hours after the publication of the order.

—A FIGHT took place at Goldsboro, N. C., be-

tween the expeditionary force of Union troops, under the command of General Foster, and a body of rebels, under General Evans. The object of the Union General was to destroy the Goldsboro railroad bridge, which being accomplished, after nearly two hours' fighting, he retired, unmolested by the rebels.—(Doc. 73.)

December 18.—Lexington, Ky., was this day entered and occupied by a large force of rebel troops under General Forrest. Before capturing the town the rebels encountered a body of Union troops under the command of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, Eleventh Illinois cavalry, but after a fight of three hours' duration, in which the rebels lost forty of their number killed and wounded, the Unionists were forced to yield, leaving two pieces of artillery in the hands of the rebels.

—YESTERDAY the steamer Mill Boy, while lying at Commerce, Miss., was fired into by a body of rebel cavalry, killing three persons. On arriving at Helena, Ark., the Mill Boy reported the fact, when the gunboat Juliet, and transport City Belle, with detachments of the Eleventh and Forty-seventh Indiana, were despatched to Commerce, where they arrived to-day, and burnt the town and plantations for five miles around.

December 19.—To-day Colonel Dickey, in command of a detachment of Union cavalry, returned with his command to camp near Oxford, Miss., after an absence of six days on a scouting expedition, during which time he and his party marched about two hundred miles, worked two days at the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, of which they destroyed thirty-four miles, captured one hundred and fifty prisoners, and a large amount of rebel stores, and returned, passing around a body of rebels numbering nine to one, and reached camp without having a man killed, wounded, or captured.—(Doc. 77.)

—YESTERDAY a party of General Stuart's rebel cavalry captured a train of twenty-six wagons laden with army supplies, at Occoquan, Va., and to-day twelve of them were recaptured by a squadron of Union cavalry under Colonel Rush, after a sharp fight, in which the rebels were defeated, they having to destroy the remainder of the wagons in their flight.—The funeral obsequies of the late Brigadier-General George Dashiell Bayard, took place this day at Princeton, N. J.—Rev. Dr. McPheters, of Saint Louis, Mo., was ordered by the Provost-Marshal General to leave the State within ten days for encouraging the rebellion, and sustaining disloyalty in his church.

—A general dissolution of President Lincoln's Cabinet was announced.—The Legislature of Connecticut adopted a resolution declaring its confidence in the President of the United States, and pledging itself to support and sustain him in the prosecution of all measures which might be found necessary to suppress the rebellion.

December 20.—Holly Springs, Miss., was this day entered and sacked by the rebel army under General Van Dorn. An immense amount of public and private property was carried off or destroyed. The garrison surrendered after a very short resistance.—(*Doc. 79.*)

—A SKIRMISH occurred near Halltown, Va., between a detachment of Union cavalry, under the command of Captain Vernon, and a body of rebel guerrillas. After a short fight the rebels were routed, leaving three of their number in the hands of the Unionists.—*Frederick (Md.) Examiner.*

—TRENTON and Humboldt, Tenn., were this day entered and captured by the rebel forces under General Forrest. They burned the dépôts, and all the Government stores they could not carry off.—(*Doc. 80.*)

—A TRAIN of wagons, twenty-seven in number, laden with provisions for the army of the Potomac, and a guard of one hundred and seventy men, were captured near Ocoquan, Va., by a detachment of rebel cavalry under the command of General Wade Hampton.—*Richmond Dispatch, December 24.*

—THE expeditionary army under command of Major-General W. T. Sherman, embarked at Memphis, Tenn., in over one hundred transports, for Vicksburgh.—(*Doc. 91.*)

December 21.—A skirmish occurred near Nashville, Tenn., between a party of National troops belonging to General Van Cleve's division of the army of Tennessee, and a reconnoitring party of rebels, supported by four pieces of artillery, who were driven off, after exchanging a few shots.—Secretaries Seward and Chase having sent in their resignations, President Lincoln acknowledged their reception, and informed the Secretaries that the acceptance of them would be "incompatible with the public welfare." They accordingly resumed their respective portfolios.—The expeditionary forces under General Foster, which left Newbern, N. C., on the eleventh instant, returned to their former quarters in that town to-day, having successfully accomplished the objects of the expedition.—(*Doc. 73.*)

—A FIGHT took place at Davis's Mills, Wolf River, Miss., between the Union garrison stationed at that post, composed of two hundred and fifty men, under the command of Colonel William H. Morgan, Twenty-fifth Indiana, and a force of over five thousand rebel cavalry under General Van Dorn, resulting, after a desperate contest of three and a half hours' duration, in the withdrawal of the latter, leaving in the hands of the Unionists twenty-two dead, thirty wounded, twenty prisoners, and one hundred stand of arms. The rebels carried off the field, in ambulances and otherwise, between two and three hundred of their wounded.—(*Doc. 81.*)

December 22.—General Pryor, with a detachment of rebel troops, attacked a body of New-York Mounted Rifles, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Onderdonk, who were stationed at Isle of Wight Court-House, Va., to protect the election of representatives to Congress, under a late order of General Dix. The Nationals were compelled to retreat after a short skirmish, in which the rebels lost two cavalymen and a number of guns.—*Baltimore American.*

—GOVERNOR SHORTER, of Alabama, issued an appeal to the people of that State, calling upon the men and youths exempt from the service of the rebel States by reason of their age or other cause, who were capable of bearing arms, to organize themselves into companies, to constitute a reserved force, subject to service in the State upon the call of the Governor.—(*Doc. 84.*)

—AFTER reading the Commanding-General's report of the battle of Fredericksburgh, the President issued a proclamation tendering to the officers and soldiers of the army of the Potomac "the thanks of the nation."—Major-General Robert C. Schenck assumed command of the Middle Department and Eighth Army Corps of the United States, and issued general orders to that effect from his headquarters at Baltimore, Md.

December 23.—Jefferson Davis issued a proclamation declaring General Butler, commanding the Department of the Gulf, to be a felon deserving of capital punishment, and ordering that he should no longer be considered or treated merely as a public enemy of the rebel States, but as an outlaw and common enemy of mankind.—(*Doc. 85.*)

—THE rebel schooner Pelican, with a cargo of eighty-two bales of cotton, ran the blockade at Mobile, Ala.—Major P. Graham, and

Lieutenant E. T. Dorton, both of the Fifteenth Arkansas rebel cavalry, "being convinced of the wickedness and folly" of the rebellion, respectfully requested "alike the privilege of peacefully returning to their allegiance and to their homes" in the North.—An attempt was made by a party of rebels to cross the Rappahannock, fourteen miles below Port Conway, Va., and capture a squadron of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, but the movement was frustrated by timely information of the rebel intentions by a trusty negro.—The National forces moved from Romney and took possession of Winchester, Va., which place was evacuated by the rebel pickets on their appearance before the town.—*National Intelligencer*.

December 24.—In promulgating President Lincoln's preliminary proclamation of emancipation, General Banks, commanding the Department of the Gulf, issued an address to the people of Louisiana in order to correct public misapprehension and misrepresentation, for the instruction of the troops of his Department, and the information of all parties in interest.—(*Doc. 86.*)

—A LETTER from Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the rebel government, written on the 24th of December, 1860, was made public. In it occurs the following: "While I hope for the best, I am prepared for the worst. The election of Mr. Lincoln, I am well persuaded, is owing much more to the divisions of the Democratic party, and the disastrous personal strifes among its leaders at Charleston and at Baltimore, than to any fixed determination on the part of a majority of the people of the North to wage an exterminating war against Southern institutions. Disappointed ambition has much to do with the origin of our present troubles; the same cause will be greatly in the way of amicable and satisfactory adjustment. I can but believe that there is still enough patriotism in the land, North as well as South, to save the present Union under the existing Constitution, with all its guarantees and obligations, if the great heart of the nation can be touched and aroused. All that is wanting is a little time and patriotic forbearance."—A brief skirmish took place in the vicinity of Munfordville, Ky., between a detachment of the Second Michigan cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant Darrow, and the advance-guard of the rebel forces, under General J. H. Morgan, resulting in a retreat of the latter with some loss.—(*Doc. 88.*)

—THE obsequies of Rev. A. B. Fuller, late Chaplain of the Sixteenth regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, killed at Fredericksburgh, Va., took place at Boston, Mass.—A portion of Colonel Spears's Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, had a spirited engagement at Joiner's Bridge, four miles above Franklin, on the Blackwater River, Va., with a squadron of rebel cavalry and a body of infantry, whom he dispersed, capturing one man and horse, and three infantry soldiers and their arms.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

—A DETACHMENT of General Sherman's expeditionary army, under the command of General M. L. Smith, destroyed a section of the Vicksburgh and Texas Railway, about ten miles west of Vicksburgh, and burned the stations at Delhi and Dallas.—(*Doc. 91.*)

December 25.—A skirmish took place at Green's Chapel, near Munfordville, Ky., between a detachment of Union troops, under the command of Colonel Gray, and the advance-guard of the rebel forces under General J. H. Morgan, which resulted in the latter falling back on the main body, with a loss of nine killed, twenty-two wounded, and five prisoners.—(*Doc. 88.*)

—THE rebel schooner Break-o'-Day, with a cargo of cotton, ran the blockade of Mobile, Ala.—Colonel Shanks, in command of the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, attacked the rear-guard of the rebel forces, under General Morgan, at Bear Wallow, Ky., killing one, wounding two, and taking ten or twelve officers and men prisoners, with no loss to his own force.—(*Doc. 88.*)

—A SKIRMISH took place at Bacon Creek, near Munfordville, Ky., between a company of the Second Michigan, Captain Dickey, and the advance-guard of the rebel forces, under General Morgan, resulting in a retreat of the Unionists, with a loss of twenty-one men and two officers taken prisoners.—(*Doc. 88.*)

December 26.—Thirty-eight condemned Indians were hung at Mankato, Minnesota, for participating in the late massacre in that State.—Jefferson Davis delivered an extended address on the subject of the rebellion, before the Legislature of Mississippi, assembled at Jackson.—(*Doc. 87.*)

—MAJOR STEVENS, of the Fourteenth Kentucky cavalry, with one hundred and fifty men, who were ordered upon a scout to ascertain the whereabouts of a large band of guerrillas in the eastern part of Powell County, Kentucky, after travelling all night over obscure and dangerous bridle-paths,

came upon the rebel camps this morning. The Nationals dashed upon them, capturing their leader, a noted guerrilla, and eleven of his band. The remainder, though outnumbering Major Stevens's force, were utterly routed, and escaped into the dense woods, brush, and mountain gorges. Twenty-five horses and a large amount of clothing, blankets, guns, pistols, etc., that were being transported to Humphrey Marshall's camp, were also captured.—*General Wright's Despatch.*

December 27.—Elizabethtown, Ky., was this day captured by the rebel forces, under General J. H. Morgan, after a short resistance by the Union garrison of the post, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Smith. An immense amount of public and private property was destroyed and carried off by the rebel troops.—(Docs. 52 and 88.)

—A FIGHT took place at Dumfries, Va., between the garrison of the town, consisting of three infantry regiments, a section of a field-battery, and a regiment of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Charles Candy, and the rebel forces of Generals Stuart and Fitz-Hugh Lee, with a battery of artillery, in all about three thousand five hundred men, resulting, after a desperate conflict of several hours' duration, in a retreat of the rebel forces with great loss.—(Doc. 89.)

—YESTERDAY the expeditionary army, under General Sherman, successfully disembarked near the mouth of the Yazoo River, and to-day marched on Vicksburgh.—(Doc. 91.)

—TO-DAY the Union army under General Sherman, in conjunction with the gunboats on the Mississippi, commenced the attack on the rebel forces before Vicksburgh. The gunboats, after several hours' firing, were compelled to retire, considerably disabled, but the Union troops, after a desperate contest of eight hours' duration, closing at nightfall, drove the rebel forces back some distance toward their works, both forces resting on their arms for the night.—(Doc. 91.)

December 28.—The trestle-work at Muldraugh's Hill, Ky., guarded by the Seventy-first Indiana regiment, was captured, after a fight of ten hours, by a superior force of rebels, under John H. Morgan, and destroyed.—New-Madrid, Mo., was evacuated by the National forces, after destroying the barracks and magazine.—*Louisville Journal.*

—A SKIRMISH occurred to-day in the vicinity of Suffolk, Va., between a reconnoitring force of Union troops, under the command of Acting

Brigadier-General Gibbs, and a force of rebel cavalry, in which the latter were routed and driven for six or eight miles. The Nationals captured a number of horses and fire-arms, the latter of which the rebels threw away in their flight.—*Baltimore American.*

VAN BUREN, Ark., was entered and captured by a force of Union troops, under the command of General J. G. Blunt, together with the rebel garrison, a large amount of ammunition, four steamboats laden with army supplies, and a ferry-boat.—(Doc. 90.)

—MAJOR FOLEY, commanding an expedition sent by Major-General Granger to Elk Fork, Campbell County, Tenn., composed of two hundred and fifty men of the Sixth and Tenth Kentucky cavalry, surprised a camp of rebels, three hundred and fifty strong, at that place, killing thirty, wounding one hundred and seventy-six, and capturing fifty-one, without the loss of a man. All of their camp equipage was burnt, eighty horses, and a large amount of arms captured.—*General Wright's Despatch.*

—EARLY this morning the attack on Vicksburgh was resumed, and continued all day, but without any important result. The rattle of musketry and booming of cannon was heard on all sides, but when evening came, the opposing armies were found to be in much the same positions as when they began.—(Doc. 91.)

—A SKIRMISH took place near Clinton, La., between a party of Stuart's Baton Rouge rebel cavalry and a detachment of National cavalry, resulting in the retreat of the latter, with a loss of one man and five horses killed.—*Jackson (Miss.) Appeal.*

December 29.—A party of Mexicans, under the leadership of a half-Indian, named Munoz, invaded the State of Texas, and stole forty horses and fifty head of cattle from a ranche in Zapata County. Demand was made through the United States military authorities for the arrest and punishment of the robbers by the Mexican officers, and also for the restitution of the property. Governor Lopez, of Tamaulipas, had the criminals arrested, but they subsequently escaped. The property was never returned.—*Brownsville Flag.*

—THE United States Provisional Court for the State of Louisiana was opened at New-Orleans, with the reading of the order from President Lincoln, establishing the tribunal and appointing

Judge Charles A. Peabody to preside over it.—The Union army, under General Sherman, made a concerted assault on the rebel works at Vicksburgh, Miss., and after a desperate contest, were repulsed at all points with great loss.—(*Doc. 91.*)

December 30.—The Union army before Vicksburgh were occupied all day in removing the wounded and burying the dead.—(*Doc. 91.*)

—*TO-DAY*, the Union expeditionary forces, under General Carter, completely destroyed the Union and Watauga bridges on the East-Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, and a locomotive, tender, and cars. They also captured four hundred rebel troops, six or seven hundred stand of arms, and a large quantity of valuable stores.—(*Doc. 92.*)

—*MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN*, commanding the Union army before Vicksburgh, raised the siege of that town by reëmbarking his army on his transports, and sailing out of the Yazoo.—(*Doc. 91.*)

—*GENERAL J. E. B. STUART*, with his rebel cavalry, returned to Richmond this morning from his expedition to Occoquan, Dumfries, and Anandale, Va., having been absent seven days, during which time he burned several bridges on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and captured or destroyed large quantities of National stores.—*Richmond Dispatch, January 3, 1863.*

—*THE* iron-clad steamer Monitor, Commander Bankhead, sprung a leak and foundered a few miles south of Cape Hatteras, N. C. Four officers and twelve men were lost in her.—(*Doc. 93.*)

—*THE* battle of Parker's Cross-Roads, Tenn., was this day fought between a detachment of Union troops, under the command of Colonel C. L. Dunham, and a large rebel cavalry force, under General Forrest. After a desperate conflict of several hours' duration, during which neither party obtained the victory, General Sullivan arrived on the field with reënforcements, and attacked the rebels, routing them with great slaughter.—(*Doc. 94.*)

—*THE* battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, Tenn., fought by the Union army of the Cumberland, under the command of Major-General Rosecrans, and the rebel forces under General Bragg, commenced early this morning. After a desperate conflict of more than ten hours' duration, both armies receded and suspended operations for the night, the contest being undecided.—(*Docs. 26 and 146.*)

—*EMANCIPATION* was celebrated in various portions of the loyal States of the Union.—A meeting of the workingmen of Manchester, England, was held at "Free Trade" Hall, for the purpose of passing resolutions in support of the National cause in the United States, and agreeing on an address to President Lincoln.—(*Doc. 96.*)

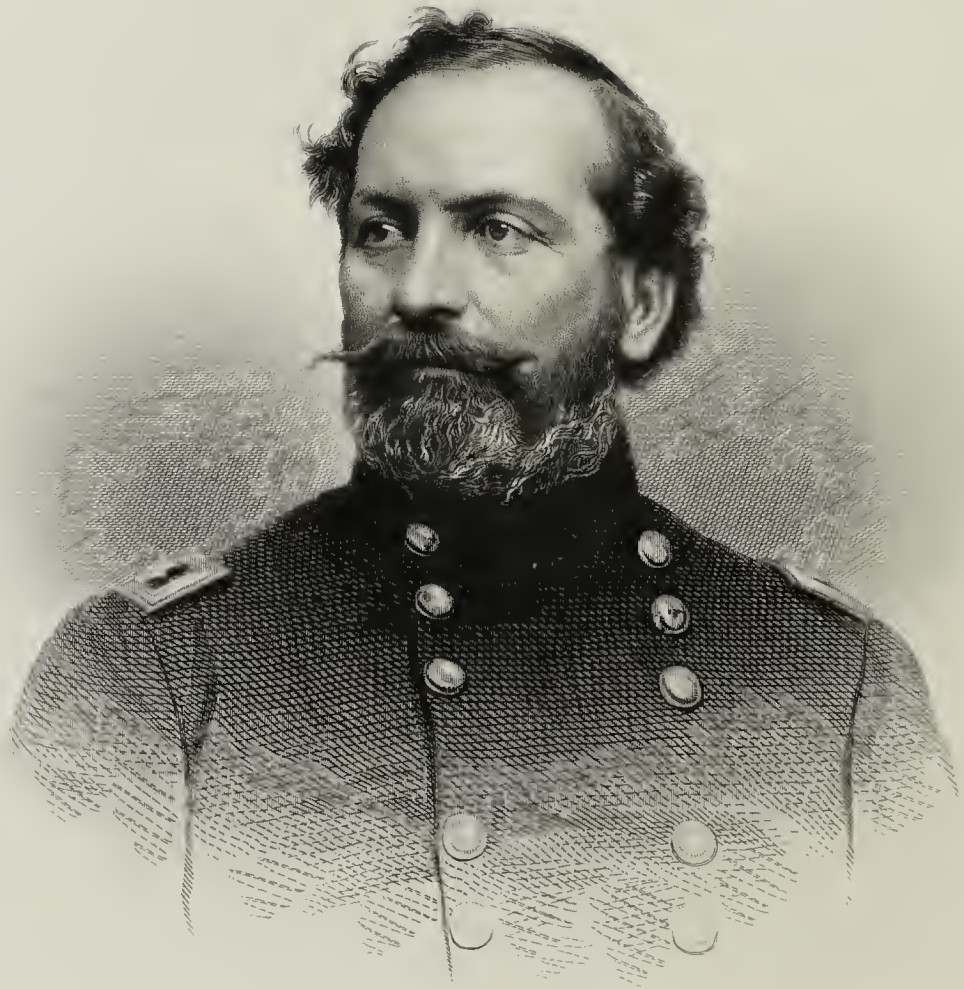
JANUARY 1, 1863.

—*ABRAHAM LINCOLN*, President of the United States, issued his confirmatory Emancipation Proclamation, declaring the slaves in certain States and parts of States in rebellion to be henceforth and forever free.—An enthusiastic meeting was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, throughout the whole of this day—morning, afternoon, and evening—in honor of the Proclamation. The day was also celebrated in Norfolk, Va., by the entire negro population. They marched through the town in procession, numbering over four thousand persons, headed by a band of music, carrying the Union flag, cheering for the downfall of slavery, etc. At Beaufort, S. C., the day was celebrated by the freedmen, by an excursion up the Beaufort River to the encampment of the First South-Carolina colored volunteers, where they were addressed by Brigadier-General Saxton, Colonel Higginson, Rev. Mr. French, and others. After singing an "Ode for Emancipation Day," the multitude partook of refreshments. The tables were loaded with roast beef, bread, coffee, etc. Five oxen were roasted whole for the occasion.

—*GALVESTON*, Texas, was captured by a rebel force under General Magruder. The town was garrisoned by only three hundred troops, protected by six small gunboats: namely, the Westfield, Clifton, Harriet Lane, Owaseo, Sachem, and Corypheus. Of these, the Harriet Lane was captured, after fighting until her captain and most of his officers and crew were killed; the Westfield got aground and was prematurely blown up, together with the commander of the fleet, Commodore Renshaw, and most of her officers and crew; the others escaped.—(*Doc. 95.*)

—*RICHARD YEADON*, of Charleston, S. C., issued the following notice: "President Davis having proclaimed Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, to be a felon, deserving of capital punishment, for the deliberate murder of William B. Mumford, a citizen of the confederate States, at New-Orleans, and having ordered that the said Benjamin F. Butler be considered or treated as an





Eng^d by A.H. Ritchie.

MAJ-GEN JOHN SEDGWICK

outlaw and common enemy of mankind, and that in the event of his capture, the officer in command of the capturing force do cause him to be immediately executed by hanging, the undersigned hereby offers a reward of ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) for the capture and delivery of the said Benjamin F. Butler, dead or alive, to any proper confederate authority."

January 2.—The battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, Tenn., between the Union army of the Cumberland, under the command of Major-General Rosecrans, and the rebel force under General Bragg, which commenced two days previous, was resumed this morning, and, after a most obstinate and bloody contest, which lasted all day, resulted in the retreat of the rebel forces with great slaughter.—(*Docs. 26 and 146.*)

—SKIRMISHING continued yesterday around Vicksburgh, and this morning the rebels advanced upon a portion of General Grant's army who were engaged erecting works on the lake near the city, causing them to retreat with a slight loss. General Pemberton, in command of the rebels, sent a despatch to Richmond stating that "the enemy finding all his efforts unavailing to make any inroad upon our position here, has reëmbarked, leaving a considerable quantity of intrenching tools and other property, and apparently has relinquished his designs upon Vicksburgh."

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S Émancipation Proclamation was officially issued as "General Order No. 1."

—A DETACHMENT of Stuart's rebel cavalry, commanded by Major Herring, made a descent into Dumfries, Va., and captured a quantity of public stores and ten sutler's wagons, belonging principally to Maine and New-York regiments. The movement was accomplished with such extraordinary expedition, that but two drivers only escaped.—At Richmond, Va., brown sugar sold at one dollar and ten cents per pound, molasses at eight dollars a gallon, and other necessaries of life in proportion.—*Richmond Examiner.*

SALUTES in honor of the confirmatory proclamation of the President of the United States, declaring freedom to the slaves of rebels, were given in many portions of the loyal States.—*Boston Transcript.*

—UNION prisoners captured at Galveston, yesterday, arrived at Houston, Texas. In noticing the event, the *Telegraph* said: "They are a fine-

looking body of men, and ought to be ashamed of themselves for volunteering their services in the villainy of trying to subjugate a chivalrous people."—Colonel Hoskins, commanding military post at Lebanon, Ky., made report of his operations before that place, commencing on the twentieth day of December, 1862, at which time he was notified by General Boyle that the rebel forces under General Morgan had again entered Kentucky, and ending on this day, when the pursuit of them was abandoned, by order of General Fry, three miles beyond Columbia, Ky.—(*Doc. 52.*)

January 3.—Captain William Gwin, of the United States gunboat Benton, died this evening of the wounds he received in the action near Vicksburgh, Miss., on the twenty-seventh of December last.—A volunteer cavalry company, under the command of Captain J. Sewell Reid, arrived at New-York from California, on the way to Massachusetts, in order to join the Second cavalry of that State. They were raised in San Francisco, and represented nearly every loyal State in the Union.—Murfreesboro, Tenn., was evacuated by the rebels.—(*Doc. 26.*)

—LAST night a portion of the command of General Washburne's cavalry left camp at Helena, Ark., and in a terrific storm of wind and rain, proceeded to a point near La Grange, where, at daylight this morning, they dashed upon a camp of rebel cavalry, and succeeded in scattering them through the woods and destroying their camp, besides capturing ten men and two officers, and killing and wounding ten others.—*General Gorman's Despatch.*

—EARLY this morning Moorefield, Va., was attacked by a strong rebel force under the command of General Jones, and after a contest with the garrison of several hours' duration, they were beaten off and compelled to retreat, carrying with them, however, sixty-five prisoners with their arms, and six horses.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

January 4.—Major-General Hurlbut, commanding District of Tennessee, issued an order at Memphis, warning the resident sympathizers with guerrillas, that threats having been made that the railroads in his command would be interrupted, he would, for every attempted raid upon such roads, send to the South ten families of the most noted secessionists in Memphis, and those to be selected from the wealthiest and highest social position.—*General Orders No. 10.*

—AT Galveston, Texas, the rebel General J. B. Magruder issued the following proclamation: "Whereas, the undersigned has succeeded in capturing and destroying a part of the enemy's fleet, and in driving the remainder out of the harbor of Galveston and beyond the neighboring waters, and, the blockade having been thus effectually raised, he therefore proclaims to all concerned, that the harbor of Galveston is open for trade to all friendly nations, and their merchants are invited to resume their usual commercial intercourse with this port."—*Official Proclamation.*

January 5.—Captain John H. McNeill of Imboden's rangers, made a descent upon the National troops in Hardy County, Va., and succeeded in killing one, and in capturing thirty-three men, sixty-one horses, with accoutrements, besides several revolvers and other articles of value. This was accomplished after the rebel forces under General Jones had retired from Moorefield.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

—By direction of the President of the United States, the troops in the Department of the Gulf were constituted the Nineteenth army corps, to date from December fourteenth, 1862, and Major-General N. P. Banks was assigned to the command.—The English sloop Avenger, while trying to run the blockade at Jupiter Inlet, Fla., was captured by the gunboat Sagamore.—Captain W. B. Cushing with the schooner Home, made an expedition up Little River, N. C., surprised and captured a rebel fort, destroyed all its defences and stores, and retired without any casualty.—*Official Report.*

—BRIG.-GEN. R. H. MILROY, commanding the National forces at Winchester, Va., issued a notice to the citizens of that place, of his intention to maintain and enforce the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln.—The rebel pickets, stationed eighteen miles below Kinston, N. C., were driven in by the advance of General Foster's forces.—An emancipation jubilee was held at Cooper Institute, in New-York City.—Jefferson Davis returned to Richmond from his tour in the South-west.

January 6.—The British iron steamer Antona, laden with Enfield rifles, a battery of brass field-pieces, powder, medicines, boots, tea, etc., from Liverpool *via* Havana, was captured off Mobile, by the United States steamer Pocahontas, while attempting to run the blockade.—(Doc. 97.)

—GENERAL ROSECRANS, from his headquarters at Murfreesboro, Tenn., issued a general order, announcing to the commissioned officers of the rebel army, taken prisoners by the forces under his command, "That, owing to the barbarous measures announced by President Davis, in his recent Proclamation, denying parole to our officers, he will be obliged to treat them in like manner."

—THE expedition under the command of General Samuel P. Carter, reached Manchester, Ky., on its return from East-Tennessee.—A meeting was held at Beaufort, N. C., at which resolutions were adopted, denouncing the course of Governor Stanly, in his administration in that State.

January 7.—The *Richmond Examiner* of this date, in discussing the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, says, that it is the "most startling political crime, the most stupid political blunder, yet known in American history," that "servile insurrection is the real, sole purpose of the Proclamation," that it "shuts the door of retreat and repentance on the weak and timid," and that the "Southern people have now only to choose between victory and death."—Four hundred and fifty women and children left Washington, D. C., for Richmond, Va., and other parts of the South, under official permission.—A reconnoissance from Winchester to Woodstock, Va., was made this day by a party of the First New-York cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Von Schickfuss.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

January 8.—A fight took place at Springfield, Mo., between the Union forces under Brigadier-General Brown, and a numerically superior force of rebels under General Marmaduke, resulting, after a contest of more than ten hours' duration, in a retreat of the latter. The loss was nearly equal on both sides.—(Doc. 98.)

—YESTERDAY a large reconnoitring force of Union troops, under the command of Major Wm. P. Hall, embarked at Yorktown, Va., on board the fleet of gunboats and transports, under the command of Captain F. A. Parker, and arrived at West-Point, at the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattapony Rivers, early this morning. Thence they proceeded to Lanesville, where they captured a wagon-train, consisting of contraband goods, *en route* for Richmond, consisting of gutta-percha, block-tin, paints, medicines, shek-lac, and ordnance stores. Leaving a strong picket-guard at Lanesville, they next proceeded to Indian Town,

where they found two wagons loaded with meal, awaiting ferriage to White House, and destined for Richmond. After destroying these, with the telegraph, and seizing the mail, they crossed the Pamunkey to White House, where they destroyed by fire the ferry-boat, two sloops laden with grain, two barges, four pontoon-boats, the steamer Lottie Maynard, a store-house, containing over one thousand bushels of wheat, a large quantity of commissary stores, etc. The torch was next applied to the railroad depot, containing a large amount of freight for Richmond, the tank, the rolling stock, signal station, sutlers' buildings, and stores. The force remained until the demolition was complete, when, the object of the reconnaissance having been accomplished, they returned to Yorktown, having sustained no loss whatever during the expedition.—*Official Report.*

—CAPTAIN MOORE, of the Twentieth Illinois cavalry, this morning at sunrise, made a sudden descent upon the camp of Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson's rebel command, near Ripley, Tenn., and dispersed the occupants, killing eight, wounding twenty, and capturing forty-six prisoners, among whom were one major, two captains, and one lieutenant. He also seized twenty horses, and one wagon-load of arms. Dawson's party had been engaged for many weeks burning all the cotton that could be found in that part of the country. Captain Moore did not lose a man, and had only three wounded.—*Wolverine Citizen.*

—THE English sloop Julia was captured near Jupiter Inlet, Fla.—General Mansfield Lovell was dismissed from the service of the rebels for incapacity.—The steamer Mussulman was burned by guerrillas at Bradley's Landing, ten miles above Memphis, Tenn.—General Pemberton, in command of the rebel forces at Vicksburgh, issued an order expressing his high appreciation of their "recent gallant defence" of that position.—The rebel steamer Tropic, formerly the Huntress, of Charleston, S. C., while attempting to run the blockade, was destroyed by fire. Her passengers were saved by the boats of the National gunboat Quaker City.

January 9.—In consequence of the destruction of a locomotive and construction train, upon the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, this day, by Richard McCann and Thomas Kilkird, leading a gang of outlaws, Col. R. S. Moore, of the Eighty-fifth Illinois volunteers, was ordered to proceed with his regiment to the houses of the above-named persons, and to destroy their houses, barns,

farms, and all property susceptible of destruction upon their respective grounds, by fire, or any other means at his command.—*General R. B. Mitchell's Special Order.*

—COLONEL LUDLOW, of General Dix's staff, returned from City Point, Va., to Fortress Monroe, having accomplished an exchange of prisoners, by which twenty thousand men were restored to active service in the National army.—The army of the Cumberland, under the command of Major-General Rosecrans, was divided into three army corps, to be known as the Fourteenth, commanded by Major-General Thomas, Twentieth, commanded by Major-General A. McD. McCook, and the Twenty-first, under the command of Major-General T. L. Crittenden.—*General Orders, No. 9.*

—THE lower branch of the Legislature of Indiana, adopted a series of resolutions, condemning the arrests made by order of the National War Department as "acts of tyranny and flagrant violations of the rights of the people."

January 10.—A skirmish took place at Catlett's Station, Va., between a party of National cavalry, under the command of Colonel Schimmelfennig and Hampton's rebel cavalry.—Governor Letcher, of Virginia, in response to a requisition of Jefferson Davis, issued a proclamation calling out the militia of the counties bordering on the North-Carolina line, to aid in repelling any attempt at invasion by the National forces.—Orison Glines was ridden on a rail at Stoneham, Mass., for having deserted from the National army.

January 11.—The United States steamer Hatteras, under the command of Lieutenant R. G. Blake, was sunk off the coast of Texas, by the rebel steamer Alabama, after an engagement of twenty minutes.—(*Doc. 100.*)

—THE steamer Grampus No. 2, lying at the mouth of Wolf River, Tenn., was surprised and captured by thirteen rebels, taken five miles above Memphis, and there stripped and burned.—The Virginia Legislature passed a resolution, directing the Special Committee appointed to consider the resolution touching the legal tender of confederate notes, to inquire into the expediency of "punishing by suitable penalties, any citizen of the commonwealth who shall refuse to receive the Treasury notes of the confederate States, in discharge of any debt or obligation for the payment of money."—*Richmond Inquirer.*

—FORT HINDMAN, Post Arkansas, was this day

captured by the National army of the Mississippi, under the command of Major-General McClelland, in conjunction with the fleet of gunboats, under Admiral Porter, after a combat of three and a half hour's duration, with a loss of nearly one thousand Union men killed, wounded, and missing.—(*Doc. 101.*)

—COLONEL PENICK, Fifth Missouri cavalry, commanding military post at Independence, Mo., reported that the rebel guerrillas were committing horrid barbarities on the Union soldiers and citizens of that State.—(*Doc. 102.*)

—A FIGHT took place to-day near Hartsville, Mo., between a detachment of Union troops, under the command of Colonel Merrill, Twenty-first Iowa, and a force of rebels under General Marmaduke, resulting in a retreat of the latter with great loss.—(*Doc. 99.*)

January 12.—Day before yesterday the brigantine J. P. Ellicott, was captured by the rebel privateer Retribution, her officers and crew taken on board the privateer, and a prize crew put in charge of the brigantine. The wife of the mate was left on board the Ellicott, and to-day having succeeded in getting the rebel crew intoxicated, she put them in irons, took possession of the vessel, and piloted it into St. Thomas, where she delivered the rebels and the ship to the United States Consul.—*New-York Commercial Advertiser.*

—LOUIS NAPOLEON this day opened the session of the Senate and Corps Législatif of France, with a speech, in which he referred to affairs in America, as follows: "The condition of the Empire would be flourishing if the war in America had not dried up one of the most fruitful sources of our industry. The forced stagnation of labor has caused in many districts an amount of destitution which deserves all our sympathy, and a grant will be asked from you (the legislature) for the support of those who, with resignation, submit to the effects of a misfortune which it is not in our power to stop.

"Nevertheless, I have made the attempt to send beyond the Atlantic advices inspired by a sincere sympathy; but the great maritime Powers not having thought it advisable as yet to act in concert with me. I have been obliged to postpone to a more suitable opportunity the offer of mediation, the object of which was to stop the effusion of blood, and to prevent the exhaustion of a country the future of which cannot be looked upon with indifference."

—HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., was visited by a party of rebel guerrillas, who retired after committing various depredations on the property of the loyalists.—General Banks, at New-Orleans, issued a general order, confirming General Butler's order of December ninth, 1862, assessing cotton factors and others who had subscribed to the secession fund, for the support of the poor.

January 13.—The United States gunboat Major Slidel, under the command of Lieutenant Van Dorn, surrendered to a party of rebel guerrillas at Harpeth Shoals, on the Cumberland River, Tenn., without firing a shot. The United States transport steamers Hastings, Trio, and Parthenia, with wounded troops, were also captured by the same party of rebels, at the same time and place. After robbing the wounded soldiers of all their money, overcoats, boots, and blankets, they were transferred to the Hastings, which was then permitted to proceed on her voyage. The other vessels, including the Slidel, were burned.—(*Doc. 104.*)

—AT New-Orleans, General Banks gave the following notice to the people of that place: "That offensive personal demonstrations, by language or conduct of any character, by persons of any class whatever, with the intention of giving personal offence, or tending to disturb the public peace, are forbidden, and will be punished with relentless severity. Parents will be held responsible for the respectful conduct of their children, and prompt measures will be taken to fasten upon the proper parties any act of this character. All persons who may be witnesses to such conduct are directed, as a measure of public peace, to give information thereof to the Provost-Marshal, or at these headquarters."—The schooner Hampton was captured in Dividing Creek, Va., by the United States steamer Currituck.—*Com. Harwood's Despatch.*

January 14.—To-day an engagement took place on the Bayou Teche, La., between four Union gunboats, under the command of Commodore Buchanan, assisted by a force of troops, under General Weitzel, and the iron-clad rebel steamer J. A. Cotton, assisted by a body of rebel troops, under the command of Colonel Gray, resulting, after a contest of several hours' duration, in the destruction of the rebel iron-clad. Commodore Buchanan was killed in this action by a rebel sharp-shooter.—(*Doc. 106.*)

—THE steamer Forrest Queen was captured and burned by guerrillas at Commerce, Miss., this

evening.—The National gunboat *Queen of the West*, under the command of Colonel Charles E. Ellet, commanding the ram fleet in Western waters, while on a reconnoissance on the Red River, was fired on, near Gordon's Landing, by a battery of four guns, and subsequently captured by the rebels.—(*Doc.* 105.)

January 15.—Mound City, Arkansas, was burned by a detachment of National troops, the place having long been the resort of guerrillas.—The bill authorizing the issue of one hundred million dollars in United States legal tender notes, was signed and became a law.—A detachment of the Twenty-second Wisconsin regiment, carrying despatches from Helena to Clarendon, Ark., were attacked by a body of rebels, who succeeded in capturing seventeen of their number. In the skirmish a rebel lieutenant and six men were killed and wounded.—*Chicago Tribune.*

January 16.—General James G. Blunt having discovered that certain attorneys and war claim agents, in his military district, had been guilty of endeavoring to incite dissatisfaction and insubordination among the soldiers, issued an order to his subordinates, authorizing the arrest of all such offenders, and that they be sent to his headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with the charges against them preferred.—Commander Couthouy, and the officers of the United States steamer *Columbia*, which vessel was stranded at Masonboro Inlet, N. C., yesterday, surrendered themselves to the rebels, under Colonel Lamb, this day.

—THE naval expedition up the White River, Ark., under the command of John G. Walker, of the gunboat *Baron DeKalb*, landed at Duvall's Bluff, meeting with no resistance, and captured two eight-inch guns and carriages, two hundred stands of arms with their accoutrements, and three platform cars, upon which the guns were being hoisted, when the rebels took the alarm and fled. Lieutenant Walker also captured seven prisoners. He then retired, leaving the place in the charge of the troops under General Gorman, who arrived shortly after the captures were made.—*Lieutenant Walker's Report.*

—THE funeral of Major-General O. M. Mitchel took place at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., this day.—The English sloop *Brave*, from Nassau, N. P., was captured by the gunboat *Octorora*.—An enthusiastic Union meeting was held at New-Orleans, La., at which speeches were made by Thomas J. Durant, and others, and resolutions urging an earnest and vigorous prosecution of the

war were adopted unanimously.—*New-Orleans True Delta.*

—THE transport ship *Planter*, with men and material belonging to the National army, was wrecked this morning, near Stranger's Key, Bahama.—The rebel steamer *Oreto*, escaped from Mobile harbor, Ala., running directly through the National fleet blockading that place.—(*Doc.* 107.)

January 17.—Major-General Joseph E. Johnston, of the rebel army, issued a general order modifying a previous order issued from his headquarters, in relation to unauthorized absentees belonging to the departments of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, so as to grant them a full pardon provided they should return to their proper commands by the twelfth of February.—*Jackson Mississippian.*

—DES ARC, Ark., was taken possession of without opposition by Captain Walker of the gunboat *De Kalb*, and a regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel Spicely of the Twenty-fourth regiment of Indiana volunteers.—A skirmish took place at Pollocksville, N. C., resulting in the flight of the rebels and the occupation of the town by the National troops.—At Liverpool, England, an anti-slavery conference took place, at which Mr. Spence, a sympathizer with the rebel government, attempted to resuscitate the argument that slavery could be supported on Scriptural grounds, but he was refused a hearing. A resolution in favor of the National Government was carried by a large majority, and a committee was appointed to bring the subject before the people of Liverpool.—Numbers of families who, during the expected attack on Charleston last summer, removed from that city, returned "to their homesteads, content to await the storm that may at any time burst over their heads, and to abide the result."—*Mobile Register.*

January 18.—The *Chattanooga Rebel*, after surmising how the birth-day of Washington will be celebrated in the loyal States, says: "Here in the South we shall pay a different tribute to the day. We shall honor it by silent homage. It is said that the President will issue his proclamation of 'fasting and prayer' as a fit commemoration of the trials, sacrifices, and glories of Washington. They are types of our own heroes and martyrs, and whilst we remember and do reverence to the deeds and beauties of character which have consecrated the name of the Father and Country, we shall also bear in mind

those Spartan virtues of manhood and those Southern virtues of womanhood which adorn our page and ennoble our day."

January 19.—President Lincoln addressed a letter to the workmen of Manchester, England, acknowledging the receipt of an address and resolutions adopted by them at a meeting held at Manchester on the 31st of December, 1862. In closing his letter the President said: "I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation; and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in assuring you that they will excite admiration, esteem, and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that, whatever else may happen, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exist between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual."—(*Doc. 119.*)

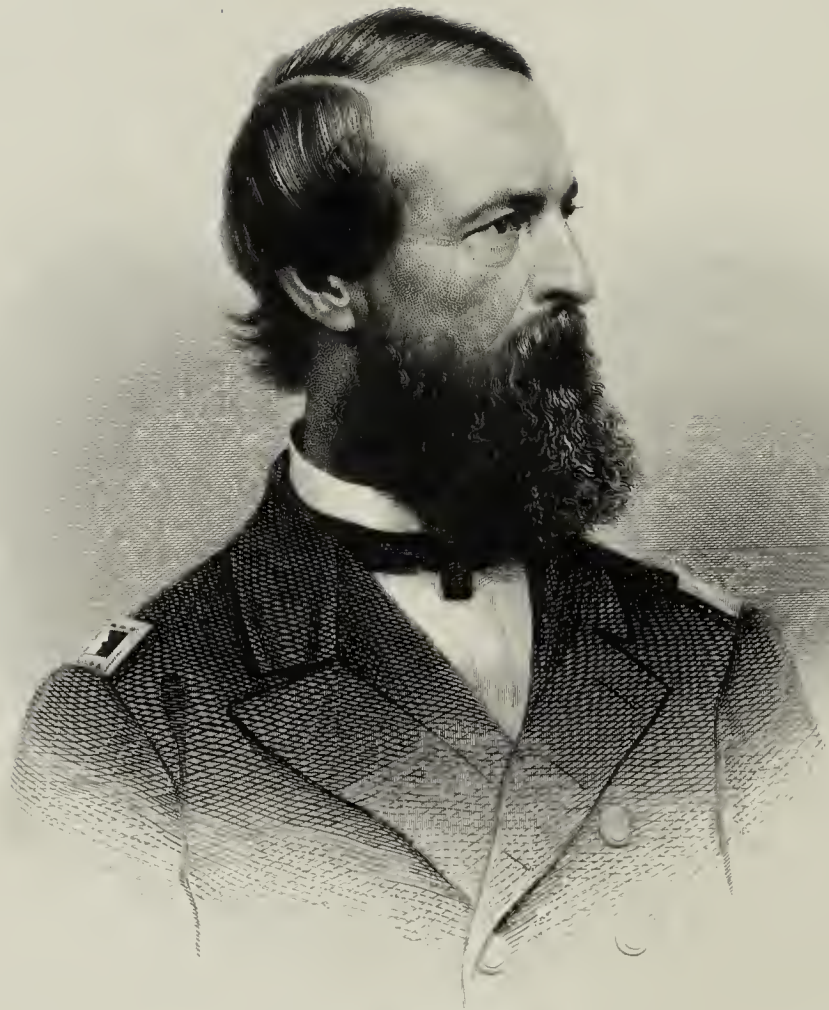
—THE Third battalion of the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry, commanded by Major Wm. G. McCandless, made a reconnoissance in the direction of Barnesville, Va., thoroughly scouting all the roads branching from the Williamsburgh and Richmond turnpike. Two companies which remained on the turnpike, under the command of Captain Cameron, having been sent forward as an advance-guard, Lieutenant H. A. Vezin, with eighteen men, detained twelve as a reserve, and ordered Sergeant Anderson, with six men, to march two hundred yards in advance of the column, to act as videttes, and if attacked by a superior force, to fall back on the column. Thus the squadron marched to within one mile of "Burnt Ordinary," when a party of seventy or eighty mounted rebels appeared, drawn up in line across the Richmond road. Sergeant Anderson ordered his men to fall back, but immediately in his rear appeared some twenty rebels drawn up in line, cutting off the Sergeant and his party, and capturing the whole advance. Seeing his critical position, he put spurs to his horse and succeeded in cutting his way back to Lieutenant Vezin and his reserve, giving that officer the alarm, who immediately ordered his twelve men to draw sabre, charge and give the rebels the cold steel. Here was daring with scarce a parallel in the war. One Lieutenant, one sergeant, and twelve men charging nearly a hundred rebels drawn up in line of battle. Dashing forward,

they broke the rebel ranks, and captured all their companions but one, together with four rebels and five horses fully equipped.

—THIS afternoon, in lat. 23° 50', long. 84° 17', the brig Estelle was captured and burned by the rebel privateer Oreto (Florida) under the command of Captain J. N. Maffit.—The army of the Potomac, under the command of General Burnside, broke camp and began to move down to the fords on the Rappahannock, for the purpose of crossing to the south bank of that river, and attacking the rebel army under General Lee.—(*Doc. 110.*)

—A DEBATE took place in the rebel House of Representatives on President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, and the proposition of Jefferson Davis to execute Federal officers in retaliation. On this occasion Mr. Foote of Mississippi, said he preferred, in lieu of retaliatory measures, as suggested by the resolutions, that an attempt should be made to stop the shedding of blood by a movement to bring about peace. It would strengthen the friends of peace at the North, and perhaps have the effect of producing a state of things so much desired, notwithstanding the opposition of the abolition party. He signified his intention to offer a resolution hereafter—not for the purpose of yielding one inch of ground to the North, but to throw the entire responsibility upon the Federal government, if these scenes of blood were to continue. Mr. Dargan, of Alabama, took the ground that powers at war must retaliate. The resolutions contemplated the turning over of captured officers to the State governments and to let them be punished according to their laws. He did not think that was correct, but suggested that the government should take the responsibility itself. Mr. Lyons, of Virginia, said the government had no power to turn captured officers over to the States. Nor was there any necessity for the resolutions, since the (rebel) President said in his message that he would do it, unless prevented by Congress. He favored the passage of a law prohibiting such a course, and to repose the power of retaliation entirely in the hands of the government. When an officer was captured, if there should be any cause for retaliation, we might retaliate upon him; if not, we were bound to exchange him. He could not, by any law of nations, when captured by one government, be turned over to another government for trial. He would prefer that any officer captured in any State after





REAR ADMIRAL D. D. PORTER

the promulgation of the emancipation proclamation should be instantly hanged, and not subject him to the uncertainties of a trial by jury.—Mr. Kenner, of Louisiana, moved that the House go into secret session to receive the report on this subject of the Committee of Ways and Means. The motion was agreed to, and the House went into secret session.

January 20.—John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, was authorized by the National War Department, “until further orders, to raise such numbers of volunteer companies of artillery for duty in the forts of Massachusetts and elsewhere, and such corps of infantry for the volunteer military service as he may find convenient, and may include persons of African descent, organized into separate corps.”—*War Department Order.*

—The rebel steamer *Oreto* arrived off Havana, Cuba, and was allowed to enter and proceed up the harbor to an anchorage.—Major-General Peck, in orders from his headquarters at Suffolk, Va., expressed his satisfaction at the soldierly qualities exhibited by Colonel Alfred Gibbs, of the One Hundred and Thirtieth N. Y. S. V., and his confidence in his disposition and ability to discharge whatever duties might fall to him, with credit to himself and the National service.

January 21.—Governor Vance of North-Carolina, sent a message to the General Assembly of that State, then in session, informing them that since their adjournment the invaders of their State had concentrated a large force upon the coast, and were threatening their remaining sea-ports and lines of communication; that every preparation possible had been made to resist the invaders, and, he hoped, not without success. But still, that much remained to be done to strengthen their army and add to its efficiency; he, therefore, offered a few suggestions to them on that subject.—(*Doc. 108.*)

—THE National ship of war *Morning Light*, together with the schooner *Velocity*, which were blockading the Sabine Pass, Texas, were surprised and captured by the rebel steamers *Josiah Bell* and *Uncle Ben*.—Colonel J. B. Douglass, commanding the Sixty-first regiment of Missouri volunteers, from his headquarters at Columbia, Mo., sent the following to General Curtis: “Late this evening, a body of troops under my command, whilst on a scout and some nine miles from my headquarters, found a confederate camp, with tent and all the necessary appurtenances thereto,

containing eight confederate captains. The camp was situated in a very brushy country; consequently they escaped from their tent, my men following, and eventually succeeding in capturing four of them, after a brief resistance. We got all their arms, camp equipage, etc. The lateness of the attack prevented us from capturing the whole of them. My men camped on the ground. We also succeeded in capturing two of Porter’s men in addition.

“I regret to say that two of my bravest troops got seriously wounded in the fight before we captured the four rebel captains. They never surrendered until they had exhausted all their shots, they being armed with double-barrelled shot-guns, in addition to navy revolvers.

“You can now see why I object to this indiscriminate release of bad men from prison, and why you should not permit banished men to return here.”

—COLONEL S. H. MIX, Third New-York cavalry, with eight companies of his regiment, returned to Newbern, after a successful scouting expedition into Onslow, Trent, and Jones counties, N. C. He obtained much valuable information, had several skirmishes with the rebels, routing them on every occasion, captured a number of prisoners, arms, mules, etc.—(*Doc. 109.*)

—THE schooner *Ettiwan*, while attempting to run the blockade out of Swash channel, Charleston harbor, was captured by the gunboat *Ottawa*, under the command of Lieutenant William D. Whiting.—The rebel Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson, with one hundred men of Morgan’s cavalry, made a descent upon Murfreesboro, Tenn., and captured a large party of National troops and carried off thirty wagons.—(*Bragg’s Despatch.*)

—GALVESTON, Texas, being occupied by rebel troops who were engaged in erecting defences in and around that city, Commodore H. H. Bell, commanding the blockading fleet off that port, issued an order warning the foreign consuls and foreign subjects and all other persons concerned, that the city of Galveston and its defences were liable to be attacked at any day by the forces of the United States under his command, and gave twenty-four hours for “innocent and helpless persons” to withdraw.—Fitz-John Porter was cashiered and dismissed the service of the United States.

—AT Ashton, England, Milner Gibson, M.P., President of the British Board of Trade, delivered an address to his constituents reviewing the

position of England toward the United States. He alleged that slavery was the main cause of the war by inducing even secession for its defence. He urged England to adhere to her neutral course in the strictest manner, and denied the wisdom of foreign mediation, intervention, or a "hasty recognition" of the "so-called confederates." In this connection Mr. Gibson recited statistics setting forth the largely increased imports of breadstuffs and provisions from the United States to England during the year just ended, and warned his hearers that if the Executive involved their country in a war with the United States their first act should be to blockade the American ports, and thus cut off this immense and vital supply from the starving operatives of Lancashire.

January 22.—The second attempt on the part of the Union army of the Potomac, under the command of General Burnside, to obtain possession of the southern bank of the Rappahannock, as a base of operations against Richmond, was unsuccessful. The attempt was foiled by a rain-storm, which made the roads impassable.—(*Doc. 110.*)

—THE brig *Windward* was captured and burned by the rebel privateer *Oreto*, off Cuba.—John Gill Shorter, rebel Governor of Alabama, issued an address to the people of that State, urging them again to come forward in the defence of the Southern government, and expressing the hope that none would "be permitted to hide under cover of home from their appropriate duty."—*See Supplement.*

January 23.—A band of Tories, (loyalists,) about seventy in number, "under an outlaw named Taylor," were this day attacked by a body of rebels under Colonel Folk, in Johnson County, East-Tennessee. "The Tory cavalry and infantry were parading in a field near the Fish Springs. Colonel Folk ordered his men to swim the river and charge them. The Tories seeing this, abandoned their horses and took shelter upon the summit of a large ridge. Folk's men were then dismounted, and charged up the ridge, completely dispersing the Tories. All of their horses were captured. Four of the Tories were killed, and a number wounded, and captured. The captured were immediately hung, by order of Colonel Folk. Taylor was killed."—*Richmond Dispatch.*

—A SEVERE snow-storm prevailed at Staunton, Charlottesville, and other points in the Shenandoah Valley, Va.—The National army and gun-

boats at Arkansas Post, Ark., having blown up the fortifications and demolished every thing that could be made a means of offence or defence, evacuated the place and proceeded to Vicksburgh.—Simon Cameron resigned his position as American Minister to Russia.

January 24.—General Dodge, commanding the military district of Corinth, Miss., reported that the rebels were putting to death many of the inhabitants of his district, for the only reason that they were loyal and Union-loving people. He gave the names of several who were hanged, others who were hunted down by bloodhounds, and of others whose houses were burned over their heads.—(*Doc. 111.*)

—THE steamer *Warsaw*, while on her way to Memphis, was fired into by a rebel battery of two guns, at Island No. 84, on the Mississippi River.—Brigadier-General Daniel S. Donelson was appointed to the command of the rebel department of East-Tennessee, in the place of General E. Kirby Smith.—*Richmond Whig.*

January 25.—The organization of the First regiment of colored South-Carolina loyal volunteers, was this day completed.—General Saxton, in announcing the event to the Secretary of War, said: "The regiment is light infantry, composed of ten companies of about eighty-six men each, armed with muskets and officered by white men. In organization, drill, discipline, and morale, this regiment, for the length of time it has been in service, is not surpassed by any white regiment in this department. Should it ever be its good fortune to get into action, I have no fear but it will win its way to the confidence of those who are willing to recognize courage and manhood, and vindicate the wise policy of the Administration, in putting these men into the field, and giving them a chance to strike a blow for the country and their own liberty. In no regiment have I ever seen duty performed with so much cheerfulness and alacrity; and as sentinels, they are peculiarly vigilant. I have never seen, in any body of men, such enthusiasm, and deep-seated devotion to their officers as exists in this; they will surely go wherever they are led. Every man is a volunteer, and seems fully persuaded of the importance of his service to his race. In the organization of this regiment, I have labored under difficulties which might have discouraged one who had less faith in the wisdom of the measure; but I am glad to report that the experiment is a complete success. My belief is, that when we

get a footing on the main land, regiments may be raised, which will do more than any now in service to put an end to this rebellion. I have sent the regiment on an expedition to the coast of Georgia, the result of which I shall report for your information, as soon as it returns."—*General Saxton's Report.*

—A PARTY of rebel cavalry attacked a train on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, at a point nine miles below Nashville, captured and paroled fifty prisoners, and made an attempt to burn the cars, but National reinforcements approaching from different points, they left, after causing a partial destruction of two platform cars.—The obsequies of the rebel Major C. R. Wheat, were celebrated at Richmond, Va.—A battalion of Colonel Mix's New-York cavalry surprised an important rebel picket station on the road from Newbern to Kinston, S. C., and captured nine rebel soldiers, with their arms and accoutrements.

January 26.—Major-General Joseph Hooker, having been appointed to succeed Major-General Burnside, assumed the command of the army of the Potomac, and issued general orders to that effect from his headquarters at Falmouth, Va.—Major-Generals W. B. Franklin and E. V. Sumner relinquished their commands in the army of the Potomac.—At Vicksburgh, Miss., the gunboat *Chillicothe* was engaged in shelling the lower rebel batteries, without provoking a return fire.

—EARLY this morning a party of rebels in ambush, commanded by a lieutenant of the Second South-Carolina infantry, attacked a scouting-party of twenty-one men from Colonel De Cesnola's cavalry brigade near Morrisville, Va., killing a scout named Michael A. Fagan, company C, Fourth New-York cavalry, and wounding another scout named Dixon, of the Ninth New-York cavalry.—*New-York Times, February 1.*

—THE bark *Golden Rule*, Captain Whitebury, belonging to the Panama Railroad Company, was captured by the privateer *Alabama*, fifty miles south of St. Domingo. The *Alabama* sent a boat's crew on board the ship, and the captain was asked if his cargo belonged to neutral owners. He replied that it did, whereupon Semmes demanded the evidence of the fact. This could not be produced, as the captain had not even a bill of lading to show that his cargo was shipped by neutrals. Semmes informed him that if he had even a consular certificate that any portion

of his cargo was the property of neutrals, he would let him depart unmolested. In the absence of such evidence the officers and crew were removed to the *Alabama*, portable articles of value were taken, and the ship set on fire and destroyed. The captain was allowed the liberty of the ship, but the mates and crew were placed in irons. The captain was treated with great kindness, and all hands safely landed at the city of St. Domingo.

—A SHORT skirmish took place at Woodbury, Tenn., between General Palmer's division of Grant's army and seven rebel regiments, resulting in the defeat and rout of the latter, with a loss of thirty-five killed, including a rebel colonel, and over one hundred prisoners. General Palmer had two killed and nine wounded.—At Mendota, Illinois, a grand Union meeting was held at which resolutions were adopted and speeches were made indorsing the action of President Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—IN the rebel Congress in session at Richmond, a desultory debate occurred on a resolution introduced by Mr. Crockett of Kentucky, with reference to the conditions on which peace should be negotiated. Mr. Foote of Tennessee indicated the claims and interest which Maryland would have in such a negotiation, as the faith of Congress had been pledged that peace should not be concluded without securing to her a free election of what her position should be. He expressed continued faith in the loyalty and patriotism of the people of Maryland, and thought that no more prejudice should attach to the position of this State than to that of Kentucky and Missouri. He ridiculed the idea of a Border Confederacy. He was not in favor of any political confederation with the States of the North-West. He had been misrepresented in this respect. He was in favor of a military league, offensive and defensive, with any one of the North-Western States that would lay down her arms, and he would assist and protect such State against the power of the Lincoln Government. He thought that by proper influences and methods the North-West could be disjointed from New-England and the Middle States in this war in less than sixty days.

After touching a number of topics in connection with the probable event of a negotiation for peace, Mr. Foote said he was not prepared to discuss the whole subject within the confines of the

present resolution before the House, but that he would at a future time submit some enlarged resolutions on the subject.—*Richmond Examiner*.

GOVERNOR VANCE of North-Carolina, issued a proclamation commanding the soldiers of that State who were illegally absent from their regiments in the rebel army, to return to duty on or before the tenth day of February, under pain of being tried, and, upon conviction, executed for desertion.

January 27.—Bloomfield, Mo., was visited by a party of the Sixty-eighth Missouri militia, under the command of Colonel James Lindsay, and a large number of rebel guerrillas were driven out of the town, with a loss of fifty-two prisoners, seventy horses with their trappings, and nearly one hundred stand of arms. The Unionists met with no loss.—*Col. Lindsay's Despatch*.

—FORT McAllister, on Genesis Point, Great Ogeechee River, Ga., was attacked by the iron-clad monitor Montauk, under the command of Captain John L. Worden, three gunboats, and a mortar-schooner, but after a bombardment of many hours' duration, they failed to reduce it.—*Savannah News*.

—A. D. BOILEAU, the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Evening Journal*, was this day arrested by order of the National Government and taken to Washington.—An enthusiastic Union demonstration took place at Fayetteville, Ark.—Captain Williamson of General Weitzel's brigade, had a fight with a small body of rebel troops at Indian Village, on Bayou Plaquemine, La., and succeeded in routing them without any material loss to the Nationals.—*New-Orleans True Delta*.

January 28.—At St. Louis, Mo., a large and enthusiastic meeting was held this evening to ratify the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln. Speeches were made by Charles D. Drake and others, and a poem contributed to the meeting by W. D. Gallagher, was received with unbounded applause and approbation.—*St. Louis Democrat*.

—BRIGADIER-GENERAL SCHOFIELD from his head-quarters at Springfield, Mo., sent the following message to General Curtis: "Colonel Harrison telegraphs from Fayetteville the success of a scout just returned from Van Buren, Mo., having captured the steamer Julia Roan and three hundred prisoners, about two hundred of whom were paroled. The scout consisted of one hundred and thirty men of the First Arkansas cavalry and

Tenth Illinois cavalry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart. No loss on our side. On that of the enemy, two killed and several wounded.—A heavy snow-storm prevailed on the Rappahannock River, which, partially melting as it fell, put the roads in an indescribable condition.

January 29.—The British iron steamer Princess Royal, laden with rifled guns, arms, ammunition, steam-engines, etc., was captured off Charleston, S. C., while attempting to run the blockade.—(*Doc.* 112.)

—THE Senate of Missouri passed the resolution of the lower House asking the Congress of the United States to appropriate twenty-five millions of dollars for emancipation purposes in that State, by a vote of twenty-six yeas to two nays.—General Banks at New-Orleans, issued a general order promulgating the confirmatory Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln.

—A FIGHT took place at Bear River, Washington Territory, between a force of Union troops under the command of Colonel Connor, and a large body of Indians, resulting, after a bloody contest of four hours' duration, in a rout of the Indians with great loss.—(*Docs.* 113 and 142.)

—THE first decision under President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was made in St. Louis by Judge Glover, who decided in favor of its legality, and ordered the discharge of the slave of a rebel who had been arrested under State law for leaving his master. This decision, if sustained, would leave Missouri secessionists without civil authority to reclaim their slaves.—General McClelland's forces landed on the Louisiana side of the Mississippi River, five miles below the mouth of the Yazoo River, and in full view of the city of Vicksburgh.—*Missouri Republican*.

—THE EMANCIPATION SOCIETY of London, England, held a meeting at Exeter Hall, which "proved to be one of the most important demonstrations of public opinion known in London since the days of the League. For half an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the proceedings the great hall was crowded, and it became necessary to hold a second meeting in the lower hall, while a third meeting was held in the open air, in Exeter street. The name of Abraham Lincoln was received with immense applause, the audience rising and cheering and waving their handkerchiefs. During the course of the proceedings, the chairman received telegrams from Bradford and Stroud, announcing that meetings

were being held in those towns, and that resolutions had been passed in favor of negro emancipation. Resolutions sympathizing with the cause of the North, and advocating the policy of the President of the United States were adopted, and speeches were made denunciatory of the South, and the *London Times*.—*London Daily News*.

January 30.—The United States gunboat, Isaac Smith, under the command of Acting Lieutenant Conover, while reconnoitring in the Stono River, S. C., was fired into by three masked batteries of rifled guns, and, the vessel getting aground, was captured.—(*Doc. 114.*)

—A PARTY of National troops under the command of Colonel Wood, Twenty-second Ohio volunteers, left Trenton, Tenn., and proceeded to Dyersburg, where they broke up a camp of rebel guerrillas, under the leadership of Captain Dawson. Thirty-four of Dawson's men were killed or captured, but he himself escaped.

—YESTERDAY one hundred conscript rebel soldiers went into Murfreesboro, Tenn., and voluntarily surrendered themselves, declaring their attachment to the Union, requesting the privilege of taking the oath of allegiance, and to-day two hundred more followed their example.

—THE schooner *Hanover* of Provincetown, Massachusetts, was captured off the south side of San Domingo by the rebel schooner *Retribution*.—*Boston Traveller*.

—A FIGHT took place at a point nine miles from Suffolk, Va., known as the "Deserted House," between a force of Union troops under General Corcoran, and a body of rebels under the command of General Roger A. Pryor, resulting, after a desperate struggle of three hours' duration, in the retreat of the rebels. The loss in this affair was about equal on both sides.—(*Doc. 115.*)

January 31.—Colonel T. W. Higginson of the First South-Carolina colored volunteers, yesterday sent Captain Charles T. Trowbridge with a detachment of his regiment to examine the condition of the rebel salt-works on the coast of Georgia, and to-day the Captain made the following report of his operations:

"COLONEL: In accordance with instructions, I proceeded yesterday in search of the salt-works supposed to be at King's Bay. They have not been rebuilt since they were destroyed on a former expedition.

"Changing our course, we found salt-works about five miles up Crooked River, on the main land. After a march of two miles across the

marsh, with thirty men, and drawing a boat to enable us to cross an intervening creek, we destroyed them. There were twenty-two large boilers, two store-houses, a large quantity of salt, two canoes, together with barrels, vats, etc., used in manufacturing the salt."

—EARLY this morning the rebel iron-clad steamers *Palmetto State* and *Chicora*, accompanied by three small steamers, the *General Clinch*, *Ettiwan*, and *Chesterfield*, attacked the United States blockading fleet off Charleston, and disabled two of the vessels.—(*Doc. 116.*)

—THIS day while Kenuett's National cavalry were out on a scout from the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., they unexpectedly came on Wheeler's brigade of rebel cavalry while the latter were being paid off at Rover, a little village on the Shelbyville and Nolensville road, eighteen miles from the former town. A brief hand-to-hand sabre fight ensued, which terminated in the complete rout of the rebels, who left on the field twelve killed, about the same number of wounded, and lost three hundred prisoners. A few of the Union soldiers were wounded, but they did not lose a man.—*Louisville Journal*.

—THE arrest of deserters in Morgan County, Indiana, being resisted, Colonel Carrington, commander of the National forces at Indianapolis, sent a squadron of cavalry to oppose the resistance. The cavalry were met and fired on by the mob, when they charged, dispersing the rioters and capturing six citizens and the deserters.—The Senate of the United States passed a resolution tendering a vote of thanks to Commander J. L. Worden, for good conduct in the fight between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, in March, 1862.—A body of National troops, under General Jeff. C. Davis, entered Shelbyville, Tenn.

February 1.—General Robert B. Mitchell, commanding the National forces at Nashville, Tenn., admiring the zeal evinced by certain secession families, in administering to the wants and alleviating the sufferings of the confederate wounded carried to that city this day, and "desiring to give them still greater facilities for the exercise of that devotion which to-day led them through the mud of the public streets, unmindful of the inclemency of the weather, and desiring further to obviate the necessity of that public display, which must be repugnant to the retiring dispositions of the softer sex," ordered his medical director "to select forty-five of the sick and wounded confederate soldiers, to be brought from the front and

quartered as follows: Fifteen at the house of Mrs. McCall, fifteen at the house of Dr. Buchanan, and fifteen at the house of Mr. Sandy Carter, all on Cherry street, immediately below Church street;” each family to be held responsible for the safe delivery of the confederate soldiers thus assigned, on the penalty of the forfeiture of their property and personal liberty.—*General Mitchell's Order.*

—THE second attack on Fort McAllister at Genesis Point, Ga., was made this day, resulting in the retirement of the National fleet without any material damage to the rebels, except killing Major John B. Gallic, the commander of the rebel forces. The National iron-clad Montauk, under the command of Commander J. L. Worden, occupied the advance position in the engagement and received sixty-one shots, retiring without a man injured.

—FRANKLIN, Tenn., was this day occupied by the National forces, under the command of Colonel Robert Johnson. The rebel General Forrest and staff narrowly escaped, while one of his captains and two men were captured. The Nationals lost one man killed.—The Legislature of North-Carolina adopted a series of resolutions, vindicating the loyalty of the State to the rebel government, and protesting against any settlement of the struggle which “would not secure the entire independence of the confederate States of America.”—A. D. Boileau was released from Fort McHenry, Md.

—TO-NIGHT an attack was made on Island No. Ten by a large body of rebels, composed of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. They had crossed the Obion River and stationed themselves on the Tennessee shore with three six-pounders. A National transport, passing just as they arrived, was fired at and compelled to surrender. Soon after, the gunboat New Era arrived and immediately opened fire on the rebels, who, after receiving one hundred shots from the gunboat, made a hasty retreat, leaving the transport, which had been captured, to proceed on her voyage. There were no casualties on the National side.—The Quakers, of New-York, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, memorialized Congress, asking exemption from the draft and the procurement of substitutes, and from the fines, which they deemed a penalty imposed for exercising “the right of conscience against the shedding of blood.”—Colonel T. W. Higginson, of the First South-Carolina colored regiment, made a full and explicit official report

of the successful operations of his forces in Georgia and Florida.—*See Supplement.*

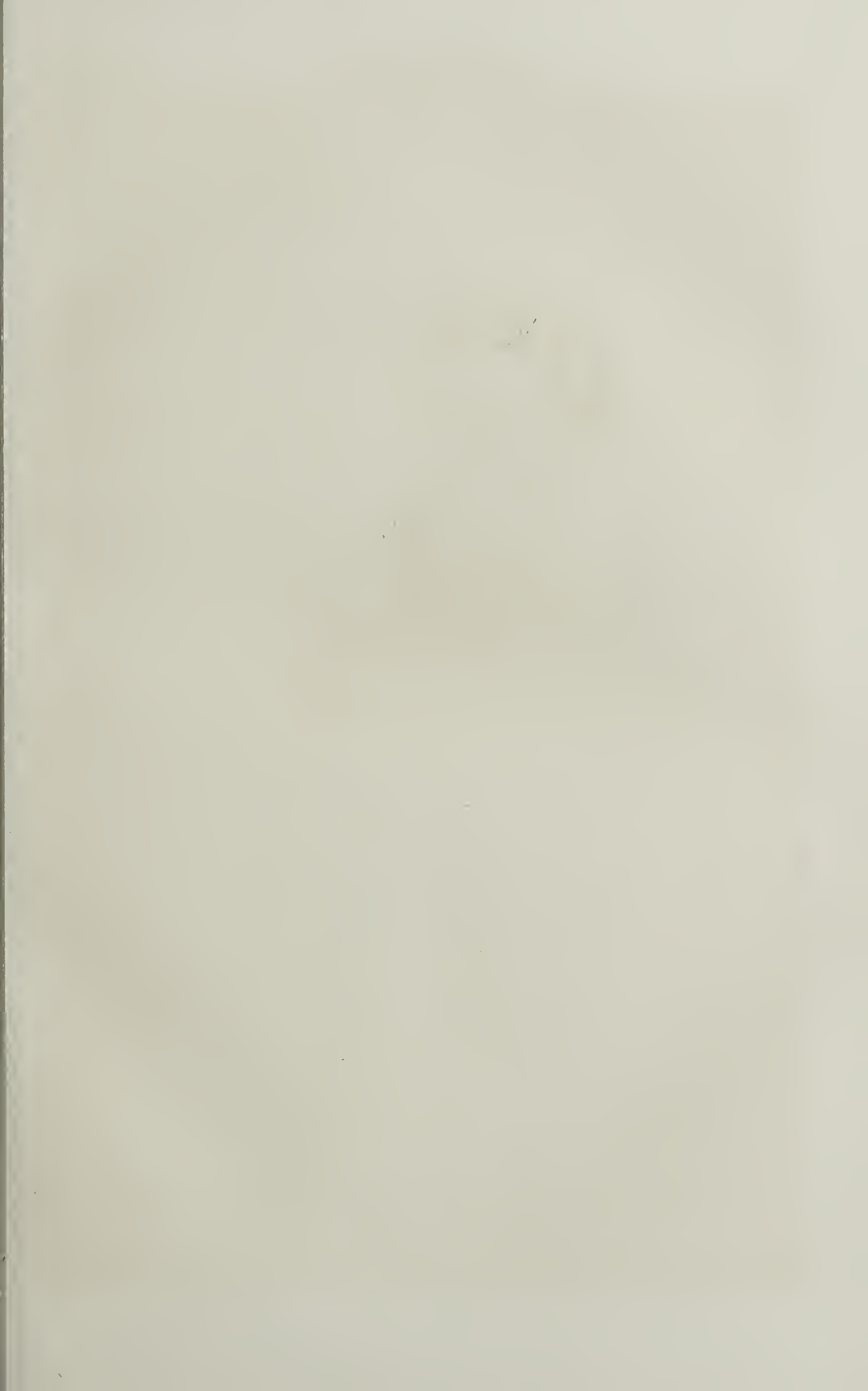
—COLONEL STOKES's regiment of loyal Tennessee cavalry and one of Kentucky volunteers, dashed upon a rebel camp at Middleton, Tennessee, and by a brilliant sabre charge succeeded in surprising the enemy and capturing his camp equipage, horses, wagons, stores, and over one hundred prisoners. Among the latter were the noted Major Douglass and all the officers of his battalion.—Colonel Percy Wyndham, with a detachment from the Fifth and First Virginia cavalry, surprised Warrenton, Va., and sent strong patrols to the Rappahannock, at Sulphur Springs and Waterloo.—A debate on the free navigation of the Mississippi River, was held to-day, in the rebel Congress at Richmond.

February 3.—A fight took place at Mingo Swamp, Missouri, between a detachment of Union troops under the command of Major Reeder, and a numerous gang of rebel guerrillas under the leadership of Dan McGee, resulting in a complete rout of the latter. McGee and eight of his men were killed, and twenty wounded.—(*Doc. 117.*)

—A SUCCESSFUL reconnoissance was this day made to Liberty, Auburn, and Lebanon, Tenn., by a body of National troops under the command of General J. J. Reynolds. They obtained important information concerning the position and operations of the rebel forces; ascertained that the inhabitants of many portions of Tennessee hitherto unvisited by National troops, were loyal to the Union; obtained large material results in the capture of supplies, and in destroying rebel means of support; broke up a rebel camp, dispersing the rebels in all directions; had several skirmishes with guerrillas, routing them on each occasion with great slaughter.

—FORT DONELSON, Tennessee, garrisoned by only six hundred of the Eighty-third Illinois, under the command of Colonel Harding, was attacked by a large rebel force under Generals Wheeler and Forrest, and after a desperate contest of five hours' duration, the rebels were repulsed and retreated.—(*Doc. 118.*)

February 4.—Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., commanding the cavalry division in the brigade of General J. W. Davidson, made a descent on Batesville, Ark., driving the rebels under Marmaduke out of the town, killing and wounding





Eng^d by A.H. Ritchie

GEN. OLIVER O. HOWARD.

many, and capturing some prisoners; among them, Colonel Adams. Captain Roses, of the Fourth Missouri cavalry, led the charge into the town most gallantly. Such of the rebels as could not crowd into the boats, swam the river. Colonel Waring remounted his men from the country.—*General Davidson's Despatch.*

—THANKSGIVING was celebrated in Texas, "for the successes that had attended the confederate arms."—The ram Fulton, on the way to Vicksburgh, was fired into by a rebel battery at Cypress Bend, and disabled. One negro on board was killed, and another so frightened that he jumped overboard and was drowned. Before the rebels could capture the ram, the steamers Rattler and Wilson came up and dispersed them.

—THE National troops had a brief skirmish with a small body of rebels, five miles from Lake Providence, in which they lost several men, and over thirty of the rebels were killed, wounded, and captured. More than ninety horses were taken.—The examination of Rev. R. J. Graves took place at Hillsboro, N. C., before Judge M. E. Manly; at the conclusion of which he was bound over to appear at the rebel court at Richmond, Va., to stand his trial on a charge of treason.—*Raleigh Progress.*

February 5.—Captain Wm. K. Ranney, of the Fortieth regiment of Missouri militia, while on a scouting expedition on Bear Creek, Johnson Co., Mo., encountered a party of rebel guerrillas. "On seeing them he put spurs to his horse and commanded his men to follow, which they did with a will, and coming up with the enemy, routed them on the double-quick, the fleeing rebels leaving seven dead on the field. Pursuing the rebels about seven miles, night came on, and the weather being extremely cold, he gave up the chase. Captain Ranney and all of his men escaped unharmed."—*Lieutenant-Colonel Brown's Report.*

—THE British Parliament was opened and the Queen's speech was read, in which she said: "Her Majesty's relations with foreign Powers continue to be friendly and satisfactory. Her Majesty has abstained from taking any step with a view to induce a cessation of the conflict between the contending parties in the North-American States, because it has not yet seemed to Her Majesty that any such overtures could be attended with a probability of success. Her

Majesty has viewed with the deepest concern the desolating warfare which still rages in those regions; and she has witnessed with heartfelt grief the severe distress and suffering which that war has inflicted upon a large class of Her Majesty's subjects, but which have been borne by them with noble fortitude and with exemplary resignation. It is some consolation to be led to hope that this suffering and this distress are rather diminishing than increasing, and that some revival of employment is beginning to take place in the manufacturing districts."

—A SMALL detachment of National cavalry was attacked at Wigginton's Mills, near Stafford Store, Va. At the first fire, Dixon, the scout who was wounded a few days previous in a skirmish with a party of South-Carolinians, was again wounded seriously. The rebels were finally dispersed, and several of the neighboring farmers were arrested.—*New-York Times.*

—CAPTAIN ROBERT MAUPIN, of the rebel army, was captured in the vicinity of Columbia, Mo., by a party of National troops under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, of the Sixty-First Missouri regiment.—*Missouri Statesman.*

February 6.—A detachment from companies H and F, of the Fifth New-York cavalry, under the command of Captain Penfield, made a raid into Middleburgh, Va., and at Aldie captured eight of the First Virginia rebel cavalry, and the post-master at Little Washington. They were *en route* to a ball given to them by the citizens of that place, and were fully armed and equipped.—The rebel Colonel Cushman, the celebrated "cotton-burner," was arrested at his residence, near Ripley, Tenn., and taken to Columbus.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—A PARTY of the Twelfth Virginia rebel cavalry, attacked the mail-coach between Martinsburgh and Winchester, Va., this afternoon, and captured the driver and occupants of the coach, Brigadier-General Cluseret's assistant adjutant-general and aid-de-camp among the number. The aid managed to escape, and reported the affair to General Milroy, who immediately ordered out two companies of the First New-York cavalry to cut off their retreat. Companies A and K, commanded by Captain Jones, and Lieutenant Laverty respectively, were sent out. Captain Jones left Lieutenants Laverty and Watkins with a small party at Millwood, thirteen miles from Winchester, while he and Lieutenant Boyd went

on still further. The Captain's party had scarcely moved away, when the rebels made their appearance at Millwood, with all they had captured. Lieutenant Laverty immediately ordered a charge, and dashed upon them, when the rebels broke and ran, though fighting desperately as they fled. They were chased seven miles. The expedition resulted in the recapture of all which the rebels had taken, and the killing of one of them, and taking prisoner of another. The escape of the remainder of the rebels was owing to its being night. Lieutenant Laverty was the only one injured, on the National side.

February 7.—This morning a deserter from the rebel army came to the National headquarters at Yorktown, Va., and stated that there were some twenty-five more of the rebels nine miles from Williamsburgh that wanted to give themselves up, but were afraid to come into the lines for fear of being fired upon. Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, in command of the Fifth Pennsylvania, sent a squadron of his cavalry after them. When the main body of the squadron had reached the spot where the men were said to be waiting, they were fired upon by guerrillas in ambush, and twenty saddles were emptied the first volley. At the same time a body of rebel cavalry was seen charging down the road at some distance off. What remained of the Union cavalry, immediately started to receive them. They had just got under good speed, when they came in contact with telegraph wires that the guerrillas had suspended across the road and tied to the trees on each side, throwing horses and riders to the ground and tumbling them in a heap together, cutting and bruising both man and horse terribly. One captain and one lieutenant were taken prisoners, one captain was mortally wounded, and one lieutenant was killed. Thirty-five of the men were missing, and were either killed or taken prisoners.

—THE guerrilla leader, Captain Dawson, and several of his men, were this day captured by a detachment of Union troops, under the command of Colonel Wood, Twenty-second Ohio volunteers, in the vicinity of Dyersburgh, Tenn.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—THE steamers T. D. Wagner, Leopard, and Ruby, all from Nassau, N. P., with "large and valuable cargoes," ran the blockade and arrived at Charleston, S. C., at an early hour this morning.—J. P. Benjamin, the rebel Secretary of State, addressed a circular to the foreign consuls in the

Southern States, informing them that the National fleets having been dispersed at Galveston, and Sabine Pass, Texas, those ports were open to the trade of the merchants of their several nations.—Eli Thayer, at the Cooper Institute at New-York, delivered an address advocating the colonization of Florida with loyal colonists from the North.

February 8.—Colonel W. R. Penick, from his headquarters at Independence, Mo., sent a detachment of fifty men from the Fifth cavalry of Missouri volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant D. A. Colvin, in pursuit of a guerrilla camp, which he ascertained existed in the vicinity. His scout came up with the enemy at two o'clock this afternoon, when a running fight commenced, which lasted about thirty minutes, and resulted in the rout of the guerrillas, with eight killed, two wounded, and all their arms captured. To test the fighting qualities of the negro, Colonel Penick sent a contraband with the party at his own request. The negro was severely wounded in the shoulder, but expressed "his willingness to again fight the bushwhackers as soon as he should recover."—*Colonel Penick's Report.*

—THE expedition under Generals Davis and Morgan, sent from Nashville, Tenn., in pursuit of Forrest and Wheeler's rebel force, who were retreating to the West, returned this evening. Seven miles east of Charlotte, thirty rebel prisoners were captured, among whom were Colonel Carroll, and Major Rembrant, of Forrest's staff.—Lebanon, Tenn., was entered and occupied by the National forces, who succeeded in capturing six hundred rebels, most of them belonging to the command of General Morgan.—The work of cutting the canal at Vicksburgh continued rapidly, a large force being engaged upon it night and day.—Rear-Admiral Porter reported the capture of three rebel transport steamers on the Red River, Ark., by the Queen of the West, under the command of Colonel Ellet.—The circulation of the *Chicago Times* newspaper was prohibited in the command of General Hurlbut, by a general order issued at Memphis, Tenn.

February 9.—A cavalry skirmish occurred near Summerville, Va., between a detachment of Union cavalry belonging to Major Knox's command, and a scouting-party of rebels, in which the latter were compelled to retreat, with the loss of several of their number killed and wounded. The National party were uninjured.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

—It having been frequently reported to General Rosecrans, that rebel soldiers approached his lines, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., dressed in the uniform of the National troops, and that they had even carried the colors of the United States, like savages to deceive his men, he ordered that none so dressed should receive, when captured, the rights of prisoners of war, and that in battle, no quarter should be given them.—*General Orders No. 16.*

February 10.—George P. Hodges, of Kentucky, introduced the following preamble and resolution in the rebel House of Representatives, which was agreed to :

Whereas, information has reached this Congress of the passage by the Congress at Washington, D. C., of a bill for the enlistment of negroes as soldiers in the armies of the United States, which armies are to be engaged in the further invasion of the confederate States of America ;

And whereas, the Constitutions both of the confederate States and the United States recognize Africans and their descendants as property ;

And whereas, we cannot consent to any change in their political status and condition ; therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of bringing in a bill providing the proper forms for the disposition of all negroes or mulattoes who may be captured from the enemy in such manner that those of them who are fugitives from their masters may be returned to their rightful owners, and those for whom no masters can be found shall be sold into perpetual bondage, for the purpose of raising a fund to reimburse citizens of this Confederacy who have lost their slave property by reason of the interference therewith by the enemy.

—A FIGHT took place at Old River, La., between a National force, under Captain T. Tucker of the First Kansas volunteers, and the First battalion of the Third regiment of Louisiana cavalry.—(*Doc. 120.*)

—A. D. MAHONY, President of the "Prisoners of State Association," published a notice calling upon "all such persons as had been arrested without charge, imprisoned without trial, and discharged from confinement on the mere order of Abraham Lincoln, or of some one of his subordinates, to convene on the fourth day of March next, in the city of New-York, for the purpose of devising, adopting, and putting into practical effect, such means as might be deemed best to obtain satisfaction for the outrages to which we, prison-

ers of state, have been subjected, and reparation done us in person and property, and for the further purpose of doing what becomes us as American patriots to preserve our Constitution and Government from total subversion, and the liberties of the people from subjection to arbitrary power."

—INFORMATION was received at the War Department at Washington, that a party of loyal Delaware and Shawnee Indians, of Kansas, had taken the rebel Wachita agency in Texas, killed Leoper the agent, and captured a hundred disloyal Indians, together with a large number of horses, papers and rebel bonds. Among the papers were treaties made with the rebel government, and signed by Albert Pike. The party returned to Kansas, with the loss of four men.

February 11.—William H. Seward, Secretary of State, in answer to the call of the Senate of the United States for information concerning the French Minister's (M. Mercier) visit to Richmond, Va., said that "since March fourth, 1861, no communication, direct or indirect, formal or informal, save in relation to prisoners of war, has been held by this Government, or by the Secretary of State, with the insurgents, their aiders or abettors ; no passport has been granted to any foreign Minister to pass the military lines, except by the President's direction."—At the Lord Mayor's banquet at London, this day, the rebel Commissioner, J. M. Mason, was present, and delivered a speech.—*London News.*

February 12.—Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, sent a message to the Senate and House of Representatives of that State, recommending the passage of a joint resolution, earnestly requesting that Congress should pass laws defining and punishing offences against the Government of the United States, and providing for the fair and speedy trial by an impartial jury, of persons charged with such offences, in the loyal and undisturbed States, so that the guilty might justly suffer, and the innocent be relieved.—(*Doc. 121.*)

—THE ship Jacob Bell was captured and burned, in lat. 24°, lon. 65°, by the rebel privateer Florida.

February 13.—A large and enthusiastic public meeting of unconditional Union men was this evening held in the city of Leavenworth, Kansas. Speeches were made by General Blunt, and others, and loyal resolutions were unanimously adopted, proclaiming "all who ask for peace with

rebels in arms against the Government, except on the terms of unconditional submission to the Constitution and the laws, or who propose a separation of the Union in any manner," to be traitors, and indorsing the President's Emancipation Proclamation.

—YESTERDAY, about one o'clock in the afternoon, a squad of Baylor's rebel cavalry attacked a small scouting-party of twelve men, of the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry from Kearneysville, near Smithfield, Va., killing one, wounding two, and capturing four men and several horses. About four o'clock P.M., General Kelly's scouts from Harper's Ferry, Md., fell in with the same party a few miles south of Charlestown, and after a running fight of several miles recaptured the men and horses, and captured Lieutenant Baylor, two of his men, and several horses.—*General Kelly's Despatch.*

—A SKIRMISH took place to-day in the vicinity of Bolivar, Tenn., between a detachment of National cavalry and a body of rebels, in which four of the latter were killed, five taken prisoners, and a number wounded. The rebels also lost several of their horses. The Union party had none killed or wounded.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—TO-NIGHT the United States gunboat *Indiana*, under the command of Captain Brown, successfully passed the rebel batteries before Vicksburgh. Twenty heavy guns were fired at her, but she escaped without being hit.—The steamer *Douglass* ran out of Charleston, S. C., with James B. Clay, of Kentucky, on board, as a passenger, for Liverpool. She successfully passed the blockading fleet.—*Charleston Mercury.*

February 14.—A squadron of the Fifth Michigan cavalry regiment was surprised at Annandale, Va., by a superior force of rebels, and were forced to retreat with a loss of fifteen killed and missing and several wounded.—The rebel steamer *Era* No. Five, laden with four thousand five hundred bushels of corn, was this day captured in the Red River, La., by the United States gunboat *Queen of the West*, under the command of Colonel Charles R. Ellet.

—THE United States gunboat *Queen of the West* got aground near Gordon's Landing, Red River, La., in full range of a powerful rebel battery which poured into her several volleys of shot and shell, cutting the steam-pipe, thereby necessitating her abandonment.—(Doc. 105.)

February 15.—A party of the One Hundred

and Twenty-third Illinois regiment, under the command of Colonel James Monroe, in company with twenty of Stokes's Tennessee cavalry, encountered a body of rebel cavalry belonging to Gen. J. H. Morgan's force, at a point near Cainesville, Tenn., and after a sharp conflict completely routed them, killing twenty, wounding a large number, and taking six prisoners. He also captured fifty horses and destroyed three hundred stands of arms. During the action three of Colonel Monroe's men were wounded.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—A DETACHMENT of fourteen men of the Second Minnesota volunteers, under the command of Sergeant L. N. Holmes, while escorting a wagon-train near Nolensville, Tenn., were attacked by a party of rebel guerrilla cavalry, numbering one hundred and thirty-five men. The small Union party stood firm, and returned the rebel fire with such effect, that in a few minutes they had killed eight, wounded twenty, and taken four of their number prisoners, beside killing eight horses and capturing four. The rest of the rebel party retreated.—*Nashville Union.*

—A FIGHT took place at Arkadelphia, Ark., between a small party of Unionists under the command of Captain — Brown, which lasted from sunrise until noon, when the rebels were routed, with a loss of fourteen killed and twelve wounded. Captain Brown lost two killed and twelve wounded.—General Hooker issued an order to the army of the Potomac, announcing that the order of the War Department authorizing the enlistment of volunteers into the regular service had been rescinded.

February 16.—The act for enrolling and calling out the National forces, and for other purposes, was passed by the Senate of the United States at midnight.—(See Supplement.)

February 17.—In the British House of Commons Mr. Bentick rose to ask the noble Lord at the head of the government whether the government were in possession of any official information on the subject of the reported defeat by the rebels of the blockading squadron off Charleston; and if so, whether that information was of a character to raise the question of the legality of the future blockade of that port. Lord Palmerston replied that Her Majesty's government had had no information with regard to the transaction other than that which had been conveyed by the telegrams. They simply state that the blockade was raised on the morning of one day, and

reimposed on the succeeding day. With regard to the application of the general law of nations to a transaction of that kind, his lordship would give no opinion, because, he said, the application of that law depended so much upon the circumstances of the case, that until it was well known what had really happened, it would be improper in Her Majesty's government to commit themselves to any opinion as to the effect which this occurrence might have.

—At a point five miles west of Romney, Va., a forage train under an escort composed of companies from the One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio infantry, was captured by a party of rebels who escaped with the train, after paroling the Nationals, who were allowed to return to Romney.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

February 17.—By order of General Grant all restrictions imposed on the circulation of the *Chicago Times*, were rescinded.—The steamer Hercules was burned by guerrillas this day at a point a few miles above Memphis, Tenn.—A heavy snow-storm prevailed on the Rappahannock and its vicinity.

February 18.—At Charleston, S. C., General Beauregard issued the following proclamation: "It has become my solemn duty to inform the authorities and citizens of Charleston and Savannah that the movements of the enemy's fleet indicate an early land and naval attack on one or both cities, and to urge that persons unable to take an active part in the struggle shall retire. It is hoped, however, that this temporary separation of some of you from your homes will be made without alarm or undue haste, thus showing that the only feeling which animates you in this hour of supreme trial is the right of being able to participate in the defence of your homes, your altars, and the graves of your kindred. Carolinians and Georgians! the hour is at hand to prove your country's cause. Let all able-bodied men from the sea-board to the mountains rush to arms. Be not too exacting in the choice of weapons. Pikes and scythes will do for exterminating your enemies, spades and shovels for protecting your firesides. To arms, fellow-citizens! Come to share with us our danger, our brilliant success, or our glorious death."—About noon to-day ten wagons sent out on a foraging expedition from Memphis, were attacked and captured in Nonconnah Bottom, by a party of one hundred and fifty rebel cavalry.

—SECRETARY CHASE transmitted to Congress to-day a report of Hiram Barney, Government cotton agent at New-York, the footings of which showed that he had sold at public auction since the blockade commenced, three thousand three hundred and twenty-five bales of sea island and upland cotton, and one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine bales of unginned cotton, valued at six hundred and ninety-six thousand five hundred and sixty-two dollars.

—THE siege of Vicksburgh was commenced to-day by the Union mortar-boats, which threw a number of shells into the city. The rebels opened three batteries of heavy guns on the boats, but their shot fell short, and did no injury.

—By order of General R. B. Mitchell, commanding the National forces at Nashville, Tenn., G. W. Donegan and W. H. Calhoun, two wealthy citizens of that place, were arrested and confined in the State penitentiary, as hostages for the safe return within the National lines of John A. Galty and T. T. Tabb, Union men held by the rebels at Chattanooga.—Clifton, Tenn., was captured and destroyed by a detachment of the Third Michigan cavalry under the command of Captain Cicero Newell.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

—A DEMOCRATIC Convention which met to-day at Frankfort, Ky., for the purpose of nominating candidates for State officers for the ensuing August election, was broken up and dispersed by Colonel S. A. Gilbert, under orders received from Brigadier-General Q. A. Gillmore, commanding the district. The members of the Convention were said to be avowed rebel sympathizers.

February 19.—A reconnoitring party from Yazoo Pass to Coldwater, Miss., under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wood of the First Indiana cavalry, surprised two hundred rebel cavalry and routed them, killing six, mortally wounding three, and capturing fifteen.—*See Supplement*.

—HOPEFIELD, Ark., opposite Memphis, Tenn., was this day burned by order of General Hurlbut. It was done because the guerrillas made the town their headquarters.—The office of the *Daily Constitution*, at Keokuk, Iowa, was destroyed by the soldiers in the hospital at that place.—The brig Emily Fisher was captured off Castle Island, Bahama, by the privateer Retribution, and after being partly unloaded, was released on bonds for her value.—A large meeting was held in Liverpool, England, in support of

President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. Resolutions applauding the course of Mr. Lincoln on the slavery question, and an address to be presented to him through Mr. Adams, were adopted. At the same time a meeting was held at Carlisle, and a similar series of resolutions were adopted unanimously.

February 20.—Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee, issued a proclamation warning all persons holding, renting, occupying, or using any real or personal property in that State belonging to rebels, not to pay the rents, issues, or profits thereof to the rebel owners or their agents, but to hold the same until some person should be appointed in behalf of the United States to receive them.—(*Doc. 122.*)

—MAJOR JUSTUS MCKINSTRY, Quartermaster of the United States army, was finally dismissed the service by order of President Lincoln.—The United States Bank bill passed the House of Representatives, it having been adopted by the Senate previously.—Colonel Charles Carroll Hicks of the rebel army, was arrested at New-York.—Decimal and fractional currency being scarce in the loyal States, tradesmen and others gave out personal notes of the value of one, two, and three cents and upwards.—A battalion of the Fifth Illinois cavalry sent out to reconnoitre the banks of the Yazoo Pass, had a brisk skirmish with a company of sixty mounted rebels, dispersing them and killing six, wounding several, and capturing twenty-six. The National casualties were five wounded.—*Chicago Tribune.*

February 21.—The ships Golden Eagle and Olive Jane, in lat. 29° 17', lon. 45° 15', were captured and burned by the rebel privateer Alabama.—An enthusiastic Union meeting was held at Bloomfield, Indiana.—The National gunboats Freeborn and Dragon made a reconnoissance up the Rappahannock River, Va., a distance of sixty-five miles. Just below Fort Lowry they were fired on by a rebel battery, and an engagement of an hour's duration occurred, in which the batteries were silenced. The Freeborn received unimportant injuries and had three men slightly wounded. The expedition was conducted by Lieut. Commander Samuel Magaw, and was a perfect success.—*Official Report.*

—A PARTY of guerrillas, dressed as Union soldiers, made a descent upon South-Union, or Shakertown, Ky., this day, and destroyed a number of cars belonging to the Louisville and Nash-

ville Railroad, besides a large quantity of property belonging to the National Government. After having finished their depredations they left the place, taking the road toward Greenville, when Colonel Benjamin H. Bristow of the Eighth Kentucky cavalry, sent a portion of his regiment in pursuit, and succeeded in capturing four of the guerrillas.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

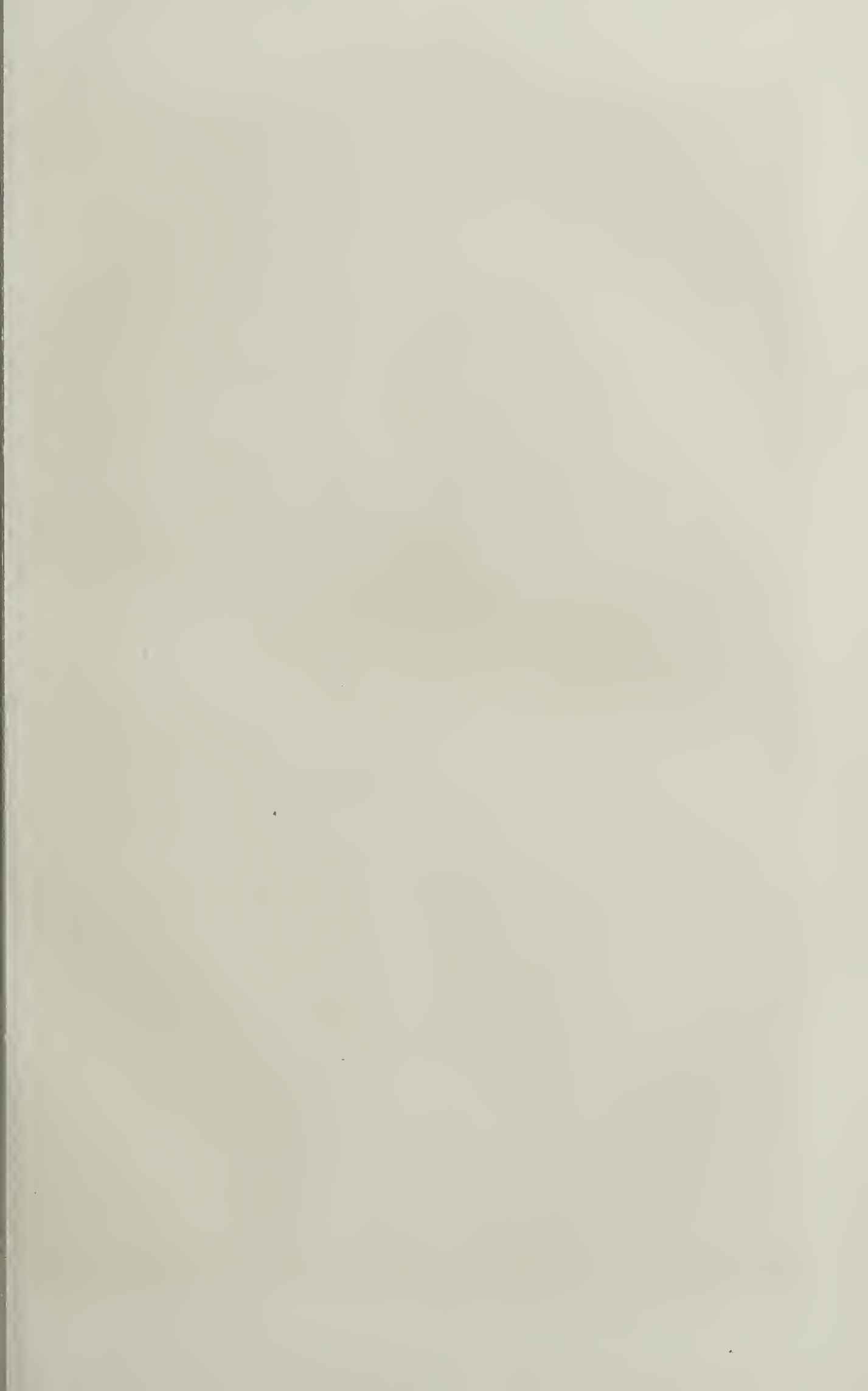
February 22.—Colonel F. M. Cornyn, Tenth Missouri cavalry, in command of a detachment of Union troops, made a successful scouting expedition to Florence and Tuscumbia, Ala. He assessed the wealthy slaveholders in sums of five hundred dollars and upwards, carried off fifty bales of cotton, a large number of horses and mules, sixty negroes, and a number of prisoners.—(*Doc. 123.*)

—A CAPTAIN and eight privates belonging to the Fifty-seventh rebel regiment of Virginia, were captured near Gatesville, Va., by a small force of Union troops.—The expedition through the Yazoo Pass reached Moon Lake this day.—*See Supplement.*

February 23.—Union meetings were held at Cincinnati, Ohio, Russellville, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn., at which the action of the National Government was sustained, and pledges to perpetuate the authority of the Constitution were renewed.—A fight took place near Greenville, Miss., between the rebel forces under General Ferguson, and the Nationals, commanded by General Burbridge. In the action, Major Mudd, of the Twenty-second Illinois cavalry, was killed.—*New-York Tribune.*

—A SKIRMISH took place near Athens, Ky., between a party of National troops and a body of Morgan's guerrillas, who were making a raid through that State. In the fight, Dr. Theophilus Steele, a rebel, was severely wounded, and Charlton Morgan, a brother to the rebel General John H. Morgan, with others, was taken prisoner.

—THE One Hundred and Thirty-third New-York regiment, accompanied by a company of cavalry, went from Plaquemine to Rosedale, La., a distance of nearly thirty miles, to break up a rebel camp, supposed to be situated there. They found the rebels had gone, but some medicines, nineteen bales of cotton, and several horses were taken, together with four prisoners. A portion of the party went three miles above Port Hudson, on the opposite side of the river.—*Louisville Journal.*





GEN JOHN G BARNARD

—A BODY of seven hundred rebel guerrilla cavalry, under the leadership of Colonel Leroy Cluke, made a thieving expedition into Kentucky. They first went to Winchester, thence to Mount Sterling, Straw Hill, and Hazel Green, robbing and destroying property of every description. A large amount of government property was destroyed at Paris, in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of the rebels. They were pursued by a detachment of National troops, under the command of Colonel B. P. Runkle, but the rebels, though superior in numbers to the Union force, preferred the business of robbing to that of fighting, and continued to retreat from place to place, until they finally got away with a large amount of property, and a great number of horses.

—GOVERNOR BROWN, of Georgia, issued an order compelling all the militia officers of that State, except those already tendered and accepted by General Beauregard, "to repair forthwith, without hesitation or delay, to the city of Savannah, and report to General Beauregard, to be organized under his direction into companies, for duty in the defence of that city."

—THE steamer Belle, of Memphis, while lying at Cottonwood Landing, Tenn., was boarded by a party of rebel guerrillas who attempted to capture her, but they were beaten off by the passengers and crew, and the boat escaped. In the fight, one Union man was wounded, and one of the guerrillas was killed.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

February 24.—The United States steamer Indianola, under the command of Lieutenant George Brown, was this day captured in the Mississippi River, near Grand Gulf, after an engagement lasting one hour and a half, by the rebel iron-clad steamers Queen of the West and William H. Webb, and the armed steamers Doctor Batey and Grand Duke.—(Doc. 124.)

—THE steamer Hetty Gilmore, was captured and destroyed by the rebels under the command of W. C. P. Breckenridge, at Woodbury, Tenn.—The *Savannah News* of this date said: "There seems to be now a great rage for investing in confederate bonds. Every body is buying bonds—that is, every body who has treasury notes wherewith to buy. How great the contrast! Here our people are seeking confederate government paper. In Lincolnland every body is avoiding government paper, and paying enormous prices for every article which will enable them to

get rid of Yankee promises to pay! This is one of the best signs of the times."

—AT Richmond, Va., Judge Meredith of the Circuit Court, decided in a *habeas corpus* case, that every citizen of Maryland, and every foreigner who had enlisted in the rebel army, no matter for how short a period, had acquired a domicile, and therefore was liable to conscription between the ages of eighteen and forty-five.—*Richmond Examiner*.

February 25.—The act for "enrolling and calling out the National forces, and for other purposes," passed the United States House of Representatives by a vote of one hundred and fifteen yeas to fifty-nine nays.—About noon to-day, Stuart's rebel cavalry made an attack on a portion of General Averill's division of cavalry, near Hartwood Church, Va., when a fight ensued, which terminated in the repulse and rout of the rebels with a loss of one captain, a lieutenant and several privates. General Averill pursued them to Kelly's Ford, but they succeeded in crossing the river before he arrived.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

—AN expedition, consisting of a force of Union troops, under the command of General Rose, left Moon Lake on board several steamers, under Lieutenant Commanding Smith, and proceeded up Yazoo Pass.

—THE rebels under Cluke, in their raid through Kentucky, were overtaken at Liektown, twelve miles east of Mount Sterling, and dispersed.—The British steamer Peterhoff, was captured off St. Thomas, W. I., by the United States gunboat Vanderbilt, and sent to Key West, Fla., for adjudication.—The bakers in Charleston, S. C., advanced the price of bread to twenty-five cents for a half-pound loaf. Flour sold at sixty-five dollars a barrel.—*Charleston Courier*.

February 26.—Yesterday, a rebel cavalry scout, eighty strong, came inside the National pickets on the Strasburgh road, Va. After a skirmish with infantry pickets, in which two were wounded on each side, they retired, capturing a cavalry picket of twelve men. This morning, five hundred of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania and First New-York cavalry sent in pursuit, recaptured, beyond Strasburgh, most of the prisoners and horses, and also took a number of prisoners. The commander of the Union detachment, exceeding his orders, pursued them beyond Woodstock. After driving in the rebel pickets, he

stood parleying in the road, without guarding against surprise. The enemy returned in force, charged upon and threw them into confusion, killing and capturing two hundred.—*See Supplement.*

—THE National Council of the Cherokee Indians adjourned this day, having repealed the ordinance of secession passed in 1861. They also passed an act depriving of office in the nation, and disqualifying all who continued disloyal to the Government of the United States; and also an act abolishing slavery.—The yacht *Anna* was captured in the Suwanee River, Ga., by the National steamer *Fort Henry*.—*New-York Journal of Commerce.*

—A VERY large and enthusiastic meeting of the people of Indiana was this day held at Indianapolis, the capital of the State. Loyal and patriotic resolutions were adopted, and speeches were made by Governor Wright, Governor Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, General S. F. Carey, of Ohio, T. Buchanan Read, of Pennsylvania, Charles W. Catheart, Charles Case, and others.

—A FREIGHT train on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, laden with merchandise belonging to private individuals, and a quantity of Government stores, and two hundred and forty mules, were this day captured near Woodburn, Tenn., by a party of rebel guerrillas. After driving off the mules and rifling the cars of their contents, they set fire to and totally destroyed them; they then raised steam upon the locomotive to its fullest height, and started it along the road at the top of its speed, hoping that it would encounter the passenger train coming from Nashville. The locomotive drove along the track through Franklin, and passed other stations at a fearful rate of speed, but the supply of steam was finally exhausted, and the machine came to a full stop, without doing any harm.

February 27.—Jefferson Davis issued a proclamation to the people of the States in rebellion, appointing the twenty-seventh of March as a day of fasting and prayer.—General John Cochrane resigned his command in the United States army of the Potomac, and issued a farewell address to the soldiers of his late brigade.

—A SKIRMISH took place at a point fifteen miles from Newbern, N. C., between a detachment of Mix's New-York cavalry, under the command of Captain Jacobs, and a strong scouting-party of rebel infantry, in which the latter were routed

after the first fire, with a loss of three of their number killed and forty-eight taken prisoners, including a commissioned officer. The National party had none killed, and only one man wounded.

February 28.—General R. E. Lee, commanding the rebel army in Virginia, issued an order reviewing its operations for the year 1862.—(*Doc. 126.*)

—THE armed rebel steamer *Nashville*, while aground under the guns of Fort McAllister, on the Great Ogeechee River, Ga., was this day destroyed by the United States gunboat *Montauk*, under the command of Captain J. L. Worden.—(*Doc. 127.*)

March 1.—A scouting-party of Union troops, under the command of Adjutant Poole, made a dash into Bloomfield, Mo., early this morning, and killed the rebel recruiting officer, Lieutenant Brazeau, captured the Provost-Marshal, with all his papers, twenty rebel guerrilla prisoners, a number of fire-arms, and a quantity of ammunition.—*Missouri Democrat.*

—THE English steamer *Queen of the Wave* stranded while endeavoring to run into Georgetown, S. C., and soon after was taken possession of by the crew of the United States gunboat *Cone-maugh*.—Fifty men of the First Vermont cavalry, under Captains Wood and Huntoon, were surprised by a party of rebels at Aldie, Va.

—TO-DAY a fight took place in the vicinity of Bradyville, Tenn., between an expeditionary force of Union troops under General Stanley, and a body of rebel guerrillas under Colonel Duke, in which, after a stubborn resistance of twenty minutes, the latter were routed with great loss.—(*Doc. 128.*)

March 2.—The brigade of regulars from General Rosecrans's division went out on a foraging expedition from Murfreesboro, Tenn., this morning, and encountered the rebels posted in force, about sixteen miles distant on the Salem Pike. The Union forces consisted of one battalion of the Fifteenth infantry, Captain Keteltas; one battalion of the Sixteenth, Captain Crofton; two battalions of the Eighteenth, Captains Douglas and Fetterman; and one battalion of the Nineteenth—the whole under command of Colonel Shepherd, Fifteenth United States infantry. A section of Guenther's battery accompanied the infantry. The expedition moved out from Murfreesboro at seven A.M., and proceeded without inter-

ruption to the vicinity of Eagleville. Here it was ascertained that a strong body of the rebel cavalry were awaiting the National approach. Colonel Shepherd instantly ordered his force to take the proper positions, and, with a strong line of skirmishers thrown to front and flank, advanced steadily and cautiously upon the rebel position. In a few moments the National skirmishers engaged the enemy's outposts, and immediately thereafter the rebels moved quickly to the front and advanced across the front line of the skirmishers. A hot engagement ensued, and lasted for about ten minutes, when the enemy, unable to endure the galling fire of the regulars, broke and fled. They were shortly afterward got into a second line of battle, and, with heavy reinforcements, ventured a movement on the Union right, with the evident intention of assailing them by flank and rear. This design also failed, and the National forces repulsed the assailants a second time. They did not again make a stand, but made a hurried retreat, even leaving behind their dead, of whom there were several. The Unionists took no prisoners, but the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was considerable.—*Chicago Times*.

—A UNION Club was organized in Boston, Mass., and Edward Everett was elected to its presidency.—A slight cavalry fight took place near Petersburg, Tenn., between a party of rebels and bushwhackers, and two hundred loyal Tennesseans, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow, in which the rebels were routed, with twelve killed and twenty wounded.—Captain Schultze, with a company of Union cavalry, surprised Mosby's rebel guerrillas at a point near Aldie, Va., and succeeded in capturing thirty of them, without any loss on the National side.

—THIRTY-THREE commissioned officers of the United States army having been found guilty of various charges by general Court-Martial, the details of the several cases being contained in General Orders No. 13, dated February eighteenth, 1863, and the sentence having been approved by the Commanding General, were this day dismissed the service.—Four guerrillas were captured at the house of one — Lisle, on the Nashville turnpike, three miles from Russellville, Ky.—Union meetings were held at Harrodsburgh, Lebanon, and Taylorsville, Ky.—*Louisville Journal*.

March 3.—Fort McAllister, on the Great Ogeechee River, Ga., was this day bombarded by a fleet of iron-clad monitors and mortar-schooners,

under the command of Captain Drayton; but, after an almost incessant fire of eight hours' duration, they failed to reduce it.—(*Doc. 129.*)

—JOHN MAGINNIS, late editor of the *New-Orleans True Delta*, died this day.—A grand review of the rebel forces at Mobile, Ala., took place this day, by Major-Generals Withers and Buckner, and Brigadier-Generals Slaughter and Cummins. After the review, four pieces of artillery captured at Murfreesboro, were presented by General Withers, on behalf of the Alabamians and Tennesseans in the army of the Tennessee, to the army of Mobile. Each piece was inscribed with the names of Alabamians who fell in that battle.—*Mobile Advertiser*.

—FIRST LIEUTENANT GILBERT S. LAWRENCE was dismissed the service of the United States for saying in the presence of officers and civilians, "I have no confidence in General Hooker. Burnside was stuck in the mud, and he will be stuck worse;" and also for publicly declaring: "I want to get out of the service. I don't believe we will succeed. I am dissatisfied generally. Nobody but McClellan can command this army."—*New-York Tribune*.

—THE schooner *Kingfisher* was captured and burned by the rebel privateer *Alabama* in latitude 1° 20', longitude 26° 20'.—The Spanish sloop *Relampago* was captured at Charlotte Harbor, Fla., by the National blockading schooner, *James S. Chambers*.—The *Southern Union*, a journal published in Georgia, having proposed to reconstruct the old Union of the States, was reprimanded by the *Atlanta Confederacy*, which asserted that "there are fewer abolitionists in Massachusetts than reconstructionists in Georgia."

March 4.—The First East-Tennessee cavalry, Colonel Johnson, had a fight with a party of rebels led by Colonel Rogers, at a point on Harpeth River, near Chapel Hill, Tenn.; killed twelve, and captured seventy-two of the rebels, with all their horses and accoutrements. Majors Burkhart and Maey were in command of the National cavalry, all of whom passed through the engagement without injury.—The Thirty-seventh Congress of the United States terminated.—The sloop *Ida* was captured near Charlotte Harbor, Fla., by the blockading schooner *James S. Chambers*.—The Second New-Hampshire regiment returned to Concord.

—A SKIRMISH took place at Skeet, N. C., between a scouting detachment of National troops

under the command of Captain Richardson, of the Third New-York cavalry, and a party of rebel guerrillas, in which the latter were routed and dispersed. The Union party then advanced to Swan Quarter, where they encountered a superior body of rebels, but after a sharp fight of twenty minutes, they completely routed them, killing and wounding twenty-eight of their number. In this skirmish the Unionists had three men killed and fifteen wounded.—*Newbern Progress*.

—THE office of the *Volksblatt*, a German anti-war Democratic paper, published at Belleville, Mo., was visited by some persons unknown and thrown into disorder.

March 5.—A fight occurred at Thompson's Station, a few miles south of Franklin, Tenn., between a considerable body of Union troops under the command of Colonel John Coburn, and a large rebel force under General Van Dorn, resulting, after a desperate conflict of four hours' duration, in the rout or capture of the whole Union force.—(*Doc. 130.*)

—THE editorial office of the *Crisis* at Columbus, Ohio, was visited by a body of soldiers who destroyed every thing they could find in it.—Gold sold in Richmond, Va., at three hundred per cent advance.—The rebels at Vicksburgh during the day threw shells occasionally at the National forces engaged in digging the canal opposite that place, doing no damage.

March 6.—The ship *Star of Peace* was captured and burned by the rebel privateer *Florida*, under the command of Captain J. N. Maffit.—General Hunter in command of the Department of the South, from his headquarters at Port Royal, S. C., issued an order drafting for garrison duty all the able-bodied negroes in his department, not otherwise employed in the service of the National government.—*General Orders, No. 17.*

March 7.—Major-General Schenck, commanding the Middle Department of the army of the United States, issued an order at Baltimore, Md., prohibiting the sale of secession music in his department, and commanding the publishers of the same to send to his office any such music as they had on hand at that time.

—THE *Mobile Register* published the following: "Let every man, woman, and child at home, with a yard square of ground, scratch it and put in corn. Every grain carefully intrusted to the fruitful earth is a mite of contribution to the na-

tion's liberty. Every acre of cotton planted is a comfort to our enemies and a nail in the coffin of confederate independence."—At New-Orleans a meeting was held to discuss the propriety of establishing a provisional State government in Louisiana.—*New-Orleans Era*.

—THIS day the expedition, under Colonel Phelps, which left Belle Plain, Va., in steamers on Tuesday for Northumberland County, Va., returned to headquarters. The troops visited Heathsville, which they found deserted by the rebels. Then, throwing out large foraging parties from that base into Lancaster County and in other directions, they succeeded in capturing one thousand bushels of corn, fifty horses and mules, a large number of beef cattle and quite an amount of medical stores. Two post-offices and several stores were visited, and two important rebel mails captured. The cavalry also seized a large number of horses and mules. Some prisoners were also taken, among them Colonel Claybrook, a prominent rebel officer, and two clerks of the departments at Richmond, with a quantity of correspondence for citizens of Baltimore, and official papers addressed to parties in London, to the care of Baring Brothers.—*New-York Tribune*.

March 8.—Early this morning, Captain John S. Mosby, commanding a company of rebel guerrilla cavalry, made a dash into Fairfax Court-House, Va., and captured Brigadier-General Stoughton, and over thirty other officers and privates, together with their arms, equipments, and fifty-eight horses.—(*Doc. 131.*)

—THE sloop *Enterprise*, having run out of Mosquito Inlet, was captured off Hillsborough, Fla., by the gunboat *Sagamore*.—The Forty-third regiment of Massachusetts, under the command of Colonel Holbrook, surrounded and captured a company of rebel cavalry, with all their officers, on the Trent road, some distance from Newbern, N. C.

March 9.—A small rebel force was this day captured six miles below Port Hudson, together with the signal book containing the signals used in the rebel army.—A large number of vagrant negroes were arrested in New-Orleans, La.

—THE schooner *Lightning*, from Nassau, N. P., laden with dry goods, sugar and coffee, was this day captured by the United States steamer *Bienville*, thirty miles south of Hilton Head, S. C.

—THE British iron-screw steamer *Douro*, of

Liverpool, laden with cotton, turpentine, and tobacco, from Wilmington, N. C., was this day captured in latitude 33° 41' N., longitude 77° 2' W., by the United States gunboat Quaker City.

—TO-DAY a skirmish took place near Bolivar, Tenn., between a detachment of National troops and a band of guerrillas, in which the latter were routed and eighteen of their number captured.

—JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU died at Charleston, S. C., in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Mr. Petigru was an avowed and active opponent of the nullification movement of 1830-32, a consistent and persistent Whig through successive Democratic administrations, and a bold, open, and loyal Union man in the critical winter of 1860-61. He sacrificed popularity without losing esteem. He was for many years the leader of the South-Carolina bar, and one of the latest acts of his life was a masterly argument made by him before the rebel States District Court, against the confiscation and sequestration laws passed by the rebel Congress at Richmond. Although living amongst the most bitter and vindictive people of the rebel population, Mr. Petigru died a lover of his country, and loyal to the government of the United States.

—COLONEL C. C. DODGE returned to Norfolk, Va., after making a successful reconnoissance to Southfield, Chuckatuck, and Blackwater Bridge. At the latter place he had a fight with a party of rebels, but at the expiration of twenty minutes, they hastily withdrew. In this affair, several rebel prisoners were captured with their horses and arms.

—A DETACHMENT of National troops under the command of Colonel Chickering, left Baton Rouge, La., for the purpose of reconnoitring the surrounding country and burning the bridges on the Comite River. They destroyed Bogler, the Strickland, and the Roberts bridges over that river, dispersed a large force of rebel guerrillas, and returned to camp without losing a man.

—TO-NIGHT, a second "Quaker gunboat," or sham monitor, constructed of logs, with pork barrels for funnels, was sent adrift by the National fleet above Vicksburgh, for the purpose of drawing the fire of the rebel batteries. It showed that the rebels were always on the alert, for, although the night was very dark, ninety-four shots were fired at the mock vessel as she passed along the various batteries.

March 10.—Jacksonville, Florida, was captured

by the First South-Carolina colored regiment, under the command of Colonel T. W. Higginson, and a portion of the Second South-Carolina colored regiment, under Colonel Montgomery. The people were in great fear of an indiscriminate massacre; but the negroes behaved with propriety, and no one was harmed.—(Doc. 132.)

—THE sloop Peter, of Savannah, Ga., while attempting to run the blockade at Indian River Inlet, Fla., was this day captured by the gunboat Gem of the Sea.—General Granger came up with the rebels at Rutherford's Creek, Tenn., and captured several of their number.

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN issued a proclamation, ordering all soldiers, whether enlisted or drafted, who were absent from their regiments without leave, to return to their respective regiments before the first day of April, on pain of being arrested as deserters, and punished as the law provided.—(Doc. 133.)

—A DETACHMENT of National troops, consisting of the Sixth and Seventh regiments of Illinois cavalry, under the command of Colonel Grierson, attacked a body of rebel guerrillas, numbering four hundred men, under Colonel Richardson, encamped near Covington, Tenn., killing twenty-five, capturing a large number, and utterly routing and dispersing the rest. The camp and its contents were destroyed.

March 11.—In the rebel Congress, in session at Richmond, Va., Mr. Conrad, of Louisiana, offered the following peace preamble and resolution:

"Whereas, The present administration of the United States, by its reckless disregard of all constitutional restraints, by its persistent efforts to subvert the institutions of these States, and the ferocious war which it is waging for that purpose, has more than realized the worst apprehensions of our people, and fully justified their wisdom and foresight in averting, by timely separation from the Union, the calamities which a longer continuance in it would have rendered inevitable; and

"Whereas, A portion of the people of the United States have recently manifested their disapproval of the war, of the objects for which and the manner in which it is conducted, and their desire for its speedy termination, and several foreign Powers, notably the government of France, have expressed a similar desire;

"Now, therefore the Congress of the confederate States, deeply impressed with the conviction that it is their duty to leave no means untried to

put an end to a contest injurious to the civilized world and disastrous to the parties engaged, believing that its prolongation can only tend to embitter and perpetuate feelings of hostility between States which, however politically disunited, must ever be intimately connected by identity of language and of religion, and by the immutable laws of geographical amity and of mutual demand and supply, deem the present time, when there is a momentary pause in conflict, a suitable one to utter the words of peace. The Senate and House of Representatives of the confederate States do therefore resolve that they will cordially coöperate with the Executive in any measures it may adopt, consistent with the honor, the dignity and independence of these States, tending to a speedy restoration of peace with all or with any of the States of the Federal Union." The resolution was referred without debate to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

—GOVERNOR CANNON, of Delaware, issued a proclamation enjoining upon the people of that State that they should hold true allegiance to the Government of the United States as paramount to that of the State of Delaware, and that they should obey the constituted authorities thereof before the Legislature of the State of Delaware, or any other human authority whatsoever.—(*Doc. 134.*)

—THE National Union Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., was inaugurated at that place this evening.—A brief skirmish took place at a point twelve miles east of Paris, Ky., between a party of rebel guerrillas and the guard of a National forage train, resulting in a repulse of the guerrillas.—Major-General Schenck, at Baltimore, Md., issued an order prohibiting the sale within his command of pictures of rebel soldiers and statesmen.

March 12.—The expeditionary force under Major-General Gordon Granger, which moved on Monday against Van Dorn's rebel army, returned to Franklin, Tenn., this afternoon, having driven the enemy beyond Duck River. The infantry went no farther than Rutherford Creek, but the cavalry, under Colonel Minty, of the Fourth brigade, made a thorough reconnoissance of the country beyond the creek to Duck River.

The second day's march brought the expedition to Rutherford Creek, where, for a time, the rebels promised fight. Their positions were well chosen, their artillery commanding the pike and several crossings. A blinding rain, however, prevented General Granger attempting the passage of the stream, which was flood-high and foaming.

The troops bivouacked for the night, expecting to drive the enemy on the succeeding day. Yesterday came in clear and beautiful, giving the artillery a fine opportunity for practice, which they improved excellently by numerous shots. Preparations were made for an advance, and the infantry skirmishers were thrown out. The cavalry, under Col. Minty, supported by the Thirty-eighth Illinois infantry, made a crossing two miles up the creek in the face of the enemy who, however, fell quickly back from the National approaches. Soon word came back that the rebels were in rapid retreat, and finally at night the cavalry returned, announcing that all the rebels had fled beyond Duck River, which, of course, determined the return of the expedition.

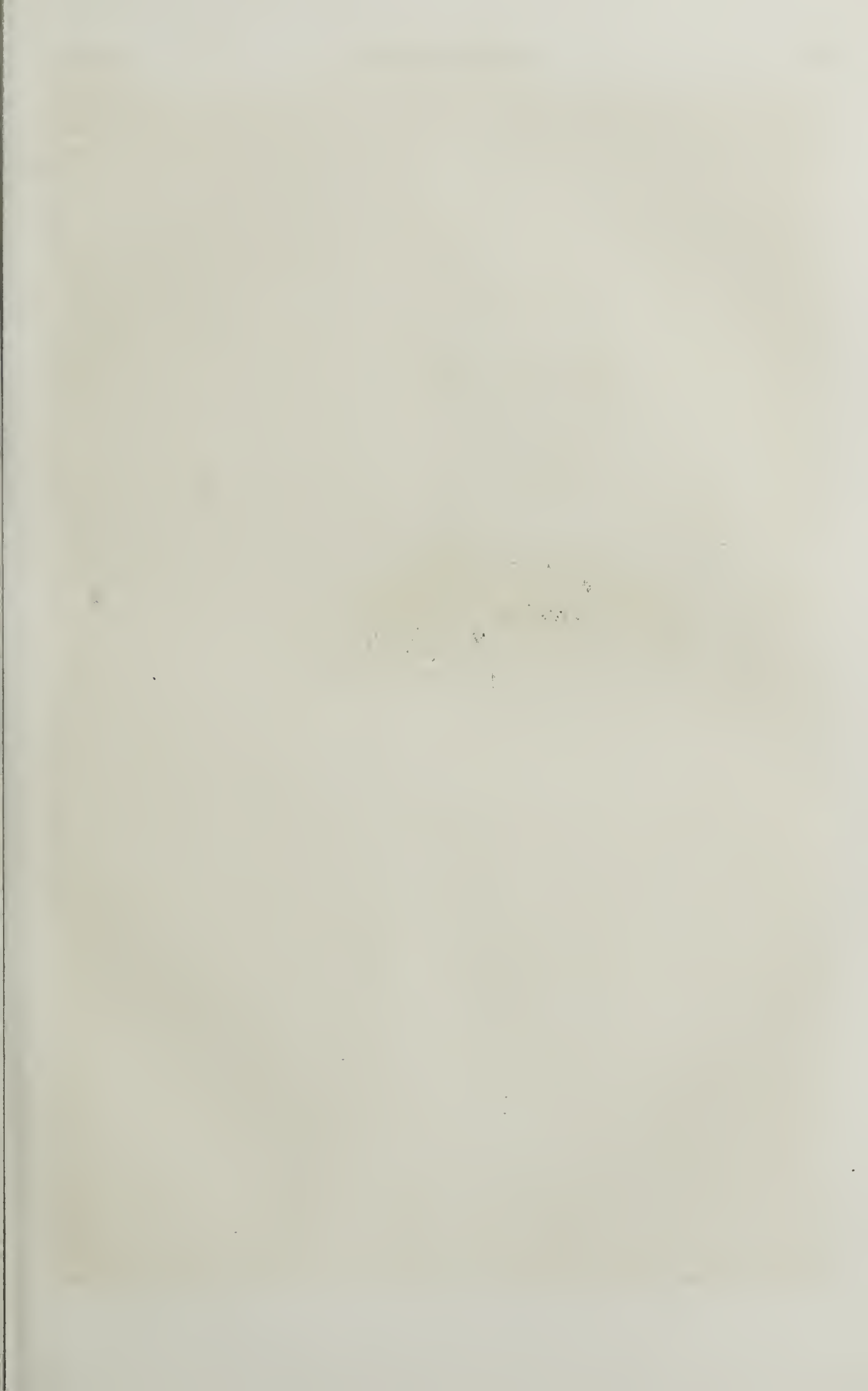
The different cavalry skirmishes resulted in the loss on the National side of two killed and seven wounded.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

March 13.—Fort Greenwood, on the Tallahatchie, Miss., was this day, and for the preceding two days, bombarded by the Union gunboats Chilloothe and De Kalb, and also by a land-battery of heavy Parrott guns. The guns of the fort were nearly silenced, but it being unassailable by infantry, the gunboats were compelled to retire without being able to reduce it.—(*Doc. 135.*)

—THE schooner Aldebaran was captured and burned by the rebel privateer Florida.—A Union meeting, under the auspices of the Union League, was held at Newark, N. J.—A slight skirmish took place at Berwick City, La., ending in the dispersion of a party of rebels, who attacked a National water-party from Brashear City.—Early this morning the signal-station at Spanish Wells, S. C., was surprised and burned by a party of rebels. A lieutenant and eight men were made prisoners and carried off.—(*Doc. 136.*)

March 14.—Newbern, N. C., garrisoned by the Ninety-second New-York volunteers, under the command of Colonel Anderson, was this day attacked by a large rebel force, under General Pettigrew. After a bombardment of four hours' duration, a fleet of gunboats appeared opposite the city, and opening on the rebels dispersed them in great haste.—(*Doc. 137.*)

—BRIGADIER-GENERAL B. S. ROBERTS, in command of the defences of the Upper Potomac, issued orders regulating the trade between Maryland and Virginia.—The Loyal National League, of New-York City, was inaugurated at the Academy of Music in that city.—*New-York Evening Post.*





Eng^d by A H Ritchie

COM. G. H. DAVIS

—THE rebel batteries at Port Hudson, La., were attacked by the Union fleet, under Admiral Farragut; but, after a terrible bombardment of several hours' duration, they were compelled to retire without reducing the rebel stronghold.—(*Doc. 138.*)

—A FORCE of National cavalry, under the command of Colonel Robert H. G. Minty, returned to Murfreesboro, Tenn., after a successful reconnoissance, of eleven days' duration, into the surrounding country. They dispersed several squads of guerrillas, captured fifty prisoners, forty mules, thirty tents, a number of wagons, and provisions, and obtained some valuable information concerning the position and strength of the rebel forces.—*Louisville Journal.*

March 15.—The schooner Chapman, about leaving San Francisco, Cal., was boarded by officers of the United States government and taken into custody as a privateer. Twenty secessionists, well armed, and six brass Dahlgren guns, with carriages suitable for use on shipboard, were captured. Correspondence found on the persons of the prisoners identified them as in the interest of the rebels.—Eight hundred paroled National prisoners, *en route* to Chicago, were detained in Richmond, Ind., and while there they completely demolished the office of the *Jefferson* newspaper.

—THE British steamer Britannia, from Glasgow, with a valuable cargo, successfully ran the blockade into Wilmington, N. C.

March 16.—A boat laden with about two thousand dollars' worth of contraband goods was captured while attempting to run the blockade on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.

—THIS evening a numerous and enthusiastic meeting was held in the City Hall, at Burlington, N. J., for the purpose of forming a Union League. Addresses were delivered by James W. Scovel and James C. Botts.

March 17.—A detachment of National troops under the command of Colonel Spear, attacked the rebel breastworks on the Black Water, near Franklin, Va., but without being able to carry them. The fight lasted for more than an hour, in which Colonel Spear had one man killed, and sixteen men wounded.—*Baltimore American.*

—A SPIRITED cavalry engagement occurred at Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock River, Va., between a strong reconnoitring force of Union troops under the command of Gen. Averill, and

a body of rebel cavalry under Gen. Fitz-Hugh Lee, in which the latter, after a most desperate struggle, of four hours' duration, were repulsed, and finally routed and pursued for a distance of six miles.—(*Doc. 139.*)

—BY order of the War Department, Colonel James B. Fry was detailed as Provost-Marshal General of the United States, in pursuance of section five of the act approved March 3, 1863, for enrolling and calling out the National forces, and for other purposes.—The British steamer Calypso ran the blockade of Charleston, S. C., and arrived at her wharf in that city without receiving any damage from the blockading fleet.—*Charleston Courier.*

—REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, from the flag-ship Hartford, lying off Natchez, Miss., sent a letter to the Mayor of that city, stating that if the United States boats were fired on by the people of Natchez or by guerrillas, he would bombard the city.—Gold was quoted in Richmond, Va., at four dollars and twenty-five cents premium.

March 18.—This afternoon Captain Perkins, of the First Louisiana National cavalry, with a party of his men, left Brashear City, La., in order to meet an expedition of rebel cavalry, which had attacked a squad of men belonging to the One Hundred and Sixtieth New-York regiment, at Berwick's Bay. About half-past three o'clock he fell in with the rebel force, at a point two miles beyond the National lines, and charged them with so much spirit that they turned and fled in confusion. The cavalry continued the chase, and a running fight was kept up for some seven or eight miles, where he found reinforcements for the rebels, in waiting to receive him. Their numbers greatly exceeding his, he gave the order to retreat, but was closely followed by the rebels, who kept up the fight for several miles on the return. In the affair ten of the rebels were killed and twenty wounded, and fourteen horses with all their trappings were captured by the Nationals.—Captain Julien, of the First Tennessee cavalry, was killed by guerrillas, near Hillsborough, Tenn.—Peace resolutions passed the lower house of the New-Jersey Legislature. During the debate on the resolutions James M. Scovel delivered an elaborate Union speech.

—AN enthusiastic Union meeting was held at Skowhegan, Maine.

March 19.—The British steamer Georgianna, with a cargo of medicines, dry goods, and six

pieces of field artillery of the Whitworth and Blakely patterns, was disabled and subsequently destroyed by the National blockading fleet off Charleston, S. C.—The Union gunboat *Chenango* was launched at Greenpoint, N. Y.—A party of soldiers sent to Rush County, Ind., to arrest deserters, succeeded in capturing six, but while on their way to the cars the deserters were rescued by a large party of mounted "Southern sympathizers," who were armed with rifles. Two companies of infantry were then sent from Indianapolis, and the deserters were again taken into custody.—A skirmish occurred on Duck River, near Franklin, Tenn.—The schooner *Fanny Lewis* arrived at London, from Wilmington, N. C., having run the blockade with a cargo of cotton and turpentine.—*London News*.

March 20.—A battle was this day fought at Vaught's Hill, near Milton, Tenn., between a body of Union troops under the command of Colonel A. S. Hall, of the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio, and the rebel forces under Generals Wheeler and Morgan, terminating, after a well-contested struggle, in the defeat and retreat of the rebels, with a loss of nearly four hundred of their number killed and wounded.—(*Doc. 141.*)

March 21.—A fight occurred at Cottage Grove, Tenn., between the Union force stationed in that place, and a body of rebel guerrillas, numbering nearly two thousand men. The fight lasted for more than two hours with varying success; but finally, the Union party being reënforced, the rebels were driven off the field, and pursued for several miles, with great loss in killed and wounded.

—THE National gunboats *Hartford* and *Monongahela* passed Warrenton, Miss., and anchored below Vicksburgh. —Major-General Edwin V. Sumner died at Syracuse, N. Y., this morning.—The British steamer *Nicholas I.* was captured while attempting to run the blockade of Wilmington, N. C., by the gunboat *Victoria*.—A fight took place near Seneca, Pendleton County, Va., between a party of loyal men, called "Swampers," and a force of rebels, resulting in the defeat of the "Swampers."—*Wheeling Intelligencer*.

—A LARGE force of Union troops, under the command of Generals Stuart and Sherman, in conjunction with the fleet of gunboats, under Admiral Porter, returned to the Yazoo, after a successful reconnoitring expedition to Steele's Bayou, Black Bayou, Muddy Bayou, and Deer Creek,

Miss. In Deer Creek they were attacked in strong force by the enemy, but, after a contest of several hours' duration, he was driven off with considerable loss. The expedition destroyed two thousand bales of cotton, fifty thousand bushels of corn, and the houses and cotton-gins of the rebel planters along the route.—(*Doc. 140.*)

March 22.—This morning, at ten o'clock, a scouting-party of fifty men, belonging to the Fifth Missouri cavalry, encountered Quantrel's guerrillas near Blue Spring, Mo. A short skirmish ensued, after which the National cavalry retreated with a loss of nine killed, five missing and several wounded. The rebel casualties were not ascertained.—The steamer *Granite City* was captured off Eleuthera, Bahamas, by the United States gunboat *Tioga*.—Mount Sterling, Ky., garrisoned by a detachment of National troops, under the command of Captain Radcliff, was this day captured by a small body of rebel cavalry, under Colonel Cluke.—(*Doc. 143.*)

March 23.—The treaty between the United States and Liberia was officially promulgated.—The schooner *Charm* was captured at the mouth of Indian River Inlet, Fla., by a boat expedition from the National steamer *Sagamore*.—The expeditionary force of National troops, under the command of Col. John D. Rust, which left Beaufort, S. C., on the nineteenth instant, arrived at Jacksonville, Florida, to-day.—(*Doc. 148.*)

March 24.—The rebel steamer *Havelock*, under the command of Captain L. M. Coxetter, ran the blockade into Charleston, S. C. A correspondent of the *Mobile Register*, gave the following account of her "narrow escape:" "She had run through the blockaders just before day, having left Nassau on the twentieth instant, bringing a most valuable cargo. After crossing the bar, however, she ran ashore on Drunken Dick Shoals, and it was feared the enemy's gunboats would run in and endeavor to capture her, which might have been done at the time had they had pluck enough to have attempted it. The confederate States rams *Chicora*, Captain Tucker, and *Palmetto*, Captain Rutledge, immediately got under weigh and went down to offer battle, should the enemy attempt a capture. There was evidently great commotion among the fleet, who could be seen rapidly signaling each other. The battery was crowded by spectators watching events, and eagerly looking for some demonstrations on the part of the Federals, as our rams glided down to the scene of action. The British steamer *Petrel*, which had

been delayed in rendering assistance to the French steamer *Renaudin*, which had just gotten off, was now seen going out at this time, passing Sullivan's Island. Numerous sail-boats and barges were seen running down the bay, adding to the interest of the scene. For a time the greatest interest and excitement prevailed. By the assistance of the high tide, and after throwing overboard some ten heavy slabs of iron and about forty boxes of tin, the *Havlock* floated off and came safely up to the city, much to the chagrin of the Federals."

—PONCHATOU LA, La., was this day captured, after a brief skirmish with the enemy, by an expeditionary force of National troops, under the command of Colonel Clark.—(*Doc. 144.*)

—THE English schooners *Mary Jane* and *Rising Dawn*, while attempting to run into Wilmington, N. C., were captured by the gunboats *State of Georgia* and *Mount Vernon*.

March 25.—The United States rams *Lancaster* and *Switzerland* undertook to run the batteries at Vicksburgh. As soon as they came within range, the rebels opened a tremendous fire. The *Lancaster* was struck thirty times. Her entire bow was shot away, causing her to sink immediately, turning a complete somersets as she went down. All the crew except two escaped. The *Switzerland* was disabled by a sixty-four-pound ball penetrating the steam drum. She floated down; the batteries still firing and striking her repeatedly, until finally the *Albatross* ran alongside, and towed her to the lower mouth of the canal. Both these gunboats were improvised from light-built wooden river steamers, and not calculated to sustain a heavy fire.

—BRENTWOOD, Tenn., garrisoned by a force of National troops, numbering five hundred men, under the command of Colonel Bloodgood, was this day captured and sacked by the combined rebel forces of Wheeler, Forrest, Armstrong, and Stearns. After the capture, the rebel forces were pursued by a body of Union troops, under the command of General Green Clay Smith, and overtaken near Franklin, Tenn. The Nationals were inferior in numbers to their opponents, who were drawn up in line prepared to receive them, but they immediately made the attack, and, after a brief contest, they routed and drove them for a distance of five or six miles, killing and wounding great numbers of them. In their flight the rebels abandoned the whole of the plunder captured in Brentwood a few hours previous.—(*Doc. 147.*)

—THE citizens of Savannah, Ga., were suffering greatly for the want of an adequate supply of provisions. Even corn-meal could be had only in small quantities. The railroads were forbidden to carry any food out of the town.

—GOVERNOR BROWN, of Georgia, sent a message to the Legislature of that State, recommending the passage of an act restricting the planting of cotton to a quarter of an acre to each hand, under a heavy penalty. He also recommended that further restrictions should be put upon the distillation of spirits, so as to prevent the use of potatoes, peas, and dried peaches for that purpose. He was in favor of giving a cordial support to the rebel government.

—THE Union fleet of iron-clad monitors and gunboats under the command of Admiral Du Pont, left Hilton Head, S. C., to-day.

—THE rebel schooner *Clara* was this day captured, while trying to run the blockade at Mobile, Ala., by the United States gunboat *Kanawha*.

—THE British steamer *Dolphin*, laden with contraband of war, was captured by the United States gunboat *Wachusett* off Porto Rico.

March 26.—A large and enthusiastic Union meeting was held this evening at Buffalo, N. Y. Resolutions firmly and decidedly for the support of the Government and the prosecution of the war until a peace was conquered, were unanimously adopted.—The Legislature of Maine adjourned, having adopted concurrent resolutions fully indorsing President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, approving the use of negroes in the military service of the United States, and opposing all suggestions of compromise.—An expedition sent to Rome, Tenn., by Gen. George Crook commanding at Carthage, Tenn., returned to-night, having captured twenty-eight prisoners, among them a rebel captain named Rice, together with seven wagons and thirty horses.—General Burnside issued an order assuming command of the Department of the Ohio.

March 27.—The following bill was this day presented to the Legislature of Virginia: "Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia, That if any person buy any article of food (including salt) for man or beast, and withhold the same from market, or ask and receive more than five per centum commission or profit on cost and transportation, such person shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and shall forfeit the article so bought—one half to the informer and the oth-

er to the Commonwealth: Provided, That this act shall not apply to market-men collecting supplies for daily city consumption, or to any person bringing such food from beyond the confederate army lines, or purchases for family consumption.

"This act shall be in force from its passage, and continue during the war."

—AN important debate took place in the British House of Commons, concerning the depredations of the rebel privateer *Alabama*.

—JACKSONSVILLE, Fla., was burned, after its evacuation, this day by the National forces under Colonel Rust.—(*Doc.* 148.)

—COLONEL TALCOTT, of the rebel army, was arrested at New-York City.—The English steamer *Aries*, while endeavoring to run the blockade, was captured by the gunboat *Stettin*, off Bull's Bay, S. C.—Robert Gay of company D, Seventy-first Indiana volunteers, convicted of desertion to the rebels, was shot at Indianapolis, Ind.—Fast Day in the rebel States.—Some clergymen in Norfolk, Va., attempted to hold service in their churches, in conformity with Jeff Davis's fast proclamation, but were prevented from so doing by the Union soldiers in that place.

—This morning the United States steamer *Hartford*, the flag-ship of Admiral Farragut, engaged the rebel batteries at Warrenton, three miles below Vicksburgh, and passed below.

March 28.—The Legislature of Massachusetts adopted unanimously a resolution tendering to the soldiers of that State the thanks of the Commonwealth for the services they had rendered in the war for the restoration of the Union, and pledging such reinforcements to their support as the National authority should from time to time demand.—The National gunboat *Diana*, was this day captured by the rebels near Pattersonville, La.—(*Doc.* 149.)

This morning Coles's Island, nine miles from Charleston, S. C., was taken possession of by the One Hundredth New-York volunteers, under the command of Colonel George F. B. Dandy.—(*Doc.* 150.)

—THE rebels burned the temporary bridge with which the National forces had replaced the Stone Bridge at Bull Run, Va. They also were engaged in collecting all the grain and other supplies they could obtain in Loudon and Fauquier counties in that State.

—THE steamer *Sam Gaty* was stopped and boarded at Sibley, Mo., by a gang of rebel guerrillas who killed a number and robbed all of the passengers of their money and wearing apparel; captured eighty negroes, twenty of whom they wantonly killed, and destroyed a quantity of government stores. The boat was then allowed to proceed on her voyage.—(*Doc.* 161.)

—THE expeditionary force of National troops under the command of Colonel Fairchild, of the Second Wisconsin infantry, returned to Belle Plain, Va., to-day after a successful foraging expedition to Northern Neck. One thousand pounds of pork, three hundred pounds of bacon, three thousand bushels of corn, and a large quantity of wheat, beans, and oats were secured. The cavalry portion of the escort seized a number of horses and mules, captured several prisoners, and broke up the ferries at Union and Tappahannock. The force also burned a schooner engaged in smuggling contraband goods into Virginia.—*Baltimore American*.

March 29.—The schooner *Nettie* was captured by the United States steamer *South-Carolina*, about twenty-five miles east of Port Royal, with a cargo consisting of cotton, mostly damaged.—A party of blockade runners was captured at Poplar Hill Creek, Md., by a detachment of the First Maryland regiment, under the command of Lieutenant J. L. Williams.

—A DETACHMENT of the Sixth Illinois cavalry, under the command of Colonel Loomis, while encamped near Somerville, Tenn, were surprised by a large force of rebel guerrillas under Colonel Richardson, but after a desperate conflict, in which the National party had over forty of their number killed and wounded, the rebels were beaten off and retreated.—*Chicago Times*.

—EARLY this morning the National pickets in the vicinity of Williamsburgh, Va., were attacked by an overwhelming number of rebel cavalry, killing two, wounding six—including Lieutenant Wingel, of the Fifth Pennsylvania, in command of the pickets—and taking three prisoners. Eight horses were killed, one of which received as many as thirteen balls.

March 30.—President Lincoln issued a proclamation designating and setting apart Thursday, the thirtieth day of April, as a day of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer.—(*Doc.* 151.)

—THE correspondence between the rebel agent in London, J. M. Mason, and Earl Russell, the

British Minister of Foreign Affairs, concerning the questions of the blockade of the Southern ports, and foreign intervention in the affairs of America, was made public.—*See Supplement.*

—A BATTLE was this day fought near Somerset, Ky., between a National force under General Gillmore, and the rebel army under General Pegram, resulting in a defeat and rout of the latter with great loss.—(*Doc. 152.*)

—WASHINGTON, N. C., garrisoned by two thousand National troops under the command of General Foster, was attacked this morning by a strong force of rebels under Generals Hill and Pettigrew. The Union pickets and skirmishers were driven in with considerable loss, but the gunboat Commodore Hull opening on the rebels with shell, they were driven back to the hills surrounding the town, where they immediately commenced to fortify themselves.—*National Intelligencer.*

—MOUNT PLEASANT, Va., was this day captured and plundered by a numerous band of rebel guerrillas under Colonel Jenkins. The town was garrisoned by a company of the Thirteenth Virginia volunteer infantry, under the command of Captain Carter. They intrenched themselves in the court-house, where they were attacked by the rebels, but after a four hours' contest, in which the rebels had twenty killed, twenty-five wounded, and twenty-seven of their number captured, they hastily retreated from the town, many of them throwing away their booty.—(*Doc. 153.*)

—GENERAL McCLEARNAND took possession of the town of Richmond, Miss., with a small force, driving the rebel cavalry from the place after two hours' sharp fighting.

—THE rebel schooner *Expedition* was captured in the Savannah River. The vessel was from Nassau, N. P., with a cargo of three hundred and forty sacks of salt, and attempted to run past Fort Pulaski up to Savannah. In the darkness she missed the channel and went into Calibogue Sound, where she was discovered at daylight. A detachment of the Forty-eighth regiment was at once put on board the *Mattano* and despatched to secure her, which they did.

March 31.—Captain Jabez C. Rieh, of Gorham, Me., of the rebel marine corps, was arrested in that place to-day, and conveyed to Fort Preble by Provost-Marshal Elliott, under orders of the Secretary of War. He claimed to be a paroled prisoner.—The Legislature of Virginia passed a

bill authorizing the impressment of the salt-works in Washington County, Va., to be worked on State account.—Major-General Herron was assigned to the command of the National army of the frontier.—A large Union meeting was held at Washington, D. C., at which speeches were made by Admiral Foote, Green Adams of Kentucky, Mayor Wallach, and others, and resolutions were adopted in support of the National Government and for the vigorous prosecution of the war against all traitors at home and abroad.—*National Intelligencer.*

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN issued a proclamation declaring all commercial intercourse not licensed and conducted as provided by law between citizens of the States now in rebellion, and those of the loyal States of the Union, to be unlawful, and would remain unlawful until such rebellion should cease, notice of which would be duly given by proclamation.—(*Doc. 155.*)

April 1.—Admiral Farragut with the National gunboats *Hartford*, *Switzerland*, and *Albatross*, engaged the rebel batteries at Grand Gulf, Miss., and succeeded in passing below them without material damage.—*Secretary Gabandau's Report.*

—THE National Bank of Erie, Pa., was organized by M. Sanford and associates, to commence business on the first of May.—Captain Mosby, of the rebel cavalry, made a raid near Broad Run, Va. His force was encountered by a portion of the First Vermont cavalry, when a sharp fight ensued. The rebels took up a position behind a fence which the Union cavalry could not get over, and from which they were unable to dislodge the rebels. During the fight Captain Flint, of the First Vermont cavalry, and a lieutenant of the same regiment, were severely wounded.

April 2.—At Richmond, Va., a riot occurred in which a large number of women were engaged. They broke open the rebel government stores, and took bread, clothing, and such other materials as they desired, when the militia were ordered out to suppress their proceedings.—(*Doc. 163.*)

—EIGHT regiments of General Crufts's and Hazen's brigades, of General Palmer's division, made an effort to capture a rebel brigade stationed at Woodbury, Tenn. Last night at ten o'clock the party, accompanied by a body of Ohio cavalry, left Murfreesboro. General Hazen made a detour of fifteen miles, expecting to begin the

attack at daylight this morning. Crufts's brigade went direct. During the night the rebel pickets extended their lines, so that the advance began skirmishing before General Hazen had posted his troops, and in consequence the rebels escaped, the National cavalry keeping up a running fight for three miles, and capturing thirty of the rebels, besides killing and wounding twelve of their number. Corporal Jacob R. Shaveles, of company E, Third Ohio, was the only one wounded on the National side. "He acted very gallantly, charging a squad of rebels single-handed, and sabreing half a dozen before being shot."—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

—AT daylight this morning, Admiral Farragut, with the National squadron, left Grand Gulf, Miss., and proceeded to the mouth of Red River, destroying on the way a large number of rebel skiffs and flatboats. He arrived at the Red River at sundown.—*Secretary Gabandau's Report*.

—MAJOR W. C. RANSOM, of the Sixth Kansas cavalry, destroyed the band of rebel guerrillas under Colonel Hicks, in Jackson County, Mo., killing seventeen and hanging two who were engaged in the robbery of the steamer Sam Gaty. He also recovered a portion of the contrabands captured from that steamer, besides taking twenty-one of the guerrillas' horses, and their camps, with all their equipage, ammunition, etc.—*General Curtis's Despatch*.

—As the National gunboat St. Clair was passing Palmyra, twenty-four miles above Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, she was fired into by a section of King's rebel Missouri battery, belonging to the army under General Van Dorn. The third shot struck the supply-pipe of the steamer, rendering her unmanageable, and wounding two of her crew. She was taken in tow by the steamer Luminous, and carried to Cairo, Ill.—General Wright, in command of the National forces in California, issued a proclamation which concluded as follows: "Although the great mass of people on the Pacific coast are eminently patriotic and devoted to the Union, yet, fellow-citizens, we must not disguise the fact that we have traitors in our midst, who are doing all in their power to involve this country in the horrors of civil war; to such persons, I say, pause and reflect well before plunging into the yawning abyss of treason. An indignant people will rise in their majesty, and swift retributive justice will be their certain doom."

—GENERAL STANLEY, with two thousand cavalry, and an infantry brigade under Colonel Mathews, left Murfreesboro, on an expedition to capture Morgan's and Wharton's rebel regiments of infantry and cavalry at Snow Hill, Tenn. Beyond Auburn they drove in the rebel pickets, the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry turning the rebel right while Minty's cavalry, with a battery under Captain Newell, moved up in front. The rebels fled, but were again encountered at Smith's Ford and on Dry Fork, from both of which places they were driven with some loss. Finally they formed a third line on Snow Hill, when the Second and Fourth Ohio cavalry sent to their rear, succeeded in breaking their line and putting them to flight, with a loss of fifty killed and wounded, and sixty taken prisoners. The Union loss was one private of the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry killed, and two slightly wounded. Three hundred horses were captured by General Stanley, and carried into Murfreesboro.—*General Rosecrans's Despatch*.

April 3.—Secretary Welles issued an order, naming such of the petty officers, seamen, and marines of the United States Navy, as were entitled to receive the Medal of Honor authorized by Congress, to be given to such as should most distinguish themselves by gallantry in action, and other seamanlike qualities, during the present war.—(Doc. 156.)

—THE British steamer Tampico was captured off Sabine Pass, Texas, by the United States gunboat New-London.—Phillip Huber and three others, having been arrested at Reading, Pa., on a charge of being connected with a treasonable organization known as "Knights of the Golden Circle," were taken to Philadelphia and placed in prison. Considerable excitement existed at Reading in regard to the affair.—*Philadelphia Press*.

—GOVERNOR BONHAM, of South-Carolina, sent a message to the Senate and House of Representatives of that State, informing them that the spirit of speculation had made such alarming strides in the State as to render their interposition necessary to arrest the evil. Large sums were invested in flour, corn, bacon, and other articles of prime necessity, to the monopoly almost of such articles in certain sections of the country; and that they were withheld from market, or were exported beyond the limits of the State, to the great enhancement of prices, and to the manifest injury of the consumer. He there-

fore recommended the passage of an act to arrest the purchase and monopoly of articles of prime necessity, even when it was not intended to export them beyond the limits of the State.—(Doc. 157.)

—CAPTAIN J. J. WORTHINGTON, with two companies of the First regiment of loyal Arkansas cavalry, returned to Fayetteville, Ark., from a scout in Carroll County, in that State. He had four skirmishes with the rebels, and succeeded in killing twenty-two and taking seven prisoners. Captains Smith and McFarland of the rebels were killed, and Captain Walker was taken prisoner. The National casualty was one man wounded.—*General Curtis's Despatch.*

April 4.—To-day an attempt was made by the National forces at Washington, N. C., to capture the rebel battery at Rodman's Point, commanding the Pamlico River, opposite Washington. A force of two hundred infantry, under the command of General Potter, embarked on board the gunboat Ceres, Captain McDermot, but she got aground a short distance from the rebel battery, when the troops were unable to land. The rebels immediately opened fire upon her, killing and wounding five men, when the Union party were obliged to retire.

—IN retaliation for firing into and disabling the gunboat St. Clair, the gunboat Lexington, under the command of Lieutenant Leroy Fitch, visited the town of Palmyra, Tenn., and after giving the inhabitants time to leave, burned it to the ground.—General George W. Williamson and a Mrs. Atwood were arrested at New-York.—The Supreme Court of New-York, at Rochester, decided that United States legal tender notes were constitutional as to debts contracted before the passage of the law making such notes a legal tender. All of the judges concurred in the decision.

—THE National steamer Sylvan Shore, which left Beaufort for Washington, N. C., this morning, when a few miles below the latter place was fired on by a rebel battery, which compelled her to return to Beaufort, with several of her crew killed and wounded.

April 5.—The ship Louisa Hatch was captured and burned by the rebel privateer Alabama, in latitude 3° 30', longitude 26° 25'.—Eight thousand National troops left Newbern, N. C., by the way of the Neuse River, to reënforce General Foster, who was at Washington, surrounded by

the rebels, but meeting a superior force of the enemy, they returned to Newbern.—An expedition, consisting of infantry and cavalry, under the command of General Steele, met a small body of rebels at a bridge over the Black Bayou, Miss., with whom they had a skirmish. The rebels were driven across the bayou, when they burned the bridge and retreated. The Union troops rebuilt the bridge, and proceeded on the march toward Yazoo City.

—TO-DAY the Union gunboats before Washington, N. C., shelled the rebel batteries at Hill's Point for two hours, but without being able to reduce them.—*Boston Traveller.*

April 6.—The New-England Methodist Conference, in session at Charlestown, Mass., adopted a report supporting President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, expressing entire confidence in his administration, and pledging moral and material aid to him in his every effort to crush the rebellion.

—GENERAL R. B. MITCHELL, with three hundred and fifty cavalry, went out from Nashville, on the Lebanon turnpike to Green Hill, Tenn. Dashing into a rebel camp where there was a large number of conscripts, on a sabre charge, he killed five and captured fifteen. He captured all their arms, horses, and equipments. The rebels were composed of parts of Morgan's and McCoun's men. Among the prisoners were Captain Bondy, of the Eighteenth Tennessee, and a lieutenant of Morgan's cavalry. A still-house, containing forty casks of liquors, was destroyed. One man was wounded. General Mitchell's command made the march of fifty-five miles in twelve hours.—*National Intelligencer.*

—THE United States gunboats Hartford, Switzerland, and Albatross, which had been blockading the mouth of the Red River, on the Mississippi, since the first instant, got under way early this morning, and proceeded down to Bayou Sara, where they stopped, seized upon and threw into the river ten thousand sacks of corn, after which they proceeded to Port Hudson, coming to anchor five miles above the rebel batteries.—Gold sold in Richmond, Va., at four hundred per cent premium.—The National steamer Fox (Whittemore) was captured by a party of rebels at Pass a L'Outre, Mississippi River.—*Mobile Tribune.*

April 7.—Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, S. C., was this day attacked by a fleet of iron-clad monitors and gunboats, under the command

of Admiral Du Pont; but after a terrific bombardment of two hours' duration, they withdrew from the contest discomfited.—(*Doc.* 158.)

—THE United States gunboat *Barataria* was lost while making a reconnoissance in Amite River, La.—A successful expedition into Gloucester County, Va., to capture and destroy cattle and grain belonging to the rebels, was made by Colonel A. H. Grimshaw, of the Fourth Delaware infantry. He succeeded in destroying over ten thousand dollars' worth of property that had been collected for the use of the rebels, and in capturing over three hundred cattle, sheep, etc.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

April 8.—The *Richmond Dispatch* of this date, said: "We have published the gist of the correspondence between Mr. Mason and Lord Russell, on the question of the legality of the blockade of our ports by the Yankee Government, and the recognition of the Confederacy. No Southern man can read it without feelings of indignation and contempt—indignation for the cold and stony haughtiness, not to say rudeness of manner of the British Minister toward Mr. Mason, afterward only partially atoned for by a disavowal of any personal disrespect, and contempt for the subterfuges resorted to, to cover a selfish policy. . . . We must not forget, whatever the ministry may do or propose, that our country has received the most valuable assistance from the people of England, and at this time there are schemes on foot there, of great importance to us."—The English schooner *Maggie Fulton*, while attempting to run the blockade at Indian River Inlet, Fla., was captured by the bark *Gem of the Sea*.—The Union gunboat *George Washington*, while on a reconnoissance up Broad River, S. C., was stranded, and soon afterward attacked by a party of rebels on shore, who succeeded in throwing a shell into her magazine and blowing her up. Two of the Unionists were killed and eight wounded, all belonging to the Third Rhode Island artillery.—A party of rebel guerrillas, under Woodward, captured and burned the steamers *Saxonia* and *Lovell*, on the Cumberland River, after killing the captain of the latter, and severely wounding the captain of the former.

—THE Tallahatchie fleet, consisting of the divisions under Generals Ross and Quinby, and numerous gunboats and mortar-boats, arrived at Helena, Ark. The expedition, which had been absent forty-three days, left Fort Greenwood on the fifth. As soon as the bustle was observed by

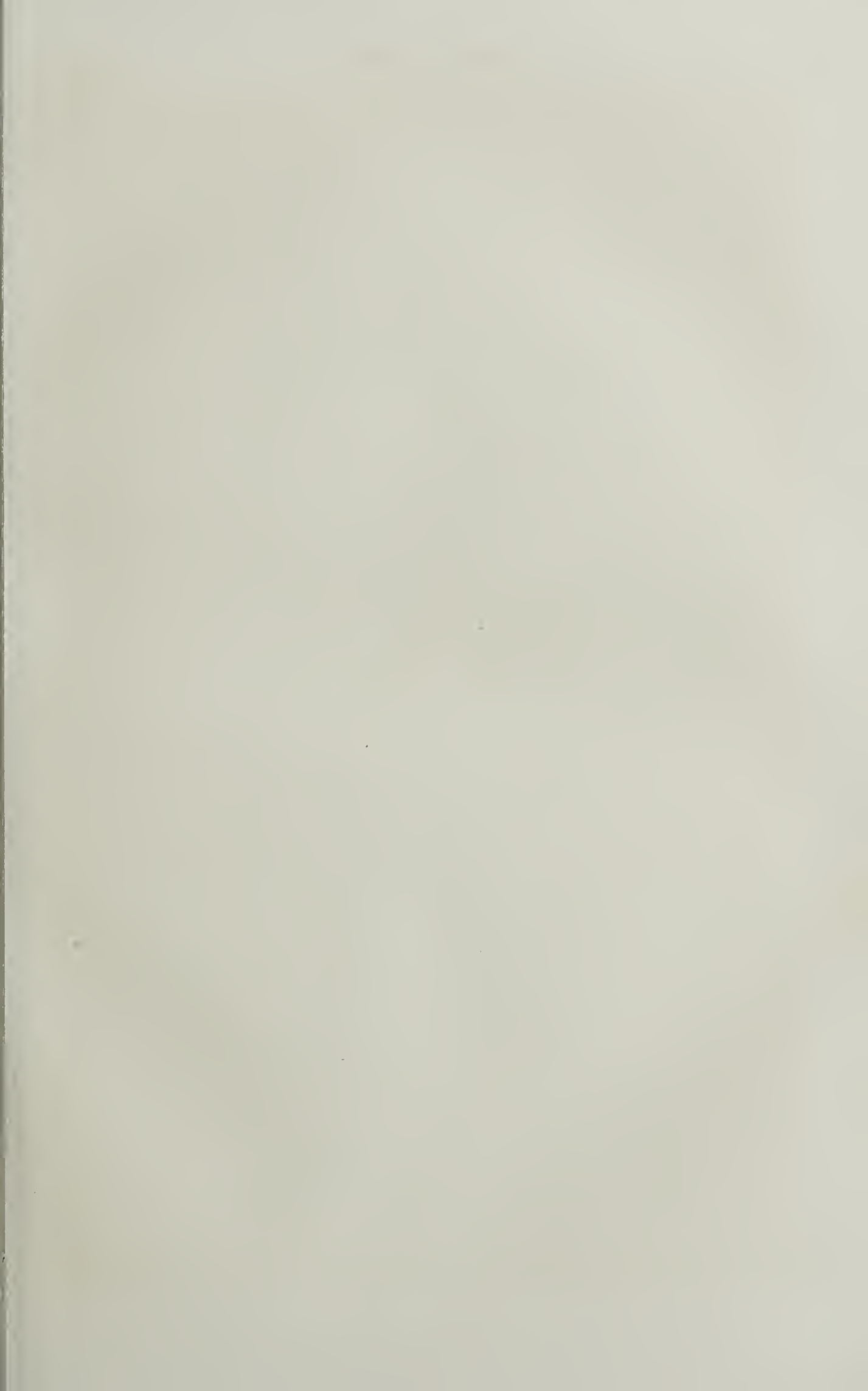
the rebels, they opened a brisk fire upon the woods where batteries had been planted, which continued till the last boat steamed up the river. On the passage, the boats were frequently fired on by guerrillas. A number of soldiers were wounded and twenty-five or thirty killed.

April 9.—Colonel N. U. Daniels, of the Second regiment of Louisiana National volunteers, with one hundred and eighty of his men, left Ship Island on an expedition to Pascagoula, Miss. He reached that place and landed his force at nine o'clock in the morning; took possession of the hotel, and hoisted the National flag. Immediately after this, he was attacked by a body of rebel cavalry, supported by one company of infantry, and after a severe fight, in which twenty of the rebels were killed and a large number wounded, he succeeded in repulsing them, and capturing three prisoners and their colors. Colonel Daniels held the place until two o'clock in the afternoon, when, hearing that large reinforcements for the enemy were coming up the Pascagoula River, he withdrew his men and returned to Ship Island.—(*Doc.* 165.)

—A LARGE war meeting was held at Chicago, Ill., at which speeches were made by William A. Howard, of Michigan, Senator Trumbull, and others.—A sharp fight took place at Blount's Mills, N. C.—(*Doc.* 166.)

April 10.—Jefferson Davis, in compliance with the request of the rebel Congress, issued an address to the people of the rebellious States, invoking their attention "to the present position and future prospects of our country, and to the duties which patriotism imposes on us all during this great struggle for our homes and our liberties."—(*Doc.* 159.)

—LIEUTENANT RICKERTSON, of the Eighteenth Ohio regiment, stationed at Demosville, Ky., having received information that a band of rebels were in the habit of holding meetings at Morris's Mills, in Campbell County, left his camp on the day before yesterday for the purpose of capturing them. He did not find them at Morris's Mills, but two miles farther on, near Roushe's house, he captured two men belonging to the guerrilla band under "Jim Caldwell." Continuing the pursuit yesterday, Lieutenant Rickertson encamped within "thirty yards of the rebels without either party having a knowledge of it, and this morning Caldwell's party got the start, Lieutenant Rickertson, upon hearing of their movement, following in pursuit." The rebels were not overtaken until they reached the vicinity of





W. H. F. W.

ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT

Germantown, in Mason County, where they were surprised and completely routed. Lieutenant Daniels of the rebel party was killed in the fight that took place, and three others were wounded. Caldwell escaped on a very fleet horse, while his men, except three who were captured, fled to the woods, leaving their horses in the hands of the Nationals.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—FRANKLIN, Tenn., was attacked by the rebel forces under General Van Dorn, who were repulsed and routed by the Union army of occupation, under the command of General G. Granger.—(*Doc.* 160.)

—THE rebels in the vicinity of Fort Donelson, Tenn., having been gathering all the horses fit for cavalry service, General Rosecrans ordered all the good animals in that neighborhood to be taken by the forces under his command. While engaged in this duty, seventy of his men met an equal number of rebels near Waverly, when a fight ensued, in which twenty-one of the latter, including Major Blondin and two captains, were taken prisoners.—Captain A. G. Webster was executed by the rebels at Camp Lee, near Richmond, Va.—*Richmond Whig*.

—THE expedition which went out from Newbern, N. C., under General Spinola, to reënforce General Foster at Washington, returned to Newbern, having been unsuccessful in their object.

April 11.—The rebel steamer Stonewall Jackson, formerly the Leopard, while attempting to run into the harbor of Charleston, S. C., was "hotly chased by half a dozen blockaders, which fired at her, and she received several shots through her hull. Captain Black finding it impossible to escape, ran the steamer on the beach and burned her. The crew and passengers took to the boats and arrived at Charleston. The steamer was burned to the water's edge in sight of the Yankees. Her cargo consisted of several pieces of field artillery, two hundred barrels of salt-petre, forty thousand army shoes, and a large assortment of merchandise."—*Charleston Mercury*.

—A STRONG Union force under the command of Colonel A. D. Streight, left Nashville, Tenn., on a raid into Alabama and Georgia.—(*Doc.* 173.)

—YESTERDAY, the Fifty-ninth Virginia rebel regiment, Colonel Tabb, was sent to the rear of Fort Magruder, at Williamsburgh, Va. At the break of day this morning he made a descent upon the National cavalry camp at Whitaker's

Mill, and destroyed the whole camp, commissary and hospital stores, and an immense amount of ammunition, besides killing a large number of horses. Five of the Nationals were killed, several wounded, nineteen taken prisoners, and some twenty or so of the sick paroled. After this feat Colonel Tabb made good his retreat without the loss of a man—only one officer and private wounded.—*Richmond Examiner*.

—A BRIEF skirmish occurred in the vicinity of the Blackwater, Va., between the Union pickets and a party of rebels, in which the former were forced back with the loss of several of their number taken prisoners.—*Baltimore American*.

—AT Sheffield, England, an engraver was arrested and committed on charge of forging the Treasury Notes of the United States.

April 12.—Information having been received by General King, commanding at Yorktown, Va., of the presence of a large body of cavalry in Gloucester County, Colonel A. H. Grimshaw, Fourth Delaware volunteers, in command of the post at Gloucester Point, was ordered to send out a detachment of infantry for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy's position, and, if possible, driving him from some mills which he was reported to occupy, about ten miles beyond the Union lines. Lieutenant-Colonel Tevis, Fourth Delaware, started out at two P.M., with one hundred and fifty volunteers from his own regiment, and having ascertained the force of the rebels to be about two hundred cavalry, under the command of Colonel Goodwin, pushed forward to attack them. The enemy fell back, leaving, however, two of their pickets in the hands of the Nationals. They were ridden down and captured by Colonel Tevis, Lieutenant Tower and Dr. Hopkins, surgeon of the regiment. The detachment returned to camp about nine o'clock P.M., having burned a saw-mill and two large grist-mills, filled with grain and flour, for the use of the rebels in Richmond. The prisoners belonged to Fitz-Hugh Lee's regiment, the Fifth Virginia cavalry. They were well armed, and carried printed orders, signed by J. E. B. Stuart, to seize a number of horses for the use of their regiment, "to replace those killed or disabled during the last campaign."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EDGAR A. KIMBALL, of Hawkins's Zouaves, Ninth regiment of New-York volunteers, was killed by General Michael Corcoran, at a point near Suffolk, Va.

April 13.—The National transport steamer Escort, with reënforcements, ammunition and supplies for General Foster, who was surrounded at Washington, N. C., ran the rebel batteries on the Pamlico River, and succeeded in reaching her destination.

—THIS morning a detachment of National troops, under the command of Colonel Spear, Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, attacked a body of rebel troops in the vicinity of Suffolk, Va., but after a sharp skirmish, the Unionists were compelled to retire behind their fortified works. In the afternoon, however, the same party, reënforced by cavalry, sallied forth, encountered the enemy, and drove him back with considerable loss.

April 14.—Yesterday the rebel works on the Bayou Teche, La., were attacked by the National forces under Generals Banks and Emory, and to-day, after a desperate conflict of several hours' duration, the works were carried and the rebels driven out.—The rebel gunboats Diana, Hart, and Queen of the West, were also destroyed. The two former were burned by the rebels, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Unionists, and the iron-clad ram Queen of the West, was attacked by the United States gunboats Estrella, Calhoun, and Arizona, set on fire and destroyed.—(*Doc. 167.*)

—THE United States gunboat West End, lying in the Nansemond River, four miles below Suffolk, Va., was this day attacked by a rebel battery, and considerably damaged. During the engagement, seven of her crew were killed or wounded.

—GENERAL FOSTER escaped from Washington, N. C., in the steamer Escort, which ran the rebel blockade on the Pamlico River to-day.

—TO-DAY a fight took place on the Nansemond River, Va., between the United States gunboats Commodore Barney, Mount Washington, and Stepping Stones, and a powerful rebel shore battery, in which, after a four hours' bombardment, the latter was silenced.—(*Doc. 168.*)

April 15.—Franklin, St. Mary's Parish, La., was occupied by the National forces, under General Banks.—The siege of Washington, N. C., was raised. The rebel force, which for nearly three weeks had invested that place, left suddenly this evening. General Foster, who arrived at Newbern yesterday, was preparing an expedition to march for the relief of the town, when the

account of the departure of the rebels reached him.—*See Supplement.*

—AT a point seventy miles south of Salt Lake City, Utah, Colonel Evans, with a party of National troops, attacked and put to flight two hundred Indians, thirty of whom were killed. The Union forces followed them fourteen miles, scattering them in every direction. Lieutenant Peck was killed and two sergeants were wounded on the National side.—A battalion of cavalry from California arrived at New-York from San Francisco, under the command of Major De Witt C. Thompson.—Fighting was continued on the Nansemond River, Va., and its vicinity.

—A DETACHMENT of two hundred of the Thirtieth Kentucky mounted infantry, under the command of Colonel J. Dills, made a forced march on Pikeville, Ky., and after a sharp fight, captured seventeen rebel officers and sixty-one privates, with their horses, arms, and equipments. At the same time, eight scouts from the command of General Julius White, belonging to the Fourteenth Kentucky infantry, captured in Breathitt Co., Ky., a rebel captain and twelve privates.

April 16.—A fleet of eight National gunboats and several transports, under the command of Admiral Porter, passed the rebel batteries at Vicksburgh, to-night, without any material damage, except the loss by fire of one of the transports, laden with commissary stores and forage.—(*Doc. 169*)

—A PARTY of Indians attacked a detachment of eighteen soldiers at Medalia, thirty miles from Mankato, Minnesota, killing one and wounding two, besides killing a boy and two men belonging to the settlement.—The British steamer Gertrude was captured off Harbor Island, W. I., by the National gunboat Vanderbilt.

April 17.—Brigadier-General Daniel A. Donelson, commanding the rebel department of East-Tennessee, died near Knoxville. He was the nephew of General Andrew Jackson.—The rebel schooner Alabama, was captured off Mobile, while endeavoring to evade the blockade, by the National steamer Susquehanna.—*Com. Hitchcock's Despatch.*

—A LARGE detachment of the Ninety-ninth and One Hundred and Thirtieth New-York regiments had a successful skirmish with the rebels at the South-Quay road, near Suffolk, Va., and succeeded in killing and wounding a considerable

number of them. In the encounter the Nationals had two killed and three wounded.

—COLONEL H. B. GRIERSON, in command of a strong force of Union cavalry, left La Grange, Tenn., on a raid through the State of Mississippi. (*Doc.* 170.)

—A SKIRMISH took place at Bear Creek, Tenn., between a party of Nationals under the command of General Dodge, and the rebels, resulting in the retreat of the latter. Captain Cameron of the Ninth Illinois cavalry was killed.—A detachment of National troops under General Grover, encountered a large force of rebels at Bayou Vermilion, La., and opening upon them with artillery, drove them from their position.—(*Doc.* 171.)

April 18.—The rebel side-wheel steamer *St. John* was captured while endeavoring to run the blockade into Cape Romaine Inlet, by the National steamer *Stettin*.—A reconnoissance of Sabine Pass, Texas, was made by a party from the National gunboats *Cayuga* and *New-London*. On landing near the light-house they were fired on by concealed rebels, Captain McDermott of the *Cayuga* being killed, and his crew of five men captured. Captain Reed of the *New-London* was wounded, together with four of his men.—Fayetteville, Ark., garrisoned by a force of National troops under the command of Colonel Harrison, was this morning attacked by a strong body of rebels, but after a desperate contest of six hours' duration, they were repulsed with considerable loss.—(*Doc.* 172.)

April 19.—Yesterday, three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry left Memphis, Tenn., on a reconnoitring expedition, and when near Nonconnah, the cavalry came up on a detachment of Blythe's rebel cavalry; a fight ensued, resulting in the repulse of the rebels. This morning the cavalry again attacked the rebels, and succeeded in driving them across the Coldwater River in great confusion, killing twenty, wounding forty, and capturing a large number. After crossing the river the rebels received reinforcements, and the Nationals fell back to Hernando. Being reinforced there by infantry and artillery, under Colonel Bryant, the Unionists again moved on the Coldwater, and attacked the rebels on the opposite side of the river, continuing the contest until sundown, and losing five killed and fifteen wounded.

—MAJOR-GENERAL DIX, in a despatch to the War Department, said: "I deem it due to the

forces at Suffolk to notice briefly their gallant conduct during the last six days. On Tuesday General Peck's right was attacked, and the enemy's advance was gallantly met by Colonel Foster's light troops, driving him back to the line of his pickets. Anderson's division was engaged at the same time on the water-front with our gunboats and batteries, and suffered materially. On Wednesday a rebel battery of twenty-pounder rifled guns was effectually silenced, and an attack on the *Smith Briggs*, an armed quartermaster's boat, was repulsed. Repeated attempts have been made on our lines, but have all been foiled. The storming of the enemy's battery near the west branch of the Nansemond by General Getty and the gunboats, under Lieutenant Lamson, of the navy, and the capture of six guns and two hundred prisoners, closes the operations of the six days against the enemy's large force very satisfactorily." The Eighty-ninth New-York and the Eighth Connecticut were the storming party.—*See Supplement.*

April 20.—The Union forces under General Banks occupied Opelousas, La., when Colonel Thomas E. Chickering, of the Forty-first Massachusetts regiment, was appointed Military Governor and Provost-Marshal.—(*Doc.* 171.)

—A BRISK cavalry skirmish took place near Helena, Ky., in which several rebels were killed and wounded.

—AN engagement took place at Patterson, Mo. Colonel Smart, commanding the National forces, sent the following report of the affair to Brigadier-General Davidson:

"The line was cut off as soon as the engagement began, which was six miles from our post. I had a scout out on Black River, who found the enemy early in the morning, but they succeeded in cutting them off, so that they could not communicate with me.

"The number of the enemy was between one thousand five hundred and three thousand. I think they had six pieces of artillery. I could not ascertain who commanded the enemy.

"The attack began about twelve o'clock, on the Reeve's Station road, with a scout I had sent out in that direction. I then sent Major Wood on to reinforce with a battalion. He held them in check and skirmished them into town. This gave me time to load my trains and have them ready to move, if I had to retreat.

"Before I left the town I destroyed what stores

I could not bring away; nothing fell into the hands of the enemy. The fight continued to Big Creek, about eight miles this side of Patterson. The engagement was severe in the extreme. After fighting hand to hand at Big Creek they got in my front and attempted to cut off my retreat, but I forced my way to the ford on this side of the creek. The enemy did not renew the engagement. My loss in killed, wounded, and missing in the action was about fifty.

"I had scouts on the Bear River, Greenwood Valley, and Bush Creek roads, also on the Reeve's Station road, which I have not heard from.

"I will send you an official report as soon as I can learn all the details. Major McConnell was wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy. I think his wound was mortal. My regiment fell back in good order, and are now together, except the scout above mentioned. I had about four hundred men in the engagement."

—BUTE A LA ROSE, La., was captured by the National gunboats Estrella, Clifton, Arizona, and Calhoun, after a short engagement. An officer on board the Clifton gave the following account of the affair: "Just before we came to the fort there is a sharp bend in the river, and when we came round that bend we were only one quarter of a mile from the fort. The sailing order was that the Clifton and the Arizona should go ahead abreast, the Calhoun next, and the Estrella, Captain Cook, the senior officer, brought up the rear. The river being narrower than we expected, we could not sail two abreast, and the Clifton took the lead. We were all at quarters. As we came around the point we went ahead with full steam; as soon as we caught sight of the fort we fired our two bow nine-inch guns. No sooner had we fired than I saw the white smoke rolling out of the enemy's guns. One of the balls came whistling over my head about two feet, and struck the walking-beam, and the way the cast-iron flew about the deck was a caution. It was a thirty-two-pound solid shot; it struck with such force that it split the ball in two, and a part of it glanced off and came down through the hurricane-deck and brought up on the spar-deck, and another shot fell under our bow. As we came up nearer the fort, they fired over us. By this time we caught sight of the rebel gunboats, lying on the opposite side of the river, making a cross fire on us. The first shell that they fired burst on the port bow, and killed Richard Ribey, second captain of the broadside gun. He was in the act

of firing the gun when he was shot. By this time the enemy was running pell-mell out of the fort, and had hauled down their flag and were waving a white one. The rebel gunboats escaped up the river after firing a few shots."

April 21.—Captain Laypole, with seven men of the Fifth and Sixth Virginia rebel cavalry, were captured near Berryville, Va., by a party of the Second Virginia loyal infantry and New-York First cavalry, under Lieutenants Powel and Wykoff.—*Colonel McReynolds's Despatch.*

—AT Nashville, Tenn., by order of Brigadier-General R. B. Mitchell, all white persons over the age of eighteen years residing within the lines of his command were compelled to subscribe to the oath of allegiance or non-combatant's parole, or to go South.

April 22.—Tompkinsville, Ky., was visited by a party of rebels who burned the court-house and several other buildings in the place and killed five Union men.—Two regiments of the First army corps of the army of the Potomac, marched to Port Conway, crossed the river to Port Royal on pontoons, and captured a rebel mail and took several prisoners.—*New-York Times.*

—THE rebel steamer Ellen was this day captured by a party of Union troops in a small bayou in the vicinity of the Courtableau, La.—(*Doc. 171.*)

—SEVEN men belonging to the Eighth regiment of Missouri cavalry who were captured on the nineteenth by a band of rebel guerrillas in Dallas County, having been carried to Cedar County, Mo., were stripped of their clothing and inhumanly shot. Immediately after this, the guerrillas proceeded to the house of Obadiah Smith, a Baptist minister in Cedar County, and on his attempting to escape they shot him.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

—THE cargo of the steamer Wave (destroyed by the rebels to prevent her from falling into the hands of the Unionists) was this day captured in the vicinity of Bayou Cocoduc, La., by an expeditionary force under the command of General Dwight.—(*Doc. 171.*)

—A PORTION of General Reynolds's national forces entered and occupied McMinnville, Tenn.—Major McGee, of the Third Virginia cavalry with sections of Rowan's, Utt's, and White's cavalry, encountered a force of three hundred rebels at a point near Strasburgh, Va., and after a brief and brilliant fight drove them from their position.

One man of Rowan's company was killed, and another wounded. The rebel loss was five killed, and nine wounded, beside twenty-five prisoners and forty horses.

—Six gunboats and twelve barges succeeded in passing the rebel batteries at Vicksburgh to-night.—*National Intelligencer*.

April 23.—Lieutenant Cushing, with a party of men belonging to the National gunboat Commodore Barney, with a small howitzer, visited Chuckatuck, Va., where he encountered and defeated forty rebel cavalymen, killing two, and capturing three of their horses fully equipped. Lieutenant Cushing lost one man killed.—The British schooner *St. George* was captured off New-Inlet, N. C., by the National steamer *Mount Vernon*.—The sloop *Justina* was captured off the Little Bahama Bank, by the gunboat *Tioga*.

April 24.—Tuscumbia, Ala., was occupied by the National forces under General Dodge, after he had succeeded in driving from the place the rebels under Colonel Chalmers.—Four rebel schooners were captured off Mobile, Ala., by the gunboat *De Soto*, and two were captured while endeavoring to run into New-Inlet, N. C., by the United States steamer *State of Georgia*.—Colonel Phillips encountered and defeated a party of rebels at Weber Falls, Ark., capturing all their camp equipage.—Skirmishing still continued in the vicinity of Suffolk, Va.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, *April 29*.

—A BODY of rebels under Imboden and Jackson attacked a small Union force at Beverly, Va., the extreme outpost held by General Roberts. The place—which is in Tygert Valley, east of Rich Mountain—was garrisoned by about one thousand Virginia loyalists, under Colonel Latham. The town is approached by two roads, known as the Buckhannon and Philippa pikes, from the west and north-west, and the Huttonsville road from the south. The enemy came in on the Huttonsville road, and when near the town, a part passed to the left flank and occupied the road leading to Buckhannon, thus cutting off all communication between Colonel Latham and General Roberts. The fight commenced about two o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted until night, when Colonel Latham, finding himself unable to maintain his position against such a superior force, determined to withdraw by way of the Philippa road. He succeeded in withdrawing his command, including his two small

field-pieces and all his supplies, although he was followed by the enemy, in strong force, over eight miles on the road.

—The ship *Oneida* was captured and destroyed, in lat. 1° 40' south, long. 29° 10' west, by the rebel privateer *Florida*, under the command of Captain Maffit.

April 25.—A fight took place at Duck River Shoals, on the Tennessee River, between the United States gunboat *Lexington* and ram *Monarch*, and the rebel shore batteries, resulting in a defeat of the latter, with a loss of twenty-five rebels killed and wounded.—(*Doc. 175.*)

—Two schooners from New-York, with cargoes of clothing and medicines, were captured in Mobjack Bay, Va., by the Union steamers *Samuel Rotan* and *Western World*.—The ship *Dictator* was captured and burnt by the rebel steamer *Georgia*, in latitude 25° north, longitude 21° 40' west.—*Captain Phillips's Statement*.

—A FIGHT took place at Greenland Gap, Va., between a detachment of Union troops, under the command of Captain Wallace, of the *Twenty-third Illinois*, and a numerically superior body of rebels, under General William E. Jones. The contest lasted nearly two hours, the rebels making three desperate charges, but were repulsed on each occasion with heavy loss. The rebel killed and wounded outnumbered the whole Union force.—(*Doc. 176.*)

—AN important debate took place in the English Parliament, in reference to the seizure of British vessels by American cruisers, and other subjects growing out of the rebellion in America. In the House of Lords, an elaborate speech was made by Earl Russell, and in the House of Commons, Mr. Roebuck made a very defamatory one.

April 26.—The schooner *Clarita*, from Havana to Matamoras, Texas, was captured by the steamer *De Soto*. She proved to be the old revenue cutter *John Y. Mason*, taken by the rebels at the outbreak of the rebellion.—At Louisville, Ky., during the sale of a lot of negroes at the court-house this morning, the Provost-Marshal notified the buyers that four of those put up for sale were free under the provisions of the President's Proclamation. The sale, nevertheless, went on, when the matter of the four "contrabands" was turned over to the District Judge.—*Louisville Journal*.

THE Seventy-sixth Ohio regiment, under the command of Colonel R. C. Woods, returned to Milliken's Bend, La., from an expedition into

Mississippi. They visited the regions bordering on Deer Creek, and destroyed three hundred and fifty thousand bushels of corn, and thirty cotton-gins and grist-mills in use by the rebels.

—THE TOWN of Cape Girardeau, Mo., garrisoned by a force of National troops, under the command of General John McNeil, was this day attacked by a strong body of rebels, under General Marmaduke, but after a contest of several hours' duration, the rebels were repulsed with heavy loss.—(*Doc. 177.*)

April 27.—A party of National cavalry, belonging to the division of General Granger, and under the command of Colonel Watkins, left their camp at Murfreesboro last night, and this morning at daybreak, succeeded in capturing the Texan Legion of rebel troops, posted at a point eight miles from Franklin, Tenn., between the Columbia and Carter's Creek turnpikes. In the skirmish, several rebels were killed and wounded.—(*Cincinnati Gazette.*)

—THE army of the Potomac, under Major-General Hooker, commenced the forward movement on Fredericksburgh, Va. This morning at five o'clock, the Eleventh, Major-General Howard's corps, the Twelfth, Major-General Slocum's, and the Fifth, Major-General Meade's corps, struck their tents and marched westward from Falmouth on the several roads leading to Kelly's Ford, distant from the line of Acquia Creek and Fredericksburgh Railroad about twenty-five miles; the Eleventh corps being in the advance.

April 28.—About ten o'clock last night a rebel regiment, being the advance-guard of Marmaduke's army, which was then retreating from Cape Girardeau, were surprised three miles west of Jackson, Mo. Two small howitzers loaded with musket-balls were discharged simultaneously within thirty yards of them, killing and wounding a large number. At the same time the First Iowa cavalry charged upon them, and not a man of the entire regiment escaped, all who were not killed or wounded being taken prisoners. All of their guns, horses, camp equipage, and several thousand dollars' worth of stolen property were captured by the Union party. Early this morning General Vandever advanced, and perceiving the main body of the rebels in full retreat, he immediately followed, keeping up a constant artillery fire on their rear. At two o'clock this afternoon he was joined by General McNeil, and the combined forces continued the pursuit.—(*Missouri Democrat.*)

—GENERAL HOOKER's army crossed the Rappahannock at two points, in the advance on Fredericksburgh.—Fifteen hundred dollars each for substitutes was offered in Richmond, Va.—Captain Alexander, of Wolford's Kentucky cavalry, with sixty picked men and horses, crossed Cumberland River at Howe's Ford, two miles north of Mill Spring, and had a skirmish with a party of rebel pickets. Later in the day Lieutenant-Colonel Adams of the same regiment, with three hundred men followed Captain Alexander, and the combined force under Colonel Adams proceeded as far as Steubenville, where he met a body of rebel cavalry under Chenault, drawn up in line of battle. The Colonel with ninety men prepared for a charge, but as soon as his horses struck the gallop, the enemy dispersed in confusion, leaving four of their number with their horses and equipments in the hands of the Nationals.—The Union steamers Swan and Commerce, having been blockaded in Nansemond River, Va., for several days, were this day run past the rebel batteries and taken to Suffolk.—Great excitement existed at Uniontown, Pa., rumors being prevalent of a rebel raid into the State.

April 29.—This morning about five o'clock, a courier dashed into Fredericksburgh, Va., with the startling, exciting intelligence that the Yankees were crossing the Rappahannock in that vicinity. Immediately the Episcopal church bell, the ring of which had been previously agreed upon as a signal, sounded the alarm, and the streets presented a busy spectacle of military preparation, and women and children leaving the scene of danger.—(*Richmond Examiner, May 1.*)

—FAIRMOUNT, Va., was this day captured by a strong rebel force under General William E. Jones, after a desperate resistance and contest by the garrison of the place, under the command of Captain Chamberlain, of the One Hundred and Sixth New-York volunteers. The Union party had only one of their number killed and four wounded, while the rebels had nearly one hundred killed and wounded.—(*Doc. 178.*)

—GENERAL STAHLEL, with about two thousand cavalry and a light battery, left Fairfax Court-House on Monday morning last, to make a reconnaissance in force toward Warrenton and the Blue Ridge, taking the Aldie Pike. The column moved on to Aldie without meeting any force of the enemy. Several captures of Mosby's bushwhackers were made, some on foot, who were

hoping to pick off a scout or two for the sake of the horses. At Aldie the advance-guard run a small party of Mosby's men out of the town, capturing three. From Aldie to Middleburgh light skirmishing was continued on all sides with guerrillas.

At Middleburgh, Mosby, who preceded the command up the road with about fifteen men, succeeded in getting from fifty to sixty together. A charge through the town by the advance-guard routed them, however, and drove them to the woods beyond, from which they were dislodged and scattered by a half-dozen shells from Captain Daniels's battery.

Camping at Middleburgh on Monday night, scouting-parties were sent out toward Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps, but found nothing but scattered bodies of guerrillas.

Yesterday the march was resumed to Salem. Skirmishing with other parties of guerrillas took place along the route, and at Salem, Mosby, with one hundred and fifty men, was driven from the place. From Salem the column moved on to White Plains, which place was reached about dark. Here a rebel lieutenant in Stuart's command was found, who was wounded. From White Plains the force made a night-march back to Middleburgh. Halting a few hours, they moved on to Aldie, which place they reached about four o'clock. After resting a few hours at Aldie, the line of march was taken, and the troops reached camp about five o'clock this morning.

This reconnoissance demonstrated that there was no regular force of the rebels in the valley between the Bull Run mountains and the Blue Ridge.

—GRAND GULF, Miss., was this day attacked by a fleet of seven U. S. gunboats under the command of Admiral Porter. After a bombardment of five hours' duration, the rebel batteries were silenced, but not without considerably damaging the hulls of the fleet, and killing twenty and wounding a large number of their crews.—(Doc. 179.)

April 30.—General Hooker, from his headquarters near Falmouth, Va., issued the following address to his soldiers: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the General Commanding announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind their defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him.

"The operations of the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth corps have been a series of splendid successes."—*See Supplement.*

—THE frequent transmission of false intelligence, and the betrayal of the movements of the army of the Potomac by publication of injudicious correspondence of an anonymous character, made it necessary for General Hooker to issue general orders requiring all newspaper correspondents to publish their communications over their own signatures.—*General Orders No. 48.*

—A REBEL battery on the Nansemond River, Va., was silenced, after a spirited contest, by the guns from the Union battery Morris and the gunboat Commodore Barney.—*General Peck's Order No. 29.*

—WILLIAM F. CORBIN and T. G. Graw, found guilty of recruiting for the rebel service, inside the National lines, were this day sentenced to be shot, by a court-martial in session at Cincinnati, Ohio.

—A DETACHMENT of the Sixth New-York cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel McVicar, while reconnoitring in the vicinity of Spottsylvania Court-House, Va., to-day were surrounded by four regiments of General Fitz-Hugh Lee's rebel cavalry and fifty-two of their number were killed, wounded, or captured. The balance, numbering fifty-eight, cut their way out. Lieut.-Colonel McVicar was killed at the first rebel onset.

May 1.—The battle of Port Gibson, Miss., was fought this day, between the National forces, under Major-General Grant, and the rebels, under General John S. Bowen.—(Doc. 180.)

—A FIGHT took place at Monticello, Ky., between a force of five thousand Nationals, under the command of General Samuel P. Carter, and the rebels, commanded by Colonel Morrison, resulting in the defeat of the latter.—(Doc. 181.)

—THE Committee of Thirteen, appointed at the last session of the rebel Congress to "collect and report outrages on persons and property committed by the public enemy in violation of the rules of civilized warfare," reported in part, and asked leave to continue their labors.—*See Supplement.*

—THE schooner Wanderer, while endeavoring to run the blockade of Wilmington, N. C., was captured by the National steamer Sacramento.

—A SKIRMISH took place near La Grange, Arkansas, between a detachment of the Third Iowa cavalry, under the command of Captain J. Q. A. De Huff, and a strong force of rebel cavalry, re-

sulting in a retreat of the Unionists, with a loss of forty-one of their number in killed, wounded, and missing.

—A FIGHT took place at the South-Quay bridge, on the river Nansemond, Va., between a detachment of the New-York Ninety-ninth regiment, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Richard Nixon, and a strong force of rebels, terminating, after an obstinate and bloody contest of more than two hours' duration, in a retreat of the rebels with great loss. The Ninety-ninth had forty-one men killed and wounded.

—COLONEL MONTGOMERY, with a detachment of two hundred and fifty negro troops, left Beaufort, S. C., on a reconnoitring expedition up the Combahee River.

May 2.—The battle of Chancellorsville, or the "Wilderness," Va., between the Union forces, under Major-General Hooker, and the rebels, under Gen. Lee, commenced this day.—(*Doc. 183.*)

—AFTER repulsing the rebel force under General Marmaduke, at Cape Girardeau, on the twenty-sixth ultimo, General McNeil, with a much inferior force, immediately started in pursuit, and chasing them from point to point, finally came up with them to-day at Chalk Bluff, on the St. Francois, and drove them across the river into Arkansas, thus ending Marmaduke's rebel raid into Missouri.—(*Doc. 177.*)

—THE Union cavalry force, under Colonel Grierson, arrived at Baton Rouge, La., to-day, after a raid of fifteen days through the State of Mississippi. They had several skirmishes with parties of rebels, defeating them at every encounter; they destroyed bridges, camps, equipages, etc.; swam several rivers, captured a number of prisoners and horses, and obtained a large amount of important information concerning the rebel resources.—(*Doc. 170.*)

—A RECONNOISSANCE in force was this day made to the river Nansemond, Va., by a large body of Union troops, under the command of General Getty, supported by the gunboat Smith Briggs. The rebels were discovered in strong force, and an artillery fight was kept up all day, but without any material results.

May 3.—A force of Union troops, numbering about one thousand five hundred men, which left Nashville, Tenn., on the eleventh ultimo, under the command of Colonel A. D. Streight, on a raid into Alabama and Georgia, was this day captured

in the vicinity of Gadsden, Ala., after successfully resisting the enemy in a series of skirmishes along his march, by a body of rebel troops, under the command of General Forrest.—(*Doc. 173.*)

—THE battle of Chancellorsville, Va., was renewed at daylight this morning, and, after severe fighting until noon, the Nationals were obliged to fall back from their position, when hostilities, in a great measure, ceased for the day.—(*Doc. 183.*)

—THE Catholic Bishop of Iowa, in a sermon at Dubuque, pointedly denounced the Knights of the Golden Circle, stating that he would give the members of the church who had joined the organization, two weeks to leave it, and then, if they still continued in it, they might consider themselves excommunicated.—The British schooner Emma Amelia was captured at St. Andrew's Bay, Fla., by the National bark Roebuck.—Grand Gulf, Miss., was abandoned at daylight this morning, the rebels blowing up the magazines and spiking their guns. Soon after the evacuation the place was entered by the National forces, under Admiral D. D. Porter.—(*Doc. 184.*)

—A SHORT fight occurred near Warrenton Junction, Va., between a party of General Stahel's cavalry, under Colonel De Forest, and Mosby's rebel guerrillas, resulting in the rout of the latter with great loss.—(*Doc. 185.*)

—THE ship Sea Lark, in latitude 24° south, longitude 29° west, was captured and burned by the rebel privateer Alabama.

—COLONEL MONTGOMERY, in command of a detachment of negro troops, returned to Beaufort, S. C., after a three days' raid up the Combahee River. During that time he encountered and dispersed several squads of rebel guerrillas, destroyed the town of Asheppo by fire, burned and otherwise destroyed property to the amount of two millions of dollars, belonging to rebel planters along the river, and captured nearly eight hundred slaves, all of whom he carried with him to Beaufort.

May 4.—Captain Howard Dwight, of General Andrew's staff, was killed near Washington, La., after having surrendered to a party of rebel scouts. General Banks at once ordered the arrest of one hundred white men nearest the place of assassination, to be held until further orders.—The sloop Empress, from Nassau, N. P., for Wilmington, N. C., was captured by the United States steamer Choceura.—The schooner Jupiter, bound to Mobile, Ala., was captured by the gunboat



MAJ GEN DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

Colorado.—The Ninth regiment of New-York volunteers (Hawkins's Zouaves) returned to New-York from the seat of war in Eastern Virginia.—Captain Smith of the Second California volunteers, attacked a party of hostile Indians fifty miles south of Shell Creek, killing five of them and routing the rest.—The battle in the vicinity of Fredericksburgh, Va., was continued this day, the rebels succeeding in recovering nearly all the defences back of the town.—(*Doc.* 183.)

May 5.—Clement C. Vallandigham was arrested at his residence in Dayton, Ohio, this morning, by a detachment of soldiers sent from Cincinnati by order of General Burnside.—The Third New-York cavalry, on an expedition to Pettie's Mills, twenty-seven miles from Newbern, N. C., captured an entire rebel company, together with their camp, horses, and equipments, without loss to the National side.—Fort de Russey, situated on the Red River, about eight miles from its mouth, was occupied by the National forces under the command of Admiral Porter.—(*Doc.* 187.)

—JOHN J. PETTUS, rebel Governor of Mississippi, issued a proclamation calling on every man in the State, capable of bearing arms, to take the field, "for united effort in expelling the enemy from the soil of Mississippi."

May 6.—The army of the Potomac, under the command of Major-General Hooker, was withdrawn from Fredericksburgh to the north bank of the Rappahannock River. General Hooker issued an address to the army, congratulating them on their achievements during the last seven days.—Alexandria, Miss., was occupied without resistance by the National forces under the command of Admiral D. D. Porter.—(*Doc.* 187.)

—A FIGHT took place between a National force under the command of Colonel Cornyn, encamped near Tupelo, Miss., and a body of rebel cavalry under General Ruggles, terminating, after a desperate conflict of half an hour's duration, in the flight of the latter, leaving behind them a great number of arms, equipments, and ninety of their number as prisoners.

—THE steamer *Eugenia* was captured by the gunboat R. R. Cuyler, off Mobile, Ala.—Disloyal citizens were sent South from Nashville, Tenn. Among them was Neill S. Brown, formerly Governor of that State.

May 7.—The English steamer *Cherokee*, while endeavoring to run the blockade out of Charles-

ton, S. C., was captured by the National gunboat *Canandaigua*.—A portion of the Fourth army corps, under the command of Major-General Keyes, reached West-Point, Va., this day, when a reconnoissance towards White House was ordered. After the command had proceeded a few miles from town, the detachment of company F, of the Sixth New-York cavalry, was fired on by a party of ambushed rebels, killing two of the horses. The reconnoissance was continued to White House, and on the route Lieutenant Estes, aid to General Kilpatrick, and fifteen men who were made prisoners by the rebels near Fredericksburgh, were rescued.—General Robert E. Lee, the rebel commander at Fredericksburgh, issued an order to his army; "expressing his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men during the arduous operations" in which they had been engaged.

—COLONEL KILPATRICK, with his regiment, the Harris Light cavalry, and a portion of the Twelfth Illinois cavalry, belonging to the expedition of General Stoneman, arrived at Gloucester Point, Va.—(*Doc.* 188.)

May 8.—President Lincoln issued a proclamation preliminary to the enforcement of the "act for enrolling and calling out the National forces, and for other purposes," defining the position and obligations of inchoate citizens under that law.—(*Doc.* 189.)

—THE *Nevada Union* of this date assured its readers that there were active Southern guerrillas at work in Tulare County, California! and Los Angeles was, in every thing but form, a colony of the confederate States, where an avowal of loyalty was attended with personal danger. "We are no alarmist; but in view of the condition of affairs, and the large immigration thither, composed largely of secession sympathizers, we again warn Union men that they cannot be too wide awake nor too hasty in organization. We have now before us a late copy of *The Red Bluff Independent*, in which is given an account of a frustrated attempt on the part of secessionists to capture Fort Crook in the northern part of California. The parties to whom was intrusted the carrying out of the rebel enterprise, approached a citizen of that section, offering ample inducements for him to engage in the attempt, stating to him the plans and intentions of the secessionists, which were to capture the fort with its arms and ammunition—which, by the way, could have been easily accomplished at that time by a dozen

men—and use it as a rendezvous for guerrillas. They struck the wrong man, and the consequence was, that information of their movements was conveyed to the fort, and the parties were arrested, and are now in irons at the fort, awaiting the order of General Wright.”

—SECRETARY E. M. STANTON sent the following despatch to the Governor of Pennsylvania: “The President and the General-in-Chief have just returned from the army of the Potomac. The principal operations of General Hooker failed, but there has been no serious disaster to the organization and efficiency of the army. It is now occupying its former position on the Rappahannock, having recrossed the river without any loss in the movement. Not more than one third of General Hooker’s force was engaged. General Stoneman’s operations have been a brilliant success. Part of his force advanced to within two miles of Richmond, and the enemy’s communications have been cut in every direction. The army of the Potomac will speedily resume offensive operations.”

—THE ship *Crazy Jane*, was captured in Tampa Bay, Fla., by the gunboat *Tahoma*.—Earl Van Dorn, the rebel General, was shot and instantly killed this day by Dr. Peters, of Maury County, Tenn.

—TO-NIGHT, a fleet of National gunboats and mortar-schooners, commenced the attack on the rebel batteries at Port Hudson, Miss.

May 9.—The *Charleston Mercury* of this date published an article advocating the following plan suggested by the *Jackson Appeal*:

“HOW TO MEET THE ENEMY.—The Northern vandals have invaded our State, not to confront our armies and decide the chances of war in pitched battles, but they have come to rob and steal, to plunder, to burn, and to starve to death our women and children. Under such circumstances we should meet them as we would meet the savage, the highwayman, or the wild beast of the forest. Partisan bands should lie in wait for them on the roadside, in fence-corners, and behind trees; and, in short, they should be hunted down in any and every way that can be made efficient and effectual until the State is relieved of their presence. Not observing the rules of civilized warfare themselves, they cannot expect its observance from us. We need more Colonel Blythes in the woods all over the State. A dozen well-directed shots from the bush will at any

time put a brigade to flight, and this is the most sure and certain method of putting a stop to the marauding expeditions that are from time to time sent out through the country. In Colonel Blythe’s district or field of operations it has proved most efficacious in holding the enemy at bay, and we hope to see the plan put more extensively in practice. A big scare, occasioned by a brisk fire from a chapparal, is often more potent than would be half a dozen regiments of organized troops in the field.”

—TO-NIGHT the bombardment of the rebel works at Port Hudson was renewed, and continued for an hour, but the rebels made no reply.

—THE Second Indiana cavalry, under the command of Colonel E. M. McCook, made a scout near Stone River, Tenn., visiting the “haunt” of every guerrilla in that vicinity. They succeeded in capturing eight rebels, beside twenty horses belonging to the guerrilla band.—The schooner *Sea Lion*, from Mobile to Havana, with a cargo of cotton, was captured by the National frigate *Colorado*.

May 10.—General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, commonly known as “Stonewall” Jackson, of the rebel army, died at Guinness Station, Va., from the effects of the amputation of his arm, and an attack of pneumonia which followed it.

—BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVIDSON prohibited in the Department of Missouri, the sale or distribution of the *Freeman’s Journal* of New-York, the *New-York Caucasian*, the *Columbus (Ohio) Crisis*, the *Democratic Journal* of Jerseyville, the *Chicago Times*, and the *Dubuque Herald*.

—THE National gunboats *Owasco*, Lieutenant Commanding John Madigan, and *Katahdin*, Lieutenant Commanding P. C. Johnson, after a chase of twenty miles succeeded in beaching the blockade runner, *West-Florida*, on Galveston Island, Texas.

—THE anniversary of the capture of Camp Jackson, Mo., was celebrated this day. Speeches were made by Charles D. Drake, C. P. Johnson, Major George P. Strong, and others.—*Missouri Democrat*.

—EARLY this morning the attack by the National fleet of mortar-schooners and gunboats on the rebel batteries at Port Hudson was renewed. This time the batteries replied to the fire of the fleet; but, after a bombardment of three hours’ duration, they were completely silenced.

May 11.—A fight took place in the vicinity of

Greasy Creek, Ky., between a force of National troops under the command of Col. R. T. Jacob, and a large body of rebel cavalry under General John H. Morgan, terminating, after a desperate contest of seven hours' duration, in which the rebels had nearly one hundred of their number killed and wounded, in a retreat of the Unionists with a loss of twenty-five killed and wounded.—*Louisville Journal*.

—CRYSTAL SPRINGS, Miss., on the New-Orleans and Jackson Railroad, was entered and burned to-day by a party of National cavalry.

May 12.—A force of National troops under the command of Colonel Davis, First Texas cavalry, left Sevieck's Ferry, on the Amite River, La., on an expedition along the Jackson Railroad. They struck the railroad at Hammond Station, where they cut the telegraph and burned the bridge.—*New-Orleans Era*.

—A PARTY of sixty mounted rebels were encountered at a point between Woodburn and Franklin, Ky., by a detachment of Union troops, who defeated them and put them to flight.

—S. L. PHELPS, commanding the Tennessee division of the Mississippi squadron, took on board his gunboats fifty-five men and horses of the First Western Tennessee cavalry, under the command of Colonel W. K. M. Breckinridge, and landed them on the east side of the Tennessee River, sending the gunboats to cover all the landings above and below. Colonel Breckinridge dashed across the country to Linden, and surprised a rebel force more than twice his number, capturing Lieutenant-Colonel Frierson, one captain, one surgeon, four lieutenants, thirty rebel soldiers, ten conscripts, fifty horses, two army wagons, arms, etc. The court-house, which was the rebel depot, was burned, with a quantity of army supplies. The enemy lost three killed. The Nationals lost no men, but had one horse killed. Colonel Breckinridge, after this exploit, reached the vessel in safety, and recrossed the river.—*Com. Phelps's Despatch*.

—THE battle of Raymond, Miss., was fought this day, between the rebels under General Gregg, and the Union troops commanded by General McPherson.—(*Doc.* 190.)

May 13.—The expeditionary force under Colonel Davis, encountered a party of rebel guerrillas and Choctaw Indians at Pontchatoula, La., whom, after a brief skirmish, he dispersed, taking seventeen of the Choctaws prisoners. Colonel Davis

afterward destroyed the rebel camp at Pontchatoula.—*New-Orleans Era*.

—THE English schooner *Sea Bird* was captured by the gunboat *De Soto*.—A skirmish took place at South-Union, Ky., between a party of rebels who fired upon a train and the Union guard, resulting in the defeat of the guerrillas, with considerable loss.—The schooners *A. J. Hoge* and *Wonder* were captured this day, the former at Mobile Bay, and the latter near Port Royal, S. C.

—YAZOO CITY, Miss., was this day captured by a fleet of Union gunboats, under the command of Lieutenant Walker. The rebel troops had evacuated the place, but not before destroying three rams that were being constructed in their navy-yard. Every thing of value in the navy-yard, and also a saw-mill, were destroyed by Lieutenant Walker. Altogether, the property destroyed was worth to the rebels, more than two millions of dollars.—*Lieut. Com. Walker's Report*.

May 14.—Jackson, Miss., was captured by the National forces belonging to the army of General Grant, after a fight of over three hours. General Joseph E. Johnston was in command of the rebels, who retreated toward the north.—(*Doc.* 191.)

—TO-DAY a detachment of the National expeditionary force under Colonel Davis, destroyed the tannery, grist, and saw-mill, together with a steam-engine, at Hammond Station, on the Jackson Railroad, La.—*New-Orleans Era*.

—A SCOUTING-PARTY of National troops, sent out from Fairfax Court-House, Va., encountered a small force of the Black Horse cavalry, at the house of Mr. Masilla, five miles beyond Warrenton Junction, when a skirmish ensued, resulting in the dispersion of the rebels, the death of Mr. Masilla, and the wounding of several other rebels. The Nationals had three wounded.—*New-York Tribune*.

May 15.—A fight took place in the vicinity of Camp Moore, La., between the expeditionary force under the command of Colonel Davis, and a body of rebel troops, resulting in a rout of the latter with great slaughter. After the fight, Colonel Davis advanced on Camp Moore, which he burned, together with the railroad depot and bridge, and a great quantity of property.—*New-Orleans Era*.

—WILLIAM CORBIN and T. P. Graw, found guilty of enlisting for the rebel service within the National lines, were executed at Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio.—The rebel schooner *Royal*

Yacht, was captured by the bark W. G. Anderson.—The rebels captured two small steamboats in the Dismal Swamp Canal, N. C.—The ship Crown Point, in latitude 7° south, longitude 84° west, was captured and burned by the rebel privateer Florida.

—SEVERAL desperate infantry fights took place to-day in the vicinity of Carrsville and Suffolk, Va., between the National forces under the command of General Peck, and large bodies of rebel troops, in which both parties suffered severely, without gaining any material advantage.

May 16.—Last night a company of United States cavalry was surprised and captured at Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va. Major-General Schenck, on being informed by telegraph of the disaster, immediately ordered General Milroy to send out a force to intercept and attack the rebels, and to-day he received the following despatch from General Milroy, announcing the result: "The Federal cavalry captured at Charlestown were recaptured by detachments of Virginia and Pennsylvania cavalry, under Captain Vitt, this afternoon, about three o'clock, at Piedmont Station, in Fauquier County. We also captured forty rebels and a corresponding number of horses. Two rebels were killed. I regret to add that we lost Captain Vitt and one sergeant. Our cavalry recaptured one Federal lieutenant, and fifty privates, and their horses. Major Adams, of the First New-York cavalry, who arrived after the recapture, is still in pursuit of the rebels. The Virginia and Pennsylvania cavalry, who made the recapture, were sent out by me yesterday."

—THE United States steamer Monticello, captured the schooner Odd Fellow, off Little River Inlet, N. C.—At Bradyville Pike, in the vicinity of Cripple Creek, Tenn., General Palmer, accompanied by an escort of twenty-five men, and sixty men from the Middle Tennessee Union cavalry, made a sabre-charge on a detachment of the Third Georgia regiment, numbering eighty-five men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson. The rebels had no sabres, but fought desperately for a few moments. The Union force killed several of the enemy and brought in eighteen prisoners, among them Captains M. C. Edwards and Willis, the latter of the Third Georgia cavalry, and dangerously wounded.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

—THE battle of Champion Hill, or Baker's Creek, Miss., was fought by the Nationals, under

General Grant, and the rebels, under General Pemberton, in which the latter was compelled to fall back behind the Big Black River.—(*Doc.* 192.)

—A RECONNOITRING party of the First New-York mounted rifle regiment, under the command of Major Patton, were attacked in the vicinity of Suffolk, Va., by a large body of rebel cavalry and routed with considerable loss.

—SIXTEEN men of the First New-York cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant Vermillion, attacked a party of twenty-two rebel soldiers, at Berry's Ferry, Va., and killed two, wounded five, and captured ten of them.

—THE rebel government steamer Cuba, was destroyed by the National gunboat De Soto, Captain W. W. Walker, in the Gulf of Mexico, off Mobile harbor, Ala.—*Captain Walker's Report*.

—AT daylight this morning the National army, under General Grant, moved on from Champion Hill to the Big Black River, Miss., where a battle was fought with the rebels, under Pemberton, and they were again defeated and driven into their intrenchments around Vicksburgh with great loss of men and munitions of war.—(*Doc.* 193.)

—JACKSON, Miss., was evacuated by the National forces, belonging to the army of General Grant.

—THE schooner Isabel, attempting to run the blockade at Mobile, was run ashore close under the walls of Fort Morgan, and Master's Mate Dyer, of the R. R. Cuyler, was sent with boats, either to bring her off or burn her. They were just in time to capture sixteen men, being her crew and some passengers. Finding it impossible to get the schooner off, he set fire to her and then pulled for his own ship. By this time the alarm had been given and the rebels in the fort were on the alert. Mr. Dyer, finding that the schooner did not break out in a blaze, as he expected, turned back toward the fort, and effectually did his work.—The rebel schooner Ripple, was captured by the National gunboat Kanawha, blockading the port of Pensacola, Fla.—Rebel guerrillas visited Burning Springs, Wirt County, Va., where they burned oil-works and committed other depredations.

—YESTERDAY a company of the First New-York cavalry having been captured at Charlestown, Va., by a gang of guerrillas, under the leadership of Captain Mosby, the regiment left Berrysville to-day, under the command of Major Adams, in pursuit of the rebels. They were overtaken at Ber-

ry's Ford, on the Rappahannock, and, after a brief skirmish, the rebels were completely routed and the prisoners recaptured.

May 18.—In England, in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Clanricarde moved for copies of any reports from British consular or diplomatic agents in the United States respecting the decisions or proceedings of the Federal prize courts. The Marquis accused President Lincoln's Cabinet of having acted unfairly and illegally toward British shipping, and said it was absolutely necessary for Her Majesty's government to take more action than it had hitherto done in defence of the rights of English ship-owners. Earl Russell, in reply, stated that every complaint made by the owners of vessels seized by Federal cruisers had been duly considered, and that the law officers of the crown had decided that no objection could so far be fairly established against the proceedings of the United States prize courts. The Earl took advantage of the opportunity to deny the statement that the British government had connived at the construction and escape of the confederate cruiser Alabama, and to repeat the assurance that England had no desire to interfere unfairly in the dispute between the North and South. Lord Derby expressed approval of Earl Russell's speech, and the Marquis of Clanricarde, being satisfied with the discussion, withdrew the motion.

—TO-DAY a party of twenty-two white men, of the Second Kansas artillery, and thirty-two negro soldiers, under the command of Major R. G. Ward, on a foraging expedition near Sherwood, Mo., were attacked by a gang of two hundred rebel guerrillas, under the leadership of Colonel Livingston. Under the inspiration of Major Ward, the Union party rallied together and fought desperately, falling back until the survivors reached their camp, six miles from the place where the fight commenced. Of the white men, two were killed, four wounded, and two were taken prisoners, twelve escaping. Fifteen of the colored troops were killed, two captured, and fifteen escaped, all but one of whom were wounded.

—HAINES'S BLUFF, on the Yazoo River, having been evacuated by the rebels, was occupied by the National forces, under Admiral Porter.—(*Doc.* 194.)

—A SERIOUS mistake occurred at a point between Carrsville and Deserted House, Va., in which two bodies of National troops fired into each other, and killed three men and wounded

four, belonging to the One Hundred and Seventieth regiment of New-York volunteers.

May 19.—The rebel schooner Mississippi, from Mobile, Ala., to Havana, with a cargo of cotton and turpentine, was captured by the gunboat De Soto.—The National cavalry, under General Milroy, had a skirmish with the rebels, at a point six miles from Winchester, Va., in which they killed six and captured seven prisoners.—Richmond, Clay County, Mo., was captured, together with the National force occupying it, by a band of rebel guerrillas, after a severe fight, in which two officers of the Twenty-fifth Missouri regiment were killed. A lieutenant belonging to the captured party was shot after the surrender.—The Spanish steamer Union, was captured by the National gunboat Nashville.

May 20.—On Sunday last, the seventeenth, the National pickets stationed on the road between Fayetteville and Raleigh, Va., were attacked and surrounded by a force of rebels, but, after a short fight they escaped all but one, the skirmishing continuing until noon, when the National pickets were driven in. Yesterday the attack was renewed and kept up until to-day, when the rebels were repulsed with slight loss.—(*Doc.* 195.)

—COLONEL WILLIAM A. PHILLIPS, commanding the Indian brigade, had a severe fight with the rebels, belonging to the army of General Price, near Fort Gibson, Ark. The rebels crossed the Arkansas River, near the fort, when they were attacked by Colonel Phillips and driven back, with a loss of one major and several men killed.—(*Doc.* 196.)

—THE steamships Margaret and Jessie, the Annie and the Kate, arrived at Charleston, S. C., from Nassau, with "valuable cargoes," having run the blockade.—The schooner Sea Bird was captured and burned by the rebels, while aground at the mouth of the Neuse River, N. C.—The steamer Eagle, having just left the harbor of Nassau, N. P., with a cargo intended for the rebels, was captured by the National gunboat Octorora.—*Charleston Courier.*

May 21.—A band of guerrillas who day before yesterday plundered the town of Richmond, Mo., this day visited Plattsburgh, in the same State, and carried off eleven thousand dollars belonging to the State, beside committing other depredations.

—THE *Mobile Register* of this date said: "We are informed by the Mayor that the British sub-

jects residing in Mobile have formed a company, known as the British Consular Guards, commanded by F. J. Helton, Captain, and have offered their services to the Mayor to aid in the preservation of the good order of the city in case of insurrection, invasion, inundation, devastation by fire, or any other duty not inconsistent with the retaining of their original nationality."

—LAST night a large steamer was discovered by the gunboat Powhatan, coming out of Charleston by the North channel. She was fired at repeatedly, and finally driven back; but before she reached the bar again the Powhatan's fire, and that of two or three other blockaders that had slipped their cables and come up, was so heavy and well-directed that the Anglo-rebel was bored through and through and sunk in about eight fathoms of water. Nothing but her topmasts were visible this morning at daylight. She was a very large steamer, loaded with an immense cargo of cotton and tobacco. Her name was not ascertained, nor the fate of her officers and crew.—An expedition of National troops composed of levies from Massachusetts, New-York, and Maine, left Bemis's Landing, La., this morning at daybreak.—(Doc. 197.)

—VICKSBURG, Miss., was completely invested by the National forces under Major-General Grant. The rebels sent out a flag of truce offering to surrender the place and all their arms and munitions of war, if they would be allowed to pass out. The offer was refused.—William Robe, a citizen of Morgan County, Ind., was shot while at work in his field, by a man named Bailey. Robe had been instrumental in collecting evidence against the Knights of the Golden Circle.

—THE Twelfth regiment of New-York volunteers returned to Syracuse from the seat of war.—A rebel camp near Middleton, Tenn., was attacked and broken up by a party of National troops under the command of General Stanley.—(Doc. 198.)

—THE citizens of Richmond, Va., were organized for the defence of the city, and officers were appointed by General George W. Randolph, assisted by a select committee of the City Council. The people of Manchester, on the opposite bank of the James River, were invited to cooperate in the movement.—*Richmond Examiner*.

May 22.—A brief skirmish took place near Middleton, Tenn., between a detachment of the One Hundred and Third Illinois, with a company

of Tennessee Unionists, and a scouting-party of eighteen men of the Second Mississippi rebel regiment, under the command of Captain S. Street, terminating in the capture of eleven rebels, six of whom were badly wounded, and the escape of the rest.

—A FORCE of Union troops under the command of Colonel J. Kilpatrick, returned to-day to Gloucester Point, after a raid into Gloucester and Mathew counties, Va., in conjunction with the gunboat Commodore Morris, Lieutenant Commanding Gillis, and a transport, in the North and East Rivers. The parties were absent two days, during which time they captured a large number of horses, mules, and cattle; five mills filled to their utmost capacity with flour and grain, were burned, and a large quantity of corn and wheat collected in storehouses, was also destroyed.

—THE Bureau for colored troops was established in the department of the Adjutant-General of the army of the United States.—A reconnoissance under Col. J. R. Jones, of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment from Newbern, N. C., was made to Gum Swamp, resulting in the surprise and capture of a large number of rebels. In the fight which occurred, Colonel Jones was killed.—(Doc. 199.)

—THE English schooner Handy was captured by the National gunboat Octorara.—The Baptist Missionary Union, in session at Cleveland, Ohio, adopted a series of resolutions, characterizing the war as just and holy, declaring their belief that the authors of the rebellion had inflicted the death-blow to slavery in the District of Columbia and the rebel States; believing the war to be completely successful, and exhorting the Union to sustain the Administration by its prayers, influence, and personal sacrifices.

—THE rebel steamer Beauregard, under the command of Captain Louis M. Coxetter, successfully ran the blockade into Charleston, S. C.

—THE British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society held its anniversary in London this day. Lord Brougham declined to preside, "as such a course seemed to him to be inconsistent with British neutrality." A letter from Mr. Adams, the American Minister, was read, conveying the thanks of President Lincoln for the proceedings in January last, and resolutions were adopted expressing strong sympathy with the success of the emancipation policy.—Mr. Vallandigham, from the military prison at Cincinnati, addressed

a letter to the Democracy of Ohio.—The legitimate business between the cities of Washington and Georgetown, D. C., being “daily and flagrantly abused,” an order was issued by the Secretary of War regulating the trade to and from those cities.—*General Orders No. 141.*

—TO-DAY the Union forces under General Grant made a general assault on the whole line of the rebel fortifications at Vicksburgh; but, after a desperate and most obstinate conflict of more than eight hours' duration, they were repulsed at all points, and were compelled to retire discomfited.—(*Doc. 200.*)

May 23.—The following petition was circulated in Columbus and other portions of Ohio: “The undersigned, citizens of Franklin County, respectfully represent that the most sacred rights of citizens are guaranteed by the Constitution of our fathers. It has been violated in the arbitrary arrest, illegal trial, and inhuman imprisonment of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham. We therefore demand of the President of the United States his immediate and unconditional release.”

—THE rebel sloop *Fashion*, having on board fifty bales of cotton, was captured by a boat expedition from the National steamer *Port Royal*, at a point forty-five miles above Apalachicola, Fla.—*Acting Master Van Slyck's Report.*

May 24.—Austin, Mississippi, was visited and burned by the forces under General Ellet, commanding the ram fleet in the department of the Mississippi.—(*Doc. 202.*)

—A WAGON-TRAIN, laden with commissary stores, with an escort of thirty colored troops, under the command of a white officer, were captured near Shawnee Creek, Kansas, by a gang of rebel guerrillas.—*Leavenworth Conservative.*

—THE schooner *Joe Flanner* was captured while trying to run the blockade of Mobile, Ala., by the gunboat *Pembina*.—Major-Generals A. P. Hill and R. S. Ewell, of the rebel army, were appointed Lieutenant-Generals. — General Curtis relinquished the command of the Department of the West of the army of the United States, and General Schofield assumed it, and issued orders to that effect.

—CONSIDERABLE excitement existed in England regarding the depredations of the rebel privateer *Alabama*—the cargoes of three of the vessels captured and destroyed by her on the South-American coast being British property.

May 25.—The National forces under the com-

mand of General Michael Corcoran, were engaged in destroying the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroads, Va.—A body of rebels crossed the Cumberland River at Fishing Creek and Hartford, Ky., but were driven back by the National troops after a brief skirmish.—An expedition from German-town, Miss., under Colonel McCrellis, attacked a rebel force at Senatobia, and drove them south of the Tallahatchie River, with a loss of six killed and three wounded of their number.

May 26.—Colonel J. T. Wilder, with his regiment of mounted infantry, returned to Murfreesboro, Tenn., from a scout in the direction of McMinnville, in search of the rebel cavalry under the command of Colonel Breckinridge. He encountered the rebel pickets a short distance from Woodbury, and commenced an attack, which attracted the rebels in the vicinity, and they having collected, a running fight was kept up for several miles. Twelve miles west of McMinnville, the Union forces came on the camp of the rebels under Breckinridge, and after a short fight, routed them and captured nine prisoners, several horses and thirty head of cattle. Having secured the prisoners and burned the tents and baggage left by the rebel cavalry, the Nationals pushed forward, driving the enemy till within seven miles of McMinnville, when the pursuit was abandoned. On the return to Murfreesboro, the Nationals scouted the country on both flanks, and succeeded in capturing a number of rebel soldiers who were at home on furlough.—*New-York Times.*

—COLONEL F. M. CORNYN, of the Tenth Missouri cavalry, left Corinth, Miss., in command of a strong force of cavalry, on a raid into Alabama.

—MISS HOZIER, a young woman residing a few miles from Suffolk, Va., was arrested while trying to reach Richmond. In the handle of her parasol were diagrams and papers giving in detail the character and location of all the fortifications in the vicinity of Suffolk, and the strength of the forces garrisoning them.—The Thirty-second regiment of New-York volunteers, under the command of Colonel Francis E. Pinto, returned to New-York.

—AT Sheffield, England, Mr. Roebuck made an address, in which he was very violent in his attack upon America. The meeting adopted resolutions in harmony with Mr. Roebuck's views, although a respectable minority declared in favor of non-recognition of the rebel government.

—JOSEPH E. BROWN, rebel Governor of Georgia,

issued the following address to the people of that State: "I have this day received a despatch from General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the army in Mississippi, stating that he is informed that numbers of stragglers from the army are reported going East through Georgia, especially the northern part, and requesting me to have them, officers as well as men, arrested and sent back to Jackson, 'employing for that purpose associations of citizens as well as State troops.' I therefore order the commanding officers of the State troops, and all militia officers of this State, and request all good citizens, to be vigilant and active in arresting all stragglers and deserters, whether officers or men, and when arrested, to deliver them to Colonel G. W. Lee, commanding post at Atlanta, to be by him sent to Jackson, in obedience to the orders of General Johnston. Prompt and energetic action is necessary."

May 27.—The rebel fortifications at Port Hudson were this day attacked by the National forces under the command of General Banks, but, after a desperate conflict of eight hours' duration, they were unable to reduce them. In the first charge made upon the works, Captain Callioux and Lieutenant Crowder, both colored officers, were killed.—(*Doc. 201.*)

—THE United States gunboat *Cincinnati*, was sunk by the rebel batteries at Vicksburgh, Miss. Lieutenant Commander Bache, gave the following report of the occurrence to Admiral Porter: "In obedience to your order, the *Cincinnati* got under way this morning at seven o'clock, and steamed slowly down until a little abreast of where the mortars lie. When we rounded to, the enemy fired several shots from a gun called 'Whistling Dick,' but soon gave it up. At half-past eight, with a full head of steam, we stood for the position assigned us. The enemy fired rapidly, and from all their batteries. When abreast of our pontoon, and rounding to, a ball entered the magazine, and she commenced sinking rapidly. Shortly after, the starboard tiller was carried away. Before and after this, the enemy fired with great accuracy, hitting us nearly every time. We were especially annoyed by plunging shots from the hills, and eight-inch rifled and ten-inch smooth-bore shots did us much damage. The shots went entirely through our protection—hay and wood. And now, finding that the vessel would sink, I ran her up-stream as near the right-hand shore as our damaged steering apparatus would permit. About ten

minutes before she sank we ran close in, got out one plank, and put the wounded ashore. We also got a hawser out to make fast to a tree to hold her until she sunk. Unfortunately, the men ashore left the hawser without making it fast. The enemy were still firing, and the boat commenced drifting out. I sung out to the men to swim ashore, thinking we were in deeper water (as was reported) than we really were. I suppose about fifteen were drowned and twenty-five killed and wounded, and one probably taken prisoner. This will sum up our whole loss. The boat sunk in about three fathoms of water; she lies level and can easily be raised, but lies within range of the enemy's batteries. The vessel went down with her colors nailed to her mast, or rather to the stump of one, all three having been shot away. Our fire, until the magazine was drowned, was good, and I am satisfied did damage. We only fired at a two-gun water-battery."

—THE Eleventh battery of Massachusetts volunteers, returned to Boston from the seat of war.

May 28.—The Eighth Illinois cavalry, under the command of Col. D. R. Clendenin, returned to the headquarters of the army of the Potomac, after a raid along the banks of the Rappahannock and Potomac Rivers below Fredericksburgh, Va. The regiment were on the scout for eleven days, during which time they captured five hundred horses and mules, destroyed twenty thousand pounds of bacon, and a large quantity of flour; burned one hundred sloops, yawls, ferry-boats, etc., laden with contraband goods, intended for the use of the rebels, and valued at one million dollars; and brought into camp eight hundred and ten negro men, women, and children, with a great deal of "personal" property, consisting of horses, mules, carts, clothing, etc., and also one hundred rebel prisoners, several of whom were officers of the rebel army.

—THERE was much excitement in Boston, on the occasion of the departure of the Fifty-fourth regiment, colored Massachusetts troops, for South-Carolina. This was the first negro regiment sent from the North.—A party of two hundred rebel cavalry made a descent in Kentucky, near Somerset, and captured a small number of Nationals belonging to Wofford's cavalry.—Elections in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., took place, resulting in the success of the Unionists.

—THE rebel steamer *Banshee*, ran the blockade of Wilmington, N. C.—*Richmond Examiner.*



MAJ. GEN. HIRAM G. BERRY

—TO-DAY a severe skirmish took place on the Little Black River, in the vicinity of Doniphan, Mo., between a force of National troops, under the command of Major Lippert, of the Thirteenth Illinois cavalry, and a numerically superior body of rebels, terminating, after a desperate contest of half an hour's duration, in the defeat of the Union force, with the loss of eighty of their number in killed, wounded, and missing.

May 29.—A detachment of the First Vermont cavalry had a skirmish near Thoroughfare Gap, Va. with a scouting-party of Stuart's cavalry, consisting of forty men, commanded by Captain Farleigh, of General Stuart's staff. The rebels fled precipitately, with the loss of one killed, two wounded, and one man taken prisoner. The Nationals had five horses wounded; but sustained no loss or casualty, with the exception of one man taken prisoner.—The Sixth regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, after two terms of service in the war, returned to Boston, where they were received with great enthusiasm.—*New-York Tribune.*

—BRIGADIER-GENERAL REED returned to Lake Providence, La., from an expedition into Mississippi. Three days ago he embarked with a portion of the First Kansas volunteers, and a regiment of Louisiana colored troops. Ascending the river ten miles, the troops landed near Moon Lake, from which place they advanced into the interior, and succeeded in capturing sixty head of cattle, and a large quantity of stores belonging to the rebels.

May 30.—This morning, at about half-past ten, the rebels attacked a train of sixteen cars from Alexandria, loaded with forage, about a mile and a half from Kettle Run, toward Warrenton Junction, Va. The Third brigade, under Colonel De Forrest, was stationed at Kettle Run, and the pickets were first notified of the enemy's presence by hearing heavy firing. A force was immediately sent in the direction of the firing, but too late to save the train, which was utterly demolished, the locomotive being pierced by two six-pound cannon-balls.—(*Doc.* 203.)

—GREAT excitement existed at Harper's Ferry, Md., and its vicinity, on account of the reported approach of the rebel General Lee, with a view of entering Maryland.—The Thirtieth regiment of New-York volunteers, under the command of Colonel William M. Searing, returned to Albany from the seat of war.—A rebel camp near Carth-

age, Tenn., was surprised by a party of the Twenty-sixth Ohio regiment, who captured twenty-two prisoners, and thirty-five horses, besides destroying all the camp equipage.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—A LARGE meeting was held at Newark, N. J., "by the Democracy of that city, to express their opposition to the recent arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham. There were six thousand persons present, and the sentiments uttered by the various speakers were heartily applauded." Speeches were made by A. J. Rogers, Eli P. Norton, Judge A. R. Speer, and General Theodore Runyon.—*New-York Daily News.*

—THE town of Tappahannock, on the right bank of the Rappahannock River, Va., was this day captured by four Union gunboats. A party of troops landed and carried off and destroyed a large amount of rebel stores, etc. They also captured a large quantity of personal property, and a number of negroes.

May 31.—A battle occurred in Lincoln County, Mo., between a large body of guerrillas, and the enrolled militia of the county, resulting in the defeat of the latter, with a loss of ten men.—The National gunboat Alert, lying at the navy-yard at Norfolk, Va., took fire this morning. The fire soon reaching her magazine, a shell exploded, which went through her bottom, and she sank immediately.—A cavalry reconnoissance was made from Somerset, Ky., to within four miles of Monticello, during which, sixteen rebels, with their arms and horses, were captured.

—A FORCE of Union cavalry, under the command of Colonel F. M. Cornyn, Tenth Missouri cavalry, returned to Corinth, Miss., after a successful raid into Alabama. They were absent five days, during which time, they had a fight (May twenty-seventh) with a body of rebel guerrillas, under Colonel Roddy, at Florence, Ala., routing them with considerable loss; they destroyed seven cotton factories, with all their contents, valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars; a number of steam flour-mills and saw-mills, a number of blacksmiths' shops, a large number of wagons, an immense quantity of powder, and other ammunition, and a large quantity of English-manufactured arms. The bridge at Florence, and a number of houses were burned, and the Nationals returned with six hundred head of horses, mules, and oxen, one hundred prisoners, and a large number of negroes.

DOCUMENTS AND NARRATIVES

Doc. 1.

THE INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

COLONEL A. K. McCLURE'S LETTER.

CHAMBERSBURGH, PA., October --, 1862.

I HAVE had a taste of rebel rule ; and, although not so bad as it might have been, my rather moderate love of adventure would not invite a repetition of it. I reached here on Friday evening to fill several political appointments in the county ; and, when I got off the cars, the telegraphic operator called me aside, and informed me that he had a report from Greencastle, of the rebels entering Mercersburgh. We agreed that it was preposterous, and thought it best not to make the report public and alarm our people needlessly. I supposed that a few cavalry had crossed the Potomac to forage somewhere on the route leading to Mercersburgh, but never, for a moment, credited their advent into that place. I came home, and after tea returned to the telegraph-office to ascertain whether the rebels had been over the Potomac at any point, and I was there met by two reliable men, who had narrowly escaped from the rebel cavalry seven miles west of this place. The telegraph-wire had also been cut west, and it was then manifest that we had but an hour to prepare for our new and novel visitors.

Our people were confounded with astonishment at the brilliant audacity of the rebels penetrating twenty miles in Gen. McClellan's rear ; but, however reckless or well devised on their part, the fact and the rebels were both staring our people in the face. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and in a little time citizens were seen running to and fro with their muskets ; but there was no organization, and no time to effect one. Col. Kennedy attempted to improvise mounted pickets for the several roads on which they might enter, but he had scarcely got his forces mounted until the clattering of hoofs was heard on the western pike, and in a few minutes the rebel advance was in the centre of the town. They stated that they bore a flag of truce, and wished to be taken to the commandant of the post.

I had just got word of the movement to Gov. Curtin and Gen. Brooks, at Hagerstown, when I was sent for to meet the distinguished strangers. A hasty message to Hagerstown and Harrisburgh,

stating that the town was about to be surrendered, closed telegraph communication, and Mr. Gilmore, the operator, prepared at once for the advent of his successors, and struck out along the line toward Harrisburgh with his instrument. I went up town to meet the flag of truce, and found a clever-looking "butternut," dripping wet, without any mark of rank, bearing a dirty white cloth on a little stick. He politely stated that he sought the commander or authorities of the town, and in the name of the general commanding the confederate forces, he demanded the surrender of the village. He refused to give his name, or the name of the general commanding, and he could not state on what terms they would accept a surrender. As I had no command other than the scattered and bewildered home guards—all brave enough, but entirely without drill or organization—and about three hundred wounded men in the hospitals, I acted with the citizens as one of them ; and it did not require a protracted council to determine that we could not successfully resist cavalry and artillery. So we concluded that the venerable village had to be consigned over to rebel keeping. We had been kindly allowed thirty minutes to decide, at the end of which time, we were informed, rebel artillery would demand submission in rather unpleasant tones. Col. T. B. Kennedy, (colonel by political brevet, like myself,) Judge Kimmell, provost-marshal, and your humble servant, mounted three stray horses, and filed in with the rebel escort, amidst a thunder of cheers for the Union and groans for the rebels, to meet we did not know whom, and to go we did not know where. Without umbrellas or overcoats, we had the full benefit of a drenching rain, and I must admit that we were treated with the utmost courtesy by our new associates. They conversed freely and without manifesting any degree of bravado.

After travelling a mile westward we were brought to a halt by a squad of mounted men, and informed that Gen. Hampton was one of the party, to whom we should address ourselves. It was so dark that I could not distinguish him from any of his men. Upon being informed that we were a committee of citizens, and that there was no organized force in the town, and no military commander at the post, he stated, in a respectful and soldier-like manner, that he commanded the advance of the confederate troops—

that he knew resistance would be vain, and he wished the citizens to be fully advised of his purpose, so as to avoid needless loss of life and wanton destruction of property. He said he had been fired upon at Mercersburgh and Campbells-town, and had great difficulty in restraining his troops. He assured us that he would scrupulously protect citizens — would allow no soldiers to enter public or private houses unless under command of an officer upon legitimate business—that he would take such private property as he needed for his government or troops, but that he would do so by men under officers who would allow no wanton destruction, and who would give receipts for the same, if desired, so that claim might be made therefor against the United States Government. All property belonging to or used by the United States, he stated, he would use or destroy at his pleasure, and the wounded in hospitals would be paroled. Being a United States officer myself, I naturally felt some anxiety to know what my fate would be if he should discover me, and I modestly suggested that there might be some United States officers in the town in charge of wounded, stores, or of recruiting offices, and asked what disposition would be made of them. He answered that he would parole them, unless he should have special reasons for not doing so, and he instructed us that none such should be notified by us to leave town. Here I was in an interesting situation. If I remained, there might, in Gen. Hampton's opinion, be "special reasons" for not paroling me, and the fact that he had several citizens of Mercersburgh with him as prisoners did not diminish my apprehensions. If I should leave, as I had ample opportunity afterwards to do, I might be held as violating my own agreement, and to what extent my family and property might suffer in consequence, conjecture had a very wide range. With sixty acres of corn in shock, and three barns full of grain, excellent farm and saddle-horses, and a number of best blooded cattle, the question of property was worthy of a thought. I resolved to stay, as I felt so bound by the terms of surrender, and take my chances of discovery and parole.

The committee went through the form of a grave but brief consultation, somewhat expedited, perhaps, by the rain, and we then solemnly and formally surrendered the town upon the terms proposed. True, the stipulations were but verbal, and but one side able to enforce them; but the time, the weather, the place, and our surroundings generally were not favorable to a treaty in form, and history must therefore be without it. We asked permission to go a little in advance of his forces to prepare our people for the sudden transition from the stars and stripes to the stars and bars. Gen. Hampton permitted my associates to do so, but detailed me to pilot his advance-guard at once to the telegraph office. I performed the duty assigned me with no great compunctions, as I had seen Mr. Gilmore, the operator, begin to "fix up" for them fully an hour before, and the rebel that outwits him must take a very early start. Messrs. Kennedy and Kimmell proceeded

to town to get the people to retire peaceably and prevent any provoking demonstrations; and so rebel rule began at Chambersburgh. They marched in very orderly, and most of their force started out different roads to procure horses, forage, and provisions.

I started in advance of them for my house, but not in time to save the horses. I confidently expected to be overrun by them, and to find the place one scene of desolation in the morning. I resolved, however, that things should be done soberly, if possible, and I had just time to destroy all the liquors about the house. As their pickets were all around me, I could not get it off. A barrel of best old rye, which Senator Finney had sent me to prove the superiority of the Crawford County article over that of Franklin, was quietly rolled out of a cellar side-door, and a good-sized hole bored into it. A keg of Oberholtzer's best, sent me several years ago, but never tapped, followed Finney's testimonial to Crawford County distillation; and a couple cases of Presbury's best Girard House importation had the necks of the bottles taken off summarily, and the contents given to the angry storm. I finished just in time, for they were soon out upon me in force, and every horse in the barn — ten in all — was promptly equipped and mounted by a rebel cavalryman. They passed on towards Shippensburgh, leaving a picket-force on the road.

In an hour they returned with all the horses they could find, and dismounted to spend the night on the turnpike in front of my door. It was now midnight, and I sat on the porch observing their movements. They had my best corn-field beside them, and their horses fared well. In a little while, one entered the yard, came up to me, and, after a profound bow, politely asked for a few coals to start a fire. I supplied him, and informed him as blandly as possible where he would find wood conveniently, as I had dim visions of camp-fires made of my palings. I was thanked in return, and the mild-mannered villain proceeded at once to strip the fence and kindle fires. Soon after, a squad came and asked permission to get some water. I piloted them to the pump, and again received a profusion of thanks.

Communication having thus been opened between us, squads followed each other closely for water, but each called and asked permission before getting it, and promptly left the yard. I was somewhat bewildered at this uniform courtesy, and supposed it but a prelude to a general movement upon every thing eatable in the morning. It was not a grateful reflection that my beautiful mountain trout, from twelve to twenty inches long, sporting in the spring, would probably grace the rebel breakfast-table; that the blooded calves in the yard beside them would most likely go with the trout; and the dwarf pears had, I felt assured, abundant promise of early relief from their golden burdens.

About one o'clock, half a dozen officers came to the door and asked to have some coffee made for them, offering to pay liberally for it in confederate

scrip. After concluding a treaty with them on behalf of the colored servants, coffee was promised them, and they then asked for a little bread with it. They were wet and shivering, and seeing a bright, open wood-fire in the library, they asked permission to enter and warm themselves until their coffee should be ready, assuring me that under no circumstances should any thing in the house be disturbed by their men. I had no alternative but to accept them as my guests until it might please them to depart, and I did so with as good grace as possible.

Once seated around the fire, all reserve seemed to be forgotten on their part, and they opened a general conversation on politics, the war, the different battles, the merits of generals in both armies, etc. They spoke with entire freedom upon every subject but their movement into Chambersburgh. Most of them were men of more than ordinary intelligence and culture, and their demeanor was in all respects eminently courteous. I took a cup of coffee with them, and have seldom seen any thing more keenly relished. They said they had not tasted coffee for weeks before, and then they had paid from six dollars to ten dollars per pound for it. When they were through, they asked whether there was any coffee left, and finding that there was some, they proposed to bring some more officers and a few privates who were prostrated by exposure to get what was left. They were, of course, as welcome as those present, and on they came in squads of five or more, until every grain of browned coffee was exhausted. They then asked for tea, and that was served to some twenty more.

In the mean time, a subordinate officer had begged of me a little bread for himself and a few men, and he was supplied in the kitchen. He was followed by others in turn, until nearly an hundred had been supplied with something to eat or drink. All, however, politely asked permission to enter the house, and behaved with entire propriety. They did not make a single rude or profane remark, even to the servants. In the mean time, the officers, who had first entered the house, had filled their pipes from the box of Killickinick on the mantle—after being assured that smoking was not offensive—and we had another hour of a free talk on matters generally. When told that I was a decided Republican, they thanked me for being candid; but when, in reply to their inquiries, I told them that I cordially sustained the President's emancipation proclamation, they betrayed a little nervousness, but did not for a moment forget their propriety. They admitted it to be the most serious danger that has yet threatened them, but they were all hopeful that it would not be sustained in the North with sufficient unanimity to enforce it.

Their conversation on this point bore a striking similarity to the speeches of Frank Hughes and Charles J. Biddle; and had you heard them converse, without seeing them, you would have supposed that I was having a friendly confab with a little knot of Pennsylvania Breckinridge politicians. Of the two, I am sure, you would have

respected the rebels the most; for they are open foes, and seal their convictions with their lives, and they openly avow their greater respect for open, unqualified supporters of the war over those who oppose every war measure, profess fraternal sympathy with the South, and yet say they are in favor of preserving the Union. They all declared themselves heartily sick of the war, but determined never to be reunited with the North.

At four o'clock in the morning the welcome blast of the bugle was heard, and they rose hurriedly to depart. Thanking me for the hospitality they had received, we parted mutually expressing the hope that should we ever meet again, it would be under more pleasant circumstances. In a few minutes they were mounted and moved into Chambersburgh. About seven o'clock I went into town, and found that the First brigade, under General Hampton, had gone toward Gettysburgh. Gen. Stuart sat on his horse in the centre of the town, surrounded by his staff, and his command was coming in from the country in large squads, leading their old horses and riding the new ones they had found in the stables hereabouts. General Stuart is of medium size, has a keen eye, and wears immense sandy whiskers and moustache. His demeanor to our people was that of a humane soldier. In several instances his men commenced to take private property from stores, but they were arrested by General Stuart's provost-guard. In a single instance only, that I have heard of, did they enter a store by intimidating the proprietor. All our shops and stores were closed, and, with a very few exceptions, were not disturbed.

There were considerable Government stores here—some two hundred pairs of shoes, a few boxes of clothing, and a large quantity of ammunition captured recently from General Longstreet. It was stored in the warehouses of Wunderlich & Nead. About eleven o'clock their rear-guard was ready to leave, and they notified the citizens residing near the warehouses to remove their families, as they were going to burn all public property. The railroad station-house, machine-shops, round house, and the warehouses, filled with ammunition, were then fired, and the last of the rebels fled the town. In a little time a terrific explosion told that the flames had reached the powder, and for hours shells were exploding with great rapidity. The fire companies came out as soon as the rebels left, but could not save any of the buildings fired because of the shells. They saved all others, however.

So ended a day of rebel rule in Chambersburgh. They took some eight hundred horses from our people, and destroyed, perhaps, one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property for the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company, probably five thousand dollars for Wunderlich & Nead, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the Government. Our people generally feel that, bad as they are, they are not so bad as they might be. I presume that the cavalry we had with us are the flower of the rebel army. They are made up mainly of young men in Virginia, who owned fine

horses, and have had considerable culture. I should not like to risk a similar experiment with their infantry. I was among them all the time here, and was expecting every minute to be called upon to report to Gen. Stuart; but they did not seem to have time to look after prisoners, and I luckily escaped. But from the fact that I can't find a horse about the barn, and that my fence is stripped of paling to remind me of the reality of the matter, it would seem like a dream. It was so unexpected—so soon over—that our people had hardly time to appreciate it.

They crossed the South-Mountain about eleven to-day, on the Gettysburgh pike, but where they will go from there is hard to conjecture. They are evidently aiming to recross the Potomac at or near Edwards's Ferry; and, if so, Gettysburgh may escape, as they may go by Millerstown to Emmettsburgh. If they should recross below Harper's Ferry, they will owe their escape to the stupidity or want of energy of our military leaders, for they were advised in due season of the rebel route.

Hoping that I shall never again be called upon to entertain a circle of rebels around my fireside, believe me, truly thine,
A. K. McCLURE.

ANOTHER NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

CHAMBERSBURGH, October 11, 1862.

There are doubtless many vague rumors afloat respecting the recent raid of Stuart's cavalry into Pennsylvania. To the citizens of Chambersburgh, it became a stern reality before they had time to become much frightened or panic-stricken. It was rumored on the streets at five o'clock P.M., on Friday last that the rebels were in St. Thomas, a village seven miles west on the Pittsburgh turnpike. The rumor seemed to attract but little attention. All believed that such could not be the case, since the Potomac River in that direction was occupied by Union troops. The tale soon changed, however, and our citizens found that instead of enjoying wonted peace and security, gentlemen of known respectability came dashing into town at full speed, bringing the unwelcome news. The court-house bell was rung, the drums were beat, and the home guards called. The citizens seemed reluctant about shouldering their guns. They consulted about the propriety of resistance, and conjectured as to the probable force of the enemy. Some seemed to think they would not attack Chambersburgh before morning, and that during the night forces could be procured from abroad. It was concluded, however, to throw out pickets, and while the home guards were marched out to be distributed for this purpose, a flag of truce by the enemy was brought into town, demanding its surrender. The officer accompanying the flag of truce reported their forces at one thousand five hundred cavalry, with a full battery of artillery. They reported their guns planted and ready for action, in case there should not be an immediate surrender. This, to the citizens of Chambersburgh, was quite as surprising as a most terrible earthquake would have been. What to do was the question. Shall we

surrender, or shall we not? Many said, surrender, and others, no, not on any terms. The matter was considered. What could we do? There were not more than five hundred muskets distributed among the citizens. Some had a small quantity of ammunition, and others had none. There was no way of arriving at a fair estimate of the enemy's forces. Numerous inquiries crowded upon the mind, each of some importance, and all demanding a decision. A committee of three was sent with the bearer of the flag of truce to confer with the officer in command. It was agreed that the town surrender, but that the enemy protect the families of our citizens, private property, and respect the men. The citizens went to their homes feeling much humiliated at what the stern hand of necessity required them to do. To surrender to the rebels without striking a single blow in self-defence was indeed hard; but when the cannon's gaping mouth pictured bloodshed, devastation, and ruin before us, prudence dictated what course to pursue.

But a few moments elapsed until the clattering of hoofs announced that Stuart's cavalry were taking possession of our town. In they came, without any noisy demonstration whatever. Occasionally some one would whisper a little loud: "Hurrah for Southern Rights." Another would ask: "Have you ever heard of Stuart's cavalry? This is it." Another would ride up and ask for a drink of whisky, and offer "the silver for it."

They halted in the principal streets, and stood for some time, but the object of this waiting soon became apparent. Here came one out of an alley with a valuable horse of a neighbor's; here came another with a few more horses, and thus it continued until the stables of our citizens had been broken open and their horses stolen. They then went out of town and quartered for the night. No houses were broken open, and none of the families of our citizens disturbed. We were treated much better than we had expected we would be. But one of our business men had his store broken open—a shoe-store. They took from it ladies' and children's shoes to the value of three or four hundred dollars. On Saturday morning, they commenced plundering the warehouses, etc. They destroyed considerable property of some of our forwarding and commission men. They discovered arms, ammunition, and army clothing in some of these buildings. They took the clothing, threw their old sabres away and took new ones, exchanged pistols, and took as much ammunition as they could conveniently carry. They then set fire to the dépôt, several warehouses, a large machine-shop, and burned them to the ground. The consternation this created was no little. The citizens all knew of the large quantities of ammunition these houses contained, and much of it was shell. The frequent explosion of these deadly missiles kept the citizens in their houses, and thus prevented them from doing any thing that might check the progress of the fire. It had rained the day and night before, and the buildings were wet, consequently no other buildings were destroyed, ex-

cept several stables in the immediate neighborhood of the dépôt and warehouses. After these buildings were enveloped in flames, our rebel visitors departed in the direction of Gettysburgh. There was not a farmer within miles of their course that they did not visit, robbing every farmer of all his horses. The horses they took from our county, the property they destroyed, and buildings they burned, we think can reasonably be estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand. We conversed with two or three of them upon the street, and they candidly acknowledged that Lincoln's last proclamation was more to be dreaded by them than any other steps yet taken by our Government. Several of them are men of education, and converse freely upon the great issue involved in the war.

We have now forces enough to give them an unpleasant reception. Should they retreat this way we think none could escape to tell the tale.

E. S. W.

QUARTERMASTER ASHMEAD'S LETTER.

CHAMBERSBURGH, October 14.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Press:

SIR: The account in one of your contemporaries of public property taken and destroyed at this place by the rebel cavalry, is so exaggerated that I feel compelled to give you a correct account.

There were but two hundred suits of United States uniforms on hand, being the balance of a lot which had been sent here for distribution among the hospital patients, besides about fifty articles of condemned clothing; but even these latter the rebels were glad to exchange for their own still worse ones. They destroyed four hundred and sixty-eight boxes of confederate ammunition, which had been previously captured by our forces from Gen. Longstreet's train; but this was almost worthless, as was evidenced by the fact of the little damage made by its explosion.

From the time I got word that the rebels were approaching until they entered the town, was not an hour. And even in that short interval, I obtained the services of a number of men to remove the articles into the cars, but the railroad company could not furnish me with cars. I secured the safety of my papers, horses and mules, and remained in town and witnessed their entrance and departure, without removing my uniform, or being captured or paroled. There were, probably, seven hundred muskets, two hundred sabres, four hundred pistols, and a lot of accoutrements belonging to the State, which were also taken or destroyed.

ALBERT S. ASHMEAD,

Acting Assistant-Quartermaster.

REBEL REPORTS AND NARRATIVES

GENERAL LEE'S DESPATCHES AND ORDERS.

WINCHESTER, VA., October 14.

Hon. G. W. Randolph:

The cavalry expedition to Pennsylvania has returned safe. They passed through Mercersburgh, Chambersburgh, Emmitsburgh, Liberty, New-Market, Hyattstown, and Barnesville. The expedition crossed the Potomac above Williams-

port, and recrossed at White's Ford, making the entire circuit, cutting the enemy's communication, destroying arms, etc., and obtaining many recruits.

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
October 18, 1862. }

General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General:

GENERAL: In forwarding the report of Major-Gen. Stuart of his expedition into Pennsylvania, I take occasion to express to the Department my sense of the boldness, judgment, and prudence he displayed in its execution, and cordially join with him in his commendations of the conduct and endurance of the brave men he commanded. To his skill and their fortitude, under the guidance of an overruling providence, is their success due.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., October 8, 1862. }

Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, Commanding Cavalry, etc.:

GENERAL: An expedition into Maryland with a detachment of cavalry, if it can be successfully executed, is at this time desirable. You will, therefore, form a detachment of from twelve to fifteen hundred well-mounted men, suitable for such an expedition, and should the information from your scouts lead you to suppose that your movement can be concealed from bodies of the enemy that would be able to resist it, you are desired to cross the Potomac above Williamsport, leave Hagerstown and Greencastle on your right, and proceed to the rear of Chambersburgh, and endeavor to destroy the railroad bridge over the branch of the Coneoheague.

Any other damage that you can inflict upon the enemy or his means of transportation you will also execute. You are desired to gain all information of the position, force, and probable intention of the enemy which you can; and in your progress into Pennsylvania you will take measures to inform yourself of the various routes that you may take on your return to Virginia.

To keep your movement secret, it will be necessary for you to arrest all citizens that may give information to the enemy, and should you meet with citizens of Pennsylvania holding State or Government offices, it will be desirable, if convenient, to bring them with you, that they may be used as hostages, or the means of exchanges for our own citizens that have been carried off by the enemy. Such persons will, of course, be treated with all the respect and consideration that circumstances will admit.

Should it be in your power to supply yourself with horses, or other necessary articles on the list of legal captured, you are authorized to do so.

Having accomplished your errand, you will rejoin the army as soon as practicable. Reliance is placed upon your skill and judgment in the successful execution of this plan, and it is not intended or desired that you should jeopardize

the safety of your command, or go farther than your good judgment or prudence may dictate.

Col. Imboden has been desired to attract the attention of the enemy toward Cumberland, so that the river between that point and where you may recross may be less guarded. You will, of course, keep out your scouts, to give you information, and take every other precaution to secure the success and safety of the expedition.

Should you be led so far east as to make it better, in your opinion, to continue around to the Potomac, you will have to cross the river in the vicinity of Leesburgh.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

Official—R. H. CHILTON,
A. A. General.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION, }
October 9, 1862. }

SOLDIERS: You are about to engage in an enterprise which, to insure success, imperatively demands at your hands, coolness, decision, and bravery—implicit obedience to orders, without question or cavil, and the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in bivouac.

The destination and extent of this expedition had better be kept to myself than known to you. Suffice it to say, that with the hearty coöperation of officers and men, I have not a doubt of its success—a success which will reflect credit in the highest degree upon your arms.

The orders which are herewith published for your government are absolutely necessary, and must be rigidly enforced.

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION, }
October 9, 1862. }

ORDERS No. 13:

During the expedition into the enemy's country, on which this command is about to engage, brigade commanders will make arrangements for seizing horses, the property of citizens of the United States, and all other property subject to legal capture, provided that in no case will any species of property be taken except by authority given in person or in writing of the commander of brigade, regiment, or captain of a company in the absence of his superior officers. In all cases, a simple receipt will be given to the effect that the article is seized for the use of the confederate States, giving place, date, and name of owners, in order to enable the individual to have recourse upon his Government for damages.

Individual plunder for private use is positively forbidden, and every instance must be punished in the severest manner, for an army of plunderers consummates its own destruction. The capture of any thing will not give the captor any individual claim, and all horses and equipments will be kept to be apportioned upon the return of the expedition, through the entire division. Brigade commanders will arrange to have one third of their respective commands engaged in leading horses, provided enough can be procured, each

man linking so as to lead three horses, the led horses being habitually in the centre of the brigade, and the remaining two thirds will keep, at all times, prepared for action.

The attack, when made, must be vigorous and overwhelming, giving the enemy no time to reconnoitre or consider any thing, except his best means of flight. All persons found in transit must be detained, subject to the orders of division provost-marshal, to prevent information reaching the enemy. As a measure of justice to our many good citizens, who, without crime, have been taken from their homes and kept by the enemy in prison, all public functionaries, such as magistrates, postmasters, sheriffs, etc., will be seized as prisoners. They will be kindly treated, and kept as hostages for our own. No straggling from the route of march or bivouac for the purpose of obtaining provisions, etc., will be permitted in any case, the commissaries and quartermasters being required to obtain and furnish all such supplies in bulk as may be necessary.

So much of this order as authorizes seizures of persons and property, will not take effect until the command crosses the Pennsylvania line.

The utmost activity is enjoined upon the detachments procuring horses, and unceasing vigilance upon the entire command.

Major J. P. W. Hairston is hereby appointed Division Provost-Marshal.

By command of Major-General
J. E. B. STUART.

R. CHANNING PRICE,
First Lieutenant and A. D. C.

GENERAL STUART'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION, }
October 14, 1862. }

Col. R. H. Chilton, A. A. General Army Northern Virginia:

COLONEL: I have the honor to report that on the ninth instant, in compliance with instructions from the commanding general army Northern Virginia, I proceeded on an expedition into Pennsylvania, with a cavalry force of one thousand eight hundred men and four pieces of horse-artillery, under command of Brig.-Gen. Hampton and Colonels W. H. F. Lee and Jones. This force rendezvoused at Darksville at twelve m., and marched thence to the vicinity of Hedgesville, where it camped for the night. At daylight next morning (October tenth) I crossed the Potomac at McCoy's (between Williamsport and Hancock) with some little opposition, capturing some two or three horses of the enemy's pickets. We were told here by citizens that a large force had been camped the night before at Clearspring, and were supposed to be *en route* to Cumberland. We proceeded northward until we had reached the turnpike leading from Hagerstown to Hancock, (known as the National Road.) Here a signal station on the mountain, and most of the party, with their flags and apparatus, were surprised and captured, and also eight or ten prisoners of war, from whom, as well as from citizens, I found that the large force alluded to had crossed but an hour ahead of me toward Cumberland, and con-

sisted of six regiments of Ohio troops and two batteries, under Gen. Cox, and were *en route* via Cumberland for the Kanawha. I sent back this intelligence at once to the Commanding General. Striking directly across the National road, I proceeded in the direction of Mercersburgh, Pennsylvania, which point was reached about twelve M. I was extremely anxious to reach Hagerstown, where large supplies were stored; but was satisfied from reliable information that the notice the enemy had of my approach and the proximity of his forces, would enable him to prevent my capturing it. I therefore turned toward Chambersburgh. I did not reach this point till after dark, in a rain. I did not deem it safe to defer the attack till morning, nor was it proper to attack a place full of women and children without summoning it first to surrender.

I accordingly sent in a flag of truce, and found no military or civil authority in the place; but some prominent citizens who met the officer were notified that the place would be occupied, and if any resistance were made the place would be shelled in three minutes. Brig.-General Wade Hampton's command being in advance, took possession of the place, and I appointed him military governor of the city. No incidents occurred during the night, during which it rained continuously. The officials all fled the town on our approach, and no one could be found who would admit that he held office in the place. About two hundred and seventy-five sick and wounded in hospital were paroled. During the day a large number of horses of citizens were seized and brought along. The wires were cut, and railroads were obstructed. Next morning it was ascertained that a large number of small arms and munitions of war were stored about the railroad buildings, all of which that could not be easily brought away were destroyed—consisting of about five thousand new muskets, pistols, sabres, ammunition, also a large assortment of army clothing. The extensive machine-shops and *dépôt* buildings of the railroad and several trains of loaded cars were entirely destroyed.

From Chambersburgh I decided, after mature consideration, to strike for the vicinity of Leesburgh as the best route of return, particularly as Cox's command would have rendered the direction of Cumberland, full of mountain gorges, particularly hazardous. The route selected was through an open country. Of course I left nothing undone to prevent the inhabitants from detecting my real route and object. I started directly towards Gettysburgh, but having passed the Blue Ridge, turned back towards Hagerstown for six or eight miles, and then crossed to Maryland by Emmetsburgh, when, as we passed, we were hailed by the inhabitants with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. A scouting-party of one hundred and fifty lancers had just passed toward Gettysburgh, and I regret exceedingly that my march did not admit of the delay necessary to catch them. Taking the road toward Frederick, we intercepted despatches from Col. Rush (Lan-

cers) to the commander of the scout, which satisfied me that our whereabouts was still a problem to the enemy.

Before reaching Frederick I crossed the Monocacy, continued the march through the night, *via* Liberty, New-Market, Monrovia, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where we cut the telegraph-wires and obstructed the railroad. We reached at daylight Hyattstown, on McClellan's line of wagon communication with Washington, but we found only a few wagons to capture, and we pushed on to Barnsville, which we found just vacated by a company of the enemy's cavalry. We had here corroborated what we had heard before, that Stoneman had between four and five thousand troops about Poolesville and guarding the river fords. I started directly for Poolesville, but instead of marching upon that point avoided it by a march through the woods, leaving it two or three miles to my left, and getting into the road from Poolesville to the mouth of the Monocacy. Guarding well my flanks and rear, I pushed boldly forward, meeting the head of the enemy's column going toward Poolesville.

I ordered the charge, which was responded to in handsome style by the advance squadron (Irving's) of Lee's brigade, which drove back the enemy's cavalry upon the column of infantry advancing to occupy the crest from which the cavalry were driven. Quick as thought Lee's sharpshooters sprang to the ground, and, engaging the infantry skirmishers, held them in check till the artillery in advance came up, which, under the gallant Pelham, drove back the enemy's force to his batteries beyond the Monocacy, between which and our solitary gun quite a spirited fire continued for some time. This answered, in connection with the high crest occupied by our piece, to screen entirely my real movement quickly to the left, making a bold and rapid strike for White's Ford, to make my way across before the enemy at Poolesville and Monocacy could be aware of my design. Although delayed somewhat by about two hundred infantry, strongly posted in the cliffs over the ford, yet they yielded to the moral effect of a few shells before engaging our sharpshooters, and the crossing of the canal (now dry) and river was effected with all the precision of passing a defile on drill.

A section of artillery being sent with the advance and placed in position on the Loudon side, another piece on the Maryland height, while Pelham continued to occupy the attention of the enemy with the other, withdrawing from position to position until his piece was ordered to cross. The enemy was marching from Poolesville in the mean time, but came up in line of battle on the Maryland bank only to receive a thundering salutation, with evident effect from our guns on this side. I lost not a man killed on the expedition, and only a few slight wounds. The enemy's loss is not known, but Pelham's one gun compelled the enemy's battery to change its position three times. The remainder of the march was destitute of interest. The conduct of the command and their

behavior toward the inhabitants is worthy of the highest praise; a few individual cases only were exceptions in this particular.

Brig.-Gen. Hampton and Colonels Lee, Jones, Wickham, and Butler, and the officers and men under their command, are entitled to my lasting gratitude for their coolness in danger and cheerful obedience to orders. Unoffending persons were treated with civility, and the inhabitants were generous in proffers of provisions on the march. We seized and brought over a large number of horses, the property of citizens of the United States.

The valuable information obtained in this reconnaissance as to the distribution of the enemy's force was communicated orally to the Commanding General, and need not here be repeated. A number of public functionaries and prominent citizens were taken captives and brought over as hostages for our own unoffending citizens whom the enemy has torn from their homes and confined in dungeons in the North. One or two of my men lost their way, and are probably in the hands of the enemy.

The results of this expedition in a moral and political point of view can hardly be estimated, and the consternation among property-holders in Pennsylvania beggars description.

I am especially indebted to Capt. B. S. White, South-Carolina cavalry, and to Mr. —, and Mr. —, whose skilful guidance was of immense service to me. My staff are entitled to my thanks for untiring energy in the discharge of their duties.

I enclose a map of the expedition, drawn by Captain W. W. Blackford, to accompany this report. Also, a copy of orders enforced during the march.

Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General Commanding Cavalry.

Doc. 2.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S REPORT

OF THE OPERATIONS AFTER THE EVACUATION OF HARRISON'S LANDING.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
October 15, 1862. }

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit a preliminary report of the military operations under my charge since the evacuation of Harrison's Landing.

The measure directed by the General-in-Chief was executed successfully with entire safety to my command and its material, between the fourteenth and nineteenth of August. The line of withdrawal selected was that of the mouth of the Chickahominy, Williamsburgh, and Yorktown.

Upon this line the main body of the army with all its trains was moved, Heintzelman's corps crossing the Chickahominy at Jones's Bridge, and covering by its march the movement of the main column. The passage of the Lower Chickahominy was effected by means of a batteau bridge two thousand feet in length. The transfer of the army to Yorktown was completed by the nineteenth of August. The embarkation of the troops and material at Yorktown and Fortress Monroe was at once commenced, and as rapidly as the means of transportation admitted, every thing was sent forward to Aquia Creek and Alexandria. No mere sketch of an undertaking of such magnitude and yet so delicate a military character will suffice to do justice. I must now, however, content myself with a simple notice of it, deferring a full description for my official report of the campaign before Richmond—a labor which I propose to undertake as soon as events will afford me the necessary time. Justice to the achievements of the Army of the Potomac, and the brave men who composed it, requires that the official record of that campaign should be prepared with more care than circumstances have hitherto permitted me to bestow upon it. The delay will not have been felt as injurious to the public interest, inasmuch as by frequent reports from time to time I have kept the Department advised of events as they occurred.

I reached Aquia Creek with my staff on the twenty-fourth of August, reported my arrival, and asked for orders. On the twenty-seventh of August I received from the General-in-Chief permission to proceed to Alexandria, where I at once fixed my headquarters. The troops composing the army of the Potomac were meanwhile ordered forward to reënforce the army under Gen. Pope. So completely was this order carried out, that on the thirtieth of August I had remaining under my command only a camp-guard of about one hundred men. Every thing else had been sent to reënforce Gen. Pope. In addition, I exhausted all the means at my disposal to forward supplies to that officer, my own headquarter teams even being used for that purpose.

Upon the unfortunate issue of that campaign, I received an intimation from the General-in-Chief that my services were desired for the purpose of arranging for the defence of the capital. They were at once cheerfully given, although, while awaiting definite instructions at Alexandria, I had endeavored, as just seen, to promote a favorable result in the operations then pending, and had thus contributed, though indirectly, yet as far as I could, to the defence of Washington. On the second of September the formal order of the War Department placed me in command of the fortifications of Washington, "and of all the troops for the defence of the capital." On the first of September I had been instructed that I had nothing to do with the troops engaged in active operations under Gen. Pope, but that my command was limited to the immediate garrison of Washington. On the next day, however, I was verbally instructed by the President and

General-in-Chief to assume command of General Pope's troops, (including my own army of the Potomac,) as soon as they approached the vicinity of Washington, to go out and meet them and to post them as I deemed best to repulse the enemy and insure the safety of the city.

At this time the task imposed upon me was limited to the dispositions necessary to resist a direct attack of the enemy upon the capital. Such, indeed, was the danger naturally indicated by the defeat of our forces in front. The various garrisons were at once strengthened and put in order, and the troops were disposed to cover all the approaches to the city, and so as to be readily thrown upon threatened points. New defences were thrown up where deemed necessary. A few days only had elapsed before comparative security was felt with regard to our ability to resist any attack upon the city. The disappearance of the enemy from the front of Washington and their passage into Maryland enlarged the sphere of operations, and made an active campaign necessary to cover Baltimore, prevent the invasion of Pennsylvania, and drive them out of Maryland. Being honored with the charge of this campaign, I entered at once upon the additional duties imposed upon me with cheerfulness and trust, yet not without feeling the weight of the responsibilities thus assumed, and being deeply impressed with the magnitude of the issues involved.

Having made the necessary arrangements for the defence of the city in the new condition of things, I pushed forward the First and Ninth corps, under Generals Reno and Hooker, forming the right wing under General Burnside, to Leesburgh, on the fifth instant; thence, the First corps, by Brooksville, Cooksville, and Ridgeville, to Frederick, and the Ninth corps, by Damascus, on New-Market and Frederick. The Second and Eleventh corps, under Generals Sumner and Williams, on the sixth were moved from Tenallytown to Rockville, thence by Middlebury and Urbana on Frederick, the Eleventh corps moving by a lateral road between Urbana and New-Market, thus maintaining the communication between the centre and right wing, as well as covering the direct route from Frederick to Washington. The Sixth corps, under Gen. Franklin, was moved to Darnestown on the sixth instant, thence by Dawsonville and Barnsville on Buckeystown, covering the road from the mouth of the Monocacy to Rockville, and being in position to connect with and support the centre should it have been necessary (as was supposed) to force the line of the Monocacy. Couch's division was thrown forward to Offut's Cross-Roads and Poolesville by the river road, thus covering that approach, watching the fords of the Potomac, and ultimately following and supporting the Sixth corps. The object of these movements was to feel the enemy—to compel him to develop his intentions—at the same time that the troops were in position readily to cover Baltimore or Washington, to attack him should he hold the line of the Monocacy, or to follow him into Pennsylvania

if necessary. On the twelfth, a portion of the right wing entered Frederick after a brisk skirmish at the outskirts of the city and in its streets. On the thirteenth, the main bodies of the right wing and centre passed through Frederick. In this city the manifestations of Union feeling were abundant and gratifying. The troops received the most enthusiastic welcome at the hands of the inhabitants. On the thirteenth, the advance, consisting of Pleasanton's cavalry and horse artillery, after some skirmishing, cleared the main passage over the Catoctin Hills, leaving no serious obstruction to the movement of the main body until the base of the South-Mountain range was reached.

While at Frederick, on the thirteenth, I obtained reliable information of the movements and intentions of the enemy, which made it clear that it was necessary to force the passage of the South-Mountain range and gain possession of Boonsboro and Rohrer'sville before any relief could be afforded to Harper's Ferry.

On the morning of the thirteenth I received a verbal message from Col. Miles, commanding at Harper's Ferry, informing me that on the preceding afternoon the Maryland Heights had been abandoned, after repelling an attack by the rebels, and that the whole force was concentrated at Harper's Ferry, the Maryland, Loudon and Bolivar Heights being all in possession of the enemy. The messenger stated that there was no apparent reason for the abandonment of the Maryland Heights, and that, though Col. Miles asked for assistance, he said he could hold out certainly two days. I directed him to make his way back, if possible, with the information that I was rapidly approaching, and would undoubtedly relieve the place. By three other couriers I sent the same message, with the order to hold out to the last. I do not learn that any of these messengers succeeded in reaching Harper's Ferry. I should here state that on the twelfth I was directed to assume command of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, but this order reached me after all communication with the garrison was cut off. Before I left Washington, and while it was yet time, I recommended to the proper authorities that the garrison of Harper's Ferry should be withdrawn *via* Hagerstown, to aid in covering the Cumberland Valley, or that, taking up the pontoon bridge and obstructing the railroad bridge, it should fall back to the Maryland Heights, and there hold its own to the last. In this position it could have maintained itself for weeks. It was not deemed proper to adopt either of these suggestions, and when the subject was left to my discretion it was too late to do any thing except to try to relieve the garrison.

I directed artillery to be frequently fired by our advanced guards as a signal to the garrison that relief was at hand. This was done, and I learn that our firing was distinctly heard at Harper's Ferry, and that they were thus made aware that we were approaching rapidly. It was confidently expected that this place could hold out until we had carried the mountains, and were in a po-

sition to make a detachment for its relief. The left, therefore, was ordered to move through Jefferson to the South-Mountains, at Crampton's Pass, in front of Burkettsville, while the centre and right moved upon the main or Turner's Pass, in front of Middletown. During these movements I had not imposed long marches on the columns. The absolute necessity of refitting and giving some little rest to troops worn down by previous long-continued marching and severe fighting, together with the uncertainty as to the actual position, strength and intentions of the enemy, rendered it incumbent upon me to move slowly and cautiously until the headquarters reached Urbana, where I first obtained reliable information that the enemy's object was to move upon Harper's Ferry and the Cumberland Valley, and not upon Baltimore, Washington or Gettysburgh.

In the absence of the full reports of corps commanders, a simple outline of the brilliant operations, which resulted in the carrying of the two passes through the South-Mountains, is all that can, at this time, with justice to the troops and commanders engaged, be furnished. The South-Mountain range, near Turner's Pass, averages perhaps a thousand feet in height, and forms a strong natural military barrier. The practicable passes are not numerous, and are readily defensible, the gaps abounding in fine positions. Turner's Pass is the more prominent, being that by which the national road crosses the mountains. It was necessarily indicated as the route of advance of our main army.

The carrying of Crampton's Pass some five or six miles below, was also important to furnish the means of reaching the flank of the enemy, and having as a lateral movement, direct relations to the attack on the principal pass, while it at the same time presented the most direct practical route for the relief of Harper's Ferry. Early in the morning of the fourteenth instant, General Pleasanton, with a cavalry force, reconnoitred the position of the enemy, whom he discovered to occupy the crests of commanding hills in the gap on either side of the national road, and upon advantageous ground in the centre upon and near the road, with artillery bearing upon all the approaches to their position, whether that by the main road or those by the country roads which led around up to the crest upon the right and left. At about eight o'clock A.M., Cox's division of Reno's corps, a portion of Burnside's column, in coöperation with the reconnoissance, which by this time had become an attack, moved up the mountain by the old Sharpsburgh road to the left of the main road, dividing as they advanced into two columns. These columns (Scammon's and Cook's brigades) handsomely carried the enemy's position on the crest in their front, which gave us possession of an important point for further operations. Fresh bodies of the enemy now appearing, Cox's position, though held stubbornly, became critical, and between twelve and one o'clock P.M. Wilcox's division of Reno's corps was sent forward by Gen. Burnside to

support Cox, and between two and three P.M. Sturgis's division was sent up.

The contest was maintained with perseverance until dark, the enemy having the advantage as to position, and fighting with obstinacy; but the ground won was fully maintained. The loss in killed and wounded here was considerable on both sides; and it was here that Major-General Reno, who had gone forward to observe the operations of his corps, and to give such directions as were necessary, fell pierced with a musket-ball. The loss of this brave and distinguished officer, tempered with sadness the exultations of triumph. A gallant soldier, an able general, endeared to his troops and associates, his death is felt as an irreparable misfortune.

About three o'clock P.M., Hooker's corps, of Burnside's column, moved up to the right of the main road by a country road, which, bending to the right, then turning up to the left, circuitously wound its way beyond the crest of the pass to the Mountain House, on the main road. Gen. Hooker sent Meade, with the division of Pennsylvania reserves, to attack the eminence to the right of this entrance to the gap, which was done most handsomely and successfully.

Patriek's brigade, of Hatch's division, was sent—one portion up around the road, to turn the hill on the left, while the remainder advanced as skirmishers—up the hill, and occupied the crest, supported by Doubleday's and Phelps's brigades. The movement, after a sharp contest on the crest and in the fields in the depression between the crest and the adjoining hill, was fully successful.

Ricketts's division pressed up the mountain about five P.M., arriving at the crest with the left of his command in time to participate in the closing scene of the engagement. Relieving Hatch's division, Ricketts remained on the ground, holding the battle-field during the night. The mountain sides thus gallantly passed over by Hooker on the right of the gap and Reno on the left, were steep and difficult in the extreme. We could make but little use of our artillery, while our troops were subject to a warm artillery fire, as well as to that of infantry in the woods and under cover. By order of Gen. Burnside, Gibbon's brigade, of Hatch's division, late in the afternoon advanced upon the centre of the enemy's position on the main road. Deploying his brigade, Gibbon actively engaged a superior force of the enemy, which, though stubbornly resisting, was steadily pressed back until some hours after dark, when Gibbon remained in undisturbed possession of the field. He was then relieved by a brigade of Sedgwick's division. Finding themselves outflanked, both on the right and left, the enemy abandoned their position during the night, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, and hastily retreated down the mountain.

In the engagement at Turner's Pass our loss was three hundred and twenty-eight killed, and one thousand four hundred and sixty three wounded and missing; that of the enemy is esti-

mated to be, in all, about three thousand. Among our wounded, I regret to say, were Brig.-Gen. J. P. Hatch and other valuable officers.

The carrying of Crampton's Pass by Franklin was executed rapidly and decisively. Slocum's division was formed upon the right of the road leading through the gap, Smith's upon the left. A line, formed of Bartlett's and Torbitt's brigades, supported by Newton, whose activity was conspicuous, (all of Slocum's division,) advanced steadily upon the enemy at a charge on the right. The enemy were driven from their position at the base of the mountain, where they were protected by a stone wall, and steadily forced back up the mountain until they reached the position of their battery near the road, well up the mountain. Here they made a stand. They were, however, driven back, retiring their artillery in *echelon* until, after an action of three hours, the crest was gained, and the enemy fled hastily down the mountains on the other side. On the left of the road Brooks's and Irwin's brigades, of Smith's division, formed for the protection of Slocum's flank, charged up the mountain in the same steady manner, driving the enemy before them until the crest was carried. The loss in Franklin's corps was one hundred and fifteen killed, four hundred and sixteen wounded, and two missing. The enemy's loss was about the same. One piece of artillery and four colors were captured, and knapsacks, and even haversacks, were abandoned as the enemy were driven up the hill.

On the morning of the fifteenth I was informed by Union civilians living on the side of the mountains that the enemy were retreating in the greatest haste and in disordered masses to the river. There was such a concurrence of testimony on this point that there seemed no doubt as to the fact. The hasty retreat of the enemy's forces from the mountain, and the withdrawal of the remaining troops from between Boonsboro and Hagerstown to a position where they could resist attack and cover the Shepherdstown Ford, and receive the reënforcements expected from Harper's Ferry, were for a time interpreted as evidences of the enemy's disorganization and demoralization.

As soon as it was definitely known that the enemy had abandoned the mountains, the cavalry, and the corps of Sumner, Hooker and Mansfield were ordered to pursue them *via* the turnpike and Boonsboro, as promptly as possible. The corps of Burnside and Porter (the latter having but one weak division present) were ordered to move by the old Sharpsburgh road, and Franklin to advance into Pleasant Valley, occupy Rohrsersville, and to endeavor to relieve Harper's Ferry. Burnside and Porter, upon reaching the road from Boonsboro to Rohrsersville, were to reënforce Franklin or move on Sharpsburgh, according to circumstances. Franklin moved toward Brownsville, and found there a force largely superior in numbers to his own, drawn up in a strong position to receive him. Here the total cessation of firing in the direction of Harper's

Ferry indicated but too clearly the shameful and premature surrender of that post.

The cavalry advance overtook a body of the enemy's cavalry at Boonsboro, which it dispersed after a brief skirmish, killing and wounding many, taking some two hundred and fifty prisoners and two guns.

Richardson's division, of Sumner's corps, passing from Boonsboro to Kedysville, found, a few miles beyond the town, the enemy's forces, displayed in line of battle, strong, both in respect to numbers and position, and awaiting attack. Upon receiving reports of the disposition of the enemy, I directed all the corps, except that of Franklin, upon Sharpsburgh, leaving Franklin to observe and check the enemy in his front, and avail himself of any chance that might offer. I had hoped to come up with the enemy, during the fifteenth, in sufficient force to beat them again, and drive them into the river. My instructions were, that if the enemy were not on the march, they were to be at once attacked; if they were found in force and position, the corps were to be placed in position for attack, but no attack was to be made until I reached the front.

On arriving at the front in the afternoon, I found but two divisions, Richardson's and Sykes's, in position; the rest were halted in the road, the head of the column some distance in rear of Richardson. After a rapid examination of the position, I found that it was too late to attack that day, and at once directed locations to be selected for our batteries of position, and indicated the bivouacs for the different corps, massing them near and on both sides of the Sharpsburgh pike. The corps were not all in their places until the next morning, some time after sunrise.

On the sixteenth the enemy had slightly changed their line, and were posted upon the heights in the rear of the Antietam Creek, their left and centre being upon and in front of the road from Sharpsburgh to Hagerstown, and protected by woods and irregularities of the ground. Their extreme left rested upon a wooded eminence near the cross-roads to the north of J. Miller's farm, the distance at this point between the road and the Potomac, which makes here a great bend to the east, being about three fourths of a mile. Their right rested on the hills to the right of Sharpsburgh, near Snavely's farm, covering the crossing of the Antietam, and the approaches to the town from the south-east. The ground from their immediate front and the Antietam is undulating. Hills intervene whose crests in general are commanded by the crests of others in their rear. On all favorable points, their artillery was posted. It became evident from the force of the enemy and the strength of their position, that desperate fighting alone could drive them from the field, and all felt that a great and terrible battle was at hand.

In proceeding to the narrative of the events of this and the succeeding day, I must here repeat what I have observed in reporting upon the other subjects of this communication, that I attempt in

this preliminary report nothing more than a sketch of the main features of this great engagement, reserving for my official report, based upon the reports of the corps commanders, that full description of details which shall place upon record the achievements of individuals and of particular bodies of troops. The design was to make the main attack upon the enemy's left—at least, to create a diversion in favor of the main attack, with the hope of something more—by assailing the enemy's right, and as soon as one or both of the flank movements were fully successful, to attack their centre with any reserve I might then have on hand.

The morning of the sixteenth (during which there was considerable artillery firing) was spent in obtaining information as to the ground, rectifying the position of the troops, and perfecting the arrangements for the attack.

On the afternoon of the sixteenth Hooker's corps, consisting of Ricketts's and Doubleday's divisions, and the Pennsylvania reserves, under Meade, was sent across the Antietam Creek, by a ford and bridge to the right of Kedysville, with orders to attack, and, if possible, turn the enemy's left. Mansfield, with his corps, was sent in the evening to support Hooker. Arrived in position, Meade's division of the Pennsylvania reserves, which was at the head of Hooker's corps, became engaged in a sharp contest with the enemy, which lasted until after dark, when it had succeeded in driving in a portion of the opposing line, and held the ground.

At daylight the contest was renewed between Hooker and the enemy in his front. Hooker's attack was successful for a time, but masses of the enemy, thrown upon his corps, checked it. Mansfield brought up his corps to Hooker's support, when the two corps drove the enemy back, the gallant and distinguished veteran Mansfield losing his life in the effort. Gen. Hooker was, unhappily, about this time wounded, and compelled to leave the field, where his services had been conspicuous and important. About an hour after this time, Sumner's corps, consisting of Sedgwick's, Richardson's and French's divisions, arrived on the field—Richardson some time after the other two, as he was unable to start as soon as they. Sedgwick, on the right, penetrated the woods in front of Hooker's and Mansfield's troops.

French and Richardson were placed to the left of Sedgwick, thus attacking the enemy toward their left centre. Crawford's and Sedgwick's lines, however, yielded to a destructive fire of masses of the enemy in the woods, and, suffering greatly, (Generals Sedgwick and Crawford being among the wounded,) their troops fell back in disorder; they, nevertheless, rallied in the woods. The enemy's advance was, however, entirely checked by the destructive fire of our artillery. Franklin, who had been directed the day before to join the main army with two divisions, arrived on the field from Brownsville about an hour after, and Smith's division replaced Crawford's and Sedgwick's lines. Advancing steadily, it swept over the ground just lost, but now perma-

nently retaken. The divisions of French and Richardson maintained with considerable loss the exposed positions which they had so gallantly gained, among the wounded being Gen. Richardson.

The condition of things on the right toward the middle of the afternoon, notwithstanding the success wrested from the enemy by the stubborn bravery of the troops, was at this time unpromising. Sumner's, Hooker's and Mansfield's corps had lost heavily, several general officers having been carried from the field. I was at one time compelled to draw two brigades from Porter's corps (the reserve) to strengthen the right. This left for the reserve the small division of regulars who had been engaged in supporting during the day the batteries in the centre, and a single brigade of Morell's division. Before I left the right to return to the centre, I became satisfied that the line would be held without these two brigades, and countermanded the order which was in course of execution. The effect of Burnside's movement on the enemy's right was to prevent the further massing of their troops on their left, and we held what we had gained.

Burnside's corps, consisting of Wilcox's, Sturgis's and Rodman's divisions, and Cox's Kanawha division, was intrusted with the difficult task of carrying the bridge across the Antietam, near Rohrback's farm, and assaulting the enemy's right, the order having been communicated to him at ten o'clock A.M.

The valley of the Antietam, at and near the bridge, is narrow, with high banks. On the right of the stream the bank is wooded, and commands the approaches both to the bridge and the ford. The steep slopes of the bank were lined with rifle-pits and breastworks of rails and stones. These, together with the woods, were filled with the enemy's infantry, while their batteries completely commanded and enfiladed the bridge and ford and their approaches.

The advance of the troops brought on an obstinate and sanguinary contest, and from the great natural advantages of the position, it was nearly one o'clock before the heights on the right bank were carried. At about three o'clock P.M. the corps again advanced, and with success, driving the enemy before it, and pushing on nearly to Sharpsburgh, while the left, after a hard encounter, also compelled the enemy to retire before it. The enemy here, however, were speedily reënforced, and with overwhelming masses. New batteries of their artillery, also, were brought up and opened. It became evident that our force was not sufficient to enable the advance to reach the town, and the order was given to retire to the cover of the hill, which was taken from the enemy earlier in the afternoon. This movement was effected without confusion, and the position maintained until the enemy retreated. Gen. Burnside had sent to me for reënforcements late in the afternoon, but the condition of things on the right was not such as to enable me to afford them.

During the whole day our artillery was everywhere bravely and ably handled. Indeed, I can-

not speak too highly of the efficiency of our batteries, and of the great service they rendered. On more than one occasion, when our infantry was broken, they covered its re-formation, and drove back the enemy.

The cavalry had little field for operation during the engagement, but was employed in supporting the horse-artillery batteries in the centre, and in driving up stragglers, while awaiting opportunity for other service.

The signal corps, under Major Myers, rendered during the operations at Antietam, as at South-Mountain, and during the whole movements of the army, efficient and valuable service. Indeed, by its services here, as on other fields elsewhere, this corps has gallantly earned its title to an independent and permanent organization.

The duties devolving upon my staff during the action were most important, and the performances of them able and untiring. At a later day I propose to bring to the notice of the department their individual services.

With the day closed this memorable battle, in which, perhaps, nearly two hundred thousand men were for fourteen hours engaged in combat. We had attacked the enemy in position, driven them from their line on one flank, and secured a footing within it on the other. Under the depression of previous reverses, we had achieved a victory over an adversary invested with the prestige of former successes and inflated with a recent triumph. Our foes slept that night conquerors on a field won by their valor, and covered with the dead and wounded of the enemy.

The night, however, presented serious questions; morning brought on grave responsibilities. To renew the attack again on the eighteenth, or to defer it, with the chance of the enemy's retirement after a day of suspense, were the questions before me. A careful and anxious survey of the condition of my command, and my knowledge of the enemy's force and position, failed to impress me with any reasonable certainty of success, if I renewed the attack without reinforcing columns. A view of the shattered state of some of the corps sufficed to deter me from pressing them into immediate action, and I felt that my duty to the army and the country forbade the risks involved in a hasty movement, which might result in the loss of what had been gained the previous day. Impelled by this consideration, I awaited the arrival of my reinforcements, taking advantage of the occasion to collect together the dispersed, give rest to the fatigued, and remove the wounded. Of the reinforcements, Couch's division, although marching with commendable rapidity, was not in position until a late hour in the morning; and Humphrey's division of new troops, fatigued with forced marches, were arriving throughout the day, but were not available until near its close. Large reinforcements from Pennsylvania, which were expected during the day, did not arrive at all.

During the eighteenth, orders were given for a renewal of the attack at daylight on the nineteenth. On the night of the eighteenth, the ene-

my, after having been passing troops in the latter part of the day from the Virginia shore to their position behind Sharpsburgh, as seen by our officers, suddenly formed the design of abandoning their line. This movement they executed before daylight. Being but a short distance from the river, the evacuation presented but little difficulty. It was, however, rapidly followed up.

A reconnoissance was made across the river on the evening of the nineteenth, which resulted in ascertaining the near presence of the enemy in some force, and in our capturing six guns.

A second reconnoissance, the next morning, which, with the first, was made by a small detachment from Porter's corps, resulted in observing a heavy force of the enemy there. The detachment withdrew with slight loss. I submit herewith a list of the killed, wounded and missing in the engagements of the fifteenth, and of the sixteenth and seventeenth. The enemy's loss is believed, from the best sources of information, to be nearly thirty thousand. Their dead were mostly left on the field, and a large number of wounded were left behind.

While it gives me pleasure to speak of the gallantry and devotion of officers and men, generally displayed throughout this conflict, I feel it necessary to mention that some officers and men skulked from their places in the ranks until the battle was over. Death on the spot must hereafter be the fate of all such cowards, and the hands of the military commanders must be strengthened with all the power of the Government to inflict it summarily.

The early and disgraceful surrender of Harper's Ferry deprived my operations of results which would have formed a brilliant sequence to the substantial and gratifying success already related. Had the garrison held out twenty-four hours longer, I should in all probability, have captured that part of the enemy's force engaged in the attack on the Maryland Heights, while the whole garrison, some twelve thousand strong, could have been drawn to reinforce me on the day of the decisive battle—certainly on the morning of the eighteenth. I would thus have been in a position to have destroyed the rebel army. Under the same circumstances, had the besieging force on the Virginia side at Harper's Ferry not been withdrawn, I would have had thirty-five or forty thousand less men to encounter at Antietam, and must have captured or destroyed all opposed to me. As it was, I had to engage an army fresh from a recent, and to them a great victory, and to reap the disadvantages of their being freshly and plentifully supplied with ammunition and supplies.

The object and results of this brief campaign may be summed up as follows: In the beginning of the month of September, the safety of the National capital was seriously endangered by the presence of a victorious enemy, who soon after crossed into Maryland, and then directly threatened Washington and Baltimore, while they occupied the soil of a loyal State, and threatened an invasion of Pennsylvania. The army of the

Union, inferior in numbers, wearied by long marches, deficient in various supplies, worn out by numerous battles, the last of which had not been successful, first covered, by its movements, the important cities of Washington and Baltimore; then boldly attacked the victorious enemy in their chosen strong position, and drove them back, with all their superiority of numbers, into the State of Virginia; thus saving the loyal States from invasion, and rudely dispelling the rebel dreams of carrying the war into our country and subsisting upon our resources. Thirteen guns and thirty-nine colors, more than fifteen thousand stand of small arms, and more than six thousand prisoners, were the trophies which attest the success of our arms.

Rendering thanks to Divine Providence for its blessing upon our exertions, I close this brief report. I beg only to add the hope that the army's efforts for the cause in which we are engaged will be deemed worthy to receive the commendation of the Government and the country.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
 Major-General United States Army.
 Brig.-Gen. L. THOMAS,
 Adjutant-General United States Army.

Doc. 3.

PROCLAMATION OF GOV. LETCHER.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

A PROCLAMATION.

UNDER authority of an act passed on the first day of the present month, (October,) I, John Letcher, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, do hereby proclaim the regulation hereto annexed as having been adopted by me, and to be obligatory upon all persons and corporations coming within their purview from the date hereof.

Given under my hand as Governor and under the seal of the Commonwealth this tenth day of October, 1862, and in the eighty-seventh year of the Commonwealth.

JOHN LETCHER.

By the Governor.
 GEORGE W. MUNFORD,
 Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Regulations for obtaining possession of salt in this Commonwealth for distribution to the people. Prescribed by the Governor under the act to provide for the production, distribution and sale of salt in this Commonwealth. Passed October first, 1862.

1. No railroad, canal, or other internal improvement company in this State shall undertake to transport any salt beyond the limits of the State unless under some contract already existing with the confederate States or some State of the confederate States. Before said salt shall be removed, the person asking for such transportation, shall make oath or affirmation that the removal asked for is of salt furnished under such existing

contract. Without such oath, the salt shall be seized by the superintendent or agent of the transportation company for the use of the commonwealth, and notice be immediately given to the Governor of the amount of salt seized, and the name of the person or persons asking for the transportation.

Individuals in like manner are prohibited from transporting salt beyond the limits of the State. Any person may seize and hold the same for the State and give like notice.

All salt manufactured in the counties of Smyth and Washington, and on hand on the day when the above act was passed, unless heretofore removed from the salt-works, and all salt manufactured after that day, until due notice to the contrary be given by publication in some newspaper printed in the city of Richmond and in the town of Abingdon, shall be thereafter held to be the property of the commonwealth of Virginia, and shall not be removed without authority from the Governor or his duly constituted agent, unless it be salt made to supply some existing contract with the confederate States, or with the separate States of the confederate States, or with individuals, for the benefit of any county, city, or town.

If the owners of salt-works in said counties shall refuse or cease to manufacture salt other than an amount sufficient to execute existing contracts as aforesaid, then, from and after such refusal or cessation shall appear to the Governor to exist, he will exercise the authority vested in him, and seize, take possession of, and hold and exercise full authority and control over the property, real and personal, of any person, firm, or company so refusing or ceasing to manufacture.

If the supply of salt manufactured be not enough to furnish the people of this commonwealth with a sufficient quantity of salt for home consumption, then as soon as such fact shall appear to the Governor, he will exercise the authority vested in him, and "disregard any contract made with the separate States of the confederate States" until the State of Virginia is supplied.

When salt is procured by the State of Virginia, and its constituted agent shall offer the same for transportation on the route of any railroad, canal, or other improvement company, the same shall be immediately transported to the dépôt designated, unless such transportation will interfere with the transportation of troops, munitions of war, and army supplies of the confederate government. Upon refusal of such company to transport the said salt, the constituted agent of the State will be authorized to take control of any such work and to manage the same until the transportation be accomplished.

The like provision shall be observed when it becomes proper to transport that or other things necessary for the production of salt.

The following places are designated for the present as the points at which salt will be concentrated for sale and distribution, namely, Milborough dépôt, on the Central Railroad, and Dublin dépôt, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Other

places of deposit will be speedily designated when suitable arrangements for supplies shall have been perfected.

Due notice will be given of the time when the salt will be ready for delivery. The price, quantity for each person, and how it is to be sold and delivered, and the agents employed therefor, will be prescribed in future regulations, and published as required by law.

After the price is so prescribed, the sale of any salt within the commonwealth at a higher rate per bushel, is declared by law to be a misdemeanor, and any violation of the rules and regulations prescribed by the Governor is also a misdemeanor, to be punished, upon conviction, by fine of not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

A board of assessors has been appointed by the Legislature to assess the compensation or damages to be paid for property seized or used by the State under this law. The time and place of their meeting will be hereafter prescribed.

The act prohibits all courts or judges from issuing orders or injunctions to stay any proceedings of the Governor, or his authorized agents, under this law.

Doc. 4.

CHRISTENING THE "PALMETTO STATE."

RICHMOND "WHIG" ACCOUNT.

RICHMOND, Oct. 17, 1862.

ON Saturday last the gunboat "Palmetto State," built at Charleston, mainly through the efforts and offerings of the women of South-Carolina, was formally named and dedicated. We copy from our exchanges the following account of the proceedings:

All places affording a view of the boat and of the site of the ceremonial were thronged at an early hour, and a large proportion of the spectators were of the fair sex.

At an early stage of the proceedings General Beauregard and staff, and Brig.-General Gist and staff, arrived and took position on the upper deck, which, being elevated some distance above the surrounding wharves, formed the rostrum for the occasion. As the hero of Sumter, Manassas and Shiloh stepped upon the gangway and came within view of the assembled throng, he was welcomed with hearty and long continued cheers.

At the appointed hour, the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Smith, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church.

THE ORATION.—Colonel Richard Yeadon (attired in the full uniform of the Wellington Rangers) then delivered an oration, of which the following is a synopsis:

He congratulated them on the completion of the first iron-clad ram built for the defence of Charleston Harbor—The Palmetto State. The name was one redolent of victory; and this noble craft, constructed, as she had been, under the direction of the distinguished hero of the Koszta ex-

plot, and commanded by the lineal descendant of the illustrious Governor and dictator of South-Carolina, John Rutledge, would, he trusted, prove herself not unworthy of that glorious name. He then recounted the stirring story of the twenty-eighth of June, '76, and showed how hard-won was the unequal fight which first gave to South-Carolina her proud sobriquet, "the Palmetto State." As the victory over the British fleet at Fort Moultrie had given an impulse to the cause of independence, in an early stage of the revolutionary struggle, so the reduction of Fort Sumter gave us the prestige of victory in the very inception of the present contest, and was attended with an *éclat* which inspired confidence and gave an accelerated impulse to our holy cause. It conferred name and fame, too, on Beauregard and Ripley, inspiring confidence in them as our leaders, and it proved the grave of the reputation of the renegade Kentuckian, Anderson, who soiled the honors of a gallant defence by persistent treason to his native State and section.

Addressing himself, then, to the matrons and maidens of the Palmetto State, the orator referred in graceful terms to the debt which our city owed them for this auspicious event. He alluded to the inaction of the government in the construction of naval defences, and showed how the suggestion and example of one patriotic lady had stirred in the bosoms of the daughters of South-Carolina the project of building these very boats, over the completion of which they were rejoicing to-day. The ladies, in every part of the State, enthusiastically embraced the scheme, and came forward, in large and cheering numbers, with votive offerings at the shrine of patriotism—their free-will oblations on the altar of their country. Donations in money, plate, jewelry, works of art and ingenuity, family relics, tokens of affection, the widow's mite, and even bridal gifts, were poured forth as from an exhaustless fountain, to arm Charleston with the means of naval defence. The result was a gunboat fund exceeding thirty thousand dollars. This spirited action of our women had roused the governments, State and confederate, from their torpor, to the construction of these two noble iron-clad steamers. The proposition that the Ladies' Gunboat Fund should be paid over to the government, for the privilege of naming the iron-clad steamer, then in course of construction by Messrs. Marsh & Son, the "Palmetto State," had proved agreeable to the fair contributors, and it was now the speaker's duty to fulfil the contract. Here the orator handed a check for thirty thousand dollars to Captain Ingraham, and then proceeded to perform the baptism.

The oration was interrupted by frequent applause.

THE BAPTISM.—As the young lady (Miss Sue Gelzer) who was the first contributor to the gunboat broke over the head of the iron-sheathed monster a bottle of choice old wine, Col. Yeadon pronounced the following words:

"With all solemnity and reverence, and invoking on thee the blessing of Almighty God, noble

boat 'Palmetto State,' I baptize thee, in the name of the patriotic ladies of South-Carolina. Amen."

CLOSING ADDRESS.—He then addressed, in succession, Captain Ingraham, Captain Rutledge, and General Beauregard :

Captain Ingraham : As commander of this naval station, the movements of the iron-clad steamers assigned to the defence of our harbor will be under your direction, and we rely confidently on your skill and experience to render those movements effectual and crown them with victory. Although not born to the sea, yet from early boyhood you were bred to the sea—in tender years you were among those "who go down to the sea in ships and do business in the great waters." At the age of nine years you received a midshipman's warrant in the navy of the United States, and, young as you then were, you served in the war of 1812, under Commodore Chauncey, chasing and skirmishing with the British fleet on Lake Ontario. Passing through all the grades of the service, you became a post-captain, and in that capacity you bravely humbled the haughty Austrian in his attempt, in a foreign port, to oppress an embryo citizen of your country; and then and otherwise, during your prolonged career, you proved your fidelity to the once glorious, but now degraded, flag of Stars and Stripes, as long as it was an honor to serve under it. We look, sir, to your wise and veteran counsels and plans and gallant deeds to humble the pride and insolence of the vandal Yankee, should he dare to enter our harbor with the purpose of subjugation or spoliation; and we know that you will prove your fidelity even to the death, to the glorious Stars and Bars, under which, true to the State and to the city of your birth and your affections, you now patriotically serve.

Captain Rutledge : In the event of an assault by the foe, it will be your lot and your duty to conduct this ship of war through the perils and the blood of battle, and we have every confidence that the descendant of John Rutledge will fight her well, and like his great ancestor, sooner cut off his right hand than give an order for her surrender—and we augur for you in our harbor a success equal and even superior to that of the intrepid Buchanan, with the old Merrimac, in the waters of Virginia. From your vessel and her consort, the Chicora, under the gallant Tucker, of Virginia, and the brave Warley, of South-Carolina, we look for a harbor defence that will both give safety to our city and immortality to her defenders.

General Beauregard : Your wise strategy in the successful bombardment of Fort Sumter, and your heroism on the bloody and victorious fields of Manassas and Shiloh, make us hope and trust that, in your wisdom and energy, we will find a bulwark of safety and we feel a cheering assurance that, with you as the leader and director of our land forces, and with our numerous formidable forts and batteries, aided by our steam rams and by the soldierly and accomplished Col. Colquitt and his brave Georgians, Charleston will

achieve a Saragossa defence, and you a fame equal, if not superior, to that of the chivalrous Palafox.

Noble boat! you now bear a name which is at once a badge and incentive to victory; you are armed and equipped to do battle in a righteous war, against an unprincipled enemy; and, relying on the justice of our cause, let us hopefully and reverently commit your destiny to Him, with whom are the issues of life and death—of defeat and victory.

THE CHICORA—*A Goodly Sight*—Just as the ceremony had been concluded, the other gunboat, the Chicora, came steaming up from the lower wharves, and, with colors flying fore and aft, saluted her consort. As the grim and invulnerable craft glided noiselessly, but in all the majesty of conscious might, up the stream, the admiration of the assembled multitude broke forth in loud and prolonged cheers for the Chicora and her energetic builder, Mr. Eason, who, with a large number of citizens, could be seen upon her upper deck.

The pleasing ceremonial being over, the ladies were invited into the workshops of the Messrs. Marsh, where they partook of a bountiful collation. The whole affair passed off without any accident calculated to mar the pleasure of those present, excepting, perhaps, a light shower, which came down quite suddenly, and created some consternation for a while.

Doc. 5.

THE ESCAPE OF GENERAL STUART.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL PLEASANTON.

FREDERICK, Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1862.

THE following are the main features of the report of Gen. Pleasanton, relative to the rebel raid into Pennsylvania :

On Saturday morning, (October eleventh,) at four o'clock, he received orders to start with his command, and was soon *en route* for Hagerstown, arriving there about eleven o'clock.

There he was informed that the rebels were moving in the direction of Mercersburgh. He started toward Clear Spring, on the Hancock road, to intercept them. He had proceeded four miles, when he was ordered to halt, by a despatch from headquarters.

At half-past one o'clock P.M., he was ordered to move to Mechanicstown *via* Cavertown and Harrison's Gap, and sent patrols to Emmetsburgh and Gettysburgh to obtain information of the enemy.

He arrived at Mechanicstown at half-past eight o'clock P.M. At half-past twelve o'clock A.M. he sent scouts in the direction of Middleburgh, who reported that the rebel cavalry, under Stuart, had passed through Middletown, five miles to the east of Mechanicstown, one hour before that time, taking a private road to Woodsborough, and

thence to Liberty, on the route to the mouth of the Monocacy.

General Pleasanton started for this point *via* Frederick City, passing through the latter at five o'clock A.M., Sunday. He reached the Monocacy at eight o'clock A.M., and found four or five hundred infantry guarding the canal aqueduct and the roads to the ferries. They told him that they had neither seen nor heard of the rebel cavalry. He crossed the Monocacy with portions of the Eighth Illinois and the Third Indiana cavalry, and two guns of Pennington's battery, and sent forward a company on the Barnesville road to reconnoitre, while the main column moved in the direction of Poolesville.

The advanced squadron had not passed more than one and a half miles from the ferry before they discovered a body of cavalry approaching, dressed in the uniform of the United States soldiers. The officers in command of the squadron made signals in a friendly manner, which were returned by the parties, who approached to within a short distance of each other, when the officer commanding the opposite party ordered his men to charge.

Skirmishing took place; the enemy brought up a superior force, and opened a couple of guns, which obliged our men to retire. The two guns of Pennington's battery were brought into position and opened with a brisk fire, which checked the enemy's advance. At this time Pleasanton's command was not more than four hundred strong; four small companies of infantry were then taken to support the guns. Skirmishing took place until the remainder of Pennington's guns came up, and they soon drove off the enemy's guns.

It was then discovered that the enemy had two guns in position at White's Ford, on this side, and one gun on the other side of the river. Pleasanton then took all the infantry at the mouth of the Monocacy, with the exception of two companies, and made a general advance. The enemy then retreated toward White's Ford, keeping up a rapid fire all the time.

Pennington's horses gave out, and the men were obliged to push the cannon up the hills. The enemy, owing to this delay, effected a crossing over the river.

This was at half-past one o'clock P.M. He then received information from Colonel Ward of Gen. Stoneman's division, that a brigade of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, and a section of artillery were in the neighborhood. He sent word to the General that the enemy had escaped. This was the first intimation he had of troops being in that vicinity.

General Pleasanton succeeded in driving the rebels from the mouth of the Monocacy to White's Ford, a distance of three miles. The General is of the impression that had White's Ford been occupied by any force of ours previous to the occupation of it by the enemy, the capture of Stuart's forces would have been certain; but with his (Pleasanton's) small force, which did not exceed one fourth of that of the enemy, it was not

practicable for him to occupy that ford while the enemy was in his front.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

WHITE'S FERRY ON THE POTOMAC, TWO MILES }
SOUTH OF THE MOUTH OF THE MONOCACY, }
Monday, Oct. 13, 1862.

I have already sent you by telegraph a brief statement of the successful retreat of Stuart's cavalry over the Potomac at this point, after their daring and brilliant raid into Pennsylvania. I now transmit you such details as I have been able to learn by personal presence and inquiry on the spot.

I chanced to be at the headquarters of General McClellan, near Knoxville, on Sunday forenoon, at the time heavy firing was heard down the river, in the direction of Point of Rocks and the mouth of the Monocacy. The cannonading was first heard briskly about nine A.M., and it continued, though with slackening rapidity, for two or three hours. Learning from Major Myer, chief of the signal corps, that the most eligible point for intelligence would be Point of Rocks, I started immediately on horseback for that place, six miles distant, reaching it in the course of an hour.

On my arrival I found the entire population of this little railroad village in a state of intense panic. An infinity of alarming stories were brought up by persons arriving from down the river. Though differing in every other respect, all agreed that Stuart's cavalry were endeavoring to effect a crossing of the Potomac, a little below the mouth of the Monocacy, and a visit to the Point of Rocks was momentarily looked for—there being no obstacle whatever to their crossing there, if any difficulty should be found below. Shortly afterward a corporal of the Loudon Rangers, an independent company of loyal Virginia horsemen, came up from the mouth of the Monocacy, and brought the report which I transmitted to you by telegraph, to the effect that though a considerable portion of the rebels had succeeded in making good the transit, the main body had been captured. You already know how far, unhappily, from the truth was this pleasing report of the valiant Loudon Rangers. While debating whether I should proceed down to the scene of conflict, I ascended the hill at Point of Rocks on which the local branch of the signal corps has its station, and from this "coign of vantage" took a survey of the whole field. No troops, rebel or otherwise, were observable through the glass, with the exception of a body of soldiers drawn up in line back of a piece of woods on the Virginia shore, below the mouth of the Monocacy, wearing the National uniform. Imagining from this circumstance that Union troops occupied both shores of the Potomac, and that the whole rebel force was certainly bagged, I started for down the river at five o'clock, against the united persuasion of the whole assembled population, including the stout-hearted Loudon Rangers, who were sure that I would be either killed or captured.

To the mouth of the Monocacy the distance by

the tow-path along the canal, which runs close by the Potomac, is six miles, while by the country road *via* Licksville, it is eight. As, however, the latter was certainly the safer, I took it. The roads were frightful. A cold pelting rain was pouring down, and night set in before I had half completed my journey. The bridges being all down, I had twice to swim the canal with my horse. The night was horribly dark, and the only feature of the desolate scene connecting one with civilization, was the telegraph-poles, my sole guides along the way. It was about nine in the evening when I reached the mouth of the Monocacy, whither I was led by the welcome sight of camp-fires ahead. Arriving, I found detachments numbering about seven hundred men, of the Sixth regular cavalry and the Eighth Illinois cavalry, who had arrived about an hour ahead of me, and were on their way to report to Gen. Pleasanton. As, however, it was ascertained that the General was some two or three miles below the mouth of the Monocacy, they had halted on the hither side of that stream, and the crossing being dangerous in the dark, they encamped on the road for the night. I spent it with them, horses and men both lying by the wayside—brisk fires fed by the fence-rails being kept up to counteract, somewhat, the effect of the drenching rain from which we had no shelter save our blankets. In the gray of the morning we pushed on to Gen. Pleasanton's quarters, at White's Ferry on the Potomac, about two miles below where the Monocacy empties into the stream. From the General we learned the story of the previous day. The cavalry reinforcement were many hours too late to be of any service. The whole rebel force had succeeded in effecting their escape into Virginia at this crossing about noon of Sunday.

Riding back to-day from White's Ferry to headquarters in company with General Pleasanton, I learned from that officer the chief points in his remarkable chase after the rebel cavalry. When he received his orders on Saturday morning from headquarters to proceed in pursuit he was stationed near Sharpsburgh. At seven A.M., he had started, his command consisting of portions of the Eighth Illinois cavalry, Third Indiana cavalry, and Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, with Lieut. Pennington's battery of horse artillery. At eleven A.M. of Saturday they made Hagerstown. Thence they moved out on Clearspring road three miles toward Hancock, but were recalled to Hagerstown by a despatch from headquarters. From Hagerstown they were ordered to Mechanicstown, which they made at eight P.M. of Saturday. Here they first got scent of the rebels, who were returning southward on their detour from Chambersburgh, and were reported as having passed a little town east of Mechanicstown, half-past eleven Saturday night. From Mechanicstown, Pleasanton set out in pursuit at one A.M., Sunday morning. At five A.M. he reached Frederick, and thence went directly south to the mouth of the Monocacy, the rebels passing a little ahead of him, by a parallel road a little east, through Newmarket and Urbana. At eight A.M. the Union cav-

alry struck the Poolesville road, near the mouth of the Monocacy. Here the Union advance-guard met the rebel cavalry, from two thousand to two thousand five hundred strong, under command of Generals Stuart, Hampton, and Fitz-Hugh Lee. Pleasanton's force did not number over five hundred horse. The rebels were clothed in the National uniforms taken at Pennsylvania, and were mistaken for our own troops. The rebel officers waited till the Union troops came close up, gave the salute, and then charged with carbines and pistols. At the same time they opened with two pieces of artillery, with the evident intention of forcing a passage to Monocacy Ferry. General Pleasanton was able to prevent this, and having succeeded at length in getting the battery in position on a hill by the road-side, opened upon the rebels, and shelled them in the woods. Thus thwarted, they made for the crossing at White's Ferry, and all that the small force of Gen. Pleasanton could do was insufficient to prevent their making good their escape at this point. They were all safely across by half-past twelve o'clock. No damage was done to our side except one man wounded; rebel loss not known.

Thus, unsuccessfully for us, ended this exciting cavalry race—one of the most remarkable on record, in which our force made the unprecedented chase of ninety miles in twenty-four hours. If the General in command of the Union force did not capture the rebels, he certainly did the best he could under the circumstances. His force was entirely too small to cut off their retreat, after he did come up with them. It must be remembered that they had four men to his one; while the crossing was covered by batteries, planted on both sides of the Potomac. Besides, in the line of his pursuit, he was strictly subject to orders from headquarters, and was thus cut off from all the advantage he would have had by being able to make cross-cuts on the enemy as he found them.

— Doc. 6.

EXPEDITION TO JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

REPORT OF BRIG.-GENERAL BRANNAN.

HEADQUARTERS EXPEDITION TO ST. JOHN'S RIVER, }
STEAMSHIP BEN DEFORD, Oct. 13, 1862. }

Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. Prentice, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the South, Hilton Head, S. C. :

COLONEL: In accordance with orders received from headquarters, Department of the South, I assumed command of the following forces, intended to operate against the rebel batteries at St. John's Bluff, and such other parts of the St. John's River as should contain rebel works: Forty-seventh regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, Col. T. H. Good, effective strength, 825; Seventh regiment Connecticut volunteers, Col. Jos. Hawley, effective strength, 647; section of First Connecticut light battery, Lieut. Cannon, effective strength, 41; detachment of First Massachusetts

cavalry, Captain Case, effective strength, 60 : total, 1573.

The expedition left Hilton Head, S. C., on the afternoon of the thirtieth of September, 1862, on the transports Ben Deford, Boston, Cosmopolitan, and Neptune, and arrived off the bar of St. John's River early on the following morning, October the first, but was unable to enter the river until two P.M. the same day, owing to the shallowness of the channel. This expedition was joined by the following fleet of gunboats, Captain Charles Steedman, United States Navy, commanding, ordered to coöperate with it: Paul Jones, (flag-ship,) Cimerone, (Captain Woodhull,) Water Witch, (Lieutenant Commanding Pendergrast,) Hale, (Lieutenant Commanding Snell,) Uncas, (Lieutenant Commanding Crane,) Patroon, (Lieutenant Commanding Urann.) On the expedition coming within the river, three gunboats were sent up to feel the position of the rebels, and were immediately and warmly engaged by the batteries, apparently of heavy armament, on St. John's Bluff. A landing was effected at a place known as Mayport Mills, a short distance from the entrance of the river, and the entire troops, with their arms, horses, and rations, were on shore by nine o'clock on the night of the first.

The country between this point and St. John's Bluff, presented great difficulties in the transportation of troops, being intersected with impassable swamps and unfordable creeks, and presenting the alternative of a march—without land transportation—of nearly forty miles, to turn the head of the creek, or to reland up the river, at a strongly guarded position of the enemy. On further investigation of the locality, a landing was effected for the infantry, about two o'clock on the morning of the second, at a place known as Buck Horn Creek, between Pablo and Mount Pleasant Creeks, but owing to the swampy nature of the ground it was found impracticable to land the cavalry and artillery at that point. Here the gunboats rendered most valuable assistance by transporting the troops in their boats, and in sending their light howitzers to cover their landing. Col. T. H. Good, with the entire infantry and the marine howitzers, was ordered to proceed immediately to the head of Mount Pleasant Creek, and there establish a position to cover the landing of the cavalry and artillery.

This movement was executed with great promptness and skill, surprising and putting to flight the rebel pickets on that creek. Indeed, the landing of the troops at Buck Horn Creek, and their rapid movements on Mount Pleasant Creek, proved to be most fortunate for us, such a proceeding being so unexpected on the part of the enemy as entirely to disarrange any plans they may have formed to prevent our landing. The pickets retired in such haste and trepidation as to leave their camps standing, their arms, and even a great portion of their wearing apparel behind them, and the men themselves may thank the intricate nature of the ground, together with their superior knowledge of a country almost im-

practicable to a stranger, that they effected their escape.

On the afternoon of the third, the command of artillery and infantry were in position, at the head of Mount Pleasant Creek, distance about two miles from the enemy's works on St. John's Bluff. Here the statements of those belonging to the locality, though conflicting and unreliable in the extreme, appeared to agree in placing the strength of the rebels at one thousand two hundred, cavalry and infantry, in addition to the heavy batteries, which they represented as containing nine heavy pieces, two of them being columbiads. Under these circumstances, I deemed it expedient on consultation with Capt. Steedman, United States Navy, commanding naval forces, to call upon the garrison of Fernandina for reinforcements. To this call Col. Rich, Ninth regiment Maine volunteers, commanding that garrison, responded promptly, by sending three hundred men early on the following morning. Later on that day, from further information received, Captain Steedman, at my request, sent three gunboats to feel the position of the rebels, shelling them as they advanced, when the batteries were found to be evacuated.

After which Lieut. Snell, United States Navy, sent a boat ashore and raised the American flag, finding the rebel flag in the battery—the United States steamer Water Witch retaining possession of the batteries until the arrival of the land forces. The command immediately advanced from the position on Mount Pleasant Creek, and occupied the batteries and late camps of the enemy, at about eight o'clock on the night of the third. The cavalry not having landed with the other portion of the troops, were here disembarked. I found the late position of the enemy on St. John's Bluff to be one of great strength, and possessing a heavy and effective armament, with a good supply of ammunition, as will be seen by the accompanying inventory of ordnance captured—the works being most skilfully and carefully constructed, and the position greatly enhanced by the natural advantages of the ground, it being approachable from the land by but one route, which would lead the attacking party through a winding ravine, immediately under the guns of the position, and from the narrowness of the channel at this point, and the elevation of the bluff, rendering the fighting of the gunboats most difficult and dangerous.

Most of the guns were mounted on a complete traverse circle, and, indeed, taking every thing into consideration, I have no doubt but that a small party of determined men could have maintained this position, for considerable time, against even a larger force than was at my disposal. On the day following my occupation of these works, (October fourth,) I proceeded to dismount the guns, and to move them and the ammunition on board the transport Neptune, which work was completed on the seventh, when I forwarded them to Hilton Head, and caused the magazines to be blown up, and otherwise destroyed the en-

fire works on the bluff. On first occupying the bluff, Capt. Steedman, with his gunboats, proceeded immediately to Jacksonville, for the purpose of destroying all boats and otherwise intercepting the passage of the rebel troops across the river. On the fifth, leaving the work of removing the guns from St. John's Bluff to Colonel T. H. Good, Forty-seventh regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, my second in command, I proceeded up the river as far as Jacksonville, in the Ben DeFord, with 785 infantry.

I observed a large quantity of corn and other crops on the banks of the river, which it was at first my intention either to remove or destroy. This purpose I afterward abandoned as impracticable, not having either forces or transportation sufficient to remove it, and seeing from the communication of the Major-General Commanding that he did not desire the delay necessary to destroy it. The rebels had a light battery of eight pieces, and a position in readiness to receive seven heavy guns at a place called Yellow Bluff, which they appear to have lately evacuated. Jacksonville I found to be nearly deserted, there being but a small portion of its inhabitants left, chiefly old men, women and children. On our first arrival some few rebel cavalry were hovering around the town, but they immediately retired on my establishing a picket line. From the town and its neighborhood I bring with me several refugees and about two hundred and seventy-six contrabands, including men, women and children.

On the sixth, hearing that some rebel steamers were secreted in the creek up the river, I sent the Darlington, with one hundred men of the Forty-seventh regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, in charge of Captain Yard, with two twenty-four pound light howitzers and a crew of twenty-five men, under the command of Lieutenant Williams, United States Navy, and a convoy of gunboats, to cut them off. This party returned on the morning of the ninth with the rebel steamer Governor Milton, which they captured in a creek about two hundred and thirty miles up the river, and about twenty-seven miles from the town of Enterprise. Lieut. Bacon, my Aid-de-Camp, accompanied the expedition. Finding that the Cosmopolitan, which had been sent to Hilton Head for provisions, had so injured herself in returning across the bar as to be temporarily unfit for service, I sent the Seventh regiment Connecticut volunteers to Hilton Head by the steamer Boston, on the afternoon of the seventh instant, with the request that she might be returned to assist in the transportation to Hilton Head of the remaining portion of my command. On the return of the successful expedition after the rebel steamers, on the ninth, I proceeded with that portion of my command to St. John's Bluff, awaiting the return of the Boston. On the eleventh instant I embarked the section of First Connecticut light battery, with their guns, horses, etc., and one company of the Forty-seventh regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, on board the steamer Darlington, sending them to Hilton Head *via* Fernandina, Florida.

On the eleventh, the Boston having returned, I embarked myself, with the last remaining portion of my command, except one company of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania volunteers, left to assist and protect the Cosmopolitan, for Hilton Head, S. C., on the twelfth instant, and arrived at that place on the thirteenth instant. The captured steamer Governor Milton I left in charge of Capt. Steedman, United States Navy. It is evident that the troops in this portion of the country, from their being in separate and distinct companies, have not sufficient organization or determination, to attempt to sustain any one position, but seem rather to devote themselves to a system of guerrilla warfare, as was exemplified in our advance on St. John's Bluff, where, even after the evacuation of the fort, they continued to appear on our flank and in our front, but as they seemed to fear a too near approach, their fire was never effective. The gunboats rendered great and valuable assistance during this expedition, and high praise is due to their commander, Capt. Charles Steedman, United States Navy, for the prompt and energetic manner in which he entered into every scheme for the reduction of the enemy, and the destruction of their works; and the zeal and activity with which he personally superintended every detail of his portion of the duties; and further for his generous assistance in relieving the transport Cosmopolitan.

I ascertained at Jacksonville that the enemy commenced evacuating the bluff immediately after the surprise of their picket near Mount Pleasant Creek on the third instant. It affords me pleasure to state that the most perfect harmony and good feeling existed between the two branches of the service, in every respect, doubtless owing to the gallant and gentlemanly conduct of the commander of the naval forces.

The troops under my command showed great energy, zeal and activity, and a desire to meet the enemy, but the latter were too fleet for them. I doubt not they will give a good account of themselves when the opportunity offers.

I am much indebted to my Staff, Captain L. J. Lambert, A.A.G., Capt. I. Coryell, A.Q.M., Lieutenants J. V. Germain and G. W. Bacon, Aids-de-Camp, for their zeal, energy and attention to their duties during the entire expedition, particularly the three latter officers, who were always ready at all times for any duty. To Capt. Coryell, A.Q.M., the Quartermaster Department owes much for his untiring energy and activity in giving his valuable assistance to the transport Cosmopolitan after her accident. I am also under obligation to Capt. A. P. Rockwell, First Connecticut light battery, who acted as additional Aid-de-Camp, and to the officers of the signal corps, Lieutenants G. H. Hill and F. E. Town, who performed their duties with great satisfaction to me and to the expedition.

I have the honor to be, Colonel, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. M. BRANNAN,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

CAPTAIN GODON'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER VERMONT,
PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., October 5, 1862. }

SIR: The Department is doubtless aware that an attack by the rebels had been made some time since on the gunboats employed on the inside blockade of St. John's River.

A battery had been erected on the St. John's Bluffs, and heavy guns planted, which kept those small vessels in the immediate vicinity of Mayport Mills.

Commander Steedman, with a large force, had been ordered by Admiral Du Pont to look to this. Having approached the fort and felt its troops, he urged that troops might be sent to aid in securing the garrison when the battery should be silenced by the gunboats, and to alter the insolent tone of the rebel military authority in that quarter.

Gen. Mitchel, with his characteristic promptitude, detailed a suitable force for the purpose, under Gen. Brannan, which sailed hence on the thirtieth ultimo.

I have now the honor to inform the Department that I have just received the report of Commander Steedman, in which he informs me that the co-operation force under General Brannan having arrived and landed with great promptitude, the gunboats advanced, and after a spirited, and, as it seems, well-directed fire, silenced the battery, which was then occupied by our force.

The rebels seem to have retired in much haste, leaving guns, (nine in number, some of which were eight-inch, and two four and one half inch rifles,) munitions, provisions, and camp equipage.

This success has been without loss on our side.

The vessels then ascended the St. John's to Jacksonville, and there learned that the rebel forces had retreated beyond that point.

We retain possession of St. John's River as far as Jacksonville.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

WM. GODON,

Captain Commanding South-Atlantic Squadron.

HON. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy, Washington City.

ACCOUNT BY A PARTICIPANT.

STEAMER BEN DEFORD, ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLA., }
Saturday, October 4—P.M. }

The military portion of the expedition, under command of Brig.-Gen. J. M. Brannan, embarked at Hilton Head, on the afternoon of September thirtieth, on the steamers Ben Deford, Cosmopolitan, and Boston, accompanied by a smaller steamer, the Neptune, which transported scows and boats for landing purposes. Before leaving the wharf the troops listened to a few pithy words from Gen. Mitchel, in which he reminded them that this was the first movement of his planning in this department, and that they were complimented in being chosen to carry it out. He expected them to accomplish all that they undertook, and, no matter how insignificant might be

the object to be achieved, when it was a matter of duty, it became of great importance. Glory, to any great depth, might not cover them if they were successful; but an infinite amount of disgrace would attach to them should they fail. If possible, the enemy was to be captured and brought back; but on no account must they return without bringing back or destroying the guns.

Fourteen hours of pleasant weather and slow steaming carried us to St. John's bar, where we were delayed until midday of the first for high-water—the detention allowing the Cosmopolitan to run back as far as Fernandina for the little steamer Darlington, which was needed to assist in debarking the troops, and also affording an opportunity of consultation as to the plan of attack between Gen. Brannan and Capt. Steedman, of the gunboat Paul Jones, commanding the naval force. And here I may as well enumerate our strength. Gen. Brannan's command was made up of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, Col. Good; the Seventh Connecticut, Col. Hawley; a section of the First Connecticut battery and a company of cavalry; and Capt. Steedman had the gunboats Cimerone, Water Witch and Uncas, besides his own vessel, the Paul Jones.

In the afternoon, early, transports and gunboats were all inside the bar, anchored in the mouth of the river, directly opposite Mayport Mills, a small timber village, situated upon a bluff. A couple of miles beyond, up the stream, where the ground is still more elevated, we saw the rebel flag, indicating the position of their batteries, and the Cimerone, Water Witch and Uncas were despatched to reconnoitre, executing their work handsomely, drawing the enemy's fire from three points; the former vessel planting some shells directly into the batteries, in return for the heavy shot they sent very near, but not near enough to strike. This "feeling" process was undertaken upon the supposition that the enemy had skedaddled, it having been observed that in the morning as soon as our transports came in sight, a flag of distress was hoisted from one of the batteries, which brought down a steamer from Jacksonville, and she soon went back with what looked to be a portion of the garrison.

Finding that a fight was offered, the work of landing the troops was at once begun, by means of the scows and boats—a very tedious and difficult labor. A portion of the force was sent by water through Buckhorn Creek, where they debarked on the mainland, under the protection of the gunboats, with a view of intercepting the enemy's retreat, and the remainder stopped at Mayport Mills. It was not until the afternoon of the third, in spite of most determined hurrying, and in the midst of a continued rain, that the troops, horses, and artillery, were got safely ashore, including two twelve-pound howitzers from the Paul Jones, and one from the Cimerone, worked by marines, which were placed under Gen. Brannan's orders.

Early on the morning of the second we made prisoner of a Mr. Parsons, owner of the Mayport

lumber-mill, and one of his negroes, but Parsons was so thoroughly a rebel, that no threats could induce him to give information.

Just as the landing was finished, and the troops were about to move to the attack, word came from the gunboats, which had gone on a second reconnaissance of the batteries, that the rebels had vacated. The soldiers were pushed forward, however, and soon reached the works, finding them already in possession of Lieut. Snell, commanding the Hale. As I have before mentioned, there were eight guns mounted—all heavy columbiads, and two rifled pieces—in perfect condition, loaded and ready for use. Another columbiad was not yet upon its carriage. Besides the guns were a quantity of good ammunition, small arms, etc.

It is conjectured that the rebels were twelve hundred strong, and they held the fort, expecting reinforcements, until, finding our troops getting in their rear, they fled at the last moment.

The Paul Jones and Hale at once steamed without opposition up to Jacksonville, where they anchored, remaining all night. The citizens mostly continued at their houses, but no intercourse was had with them. After destroying the ferry at the town and taking the ferryman prisoner, the Paul Jones returned, leaving the Water Witch, which had come up later, and the Hale to intercept the rebel escape in that direction.

I send this to Hilton Head by the steamer Cosmopolitan, whose departure hence is unexpected, and leaves me with only time to send you a hurried letter. I may have to inform you in my next of the capture of an entire Georgia regiment and many guerrillas, who still remain, we suppose, on the south side of the river, and cannot cross, as our gunboats command every ferry, and have destroyed all the boats, excepting those we require ourselves.

The rebels were commanded by Finegan, of Fernandina, owner of considerable property there, and very jealous of the more prosperous town of Jacksonville. It is thought by the people of Jacksonville that he "got up" the batteries and made show of fighting in order to provoke the destruction of the town, and thus increase the value of his own village lots. Such patriotism is the growth of rebellion.

Signal-Officers G. H. Hill and F. E. Town accompanied Gen. Brannan, and the usefulness of Myer's admirable system of telegraphing was again demonstrated by prompt communication between the naval and military commandants.

X. L. T.

Doc. 7.

THE OPERATIONS IN TEXAS.

REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD, }
PENSACOLA BAY, October 15, 1862. }

SIR: I am happy to inform you that Galveston, Corpus Christi, and Sabine City, and the adjacent waters, are now in our possession.

A short time since I sent down the coast of

Texas a volunteer lieutenant, J. W. Kittredge, with the bark Arthur, the little steamer Sachem, and a launch, with which force he said he would take Corpus Christi and the waters adjacent, from whence we heard of so many small craft running to Havana. He succeeded very well, took the place, made several captures, and compelled the enemy to burn several of their vessels; but on one occasion, venturing on shore with his small boat, he was surrounded and taken prisoner and carried to Houston, where they paroled him on condition that he should go North and not serve until regularly exchanged. He returned here in the Arthur, and I shall send him North in the Rhode Island.

I next sent the Kensington, Acting Master F. Crocker, commanding, with the Rachel Seaman, and a launch, with a howitzer, to Sabine Pass.

He, too, succeeded well. He found at the bar one of the mortar-schooners—Henry James, Acting Master Lewis Pennington, commanding—whom he invited to take part with him, which he did, and, according to Acting Master Crocker's report, performed his duty with great credit, as will be seen by the report herewith enclosed. They took the fort and are still going ahead finely, having taken several prizes, one of which arrived here yesterday with despatches.

I next sent Commander W. B. Renshaw, with the gunboats Owasco, Harriet Lane, Clifton, and Westfield, to take Galveston, which he did in the shortest time, and without the loss of a man. It appears that the first shot from the Owasco exploded directly over the heads of the men at and around the big gun, (their main reliance,) and the enemy left. A flag of truce was hoisted and the preliminaries arranged for a surrender, which took place on the ninth instant. The reports will give you all the particulars.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Rear Admiral, Commanding West Gulf Squadron.

HON. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

ACTING MASTER CROCKER'S REPORT.

U. S. STEAMER KENSINGTON, }
PENSACOLA BAY, October 24, 1862. }

SIR: In continuation of my reports from Sabine Pass, sent by the prize schooners Adventure and West Florida I have the honor now to state that on the thirteenth instant I sent the Kensington on her way to the Rio Grande, under command of Acting Master Taylor, there to water the Albatross, in obedience to your orders, and also to water the other vessels blockading on the Texan coast.

The next day I commenced to prepare an expedition to destroy the large railroad bridge at Taylor's Bayou. The expedition I had before sent, under command of Acting Master Pennington, of the mortar-schooner Henry Jones, having failed, at which the newspapers above exulted, while the enemy's troops immediately occupied it, and between two and three hundred men were placed there to guard it.

I put the Rachel Seaman's twenty-pound Par-

rott gun and my heavy twelve-pound boat howitzer on the prize steamer Dan, and on the morning of the fifteenth, with the schooner Velocity in tow, carrying the Kensington's thirty-pound Parrott, I started to attack the enemy.

In crossing the bar to enter the lake the schooner grounded, and I left her, pushing on with the steamer and a crew of twenty-five men only. The enemy were posted behind a high and strong embankment, and a force of cavalry and field-artillery were drawn up on the prairie, a little back.

As soon as we came within range with the Parrott, we opened on them with shell, to draw their fire, if they had any heavy artillery; but they did not reply, and we continued the fire, nearing them rapidly until our boat howitzer, with two-second shrapnel, had them nicely in range, when the schooner grounded. A very few rounds gave the exact elevation, when the enemy broke and fled in confusion toward the cavalry and a train of cars which had in the mean time arrived from Beaumont with reinforcements.

I immediately sent two boats' crews to destroy the bridge, while we shelled the prairie and the cars. We lit the train, and compelled it and the troops to fall back, after some time spent in repairing the cars.

The two boats' crews, under command of Master Mate Jannin, of the Rachel Seaman, and Second Assistant Engineer O'Connor, of the Kensington, did their work in the most complete manner. They entirely destroyed the bridge, thus preventing the transportation of heavy artillery to Sabine Pass, and also burned all the enemy's barracks, and also the schooners Stone-wall and Lone Star.

While they were at work the enemy's cavalry made a charge on them, but the well-directed fire from the steamer repulsed them, and the work was done at our leisure. Returning to the schooner, we towed her afloat, and arrived back at the Pass the next morning.

All that day, the sixteenth, we spent in preparing to attack a cavalry encampment situated about five miles back from the town of Sabine, the pickets from which had been a continual annoyance to us.

On the morning of the seventeenth, with a party of fifty men and a light boat howitzer, we commenced our march for the encampment, driving in the pickets as we advanced. They retreated before us, gradually increasing in number, until we reached nearly to their encampment, where they made a stand; upon which we started toward them on the double-quick until we came within the range with our howitzer, when we unlimbered and gave it to them. The enemy immediately broke and fled into the chapparal. We immediately burned all their encampment, consisting of fourteen houses and stables, and then marched leisurely back to our steamer.

I cannot speak in too high praise of the steadiness and coolness of my officers and men. They appeared as if on parade. I desire to make es-

pecial mention of Acting Master Mate Jannin, of the Rachel Seaman, and Second Assistant Engineer O'Connor, of this ship, both of whom I recommend strongly for promotion for their gallantry, and also for their professional qualifications and character.

On the eighteenth the Kensington returned, having obeyed your orders down the coast, and on the nineteenth, with a number of refugees who had fled to us for protection, I started for the South-West Pass, where I landed them on the twenty-first, in care of Capt. Weeks of the Pampero.

I left the Rachel Seaman at Sabine Pass, and also the Velocity, with the Kensington's Parrott gun, and the prize steamer Dan, with the heavy howitzer, and about thirty of the Kensington's men, all under command of Acting Master Hammond, of the Kensington, who has accompanied me on all my expeditions, and distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery on all occasions.

Capt. Hooper has rendered me the most important and efficient aid on all occasions, while all the officers and men remaining on board the Kensington have performed their greatly increased duties with the utmost cheerfulness, regretting only that they also could not have been spared to help us on shore.

On the twenty-third I supplied water to the vessels at Ship Island, on the twenty-third reported to Com. Bell at Mobile, and arrived off this port last night.

I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,

FREDERICK CROCKER,
Acting Master Commanding.

To Rear-Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT,
Commanding W. G. Squadron.

Doc. 8.

THE WANTS OF THE REBEL ARMY.

APPEAL OF GOVERNOR VANCE TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

AFTER the most strenuous exertions on the part of its officers, the State finds it impossible to clothe and shoe our soldiers without again appealing to that overflowing fountain of generosity—the private contributions of our people. The rigors of winter are approaching, our soldiers are already suffering, and must suffer more if our sympathies are not practical and active. The quartermaster's department is laboring faithfully to provide for them; but owing to speculation and extortion, will fall short. The deficiency must be supplied by the people. We shall have an active winter campaign, and how can our troops, if ragged, cold, and barefoot, contend with the splendidly equipped columns of the enemy?

The articles most needed, and which the State finds it most difficult to supply, are shoes, socks, and blankets, though drawers, shirts, and pants would be gladly received. If every farmer who has hides tanning would agree to spare one pair of shoes, and if every mother in North-Carolina

would knit one strong pair of either thick cotton or woollen socks for the army, they would be abundantly supplied. A great lot of blankets also might yet be spared from private use, and thousands could be made from the carpets upon our parlor-floors. With good warm houses and cotton bed-clothing, we can certainly get through the winter much better than the soldiers can, with all the blankets we can give them.

The colonels of militia regiments throughout the State are hereby appointed agents for the purchase and collection of all such articles as can be spared by our people, who, through their respective captains, are ordered immediately to canvass every county and visit every citizen in their beats for this purpose. A liberal price will be paid for every thing where the owner feels that he or she is not able to donate it, and active agents will immediately forward them to our suffering regiments. Expenses will be allowed the officers engaged in this duty, and transportation furnished the colonels or their agents to bring the articles to Raleigh.

And now, my countrymen and women, if you have any thing to spare for the soldier, in his name I appeal to you for it. Do not let the speculator have it, though he offer you enormous prices; spurn him from your door, and say to him that our brave defenders have need for it, and shall have it without passing through his greedy fingers. Do not place yourselves among the extortioners—they are the vilest and most cowardly of all our country's enemies; and when this war is ended, and people come to view the matter in its proper light, you will find that the most detested Tories are more respected than they. When they tempt you with higher prices than the State offers, just think for a moment of the soldier, and what he is doing for you. Remember, when you sit down by the bright and glowing fire, that the soldier is sitting upon the cold earth; that in the wind which is whistling so fearfully over your roof, only making you feel the more comfortable because it harms you not, he is shivering in darkness on the dangerous outpost, or shuddering through the dreary hours of his watch. Remember that when you come forth in the morning well fed and warmly clad, leading your families toward the spot where the blessed music of the Sabbath bells tells you of the peaceful worship of the God of peace, the soldier is going forth at the same moment, perhaps, half fed, after a night of shivering and suffering, to where the roar of artillery and shout of battle announce that he is to die that your peace and safety may be preserved. Oh! remember these things, generous and patriotic people of North-Carolina, and give freely of your perishable goods to those who are giving all that mortal man can give for your safety and your rights.

A. B. VANCE.

RALEIGH, October 15, 1862.

Doc. 9.

GENERAL STAHEL'S RECONNOISSANCE.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SACKETT.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH NEW-YORK CAVALRY, }
CENTREVILLE, VA., October 19, 1862. }

Brigadier-General Stahel, Commanding First Division Eleventh Army Corps:

SIR: In accordance with orders received from headquarters First division at ten o'clock A.M., October fifteenth, I marched to Chantilly, and sent a patrol under Capt. Ayres through Frying Pan toward Leesburgh. I then advanced with my main force on Little River turnpike to Green Springs Cross-Roads, and sent Captain Hanley to Aldie to join the picket who had sent for reënforcements. As per order, I remained here in command of the Ninth New-York and First New-Jersey cavalry until the morning of the sixteenth instant. At one o'clock A.M., Captain Ayres returned with his detachment, having patrolled the country thoroughly to within three miles of Leesburgh, but found nothing of the enemy. About nine o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth instant, I proceeded toward Aldie, and when near there I threw out patrols and pickets in the different roads, and a detachment, under Lieutenant Burrows, to Middleburgh, and a detachment, under Capt. Hanley, five miles out on the Winchester turnpike, where they remained until the morning of the seventeenth instant, while I staid with the main force at Aldie. During the night Captain Hanley came upon a small party of the enemy and captured one of them—his horse having been shot under him.

On the morning of the seventeenth instant, in accordance with orders received from yourself, I sent a detachment of the Sixth Ohio cavalry, which had joined me the night before, with orders to go to Gainesville, push on to New-Baltimore, patrol to Thoroughfare Gap, keep up communication with the (White) Plains, where you would be with your command; and having sent out Capt. Hanley on an expedition, I then proceeded through Middleburgh toward Paris, having thrown a detachment, under Lieutenant Dickson, forward through Upperville toward Paris, who succeeded in driving in the enemy's pickets and capturing one trooper, with his horse, etc. At Rector's Cross-Roads I turned to the left, and marched to Rector; on the road, captured and paroled two confederate soldiers. I then marched to Salem; on the road, overtook a funeral procession, with three of Stuart's cavalry in full uniform as mourners. Upon their word of honor not to try to escape, I allowed them to pass unmolested to Salem, where part of my command would be. I charged the town of Salem, and captured four rebel cavalymen, horses, etc.; threw my patrols out on all the roads, and paroled about sixty of the enemy's sick and stragglers.

I here sent a detachment under Sergeant Strong to the Plains, with orders to send a patrol on to and through Thoroughfare Gap. The funeral procession, which I overtook on the road, being

now on their way home, I took prisoners the cavalymen who were with it. Staid here until nine or ten o'clock P.M., when, upon the passage of yourself and main body through the town toward White Plains, I withdrew my pickets and followed as a rear-guard. Having arrived at White Plains about one o'clock A.M., could find or hear nothing of the detachment of Sixth Ohio cavalry who were ordered to keep up communication with this place. I encamped for the night with the rest of the force.

On the morning of the eighteenth, I received information that our train, with an escort of thirty men from my regiment, had been captured, and that our pickets at Thoroughfare Gap were driven in, and one of my men shot. Our whole force marching through Thoroughfare Gap, Haymarket, and Gainesville, toward Warrenton, I followed as rear-guard, patrolling all the roads thoroughly. A detachment under Lieut. Burrows ran into the enemy's pickets on the New-Baltimore road, running from the west side of Thoroughfare Gap. Arriving at Gainesville, I was ordered to hold that place while the main force advanced toward Warrenton, which I did. The force that went toward Warrenton having returned about eight or nine o'clock P.M., I withdrew my pickets, and again followed as rear-guard, and arrived at Centreville about midnight. Having arrived at Centreville, I found that Lieutenant Baldwin, of my regiment, with a detachment of thirty-two men ordered from headquarters Sixth Ohio cavalry (Col. Loyd) to escort a train to Haymarket, or from there to the detachment under Gen. Stahel—that they reached Haymarket—that while there, about daylight, one of his videttes, posted in his rear toward Centreville, reported a large body of cavalry coming; the Lieutenant replied, "It is probably our own troops," but ordered his men to mount, and sent a sergeant to investigate. The sergeant proceeded, and as he arrived at the top of a hill but a short distance from the camp, saw the enemy before him six or seven hundred strong. The enemy immediately charged after him and down through the camp. The Lieutenant ordered his men to retreat toward White Plains, where Gen. Stahel then was, but through the superiority of the enemy's numbers and horses but nine men, that I know of, escaped, two of them badly wounded.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. SACKETT,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Ninth New-York Cavalry.

NEW-YORK "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, October 19, 1862.

When it became known that Gen. Stuart with his rebel cavalry had crossed the Potomac, near Leesburgh, the reconnoissance, of which particulars have been telegraphed, was sent out to ascertain his whereabouts and the condition of his troops. The report was that he had left Leesburgh Monday afternoon, proceeding toward Winchester, that his troops were broken down and his horses worn out, and his progress must naturally be slow. It was therefore determined to attempt the capture of the whole or a part of

his forces. For this purpose a force of cavalry under Col. Wyndham of the New-Jersey cavalry, was sent out by General Bayard at the request of General Sigel, to be joined to our cavalry, which had been advanced to Chantilly. The force under Colonel Wyndham reached Fairfax Wednesday night, and immediately proceeded to Chantilly, where they were to await orders from General Stahel. Encamping at this place, they were joined in the morning by Gen. Stahel, and the order was at once given to march. The force comprised cavalry and a battery of light artillery. Reaching the cross-roads near Gum Springs, they waited awhile to call in the pickets which had been stationed along the roads, and then proceeded toward Aldie, which place they entered about five o'clock Thursday afternoon. Passing through the town they took position on a hill beyond, and then sent scouts in every direction to ascertain the whereabouts of Mr. Stuart, who was supposed to be between the mountains. The scouts visited Snickersville, Middleburgh, Philomont, Salem, Paris, and other places in the valley, and brought back tidings that, learning of our advance, Gen. Stuart had accelerated his movements and passed out of the valley by the way of Snickersville, a portion of his force going through Ashby's Gap. A body of rebels had been sent to his support, thus indicating that the rebels were fearful of his being cut off. The bird having flown, and Gen. Stahel being unwilling to come home without effecting something, he concluded to go round by way of Warrenton, where it was known the enemy had something of a force, and ascertain their strength. Sending home four of his six pieces of artillery, and dividing his troops into two parties, he sent one, under Lieut.-Col. Sackett, to Snickersville, with instructions to proceed to Leesburgh, and thence return to Chantilly. This portion of the expedition followed the plan laid out for it, and made the route as described without meeting any adventures of note. The rebel pickets were driven in at all points, but no more serious fighting occurred. Taking the remainder of the force, Gen. Stahel proceeded to Upperville and Paris, where it was understood there was a body of rebels awaiting an attack. There they learned that Capt. Gibson, with a company of seccsh cavalry, was posted in the mountain with one piece of artillery, which they fired upon the approach of our forces, and retreated through Ashby's Gap. They also ascertained that at Millwood, on the other side of the mountains, there was a park of artillery encamped.

From prisoners captured they obtained the information that in consequence of this advance it was supposed that Sigel's corps was on the march to attack them in the flank, and, therefore, Gen. Hill's division was moved down to meet them. Being again balked in his attempts to indulge in a fight, Gen. Stahel marched back to White Plains by way of Salem. At this place one or two curious incidents occurred. One was the capture of three of the Virginia cavalry at a funeral. The sudden entrance of our troopers into

town surprised a funeral procession on its way to the grave. Conspicuous among the mourners were three rebel cavalymen belonging to the Virginia cavalry. A guard was placed alongside the funeral train, doing double duty as escort and guard. After the rite of sepulture had been performed, the Virginia gentlemen were invited to accompany their escort, which they did. At this place Gen. Stahel came very near being captured by—a garrulous old lady, whose intentions (the obtaining of a pass) prompted attentions (a profusion of compliments classically (?) known as "soft soap") which on ordinary occasions would have excited the well-known gallantry of the General, but under the pressure of the business then in hand were allowed to pass unheeded by him, and fell among his staff, to whom they afforded rare amusement. On reaching White Plains, Gen. Stahel at once sent a force of fifty men to hold Thoroughfare Gap, and an additional fifty to proceed to Haymarket, at which place they were to meet a small wagon-train bearing supplies and forage, which had been sent out from Fairfax that evening. The latter body proceeded to Haymarket, and there found the train. The officer in charge said they did not need any more escort, as his force was amply sufficient. Therefore the fifty returned to Thoroughfare Gap, at which place they were to remain in reserve, sending word back to White Plains of the safety of the train. The troops bivouacked at White Plains, and soon another messenger came in, bringing tidings that the wagon-train and its escort had been captured, and that the enemy, four hundred strong, with two pieces of artillery, were advancing on Thoroughfare Gap. Tired as his men and horses were, delay was more than dangerous, and the possession of the Gap all-important. An immediate advance was ordered, the General heading the column in person.

In relation to the capture of the train, it turned out that the wagons reached Haymarket in safety about daylight, where the officer in command left them standing in the street while he and his men went into the houses to obtain breakfast. While engaged at their repast, intelligence was brought in by the pickets that the rebels were advancing. The officer laughed at the man, and said it was our own cavalry. But shortly after the officer's meal was interrupted by the intrusion of uninvited guests in the garb of rebel cavalry, and thus he lost his train, escort, and liberty. There was ample time between the alarm and the arrival of the rebels, to have sent to Thoroughfare Gap and obtained the assistance of the force there. There was time to have started the wagons toward that place, and with the aid at hand they could have been saved. But nothing of the kind was done, and the expedition was subsequently obliged to return in consequence of the culpable neglect of this officer.

Before reaching the Gap, intelligence was brought to General Stahel that the force left there to defend it had withdrawn, and the enemy were in possession of the Gap, having with them two pieces of artillery. Instructing Captain Dahlgren

of Gen. Sigel's staff, whose presence as a volunteer should have been noticed, to hurry forward the artillery, Gen. Stahel dashed on for the Gap. True enough, our men had retired, and there were the rebels posted at the Gap, their gun-barrels glistening in the narrow pass. Without hesitation, the General ordered a charge. The cavalry wavered—their "horses had given out," they said. Calling them cowards—as they were—the General drew his sabre, struck spurs to his horse, and, dashing forward into the Gap, bade them "follow" him. Even cowards could not refuse to follow one brave man; the charge was made, and the pass won. The rebels fired two volleys, wounding several and killing one man, and then retreated. Without a moment's delay, the General and his men followed them, driving them down the mountain and back upon their artillery, which, fortunately, had not reached the Gap. Meanwhile Captain Dahlgren had been hastening on with the artillery. As they entered the rough road through the gap at a full gallop, one of the caissons was broken in halves. Fortunately they found a caisson, which had been left by the rebels, near at hand and filled with ammunition. To destroy the old one and attach the other was but the work of a minute, and then commenced a close pursuit. The enemy retreated, firing upon us at every chance, while our advance kept close upon them. Thus they were driven from the Gap to Haymarket, thence to Gainesville, thence to New-Baltimore, from which place they retreated to Warrenton. As there are two roads from New-Baltimore to Warrenton, and there was danger of the enemy leading us on by one, and then coming out of the town upon the other, attacking the rear, Gen. Stahel posted his artillery upon one road, and, leaving sufficient force to support it, rode into Warrenton. Reaching the outskirts of the town at about five o'clock, it was found that there was a considerable force stationed there—a brigade of cavalry, (Mumford's North-Carolina brigade,) a regiment of infantry, and a battery. The camp was the other side of the town, and toward that the retreating four hundred made. Their guns opened upon our advance, and under their cover the infantry was sent forward as skirmishers. Major Knox was ordered to hold the road and check any advance. Presently a company of cavalry came dashing down the hill on the full charge. Major Knox wheeled his dozen men into line across the road, and as the cavalry came in short-range gave them a volley from the carbines. This checked the ardor of secesh, and they retired. Finding it to be an impossibility to dislodge the rebel infantry with the force at his disposal, and as his men and horses were both tired and hungry, the General continued the skirmishing until darkness settled down, and then withdrew his troops to Centreville, the enemy's cavalry following for some distance.

While at Aldie, a noted bushwacker, named Edward Hutchinson, was captured just beyond that town and brought in. This man brags of how many Yankees he has killed, and is so much of a brute that even the secesh inhabitants of

Aldie hoped he would be hung. He has been the terror of the neighborhood, driving in conscripts, beating his wife, and indulging in other disagreeable pleasantries. It is to be hoped he will meet with the punishment he deserves. At Aldie, headquarters were established at the house of Doctor Boyle. The Doctor unfortunately forgot his duty as host, and abused good Union people who were "mean enough to give information as to the whereabouts of General Stuart," adding the pious wish that they might "all be hung." It was deemed proper that the Doctor should try a change of climate for his malady, and he was therefore prescribed for by General Stahel.

While approaching Thoroughfare Gap, one of the men strayed off in search of breakfast. As he approached a house a man came out and shot him dead, then took his horse and put him in the barn. Some of his comrades passing that way, discovered the horse, and were told by a negro that the man had been shot. They started to obtain possession of the horse, when the murderer and a negro endeavored to fasten them in the barn. They succeeded in making their escape. Why they did not kill both the man and the negro this narrator saith not. Information of this affair was not given in season to allow of the house being razed to the ground and summary justice meted out to the offenders.

The whole country between the mountains is literally packed with forage and supplies, and it is from this region that the rebels derive their support. Thus far they have kept our troops out of it by keeping away themselves. One of their business transactions may be stated thus: They purchased all the hogs that could be found, giving in payment therefor scraps of paper authorizing the holder to come within their lines and receive his pay. After securing the hogs, an order was issued prohibiting any person from entering their lines. The farmers are naturally disgusted at such conduct, but not sufficiently so to become good Union men.

Taken in connection with the reconnoissance made by General Hancock at the same time from the other side, this expedition proved unusually harassing to the enemy. That it did not attain its original object is no fault of the Commanding General, but the failure in that respect can probably be attributed to the Union inhabitants with Southern sympathies who still reside in our midst.

Great credit is due to General Stahel, who has proved that he possesses two of the most prominent attributes of a great commander — caution where necessary, dash when required. He has also evinced coolness and promptness; skill in handling his troops and choosing his positions; energy in not allowing any rest to his opponents; unquestioned courage in leading wherever danger threatened. General Stahel was ably seconded by Capt. Dahlgren, Col. Wyndham, and Lieut.-Colonel Saekett, and generally by his soldiers. The expedition lost not more than twelve in killed and wounded. They captured nearly one hundred prisoners—among others a Mr. Ball, well

known as a spy in the vicinity of Washington, and father of the rebel captain of the same name.

Doc. 10.

EXECUTION OF PORTER'S GUERRILLAS.

PALMYRA (MO.) "COURIER" ACCOUNT.

SATURDAY last, the eighteenth of October, witnessed the performance of a tragedy in this once quiet and beautiful city of Palmyra, which, in ordinarily peaceful times, would have created a profound sensation throughout the entire country, but which now scarcely produces a distinct ripple on the surface of our turbulent social life.

It will be remembered by the reader that on the occasion of Porter's descent upon Palmyra, he captured, among other persons, an old and highly respected resident of this city, by name Andrew Allsman. This person formerly belonged to the Third Missouri cavalry, though too old to endure all the hardships of very active duty. He was therefore detailed as a kind of special or extra provost-marshal's guard or cicerone, making himself generally useful in a variety of ways to the military of the place. Being an old resident, and widely acquainted with the people of the place and vicinity, he was frequently called upon for information touching the loyalty of men, which he always gave to the extent of his ability, though acting, we believe, in all such cases with great candor, and actuated solely by a conscientious desire to discharge his whole duty to his Government.

His knowledge of the surrounding country was the reason of his being frequently called upon to act as a guide to scouting-parties sent out to arrest disloyal persons. So efficiently and successfully did he act in these various capacities, that he won the bitter hatred of all the rebels in the city and vicinity, and they only awaited the coming of a favorable opportunity to gratify their desire for revenge. The opportunity came at last, when Porter took Palmyra. That the villains, with Porter's assent, satiated their thirst for his blood by the deliberate and predetermined murder of their helpless victim, no truly loyal man doubts. When they killed him, or how, or where, are items of the act not yet revealed to the public. Whether he was stabbed at midnight by the dagger of the assassin, or shot at midday by the rifle of the guerrilla; whether he was hung, and his body hidden beneath the scanty soil of some oaken thicket, or left as food for hogs to fatten upon; or whether, like the ill-fated Wheat, his throat was severed from ear to ear, and his body sunk beneath the wave—we know not. But that he was foully, causelessly murdered, it is useless to attempt to deny.

When Gen. McNeill returned to Palmyra, after that event, and ascertained the circumstances under which Allsman had been abducted, he caused to be issued, after due deliberation, the following notice:

PALMYRA, Mo., Oct. 8, 1862.

JOSEPH C. PORTER: SIR: Andrew Allsman, an aged citizen of Palmyra, and a non-combatant, having been carried from his home by a band of persons unlawfully arrayed against the peace and good order of the State of Missouri, and which band was under your control, this is to notify you that unless said Andrew Allsman is returned unharmed to his family within ten days from date, ten men who have belonged to your band, and unlawfully sworn by you to carry arms against the Government of the United States, and who are now in custody, will be shot as a meet reward for their crimes, among which is the illegal restraining of said Allsman of his liberty, and, if not returned, presumptively aiding in his murder.

Your prompt attention to this will save much suffering.

Yours, etc.,

W. R. STRACHAN,

Provost-Marshal Gen. Dist. N. E. Missouri.

Per order of Brig.-Gen. Commanding McNeill's column.

A written duplicate of this notice he caused to be placed in the hands of the wife of Joseph C. Porter, at her residence in Lewis County, who, it was well known, was in frequent communication with her husband. The notice was published widely, and as Porter was in North-East Missouri during the whole of the ten days subsequent to the date of this notice, it is impossible that, with all his varied channels of information, he remained unapprised of Gen. McNeill's determination in the premises.

Many rebels believed the whole thing was simply intended as a scare — declaring that McNeill did not dare (!) to carry out the threat.

The ten days elapsed, and no tidings came of the murdered Allsman. It is not our intention to dwell at length upon the details of this transaction. The tenth day expired with last Friday. On that day ten rebel prisoners, already in custody, were selected to pay with their lives the penalty demanded. The names of the men so selected were as follows:

Willis Baker, Lewis County; Thos. Humston, Lewis County; Morgan Bixler, Lewis County; John Y. McPheeters, Lewis County; Herbert Hudson, Ralls County; John M. Wade, Ralls County; Marion Lair, Ralls County; Captain Thos. A. Snider, Monroe County; Eleazer Lake, Scotland County; Hiram Smith, Knox County.

These parties were informed on Friday evening, that unless Mr. Allsman was returned to his family by one o'clock on the following day, they would all be shot at that hour.

Most of them received the announcement with composure or indifference. The Rev. James S. Green, of this city, remained with them during that night, as their spiritual adviser, endeavoring to prepare them for their sudden entrance into the presence of their Maker.

A little after eleven o'clock A.M. the next day, three Government wagons drove to the jail. One contained four and each of the others three rough

board coffins. The condemned men were conducted from the prison and seated in the wagons — one upon each coffin. A sufficient guard of soldiers accompanied them, and the cavalcade started for the fatal grounds. Proceeding east to Main street, the *cortège* turned and moved slowly southward as far as Malone's livery stable. Thence turning east it entered the Hannibal road, pursuing it nearly to the residence of Col. James Culbertson. There, throwing down the fences, they turned northward, entering the fair grounds (half a mile east of the town) on the west side, and driving within the circular amphitheatrical ring, paused for the final consummation of the scene.

The ten coffins were removed from the wagons and placed in a row, six or eight feet apart, forming a line north and south, about fifteen paces east of the central pagoda or music-stand in the centre of the ring. Each coffin was placed upon the ground with its foot west and head east. Thirty soldiers of the Second M. S. M. were drawn up in a single line, extending north and south, facing the row of coffins. This line of executioners ran immediately at the east base of the pagoda, leaving a space between them and the coffins of twelve or thirteen paces. Reserves were drawn up in line upon either flank of these executioners.

The arrangements completed, the doomed men knelt upon the grass between their coffins and the soldiers while the Rev. R. M. Rhodes offered up a prayer. At the conclusion of this, each prisoner took his seat upon the foot of his coffin, facing the muskets which in a few moments were to launch them into eternity. They were nearly all firm and undaunted. Two or three only showed signs of trepidation.

The most noted of the ten was Capt. Thomas A. Snider of Monroe County, whose capture at Shelbyville, in the disguise of a woman, we related several weeks since. He was now elegantly attired in a suit of black broadcloth, with white vest. A luxurious growth of beautiful hair rolled down upon his shoulders, which, with his fine personal appearance, could not but bring to mind the handsome but vicious Absalom. There was nothing especially worthy of note in the appearance of the others. One of them, Willis Baker of Lewis County, was proven to be the man who last year shot and killed Mr. Ezekiel Pratte, his Union neighbor, near Williamstown, in that county. All the others were rebels of lesser note, the particulars of whose crimes we are not familiar with.

A few minutes after one o'clock, Colonel Strachan, Provost-Marshal General, and the Rev. Mr. Rhoads, shook hands with the prisoners. Two of them accepted bandages for their eyes—all the rest refused. A hundred spectators had gathered around the amphitheatre to witness the impressive scene. The stillness of death pervaded the place.

The officer in command now stepped forward and gave the word of command: "Ready; aim; fire!" The discharges, however, were not made simultaneously—probably through want of a per-

fect previous understanding of the orders and of the time at which to fire. Two of the rebels fell backward upon their coffins and died instantly. Captain Snider sprang forward and fell with his head toward the soldiers, his face upward, his hands clasped upon his breast, and the left leg drawn half-way up. He did not move again, but died immediately. He had requested the soldiers to aim at his heart, and they obeyed but too implicitly. The other seven were not killed outright; so the reserves were called in, who despatched them with their revolvers.

The lifeless remains were then placed in coffins, the lids, upon which the name of each man was written, were screwed on, and the direful procession returned to town by the same route that it pursued in going. But the souls of ten men that went out came not back.

Friends came and took seven of the corpses. Three were buried by the military in the public cemetery. The tragedy was over.

It seems hard that ten men should die for one. Under ordinary circumstances it could hardly be justified. But severe diseases demand severe remedies. The safety of the people is the supreme law. It overrides all other considerations. The madness of rebellion has become so deep-seated that ordinary methods of cure are inadequate. To take life for life would be little intimidation to men seeking the heart's blood of an obnoxious enemy. They could well afford to make even exchanges under many circumstances. It is only by striking the deepest terror into them—causing them to thoroughly respect the lives of loyal men—that they can be taught to observe the obligations of humanity and of law.

Doc. 11.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ORDER,

ESTABLISHING A PROVISIONAL COURT IN LOUISIANA.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, October 20, 1862.

THE insurrection which has for some time prevailed in several of the States of this Union, including Louisiana, having temporarily subverted and swept away the civil institutions of that State, including the judiciary and the judicial authorities of the Union, so that it has become necessary to hold the State in military occupation; and it being indispensably necessary that there shall be some judicial tribunal existing there capable of administering justice, I have, therefore, thought it proper to appoint, and I do hereby constitute a Provisional Court, which shall be a Court of Record, for the State of Louisiana, and I do hereby appoint Charles A. Peabody, of New-York, to be a Provisional Judge to hold said Court, with authority to hear, try and determine all causes, civil and criminal, including causes in law, equity, revenue and admiralty, and particularly all such powers and jurisdiction as belong to the District and Circuit Courts of the United States, conforming his proceedings, so far as possible, to the

course of proceedings and practice which has been customary in the Courts of the United States and Louisiana—his judgment to be final and conclusive. And I do hereby authorize and empower the said Judge to make and establish such rules and regulations as may be necessary for the exercise of his jurisdiction, and to appoint a Prosecuting Attorney, Marshal and Clerk of the said Court, who shall perform the functions of Attorney, Marshal, and Clerk, according to such proceedings and practice as before mentioned, and such rules and regulations as may be made and established by said Judge. These appointments are to continue during the pleasure of the President, not extending beyond the military occupation of the city of New-Orleans, or the restoration of the civil authority in that city and in the State of Louisiana. These officers shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the War Department, compensation as follows: . . . Such compensation to be certified by the Secretary of War. A copy of this order, certified by the Secretary of War, and delivered to such Judge, shall be deemed and held to be a sufficient commission. Let the seal of the United States be hereunto affixed.

[L. s.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, 23 October, 1862.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy, duly examined and compared with the original, of the Executive Order of the President of the United States, constituting a Provisional Court for the State of Louisiana.

Witness my hand and seal of the War Department.

[L. s.] EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Attest—JOHN BOTTS,
Chief Clerk.

Doc. 12.

BATTLE OF "OLD FORT WAYNE," ARK.

GENERAL BLUNT'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
OLD FORT WAYNE, NEAR MAYSVILLE, ARK., Oct. 23, 1862. }

Brigadier-General J. M. Schofield, Commanding Army of the Frontier:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, in pursuance of your instructions of the twentieth instant, I left camp at Pea Ridge at about seven o'clock P.M. of that day with the Second and Third brigades of my command, consisting of the Second, Sixth, and Tenth, and the Eleventh Kansas, and the First and Third Cherokee regiments, the First Kansas and the Second Indiana batteries and four mountain howitzers, leaving the First brigade, Gen. Salomon, to protect my rear and flank, and my supply train, meeting the command of Gen. Herron about midnight, which caused considerable delay.

I did not reach Bentonville until daylight of the twenty-first. At the latter place I halted until five o'clock P.M. at which hour my train, left behind at Pea Ridge, came up. Having learned from my scouts, sent out during the day, that Cooper and Standwaite were at or near Maysville, with a force variously estimated at from five thousand to seven thousand men, I determined, if possible, to reach their camp and attack them by daybreak. The distance to march was thirty miles, and the road through a rough, and wooded, and hilly country. Three miles from Bentonville I directed my train to go into camp and follow in the morning at daylight, and moved the column forward, Col. Cloud's brigade being in the advance.

At about two o'clock in the morning the advance was halted by Col. Cloud, with the view of letting the column close up. The men were weary and exhausted, and no sooner were they halted than they dropped down in the brush by the wayside and were soon fast asleep, being in the rear of Col. Cloud's brigade. After waiting half an hour at a halt, I took a portion of my body-guard, went ahead to learn the cause of the delay, and ordered the command to move on, going myself with the advance-guard. After proceeding five miles further, an open prairie lay before us of some five miles in extent, over which we had to pass to reach the rebel camp.

At this point I went ahead of the advance-guard, accompanied by Capt. Russell, of the Second Kansas regiment, and two men, for the purpose of getting information. In this we succeeded admirably. Stopping at a large, fine house, at the edge of the prairie, and disguised as rebel soldiers, just escaped from the Federals, and wishing to get with Cooper's command, I readily enlisted the sympathies of the lady, whose husband was a soldier in the rebel camp. She informed me where their pickets stood, of the location of their camp, and of their strength, which was near seven thousand men, two Texan regiments having joined them the day before.

I now moved the advance across the prairie, and halted a quarter of a mile from their outpost, which was at the edge of the timber, on a little wooded stream, near the town of Maysville. From this point I sent companies B and I, of the Second Kansas, under the command of Captain Hopkins, by a circuitous route, to enter the town in the rear of the enemy's pickets, for the purpose, if possible, of capturing them without alarming their camp.

This, however, proved fruitless, from the fact, as I afterwards learned, that they heard us advancing across the prairie, and ran in, alarming the town as they went, from which all of the male inhabitants speedily decamped, to seek rebel protection.

It was now near five o'clock, and my desire was to attack at daylight; but, while waiting to give Captain Hopkins time to get in the rear of their pickets, on going back to ascertain if the column was closed up, I learned, much to my surprise and disappointment, that during the last two or

three hours' march, the only troops with me had been three companies of the Kansas Second, two of which had already been sent ahead, under Captain Hopkins.

The main column was back seven miles, where it was first halted. After sending a messenger back to order it up, I proceeded, with the one company remaining with me, to the town, and reached there at the same time with Capt. Hopkins. There I learned that intelligence of an approach had gone ahead of us, and fearing that the enemy would retreat, I sent Col. Cloud, who had come up with me in the advance back, to move his brigade forward as rapidly as possible, while, with the three companies, I determined to push ahead, attack the enemy, and endeavor to hold them until reinforcements could arrive. Finding an intelligent contraband, whose master was in the rebel camp, with the locality of which he was well acquainted, I had no difficulty by promising him his freedom, in engaging his service as a guide.

The route from Maysville to the timber where the rebels were posted lay across the prairie in a south-westerly direction, about three and a half miles distant. Dashing on rapidly, we drove the pickets from the open ground under cover of the timber. The remainder of the Second Kansas, with the two mountain howitzers attached, now came galloping up, and the whole regiment was quickly formed in line, and under command of Lieut.-Col. Bassett was ordered to skirmish the woods on foot to ascertain the position of the enemy. At this point five of my body-guard captured ten armed rebels, who had been out of camp and were endeavoring to get back to their command. Lieut.-Col. Bassett, not being able to ascertain the whereabouts of the rebel forces, was ordered to withdraw his men from the woods and mount them.

Advancing through an opening in the timber, about a quarter of a mile in width, I discovered the enemy in force, their line extending across the open ground in front and occupying the road between the point I occupied. Reconnoitring their position and movements, and their line, was a pasture of open ground some two hundred yards, and two fences intervening. Believing that the enemy were contemplating a retreat, I determined to lose no time in trying the effect of a few shells upon their ranks from the two little mountain howitzers. The Kansas Second was accordingly moved forward in line to the first fence and the two howitzers, under command of Lieut. Stover, supported by company A, of the Second Kansas, under Lieutenant Johnson, were ordered to advance through the fence to within two hundred yards of the enemy's battery, from which position Lieutenant Stover opened upon them with shells and with much animation.

The fire was returned by the enemy's guns, and in a few minutes the entire line engaged the small force I had opposing them. I then dismounted the entire regiment. The Kansas Second formed then on foot, and I ordered them to advance through the fence to within short-range

of the enemy's position, which order was obeyed with alacrity, they opening upon the rebel lines a terrific fire with their Harper's Ferry rifles. The enemy observing our small force upon the field, the main column not having yet come in sight, attempted to overwhelm us by superior numbers, and, by flank movements, to obtain possession of the projecting woods on my right and left.

Fortunately, at this juncture the Kansas Sixth, Col. Judson, and the Third Cherokee regiment, Col. Phillips, came upon the field. The former was ordered to advance upon the right, and the latter on the left, which they did by rapid movements, throwing back the flanking columns of the enemy. At the same moment company B, Capt. Hopkins, company D, Lieut. Moore, company E, Capt. Gardner, company H, Lieut. Ball, and company K, Capt. Russell, of the Second Kansas, all under command of Capt. S. J. Crawford, made a gallant charge, driving in their centre, capturing their artillery, and bringing it in triumph from the field.

The battle was now won; the enemy began flying in disorder before our victorious troops. The Second Indiana battery, Lieut. Rabb, came up in time to pay its respects to the rear of the flying enemy with excellent effect. Col. Judson, of the Sixth Kansas, and Colonel Phillips, of the Third Cherokee regiment, pursued them in their retreat for a distance of seven miles, skirmishing with their rear, and leaving quite a number of their dead strewn by the way, when their horses becoming exhausted from the long and wearisome march of the night before, they were obliged to give up further pursuit.

The rebels, as I have since learned, did not halt in their retreat until they had reached Arkansas River at Fort Gibson, seventy miles from the battle-ground, where they arrived thirty hours after their rout at Old Fort Wayne.

The casualties in my command were one killed on the battle-field belonging to the Kansas Second, and nine wounded, and four mortally, since dead, three belonging to the Kansas Second, and one to the Kansas Sixth.

Of the enemy's killed and wounded I have been unable to procure a full and accurate statement. About fifty of their dead have been found upon the field and buried by my command. Most of their wounded were taken away, yet a number of them have been cared for by our surgeons. Some who were found in houses some ten miles from the battle-field, report their loss in killed and wounded at one hundred and fifty; and of the men working their battery, who were Texans, all except four were either killed or wounded. The battery captured consists of three six-pounder brass guns and one twelve-pounder brass field howitzer, with horses, harness, and caissons complete; we also captured quite a large number of horses and a portion of their transportation and camp and garrison equipage.

It was my intention to have surprised and attacked them at daybreak, and had it not been for the unfortunate occurrence of the night—the ne-

glect of the column to move forward as ordered—I have little doubt I should have succeeded in destroying or capturing the entire rebel force.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the gallant Second, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Bassett, which took a prominent part in the affair of the morning. Truly have they added new lustre to their laurels won at Wilson's Creek. With less than six hundred men, our numbers, and with guns without bayonets, charged the enemy's line and artillery, and drove them from the field.

To mention names where all, both officers and men, did their duty so well and so nobly, may seem, I fear, invidious. Yet I feel that I ought to say to Captain Crawford, who commanded the battalion that made the charge upon and captured the rebel battery, great credit is due for his gallantry; and the names of Capts. Ayres, Russell, Hopkins, and Gardner, and Lieuts. Moore, Cosgrove, Ballard, Lee, and Johnson, and Sergeant Baker, all of whom commanded companies, are worthy of especial and honorable mention. Lieut. Stover proved himself not only a gallant officer but a good artillerist, abundantly shown by the effect produced by his little howitzers. Lieut.-Col. Bassett also demonstrated his gallantry and ability as an officer upon the field.

The officers and men of the other regiments were disappointed at not being in time to take a part in the conflict, and only failed to distinguish themselves for want of opportunity. If such opportunity occurs, they will prove themselves as equal to the emergency as the gallant Second has done.

In closing the report it is justly due to acknowledge the efficient services rendered upon the field during the engagement by the following members of my division staff, namely:

Major V. P. Van Antwerp, Inspector-General, and Capt. Lyman Scott, and Lieuts. J. Fin. Hill and M. J. Collier, Aids-de-Camp.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

JAMES G. BLUNT,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding First Division Army of the Frontier.

LEAVENWORTH "CONSERVATIVE" ACCOUNT.

NEAR MAYSVILLE, ARK., October 23.

We overtook the enemy here, yesterday morning, attacked and took from him four pieces of cannon, and drove him from the field.

My last, under date of the twentieth inst., written on the battle-field of Pea Ridge, indicated that we were to march that night, the whole army, as I then supposed, under the command of Gen. Schofield, directly south on the Fayetteville road, in pursuit of the enemy. Information, however, coming to hand that they had divided their forces, Marmaduke, Rains, and others, with one portion of it, to proceed south-east, in the direction of Huntsville, and Cooper and Standwaite with the other west, through Bentonville to Maysville, into the Indian country; our forces were therefore divided to meet the emergency.

Gens. Schofield and Totten, with the Missouri

division, went in pursuit of Marmaduke and company, while Gen. Blunt, with the brigades of Weer and Cloud, followed Cooper and Standwaite, leaving Gen. Salomon, with his command, including Stockton's and Blair's batteries, at Pea Ridge, to keep open communication with the rear, protect the trains, etc. We marched from there on Monday night at nine o'clock, and by two o'clock had reached Bentonville, a distance of some twelve or thirteen miles, where the command halted and remained through the following day for the trains to come up. At sundown started again and marched during most of the night. The road was rough and rocky, up hill and down much of the way, and a great deal of it through timber. At between two and three o'clock word came from the rear that Col. Weer, who two days before had thrown up his brigade command and returned to that of his regiment, (the Tenth Kansas,) had drawn out of the line and halted for the night.

A little later a halt took place also in front; Gen. Blunt being at that time some distance to the rear of the heads of the column, immediately taking his body-guard, he went ahead, overtook the Kansas Second, (now under the command of Lieut.-Col. Bassett,) which constituted the advance-guard, and reached Maysville before daylight, driving the enemy's pickets from it. Maysville is almost directly west, (a little to the north,) and some twenty-three miles distant from Bentonville, immediately on the boundary line between Arkansas and the Indian Nation. It is seven or eight miles south of the north-west corner of Arkansas. Proceeding on from there after a brief halt some four miles in a south-westerly direction, over an open, beautiful prairie, the enemy were found at the edge of the woods near this point, which is the site of an old United States military garrison, long since abandoned. It may be found laid down on some of the maps—is so on one now before me as "Old Fort Wayne," at the junction of Spannivaw and Welster creeks.

Coming up with the enemy, Gen. Blunt had with him as before stated, no other force but three companies of the Kansas Second that happened to be in the lead, and his body-guard of some twenty-five or thirty men. He at once determined to attack, and made his arrangements accordingly. Soon the other companies of the Second arrived upon the ground, the whole regiment numbering not to exceed six hundred men all told. They were dismounted to act as infantry, Gen. Blunt directing the movement in person, and encouraged the men, promptly and efficiently seconded by Col. Bassett and all his officers. The regiment had with it two little mountain howitzers, and the men were armed with Harper's Ferry rifles *without bayonets*. Emboldened by the very small number of our people present, the enemy brought out his artillery clear of the woods, and commenced blazing away at them industriously, but a very few hundred yards intervening between the two lines, and no obstacle in the way. Of course the compliment was returned promptly and with a will from the

two little howitzers, and thus the matter went on for some time. Finally, impatient of longer delay, the word was given for the gallant Second to advance, (on foot, of course,) which it did with a rush, firing as it went straight up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, driving his cannoneers from them, seizing the four brass pieces and bringing them in triumph from the ground.

It was a most brilliant and daring act, of which the gallant victors, nay, all of Kansas may well be proud. Before us and close at hand, lay the forces of the enemy, probably not less than seven thousand strong, concealed mostly by the woods. The head of our own anxiously looked for column, the Eleventh Kansas, Sixth Kansas, Rabb's and the Kansas batteries, etc., were still back three miles or more toward Maysville, while the rear of the column, Weer's regiment and others, were still further back, perhaps eight or ten miles off. New orders were sent for the advance to come up rapidly, which it did accordingly—had been doing, in fact, all the time since the dawn of day. The Sixth, headed by its gallant Colonel, Judson, came galloping over the four miles of prairie between Maysville and the point where the fight was going on. The horses of Rabb's battery under trot, and the men of the splendid new Eleventh regiment at double-quick, under the lead of Ewing, Moonlight, and Plumb, until they were nearly exhausted, and made the distance in admirable time—Moonlight himself, by the way, on foot at the head of his men.

Arrived upon the ground, Rabb's battery was placed in position with the customary promptitude of its youthful commander, and at once the six mouths of the fierce spiteful pieces were heard barking away at the foe who had retired into the woods—giving forth music that was truly inspiring. The Eleventh and the Sixth were formed into line of battle on the right of the position occupied by the Second, and close up to the woods. Soon, also, the First and Third Indian regiments, Cols. Wattles and Phillips, arrived upon the ground, and were placed upon the left, with orders from Gen. Blunt to sweep the woods in a wide circle in that direction and find the enemy—the Sixth and Eleventh advancing simultaneously on the right. All went ahead, and some skirmishing ensued at different points, but no considerable force of the enemy was overtaken. Again they had fled.

What the casualties of yesterday's affair have been is not yet known. Four of the Kansas Second, slain in the attack upon the battery captured by it, were buried a few hours later in the open prairie, under three or four small quaking asp trees, a short distance north of the battleground. Several others were, more or less, severely wounded—some of them perhaps to die, and others to recover.

The battery captured yesterday consists of three six-pounders and one twelve-pounder field-howitzer, all brass, and supplied with some thirty or forty rounds of ammunition. One of the caissons was knocked to pieces by the shells from our howitzers, and another hauled away.

A number of horses were killed—all the others attached to the guns being captured with them.

This entire command, as you may readily conceive, is much elated by the brilliant victory above related. It is none the less glorious, of course, for having been achieved substantially by so small a portion of the command. Had the plan adopted by Gen. Blunt been fully carried out, had no halt taken place on the night march between Bentonville and Maysville, and could the entire command have reached here, as was his design, by the dawn of day on the morning of the twenty-second, there is reason to believe that a large proportion at least of the enemy's forces, with all of his trains, might have been surprised and captured; for Gen. Cooper himself, as is proven by the certificate of his Medical Director, a copy of which I inclose herewith, remained here yesterday morning until Gen. Blunt was close upon him, never apparently dreaming of such a thing as that he was coming.

The result of the campaign, thus far, is completely to rid South-western Missouri, North-western Arkansas, and the "Indian Nation," of the enemy, who occupied all of that region only three weeks ago to-day, and to clear the road of him between here and Fort Smith, which is believed to be now open to our march upon that place. And this important work is mainly due to the Kansas division, under the command of General Blunt, which, I verily believe, would have done the whole work alone, without assistance; with some more fighting, perhaps, than has occurred, but none the less effectually on that account. The command will probably remain here a few days, for the subsistence trains to come up, and to recruit the men and horses, and then march on to its goal—Fort Smith thereby meaning.

The members of the division staff now with Gen. Blunt are as follows: Major Van Antwerp, Inspector-General, and Lieut. Fin. Hill, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieut. Collier, of the Second Ohio cavalry, Aid-de-Camp; Capt. Haskell, Staff Quartermaster, and Captain Scott, of Leavenworth, Aid-de-Camp.

LEVINUS HARRIS'S ACCOUNT.

CHEROKEE NATION, NEAR MAYSVILLE, ARKANSAS, }
October 28, 1862. }

Will you be so kind as to allow these few lines to find entrance into your paper? By so doing you will confer a favor upon myself and others here with me, who would like our friends to know our whereabouts, and what we are doing. The twenty-second of October is one long to be remembered by the few who were engaged in the battle of Fort Wayne, near our present encampment. We had travelled two whole nights without sleep, and early on the morning of the twenty-second found ourselves in Maysville, where we expected to find the enemy and give him battle. But the enemy was not there. Two farmers captured seemed loth to tell the whereabouts of the enemy, when a negro was brought before the commanding officer, Gen. Blunt, and

promised his freedom if he would reveal the enemy's position. He informed us that he was about two miles distant encamped. Without waiting for reinforcements to come up, the General ordered us—the Kansas Second mounted riflemen—into line, and we marched forward toward the enemy. We could see parties of them on the prairie, and as we advanced they retired. Presently we came to a corn-field and wood, where we dismounted, passed rapidly through the field and wood, coming out into the prairie beyond. Company B, mostly from Edwards, Wabash and Wayne Counties, Illinois, with one or two other companies, were on the left of the column, and reached the prairie last. On arriving thither, they heard the companies that were on the right engaging the enemy, about a half-mile distant. Our horses had been brought around the wood. We mounted and were soon on the field of battle. We dismounted, hurried forward, loading and firing, rapidly advancing upon the enemy, who were posted in a field grown up in small sassafras bushes, and were firing musketry and cannon at us with at least a determination to slay. They were three thousand in number, with one large brass mounted howitzer and three large brass pieces, European make. We were not six hundred strong, with two small mounted howitzers; but forward was the command, and the command was quickly obeyed, the men making the air resound with their shouts. I have heard Indians yell, but they could not come up with our boys. At double-quick we advanced, waiting only to load; our muskets we depended upon, our pistols at our sides remaining untouched, and having no sabres and no bayonets. A strange charge! It was an exciting time. The air was musical with musketry and cannon-ball strains. Forward! forward! and the cannon, all that the enemy had, were ours. The enemy was driven from the field. Just at this juncture Rabb's battery and several regiments came up, and the field was ours. Six hundred men had fought the battle and won the day, losing but three men killed and three wounded. The enemy shot over us, or else we would have been mowed down like grass. Our movements were so rapid and our shouts so deceptive that the enemy thought the fields were full of men, and thus he was deceived. The enemy's loss is stated at about three hundred, ours ten in killed and wounded. Our success seems a miracle, and we cannot but see the kind hand of Providence favoring us. He delivered us from the enemy and gave us the victory. He saved us from seeming destruction and illustrated the great truth that God can save by few or by many. Our men were almost wild with excitement on capturing the pieces. The enemy rapidly retreated and saved most of his train, our Indians pursuing him a few miles. Since the battle company B has been converted into an artillery company, and commands the pieces taken in the battle.

Yours, in love, for our common country,
LEVINUS HARRIS.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

CAMP ON SPANNIVAW CREEK, I. T., Oct. 24, 1862.

On Wednesday, the twenty-second instant, the Kansas division of the army of the frontier, forcing a march in pursuit of Cooper, Col. Cloud of the Third brigade came up with the enemy on Spannivaw Creek, four miles beyond Maysville. The attack was sudden, energetic, and successful. The rebels were defeated, four brass pieces, all they had, were taken, and numbers killed and wounded. Our loss was three killed and seven wounded. The Kansas Second, Lieut.-Colonel Bassett, under Colonel Cloud, did the most of the work.

X, Tenth Kansas Volunteers.

Doc. 13.

THE BATTLE OF POCOTALIGO, S. C.

GENERAL BRANNAN'S REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, }
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Nov. 1, 1862. }

GENERAL: I herewith transmit the report of an expedition from this department, ordered by the late Major-General O. M. Mitchel (then in command) to destroy the railroad and railroad bridges on the Charleston and Savannah line, in the vicinity of Pocotaligo and Coosahatchie.

The forwarding of this report has hitherto been delayed, owing to the illness and subsequent death of Major-General Mitchel. The reports of the brigade and other commanders, together with a list of those officers and men who personally distinguished themselves, I will forward by the next mail.

I have the honor to be, General, most respectfully your obedient servant,

J. M. BRANNAN,

Brig.-General Commanding Department.

Brig.-General L. THOMAS,

Adjutant-General U. S. Army.

HEADQUARTERS EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, }
UNITED STATES TRANSPORT BEN DEFORD, }
October 24, 1862. }

To Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. Prentice, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the South, Hilton Head, South-Carolina.

COLONEL: In accordance with instructions received from headquarters, Department of the South, I assumed command of the following forces, ordered to destroy the railroad bridges on the "Charleston and Savannah line."

A portion of the First brigade (Brannan's) Col. J. S. Chatfield, Sixth regiment Connecticut volunteers, commanding — effective strength, two thousand; a portion of Second brigade, Brigadier-General A. H. Terry, commanding — effective strength, one thousand four hundred and ten; detachment Third regiment Rhode Island volunteers, Colonel Brown commanding — effective strength, three hundred; detachment Forty-eighth regiment New-York State volunteers, Col. Barton commanding — effective strength, three hundred; detachment of First Massachusetts cavalry, Capt. L. Richmond, commanding — effective

strength, one hundred and eight; section First, United States artillery, Lieut. G. J. Henry, commanding — effective strength, forty; section Third, United States artillery, Lieut. E. Gittings, commanding — effective strength, forty; detachment N. Y. Volunteer Engineers, Lieut.-Col. Hall commanding — effective strength, two hundred and fifty. Total effective strength, four thousand four hundred and forty-eight men.

With this command I left Hilton Head, S. C., on the evening of the twenty-first of October, 1862, and proceeding up Broad River, arrived off Pocotaligo Creek, at half-past four o'clock A.M. with the transport Ben Deford and gunboat Paul Jones.

Colonel William Barton, Forty-eighth regiment New-York State volunteers, fifty men Volunteer Engineer corps, and fifty men Third Rhode Island volunteers, in accordance with my orders, delivered early that morning, proceeded direct to the Coosahatchie River, to destroy the railroad and railroad bridges in that vicinity.

The other gunboats and transports did not all arrive until about eight A.M., October twenty-second.

I immediately effected a landing of my artillery and infantry at Mackay's Point, on the junction of Pocotaligo and Tullifiny Rivers.

I advanced without delay in the direction of Pocotaligo bridge, sending back the transports Flora and Darlington to Port Royal Island for the cavalry.

The First brigade being in advance with section from First United States artillery, followed by the Second brigade, with Col. Brown's command, the section of Third United States artillery, and three boat-howitzers, which Captain Steedman, commanding the naval forces, kindly furnished for this occasion, and a detachment of forty-five men from the Third Rhode Island volunteer artillery, under Captain Comstock, of that regiment.

On advancing about five and a half miles, and debouching upon an open, rolling country, the rebels opened upon us with a field-battery from a position on the plantation known as Gaston's. I immediately caused the First brigade to deploy, and crossing my artillery to the front, drove the rebels from this position; they, however, destroyed all the small bridges in the vicinity, causing much delay in my advance. These, with the aid of the Engineer corps, were reconstructed as we advanced, and I followed up the retreat of the rebels with all haste practicable.

I had advanced about one and a quarter miles further when a battery again opened on us from a position on the plantation called "Frampton." The rebels here had every advantage of ground, being ensconced in a wood with a deep swamp in front, passable only by a narrow causeway, on which the bridge had been destroyed; while on our side of the swamp and along the entire front and flanks of the enemy (extending to the swamp) was impervious thicket, intersected by a deep water ditch, and passable only by a narrow road. Into this wood the rebels threw a most terrific fire of grape, shot, shell, canister and musket-

balls, killing and wounding great numbers of my command. Here the ammunition for the field-pieces fell short, and though the infantry acted with great courage and determination, they were twice driven out of the woods with great slaughter by the overwhelming force of the enemy, whose missiles tore through the woods like hail.

I had warmly responded to this fire with the sections of First and Third United States artillery and the boat-howitzers, until finding my ammunition about to fail, and seeing any flank movement was impossible, I pressed the First brigade forward, through the thicket to the verge of the swamp, and sent a section of the First United States artillery, well supported, to the causeway on the further side of the wood, leaving the Second brigade with Colonel Brown's command, the section Third United States artillery and the boat-howitzers, as a line of defence on my rear.

The effect of this bold movement was immediately evident in the precipitate retreat of the rebels, who disappeared in the woods with amazing rapidity. The infantry of the First brigade immediately plunged through the swamp (parts of which were nearly up to their arm-pits) and started in pursuit. Some delay was caused by the bridge having been destroyed, impeding the passage of the artillery. This difficulty was overcome, and with my full force I pressed forward on the retreating rebels. At this point, (apprehending from the facility with which the rebels progressed heading "Pocotaligo Creek" that they would attempt to turn my left flank,) I sent an infantry regiment with a boat-howitzer to my left to strike the "Coosahatchie road."

The position which I had found proved, as I had supposed, to be one of great natural advantages to the rebels, the ground being higher on that side of the swamp, and having a firm open field for the working of their artillery, which latter they formed in a half-circle, throwing a concentrated fire on the entrance to the woods we had just passed.

The rebels left in their retreat a caisson full of ammunition, which latter fortunately fitting the boat-howitzers, enabled us at a later period of the day to keep up our fire when all other ammunition had failed.

Still pursuing the flying rebels, I arrived at that point where the Coosahatchie road, joining that from McKay's Landing, runs through a swamp to Pocotaligo bridge. Here the rebels opened a murderous fire upon us from batteries of siege-guns and field-pieces, on the further side of the creek.

Our skirmishers, however, advanced boldly to the edge of the swamp, and from what cover they could obtain did considerable execution among the enemy. The rebels, as I anticipated, attempted a flank movement on our left, but for some reason abandoned it.

The ammunition of the artillery here entirely failed, owing to the caissons not having been brought on, for want of transportation from Port Royal, and pieces had to be sent back to Mackay's Point, a distance of ten miles, to renew it.

The bridge across the Pocotaligo was destroyed, and the rebels from behind their earthworks continued firing on the only approach to it through the swamps. Night was now closing fast, and seeing the utter hopelessness of attempting any thing further against the force which the enemy had concentrated at this point from Savannah and Charleston, with an army of much inferior force, unprovided with ammunition, and not having sufficient transportation to remove the wounded, who were lying writhing along the entire route, I deemed it expedient to move on Mackay's Point, which I did in successive lines of defence, burying my dead and carrying our wounded with us on such stretchers as we could manufacture from branches of trees, blankets, etc., and received no molestation from the rebels; embarked and returned to Hilton Head on the twenty-third instant.

Facts tend to show that the rebels were perfectly acquainted with all our plans, as they had evidently studied our purpose with care, and had two lines of defence, "Easton and Frampton," before falling back on Pocotaligo, where, aided by their field-works and favored by the nature of the ground and the facility of concentrating troops, they evidently purposed making a determined stand; and, indeed, the accounts gathered from prisoners leave no doubt but that the rebels had very accurate information of our movements.

I greatly felt the want of cavalry, who, in consequence of the transports having grounded in Broad River, did not arrive till nearly four P.M., and who, in the early part of the day, would, perhaps, have captured some field-pieces in the open country we were then in, and would, at all events, have prevented the destruction of the bridge in the rear of the rebels.

Great praise is due to the brigade and regimental commanders for their calm and determined courage during the entire day, and for the able manner in which they handled their several commands.

Col. Barton, Forty-eighth regiment New-York State volunteers, as will be seen from the accompanying copy of his report, partially effected the object of this movement on the Coosahatchie, but meeting with too strong a force of the rebels, was forced to embark.

I desire to call the attention of the Major-General commanding the department to the gallant and distinguished conduct of First Lieutenant Guy T. Henry, First United States artillery, commanding a section of light artillery. His pieces were served admirably throughout. He had two horses shot. The section of Third United States artillery, commanded by First Lieut. E. Giddings, Third United States artillery, was well served. He being wounded in the latter part of the day, his section was commanded by Lieut. Henry.

The three boat-howitzers furnished by Captain Steedman, United States Navy, commanding the naval forces, were served well; and the officers commanding them, with the crews, as also the detachment of the Third Rhode Island volunteers, deserve great credit for their coolness, skill, and gallantry. The officers commanding these guns

are as follows: Lieutenant Lloyd Phoenix, Ensigns James Wallace, Samuel P. Adams, and Frederick Pearson.

The conduct of my entire staff, Capt. Lewis J. Lambert, A.A.G.; Captain I. Coryell, A.Q.M.; Lieuts. Ira V. Germain, and George W. Bacon, Aid-de-Camp, gave me great pleasure and satisfaction. My orders were transmitted by them in the hottest of the battle with great rapidity and correctness. To Col. E. W. Serrell, New-York Volunteer Engineers, who acted as an additional aid-de-camp, I am much indebted. His energy, perfect coolness and bravery, was a source of gratification to me. Orders from me were executed by him in a very satisfactory manner.

Lieut. G. H. Hill, signal-officer, performed his duties with great promptness. He acted also as additional aid-de-camp, and gave me much assistance in carrying my orders during the entire day.

Col. T. H. Good, Forty-seventh regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, Col. Chatfield being wounded early in the day, commanded the First brigade during the latter part of the engagement, with much ability. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the promptness and skill with which the wounded were attended by Surgeon E. W. Bailey, Forty-seventh Pennsylvania volunteers, (Medical Director,) and the entire medical staff of the command.

The troops of the command behaved with great gallantry, advancing against a remarkably heavy fire of musketry, canister, grape, round-shot, and shell, driving the enemy before them with much determination. I was perfectly satisfied with their conduct.

It affords me much pleasure again to report the perfect cordiality existing between the two branches of the service, and I am much indebted to Capt. Charles S. Steedman, U.S.N., for his valuable aid and assistance in disembarking and re-embarking the troops; also in sending launches (with howitzers) to prevent an attack on our pickets while we were embarking to return to Hilton Head. The fitting out of the expedition, as relates to its organization, supplies, transportation, and ammunition, was done entirely by the Major-General commanding the department, who at first proposed to command it.

I was not assigned to the command till a few hours previous to the sailing of the expedition from Hilton Head.

The reports of the brigade and other commanders, with a list of the officers and men who rendered themselves personally worthy of notice during the engagement, I will forward as soon as received.

I have the honor to be, Colonel, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. M. BRANNAN,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

COLONEL BARTON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, }
FORT PULASKI, GA., October 23, 1862. }

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report my share in the recent operations against the Charleston

and Savannah Railroad. In accordance with orders from General Mitchel, received on the evening of the twentieth instant, I left this port at eight o'clock A.M. on the twenty-first instant, with three hundred men of the Forty-eighth New-York volunteers, and fifty men of the Third Rhode Island artillery, (the latter under command of Capt. John H. Gould,) with three days' cooked, and seven days' uncooked rations, on board the armed transport Planter.

On arriving at Hilton Head, I received instructions as to my number on the line of the fleet, and also directions to report to Brig.-Gen. Brannan—who commanded the expedition—on reaching Mackay Point, for further orders. Soon after daylight on the morning of the twenty-second, I reported to Gen. Brannan on board the Ben Deford, and was directed by him to proceed with my command up the Coosahatchie River, as near to the town of that name as I might deem practicable, and disembarking under cover of the gunboats, which were to accompany me, to move toward the town, and, if possible, reach the Charleston and Savannah Railroad and destroy it at that point, and the bridge on it over the Coosahatchie.

I was fully instructed, however, not to hazard too much in order to accomplish the above, but if opposed by a force at all superior, to fall back under cover of the fleet.

There was some delay in starting, arising from the gunboats being well to the rear, which I improved in borrowing from Commander Steedman, on board the flag-ship Paul Jones, a twelve-pound Dahlgren boat-howitzer, and fifty-two rounds of ammunition, which proved of great service to me, and for which I desire to return my thanks. I was also furnished by Gen. Brannan's order with fifty men from the New-York State Volunteer Engineers, under command of Capt. Eaton, provided with the necessary implements for cutting the railroad, etc.

We were soon under way, and had proceeded some three miles up the river, when the gunboats turned around and came back, in compliance, as I am informed, with an order from the flag-ship. I, however, continued on my course in the Planter, meanwhile signaling to the flag-officer for at least one gunboat, in reply to which he kindly sent two, namely, the Patroon and the Marblehead, which followed after the lapse of a few minutes. The river at this point was very narrow and winding, but the water in most places was over twelve feet in depth at low-tide.

I found no difficulty, therefore, in reaching a point two miles distant from Coosahatchie, but it now being almost dead low-tide, further progress by water was rendered impossible by the Planter running aground. Throwing a few shells in the woods, I disembarked with my infantry and engineers as expeditiously as possible, taking with me the boat-howitzer referred to above, in charge of Capt. Gould, Third Rhode Island artillery, and a detachment of twelve of his men. The swampy nature of the ground rendered landing difficult, but losing no time, I advanced toward the main road, sending a request to the officer in command

of the Patroon, the gunboat nearest me, and about a mile and a half astern, to cover the road in my rear as I advanced.

I should state here that both of the gunboats were unfortunately aground, and were thus prevented from taking a position nearer to the Planter. My advance reported squads of cavalry in sight as the main body entered the road, which it did at right angles to the point of disembarkation. The road proved to be an excellent one, hard and firm, and evidently repaired but an hour or two before, the dirt being still fresh, and the tracks upon it showed plainly that artillery, infantry, and cavalry had just passed over it. I continued my advance toward the town, driving in the enemy's pickets and skirmishing the country as thoroughly as possible.

When about one mile from the village the whistle of a locomotive was heard. I was informed by the contraband, who had been furnished as a guide, that it was the dirt-train which always passed at that hour, and which he said was well on its way to Savannah. A few moments, however, proved that he had misinformed me, for when the main body arrived at a point within a few hundred yards of the town, and when the skirmishers had already reached the railroad track and telegraph line, the train was heard and seen rapidly coming down the road. I quickly placed my battalion in position, and as the train approached I directed a heavy and rapid fire upon it, with grape, and canister, and musketry. This fire was very destructive.

The train consisted of eight cars, six of which were platforms crowded with men, the two box-cars filled with officers. There were also two light field-pieces on board. Many were seen to fall at the first fire, (among them the engineer,) and twenty-five or thirty jumped from the train, most of whom were maimed or killed; the rest, with one exception, betaking themselves to the woods and swamps on the other side of the track. We carried away or destroyed here about thirty stands of arms, mostly rifles, and secured one officer's sword and cap, and a stand of silk colors belonging to the "Whippy Swamp Guards." We left a number of the enemy's dead and wounded on the track. We have since learned from the Savannah papers of the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, that among the killed at this point was Major Harrison, of the Eleventh Georgia regiment, which regiment, with the Guards named above, were on the train. Immediately after the train had passed, Capt. Eaton, by my directions, set vigorously at work tearing up the railroad track, and continued thus until the retreat was sounded.

After this occurrence I concluded, if possible, to push rapidly into the town and attack the troops while in the confusion of disembarking. I had proceeded but a short distance, however, before I came in full view of the enemy's forces, advantageously posted on the other side of the public road bridge, between that and the railroad bridge. They were flanked on their left by the river, and on their right by a thick swamp, with

three pieces of artillery commanding the bridge. They immediately opened fire upon us with their artillery and infantry, fortunately for us, however, firing too high. I fired a few rounds in return, when, as it was now nearly night and the enemy's reinforcements above were double my entire force, I marched slowly back to my boats. During my retreat the skirmishers frequently observed and encountered small bodies of the enemy's cavalry, who were, however, easily driven off.

I directed Capt. Eaton, of the engineers, to destroy the bridge on the road in my rear, which he did thoroughly, thus in a measure hindering the pursuit. The enemy, however, made his appearance and attacked us with infantry and artillery several times during my embarkation, but in each instance we drove them off with serious loss, as they were directly under the guns of the Planter and Patroon.

As soon as the steamer again floated we returned to Mackay's Point by order of Gen. Brannan, and thence by way of Hilton Head to this port.

I regret to report that during the last attack of the enemy Lieutenant J. M. Blanding, Third Rhode Island artillery, at that time in charge of the Planter, was dangerously wounded in the left arm and side. He is now, however, doing well. This was the only casualty on our side during the day.

It affords me great pleasure to state that every officer and man of my command behaved during the day in the most commendable manner, evincing only a desire to meet the enemy, and regret at the necessity of a retreat.

Major Green, Acting Lieutenant-Colonel Forty-eighth New-York volunteers, and Acting Major Captain Strickland, New-York volunteers, were especially useful.

Capt. Gould, of the Third Rhode Island artillery, also rendered me most efficient service, as did also Captain Eaton, Serrell's Volunteer Engineers, all of whom displayed the utmost zeal, energy, and ability in all they were called upon to perform.

I have the honor to be, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM B. BARTON,

Colonel Forty-eighth New-York Volunteers, Commanding Fort.

Capt. L. J. LAMBERT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

PORT ROYAL, Friday, October 24, 1862.

Encouraged by the perfect success of the recent enterprise at St. John's River and the Bluffton salt-works, and true to the promise that he made his troops, of giving them active employment on assuming command of the Department of the South, Gen. Mitchel has just prosecuted a third expedition, of greater magnitude and of more important aim, which, while yielding fresh lustre to our arms, I grieve to say, has only partially achieved its object, and adds another long list to the names of martyrs in the Union cause.

The special design of this enterprise was to destroy the trestle-work bridges of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, crossing the Pocotaligo, Tullifiny, and Coosahatchie. These streams are all tributaries of the Broad River; and to approach them it was determined, after a careful study of the map of this peculiarly impracticable and most difficult country for military operations, to make a landing at Mackay's Point, at the junction of the Broad and Pocotaligo Rivers, a distance of twenty-five miles from Hilton Head, where our troops could be debarked under cover of gunboats, and a march of eleven miles would take them to the village of Pocotaligo, at which place it was supposed the enemy would make a stand. The attack was intended as a surprise; and while our main force was to advance, as stated, a smaller body of troops, commanded by Col. Barton, of the Forty-eighth New-York volunteers, was to create a diversion by penetrating to the Coosahatchie bridge in the steamer Planter, convoyed by the gunboat Patroon; but with imperative orders to retire should they encounter a superior force. By cutting the railroad in the manner proposed, communication between the cities of Savannah and Charleston would be destroyed, and the way opened for a sudden blow upon one or both of these places, at the discretion of the Commanding General.

The plan of this expedition was skilfully conceived, and every precaution adopted to render it successful. Few can imagine the perplexities attendant upon the movement of troops and artillery by water. It was necessary to construct flat-boats for the transportation of field-batteries; to concentrate all the light-draught boats; to gain such knowledge as might be gained imperfectly through scouts, of the character of the country to be traversed; to decide upon the possibility of debarking at the point selected; arriving at proper tides; providing for the subsistence of the troops, and a hundred other details regarding prudence and sagacious foresight, and which after all were susceptible of disarrangement. Considering all these circumstances, and the fact that so many persons are employed in the organization of an expedition of this kind, it is not to be wondered that information of the projected attack passed our lines, and the enemy consequently was ready to receive us.

The army transports of light draught were not sufficient for the transportation of the number of men required for this service, and in the emergency Commodore Godon, of the navy, was applied to by Gen. Mitchel for assistance. Commodore Godon promptly agreed to take troops on the gunboats, and the soldiers were assigned as follows:

Gunboat Paul Jones, Captain Charles Steedman, commanding naval forces, towing Wabash launches. Transport Ben Deford, with six hundred of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania volunteers, and four hundred of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania volunteers. Gunboat Connemaugh, with three hundred and fifty of the Fourth New-Hampshire volunteers. Gunboat Wissahickon, with two hundred and fifty of the Fourth New-Hamp-

shire volunteers. Transport Boston, with five hundred of the Seventh Connecticut volunteers, and three hundred and eighty of the Third New-Hampshire volunteers. Gunboat Patroon, with fifty of the Third New-Hampshire volunteers. Gunboat Uneas, with fifty of the Third New-Hampshire volunteers. Transport Darlington, with three hundred of the Sixth Connecticut volunteers. The Relief and schooner, with two hundred of the Sixth Connecticut volunteers. Gunboat Marblehead, with two hundred and thirty of the Third Rhode Island volunteers. Gunboat Vixen, with seventy of the Third Rhode Island volunteers. Steamer Florida, with three hundred of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania volunteers. Gunboat Water Witch, with one hundred and thirty of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania volunteers. Army gunboat George Washington, with two hundred and fifty of the New-York Volunteer Engineers. Steamer Planter, with three hundred of the Forty-eighth New-York volunteers. The Ben Deford, towed a flat-boat having on board a section of Lieut. Henry's battery First United States artillery, and the Boston another flat boat carrying a section of company E, Third United States artillery. The entire land forces were composed of portions of the first and second brigades of the Tenth army corps, respectively commanded by Brig.-Generals J. M. Brannan and A. H. Terry, the former being senior officer, and therefore commanding the expedition.

At nightfall, of Tuesday, the twenty-first, the expedition was ready for departure, but did not leave until midnight, as nothing could be accomplished by reaching its destination before day-break. The vessels left in the order above designated, but the night was misty, and one or two of them ran aground, delaying their arrival at the rendezvous for some hours beyond the time which had been fixed.

Meanwhile the tug Starlight was despatched with some boats of the Paul Jones and a small company of soldiers of the Seventh Connecticut, under Capt. Gray, to capture the rebel pickets at Mackay's Point and at a plantation on the Pocotaligo River, a few miles distant. This project was only partially successful. At the plantation, Lieut. Banks, of the enemy's picket, and three men, were made prisoners, but through the incompetency of a negro guide, the guard at the point escaped, giving warning of our approach. From the rebel officer who was taken, Gen. Brannan learned that our attack had been apprehended by the enemy, and for several days they had been preparing for the encounter.

The tedious process of putting the men ashore in small boats was commenced soon after six o'clock A.M., on Wednesday, and by ten o'clock, men, horses, and guns were landed, excepting the detachment of the Third Rhode Island volunteers, who were on the gunboat Marblehead, which was aground all day some miles down the river.

The line of march was taken up soon after ten, the section of Lieutenant Henry's battery being at the head of the column, with skirmishers of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment. Advanc-

ing slowly over an admirable road for seven miles, we failed, during the march, of encountering the enemy, who had prudently recoiled from a meeting until it should take place beyond range of our gunboats, although the nature of the ground over which we passed afforded many excellent positions for defence.

The road alternated through dense woods, and through marshes, only passable over a narrow causeway, save at one or two points. Choosing a position at the opposite end of this causeway, the enemy opened a furious fire of shell and canister on our advancing column, which was promptly met by the battery under Lieut. Henry. Immediately the order was given by Gen. Brannan for his brigade to form line of battle, the centre resting on the causeway. After a brisk fire of both musketry and artillery the rebels retired to the dense woods in their rear, tearing up the causeway-bridge, which delayed the advance of our artillery until it could be repaired. Meanwhile, the First brigade pressed on to the woods, which they penetrated, driving the enemy before them, and closely followed by the Second brigade, under General Terry, who came up with a cheer, and were quickly in the engagement. Here the fight, it may be said, fairly commenced—the enemy's sharpshooters picking off our men rapidly. The artillery fire from our side was not slackened while the bridge was being repaired, and it was not long before the batteries went forward to the work in support of the infantry.

This action began between twelve and one, and lasted about an hour, ending in the retreat of the rebels to another position at Frampton's plantation, which lies two miles beyond. The enemy were closely followed, and after a fight more hotly contested than the first, our troops were again victorious, the second time driving the rebels from their well-chosen position, and two miles beyond, which brought them up to Pocotaligo bridge, (not the railroad bridge,) over which they crossed, taking shelter behind earth-works on the farthest side. To this point our troops nearly approached, but found farther progress impossible, as the bridge had been cut by the enemy on his retreat. This fact we construe into a clear acknowledgment of his defeat. Although these events are thus briefly noted, it required upward of five hours of impetuous and gallant fighting to accomplish them. At no one time was the entire field of combat in view from a given point, and I therefore find it impossible to speak in detail of the operations of my own regiment. Both brigades participated in the action, and both Generals Brannan and Terry were constantly under fire, leading and directing the movements of their men, awakening enthusiasm by their personal bravery and the skilful manner in which they manœuvred their commands. Frequently, while the fight was progressing, we heard the whistles of the railroad trains, notifying us of reinforcements for the rebels, both from Charleston and Savannah; and even if we had had facilities for crossing the river, it would have been unwise to have made the attempt in view of these circum-

stances. Gen. Brannan therefore ordered a retreat, which was conducted in a most orderly manner, the regiments retiring in successive lines, carrying off their dead and wounded, and leaving no arms or ammunition on the field.

Of the exact force of the rebels, of course, we know nothing, although Gen. Brannan was of the opinion that it equalled our own. Certainly their artillery exceeded ours by four or five pieces, and this we have from the seven prisoners taken, one of whom, Wm. Judd, belonged to company B, Second South-Carolina cavalry, whose horse was also captured. The prisoners informed us that General Beauregard commanded in person.

While these events were taking place between the main forces on either side, Colonel Barton, of the Forty-eighth New-York, with three hundred of his own men and fifty of the Third Rhode Island regiment, under command of Capt. J. H. Gould, went up the Coosahatchie River, convoyed by the Patroon, to within two miles of the town of the same name. Landing this force here, a march was made to the village through which runs the railroad. Arrived there, they commenced tearing up the rails, but had scarcely engaged in the work when a long train of cars came from the direction of Savannah, filled with troops. This train was fired into by our party, killing the engineer and a number of others. Several soldiers jumped from the cars while they were in motion, and were wounded. One was taken prisoner—thirty muskets were captured, and colors of the Whippy Swamp Guards taken from the color-bearer, who was killed by our fire. The work of tearing up the rails was not accomplished in time to prevent the onward progress of the train, and our men afterward completed the job—also cutting the telegraph, and bringing away a portion of the wire with them. Colonel Barton next attempted to reach the railroad bridge, for the purpose of firing it, but was unable, as it was protected by a battery of three guns. Fearing that his retreat might be cut off by the enemy's cavalry, he gave the order to retire to the steamboat, which was done successfully. His men had nearly all embarked when the cavalry boldly came directly under the guns of the Planter and Patroon, and fired upon both steamers. A few rounds of canister dispersed them, and the only damage which they inflicted was the serious wounding of Lieut. J. M. Blanding, of the Third Rhode Island artillery.

Nearly all Wednesday night was passed in bringing the wounded from the battle-field and placing them upon the transports. This humane work was personally superintended by General Terry and Brigade Quartermaster Coryell, of Gen. Brannan's staff. As fast as the boats were filled they returned to Hilton Head, and by Thursday night the whole force had reëmbarked. Before our last regiment left Mackay's Point the enemy's pickets had reëmbraked, but not in sufficient force to molest us.

Scarcely five minutes after the first engagement began, wounded men were brought to the rear. Surgeon Bailey, the Medical Director at

Beaufort, who accompanied the expedition, established a hospital almost under fire, by the roadside, beneath the shade of the stately pine woods, with Surgeons Merritt, of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, and McClellan, of the Sixth Connecticut, and these gentlemen soon had their energies taxed to the uttermost. It was a spectacle to make one shudder as the poor fellows, wounded and dying, were emptied from the ambulances upon the green sward.

A striking instance of heroism came under my observation. During the thickest of the fight, Artificer Zincks, of Henry's battery, seized a shell which had fallen into our ammunition-box and threw it into a ditch, where it exploded, seriously wounding him. Had it not been for his bravery and presence of mind, the most serious consequences might have ensued. Lieut. Henry's horse was shot under him, and the shell that killed the animal also killed one man and wounded five others. It is a singular fact that Lieut. Gettings, of the Third United States artillery, whose section also did good service in the fight, also lost one man killed and five wounded by the explosion of a single shell. Lieut. Gettings himself was wounded in the ankle.

Three howitzers from the Wabash, under command of Lieut. Phoenix and Ensigns Wallace and Larned, accompanied the land forces, and won a great deal of praise for gallantry and effective firing. Young Wallace was sent by Gen. Terry to cover the retreat from Pocotaligo bridge, which he handsomely accomplished. He had delivered two rounds of grape into the enemy's ranks, when a shower of rifle-balls were sent against him, wounding three of his men and perforating his own clothes. The heroic young fellow was then ordered to retire, which he reluctantly did, after vainly asking permission to fire another round.

The rebels left fifteen or twenty of their dead on the field, and the inference is that their loss must have been severe, or they would have had time to remove all in their successive retreats. Two caissons filled with ammunition were captured from the enemy during the second battle. Our own supply of ammunition at this time having been well-nigh exhausted, this proved very opportune.

Although the main object of the expedition failed of success, yet the benefits conferred were not of trifling value. We have made a thorough reconnoissance of the heretofore unknown Broad River and its tributaries, and ascertained the character of the country, which is knowledge of immense importance, in view of future movements in that direction. We have also demonstrated the necessity of heavy reinforcements if the Government desire Gen. Mitchel to strike heavily in his department.

REBEL REPORTS AND NARRATIVES.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S DESPATCH.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 23.

The abolitionists attacked in force Pocotaligo

and Coosahatchie yesterday. They were gallantly repulsed to their gunboats at Mackay's Point and Bee's Creek Landing, by Col. W. S. Walker, commanding the district, and Col. G. P. Harrison, commanding the troops sent from here. The enemy had come in thirteen transports and gunboats. The Charleston and Savannah Railroad is uninjured. The abolitionists left their dead and wounded on the field, and our cavalry are in hot pursuit.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

RICHMOND "DISPATCH" ACCOUNT.

RICHMOND, October 31, 1862.

In the fight at Pocotaligo, it appears that the enemy's force consisted of detachments of eight regiments from Pennsylvania, New-Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. Each detachment numbered four hundred men, so that the attacking force of infantry consisted of about three thousand two hundred men, beside which there was a full battery of field-pieces and two boat-howitzers. These troops were commanded by Brig.-Gen. Terry. Having effected their landing at an early hour and driven in our pickets, the Yankees advanced rapidly toward the railroad. The Charleston *Mercury* says:

They first encountered our forces about eleven o'clock A.M., and the fighting was kept up with more or less spirit from that time until five o'clock P.M., when the enemy began to waver, and finally fell back in disorder, leaving his dead upon the field. The action is described by an eye-witness to have been a second Secessionville affair, in the disparity of the forces engaged, in the stubborn character of the contest, and in the completeness of the repulse. Capt. Elliott's battery and the Virginia battery are said to have covered themselves with glory. A later report, though not official, places the number of our casualties at twenty killed and sixty wounded.

The heaviest loss was suffered by the Virginia artillery, Captain J. N. Lamkin, a gallant corps, which has served on our coast ever since the fall of Port Royal. They had four killed and sixteen wounded, most of the latter slightly. The following are the names of the killed: C. Peters, J. F. Flucher, W. A. Thacker, T. J. Allen. Lieut. Massle was wounded in the head and arm slightly. The battery went into action with thirty-five men. A large number of its horses were killed. The Old Dominion boys also lost a caisson, owing to the horses having taken fright, but captured one from the enemy, which made things even. The enemy burned the caisson which they took.

The Charleston *Courier* adds the following to this account:

The Forty-sixth Georgia and a detachment of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Colquitt, were ordered down Thursday morning to follow up the enemy, a courier having arrived, stating that the enemy was in force at Mackay's Point. The Georgians on the road gathered up quite a large stock of overcoats and other articles found along the road. Two new-made graves were also discovered. The enemy's dead lie scattered along

the route down to the point of landing. During the whole engagement they were carrying their wounded and dying to the rear. One man who saw them on their retreat states that he met a continued stream of ambulances going and coming from their boats. On their advance they had killed some sheep, but in the hasty retreat were obliged to leave their plunder.

Our troops buried forty of the enemy's dead. The force that first met the enemy consisted of the Rutledge mounted riflemen, Capt. Trenholm; Charleston light dragoons, Capt. Rutledge; Beaufort volunteer artillery, Capt. William Elliott, and an infantry company, who stubbornly and successfully contested the enemy's advance until the arrival of reinforcements. The others afterward engaged were Nelson's Virginia battery, Morgan's squadron of cavalry, Major Abney's First battalion of sharpshooters, consisting of Capt. Chisholm's company, Capt. Allston's company, and Captain Buist's company.

Doc. 14.

THE "SCOTIA" AND THE "ANGLIA."

REAR-ADMIRAL DU PONT'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, }
PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., October 29, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to report to the department the capture, on the twenty-fourth instant, of the British steamer Scotia, by the United States bark Restless, acting volunteer Lieut. E. Conroy commanding, off Bull's Bay.

The steamer was discovered at daylight standing toward Bull's Island. Acting volunteer Lieutenant Conroy immediately got under weigh with his vessel, and at the same time sent two armed boats to the leeward of the steamer, which forced her to run ashore. He then ran in with the Restless to cut her off and keep her from running out should she get off before the boats could reach her. When the boats got alongside it was discovered that the captain, an old offender, named Libby, with a gentleman and a lady, (passengers,) had left the steamer in an open boat; the crew were in a state of intoxication, so that they became almost unmanageable, and Lieut. Conroy ordered them to be transferred on board the Restless, and put in irons.

Lieut. Conroy did not succeed in getting her off until the morning of the twenty-sixth, during which time he was compelled to anchor with the Restless within gunshot of the prize, to protect her, and at low-tide his own vessel touched bottom several times, but without sustaining any material injury. He reports the loss, by drowning, of John Martin, (seaman,) of the Restless, and a fireman of the Scotia, in consequence of the swamping of a boat in trying to get out a hawser. In getting off the Scotia, and afterward in bringing her to Port Royal, the engineers of that vessel rendered every assistance in their power, for which Lieut. Conroy promised that they should receive compensation.

I have further the honor to report the capture at Bull's Bay, on the twenty-seventh, of the British steamer Anglia, by the boats of the United States steamer Flag.

The Restless, then under the command of Acting Master Griswold, (Lieut. Conroy being temporarily under command of the Scotia,) had discovered the steamer entering Bull's Bay the evening before, but she having passed so far to the windward of her, the Restless could not prevent her getting in, and having only one small boat belonging to the ship, Acting Master Griswold did not think it prudent send her in pursuit, but he got the Restless in a position to command the channel, for the purpose of preventing the escape of the steamer.

On the next day the Flag, Lieutenant Conroy on board, on his way to join his vessel, arrived at the anchorage of the Restless, and on receiving the above information, Commodore Strong, under the pilotage of Lieut. Conroy, ran the Flag close to the bar, which his vessel could not cross, and despatched four armed gunboats, under Lieuts. Carpenter and Conroy, inside of Bull's Island.

The steamer was discovered on shore near Jack Creek, about four miles from the entrance of Bull's Bay, but was soon safely got off—all of her officers and crew being on board, except the pilot and six men, who had gone to Charleston the evening previous. The crew rendered every assistance in getting her off. Lieut. Conroy then piloted the Anglia out of Bull's Bay and over the bar.

The Anglia, when captured, was almost out of coal, and was sent by Capt. Godon, senior officer off Charleston harbor, to be supplied. She is the same vessel which attempted on the night of the nineteenth of September last, to enter Charleston harbor by Sanford's channel, but was headed off, though she succeeded in escaping in the darkness.

I shall despatch both these steamers North as soon as possible.

Before closing this despatch, I cannot forbear calling the attention of the department to the energy and activity displayed by Acting Lieut. Conroy, of the Restless.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. DU PONT,

Rear-Admiral, Commanding S. A. Blockading Squadron.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDING CONROY'S REPORT.

ON BOARD BARK RESTLESS, OFF BULL'S BAY, }
NEAR CHARLESTON, October 29, 1862. }

On Friday morning last, at daylight, a steamer was discovered trying to get in this—Bull's Bay—channel. I got the ship under way, and sent two armed boats, and with the bark cut her off. The captain of the steamer, finding himself intercepted, preferred running his vessel on shore to being sunk by my guns. We captured her at seven o'clock in the morning. She proved to be the famous steamship Scotia, which has run the blockade many times. We had very hard work getting her off. We were obliged to throw over-

board almost all her coals and every thing heavy, even her machinery, that could be spared. On Sunday morning she was sufficiently lightened to be taken off the coast. She was immediately sent, with an officer and a prize crew, to Port Royal.

On my return on Sunday to my ship on board the steamer Flag, (the Restless had been lying off the Bay, where the Scotia was captured,) I found that another steamer had run in on the day we had left, and that she also was in a trap. I manned two boats from my own vessel (the Restless) and two from the Flag, and in command of the first division of the boats we went in and "cut her out" also. At half-past six P.M. we captured her. Steam was up and she was ready to start for Charleston as soon as the night came on. We brought her out and anchored her under the guns of the Restless and the Flag. She proved to be the English steamer Anglia, with a very valuable cargo. This, with the cargo of the Scotia, will be worth half a million of dollars. Both steamers are very fine vessels.

The cargoes consists of Sharpe's rifles, powder, teas, coffees, brandy, boots and shoes, linen goods, and drugs.

I am much elated at my success in depriving the rebels of supplies which were so important to them, and this thought gives me much greater satisfaction than any pecuniary interest I may have in the captured vessels.

EDWARD CONROY,

Lieutenant Commanding United States Sailing Bark Restless.

Doc. 15.

SKIRMISH AT BLACKWATER RIVER, VA.

BALTIMORE "AMERICAN" ACCOUNT.

IN HEADQUARTERS FIRST MOUNTED RIFLES,
NEAR SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA,
October 25, 1862. }

THE regiment returned at a quarter after four P.M. from the reconnoissance upon which it started at four P.M. on the twenty-fourth instant. The following will be a concise and veritable report of all that has been important in the movements of the regiment during its absence, particularly the occurrences which passed under the direct observation of the writer of this journal.

At five P.M. on Friday afternoon, eight squadrons responded to the call to "boots and saddles," the other squadrons being unavoidably absent on guard and picket-duty. The rumor having been spread that a fight was surely expected, men and officers who were really ill were seen to rise and hastily prepare to move, determined to share in the perils and honors which they fondly hoped were before them. Such was particularly the case with Major Wheelan, who had been severely indisposed for several days, but who now, against medical advice, was seen upon his horse, willing and ready for any duty which his physical strength would enable him to perform.

Upon moving out from camp, the following

field, staff and line-officers were in their respective proper positions; Colonel C. C. Dodge, Lieut.-Colonel B. F. Onderdonk, Majors Wheelan and Schiefflin, Surgeon Bennett, Assistant Surgeon Wright, Adjutant M. A. Downing; Captains Terwilliger, Poor, Gregory, Sanger, Masston, Ellis, and Dean; Lieutenants Harman, Penny, Freeborn, Adams, Disosway, Variak, Simmonds, Wheelan, Warren, Ball, Wright, Ergelke and Cronin. Upon passing their camp the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, under Colonel Spear, fell into column, having two howitzers along. Our own howitzer battery, under Lieutenant Thomas Fairgraves, formerly Adjutant of the First Fire Zouaves, also was in position in our own regiment. As we moved on we discovered infantry regiments in motion, and soon learned that the cavalry force under command of Colonel Dodge was to be supported by a full infantry brigade, under command of Brigadier-General Ferry, commanding the reconnoissance, and two regiments of Acting Brigadier-General Foster's brigade; also, a Captain Howard's battery of United States artillery, acting Brigadier-General Foster, second in command of the expedition.

The column now moved steadily on, the New-York Mounted Rifles leading, taking the most direct road for Windsor, on the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad, which place we passed at or about ten or eleven o'clock at night, securing guides as we passed on. Col. Dodge moved rapidly forward until within four miles and a half of Blackwater bridge, or rather where Blackwater bridge stood when the rebels fled from Norfolk before our victorious forces. When at this distance from the point where we were assured of meeting resistance to our crossing, Colonel Dodge halted to wait for the infantry, and to give his men and horses time to feed and rest preparatory for action. The night had been dark, and a film of clouds drawn over the faces of the stars betokened an approaching storm. The column waited impatiently for daylight and the order to advance, the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry being immediately in our rear. As soon as it was light enough to discover objects ahead distinctly, Lieutenant-Colonel Onderdonk was sent forward at a gallop with a strong detachment under Captain Sanger and Lieut. Wheelan to feel the enemy, and discover, if possible, his position and strength; also one company of the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry accompanied them. A rapid ride of twenty minutes brought our extreme advance in sight of the enemy's pickets, who fired and instantly retired beyond the river.

Lieutenant-Colonel Onderdonk, now in a cool and soldierly manner, proceeded to take measures to learn the enemy's position and forces as nearly as possible, a most difficult matter, as the opposite bank of the Blackwater River, where the enemy held position, was densely wooded. He sent a messenger back to report that we had found the enemy, deployed flankers and placed advance-guards, and ordered a private from squadron A, to advance and reconnoitre the position of the enemy. It was done, and the enemy found to be

intrenched in a force of from twenty-five to thirty in a rifle-pit, behind the abutments of the burned bridge on the opposite shore. Others were seen lurking in the dense forest in the rear of the breastworks. Having drawn the fire of the riflemen in their intrenchments, the pilot of troop A returned and reported the position of the enemy to Colonel Onderdonk, who immediately ordered an advance of sharpshooters, which was made by Captain Sanger and Lieutenant Wheelan with great gallantry. Under the personal supervision of Lieut.-Colonel Onderdonk, our forces advanced under such cover as they could get, poor at that; for on our side an open field, with a tree here and there, and two or three dilapidated houses, gave little chance for cover. When within twenty yards of the enemy our troops opened fire with their Sharpe's rifles, the enemy pouring upon us a galling fire from their intrenchments and opposite woods.

For ten or fifteen minutes a most rapid fire was kept up on both sides, several of the enemy being seen to fall, having incautiously exposed too much of their carcasses to the aim of our practised riflemen.

In about twenty minutes from the commencement of the action Lieut. Wheelan, who was in the extreme advance of his men, encouraging them by his words and deeds, received his death-wounds from the enemy, who had evidently marked him by his uniform, as they had Lieutenant-Colonel Onderdonk, who narrowly escaped death from a volley fired a few moments previous directly at him. Though struck in four places at the same instant, the brave Lieutenant pushed in front, but Capt. Sanger and Sergeant-Major Fairgraves, aided by two privates of company F, whose names I have not yet learned, gallantly rushed in under fire and bore the brave officer to the rear, being covered as much as possible by the fire of our riflemen, who gave the enemy no rest.

After the Lieutenant had been moved out of range, Lieut.-Col. Onderdonk ordered the men who had held the advance to fall back a couple of hundred yards to await the reinforcements for which he had sent, the advance having nearly exhausted the ammunition in their cartridge-boxes. He threw out flankers and guards at every point which the enemy could assail; he sent Sergeant Kavanagh, with four picked men, to a point where he could enfilade the river, which the enemy were preparing to cross in boats which they had drawn up at the base of their breastwork. Sergeant Kavanagh gallantly opened fire on the enemy, thus attracting their attention to his point, while our advance-guard on the right occasionally sent in a shot, to show them that we were still on the ground.

Colonel Dodge now came on the ground at full speed, closely followed by Capt. Howard and his battery. A section of the battery was immediately placed in position on the left, under command of Lieut. Bucher, and another on our right, under command of Lieut. Hasbrouk. As soon as

possible they were brought into play, while an advance of skirmishers of the Thirty-ninth Illinois regiment was gallantly made to the bank of the river.

The enemy could not stand the rain of shot and shell which now fell among them, and fled, bearing back their dead and wounded to light carts in the rear, and mounting their fresh horses. The river was reported by our guides not to be fordable, the banks were precipitous and steep, and but one spot where a crossing was possible could be seen, and that directly in front of these deserted intrenchments.

Col. Dodge rode up to the head of squadron C, now in advance, and asked for volunteers to cross the river and test the possibility of its passage. In an instant every officer and man moved forward in response. Col. Dodge selected the first three in front, who were Sergeant James M. Eaton, Corporal J. H. Cintler, and private Vanduser, and ordered them to cross. Nobly and gallantly they spurred their horses in the dark and treacherous-looking water, and among logs and old tree-tops, swimming in some places, they plunged through and gained the opposite bank while the shells from Captain Howard's battery were crashing through the trees, tearing away limbs and trunks but a few feet from them.

Finding it possible to cross, Col. Dodge requested Capt. Howard to cease firing, and Lieut. Harman, Acting Quartermaster, bravely led a volunteer platoon of company C across, and dashing forward formed an advanced-guard to keep in check any force that might attempt to prevent the crossing of our howitzers and ammunition. He was followed as rapidly as possible by the entire regiment, Col. Dodge and Lieut.-Col. Onderdonk, with Majors Wheelan and Schiefflin crossing also in front. In a very short space of time the force had crossed, and as soon as possible was formed and in pursuit of the enemy. The latter had the advantage of fresh horses and a thorough knowledge of the country, and made such good use of both, that though repeatedly in sight, it was impossible to come up with them.

Lieut. Harman, with his usual gallantry, pursued this force with only a platoon for over five miles beyond the river on one road. A portion, evidently a large body by their tracks, having taken a road to the right of that taken by Lieut. Harman, Col. Dodge led the pursuing column in that direction. Within two miles of the river he came to an unfordable creek, with swampy ground on both banks, crossed by a bridge which the flying enemy had just rendered impassable by casting the planks into the water, carrying forward a part of them to prevent our repairing it. This caused a delay which undoubtedly prevented our capturing a portion of them, for their carts had evidently just crossed there. By tearing down the railings of the bridge the footing was made sufficiently strong to enable the force to cross, but the enemy had gained their point, and were now temporarily beyond our reach.

Learning from a negro that at Joiner's Ford,

on the Blackwater, a short distance below Zuni, a picket-guard of rebels was stationed, by order of Col. Dodge, Major Wheelan dashed forward to that point and succeeded in surprising the party, capturing five of the partisan rangers from Georgia, under arms, and dispersing the rest, who escaped in the dense forest, where it was impossible to find them. Having positive written orders only to remain one hour over the river, and having been unavoidably detained over three hours beyond the time specified, and the object of the reconnaissance having been fully accomplished, Col. Dodge reluctantly gave the order to recross the river at Joiner's Ford, moving over just before dark to a position a mile or two beyond, where men and horses were allowed a few hours' rest, which they much needed.

Our surgeons, Bennett and Wright, were exceedingly attentive to their duties, and were accompanied by the gallant and accomplished first assistant surgeon of the One Hundred and Twelfth New-York regiment of infantry, Dr. Boyd, of Chautauque County, a volunteer on the expedition, whose zeal and enthusiasm cannot be too highly commended.

I should have mentioned before that Adjutant Downing crossed with the Colonel, and used great exertions in hurrying across the howitzers, both officers, with Lieut. Fairgraves, personally tugging at the ropes to drag them through the water and mire, thus by example encouraging the men to greater efforts.

It is impossible in this report to speak particularly of all who exhibited the qualities of true soldiers on this occasion. It is sufficient to say, not an officer or man faltered or blanched under fire, and that Colonel Dodge received convincing proof that his regiment is fit for service on any field, and will fall to a man before they will turn from the flag and cause which they have pledged themselves to uphold.

The Colonel was gallantly seconded by staff and field-officers, Adjutant Downing tiring down horse after horse in his arduous duty. The non-commissioned staff, encouraged by the example of their superiors, did all that gallant men could do to fulfil their duty. I noticed great gallantry displayed by Lieut. Snowden, of Pittsburgh, Pa., in command of infantry skirmishers who advanced to cover the gallant Capt. Howard while placing his battery in position. Orderly Sergeant Burton, of troop F, displayed great bravery under fire also.

Our return to camp was cheerful, though made in a drenching storm, but officers and men were saddened down when they learned that Lieutenant Wheelan, who had been sent back in an ambulance, had died of his wounds at noon of this day. We all mourn for his loss, but are resolved that the enemy shall be made to feel it as deeply as ourselves when we strike them again.

Doc. 16.

BATTLE AT LABADIEVILLE, LA.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL BUTLER.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
NEW-ORLEANS, November 2, 1862. }

Major-General H. W. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief United States Army:

I HAVE the honor to recount a very successful expedition, under Gen. Weitzel, of the preparation for the march of which I have previously informed the Commanding General.

General Weitzel landed at Donaldsonville, and took up his line of march on Sunday, the twenty-sixth of October. About nine (9) miles beyond Donaldsonville he met the enemy in force; a sharp engagement ensued, in which he lost eighteen (18) killed and sixty-eight (68) wounded. Full lists of the casualties have been received and published.

The commanding officer of the enemy, Colonel McPheeters, was killed, and the enemy lost quite a large number in killed and wounded.

Two hundred and sixty-eight prisoners were captured, and also one piece of artillery. Since then he has met with no opposition, and the whole of that country is now open to him. The enemy has evacuated Brashear City, having by means of the railroad got away before our gunboats could cut off their retreat, the naval force having been delayed by a very severe storm.

I send you Gen. Weitzel's report, received today, and will forward by the next mail my letter of instruction to Gen. Weitzel in answer to his despatches herewith sent.

I am just informed that our railroad communications with General Weitzel are opened, and his messenger has just come in, bringing a despatch while I write, which I inclose.

I cannot too much commend the energy of Col. Thomas, with his regiment, the Eighth Vermont, who have in six days opened fifty-two miles of railroad, built nine culverts, rebuilt a bridge burned by the enemy, four hundred and thirty-five (435) feet long, beside pulling up the rank grass from the track, which entirely impeded the locomotive all the way; in this work they were assisted by Col. Stafford's regiment, native guard, colored.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,
BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

REPORT OF GENERAL WEITZEL.

HEADQUARTERS RESERVE BRIGADE, BAYOU LAFOURCHE, }
NEAR THIBODEAUX, LA., October 29, 1862. }

MAJOR: I have the honor to report that this morning at six o'clock I despatched Col. Birge, in command of his regiment, (the Thirteenth Connecticut,) Barnett's cavalry, and one section of Carruth's battery, down the Bayou Lafourche, to open communication with the city. I have just received a despatch from him from Raceland Station, in which he says that he has communicated with Col. Thomas, who is one mile and a half

from him. He found at the Station three freight-cars, one passenger-car, two barbette guns, spiked, (thirty-two-pounders,) two twelve-pound iron howitzers, in good order, and guns, equipments, etc., scattered along the road.

I therefore propose now to give you a more detailed report of my operations since I left Donaldsonville. I left this place at six o'clock on Sunday morning last, and marched on the left bank until I was within one mile of Napoleonville, where I bivouacked in line of battle. Believing that the enemy would, by means of the numerous flatboat ferries which I knew were in the bayou, probably cross from one side of the bayou to the other, I took in tow a flatboat bridge and carried it with me all the way, and have it with me now. I destroyed every boat I passed as a prudential military measure. It has proved of invaluable service to me.

I moved on the first day with but one company of the Eighth New-Hampshire on the right bank. The enemy's scouts were continually in sight of my advance-guard of cavalry, and just before going into camp one captain of the enemy was killed by my advance-guard and three prisoners were taken. Immediately afterward one of the Eighth New-Hampshire privates on the right bank was taken prisoner by the enemy.

I started on Monday morning again at six o'clock, but feeling that the enemy was in some force on the right bank, I threw over the whole of the Eighth New-Hampshire and Perkins's cavalry by means of my floating bridge, and in this order moved down the bayou.

At eleven o'clock, when I was about two miles above Labadieville, I received the report that the enemy was in force about one mile ahead, on the left bank, and that they had six pieces of artillery, I immediately ordered four pieces of Carruth's battery up, (two pieces were with the rear-guard and Thompson's was already ahead,) and formed the Thirteenth Connecticut and Seventy-fifth New-York in line of battle to support Thompson.

These two regiments formed splendidly, and moved at once forward to the attack, through a dense cane-field. I moved on with them, and after emerging from the cane-field I received the report, which was, that the enemy was in position on the right bank also, and that he had four pieces of artillery on that side. At the same time I received the report that the enemy's cavalry was in the rear of my rear-guard. I immediately swung my bridge across the bayou, ordered eight companies of the Twelfth Connecticut over to support the Eighth New-Hampshire, leaving two companies of this regiment, one section of Carruth's battery and Williamson's cavalry to guard the rear. I immediately ordered, also, that a road be cut up the steep bank on both sides of the bayou for the passage of artillery and my train. I found soon that the enemy on the left bank, after delivering only the fire of its advance-guard, which killed one of my cavalry and wounded another, and killed two horses, had disappeared for some unaccountable reason. Fearing some

ruse, I immediately ordered the Thirteenth Connecticut across the bayou to support the Eighth New-Hampshire and the Twelfth Connecticut, Thompson's battery to play upon the enemy's artillery on the right bank, which was firing splendidly upon our forces and my bridge; ordered Carruth to cross over with his two advanced section, and the Seventy-fifth New-York to support Thompson and guard the head of the brigade and the front of the train.

I then crossed over, ordered the Eighth New-Hampshire to form line of battle across the road, the Twelfth Connecticut to form on its right, and ordered these forward to attack at once. They had scarcely commenced moving when the Thirteenth Connecticut arrived at a double-quick from across the bayou. I immediately ordered this in reserve. Subsequently, as the centre guides of the Eighth New-Hampshire and the Twelfth Connecticut moved in different lines of direction, they became sufficiently separated to allow me to throw the Thirteenth Connecticut on the line between the two. I ordered this regiment forward in line of battle. The line thus formed advanced steadily at my command forward. In a very short time the enemy's battery retreated, and also the infantry support. The fight did not last long. I found that the enemy had four pieces of artillery in the road. It was Connor's battery, Company A, Withers's light-artillery, commanded by Captain J. Rutson, (who was wounded and is now a paroled prisoner.) This battery supported by the remnants of the Eighteenth Louisiana and the Crescent City regiments, numbering together about five hundred men. They were lying down in a ditch on the lower side of a plantation road in the edge of woods at Georgia Landing, and immediately on the left of the battery.

I ordered skirmishers at once in the woods to secure prisoners. Carruth arrived about this time, and I sent him with one section and Perkins's cavalry in pursuit. They pursued about four miles, Carruth firing upon the retreating forces on both sides of the bayou. I have since learned that Simms's battery of six pieces, supported by Col. Clark's (the Thirty-third) regiment of Louisiana volunteers, was in front on the left bank.

I lost eighteen killed and seventy-four wounded. Lieut. Francis, of the Twelfth Connecticut, was taken prisoner before the fight. We have buried five of the enemy, and have seventeen wounded in our hospital, but I have proof that their loss was greater. I took one hundred and sixty-six of the enemy prisoners the day of battle, and forty-two of them since — total, two hundred and eight; I released them all on parole. The commanding officer of the enemy, Col. J. P. McPheeters, was killed. I delivered his body to some of his brother officers, who were prisoners, and he was decently buried near the battle-field, the Chaplain of the Eighth New-Hampshire officiating. One of the pieces of the enemy's artillery broke down in the retreat. We secured it, and have it now in our possession. All of my command did very well, both officers and men. The

Eighth New-Hampshire advanced steadily in front of the enemy's battery. The Twelfth and Thirteenth Connecticut crossed the bridge, formed in line of battle under the very accurate and splendid fire of the enemy's artillery, without seeming to notice it at all. My cavalry has been of invaluable service to me; both officers and men have done splendidly. I wish I had four times the number. The signal corps, also, has been of great service to me.

I crossed over my train and encamped on the battle-field; had my own and the enemy's wounded put in a house which I took as an hospital. I went into camp the next morning, (yesterday.) I moved on down the right bank of the bayou, throwing over the Seventy-fifth New-York and Williamson's cavalry on the left bank. I left about thirty wounded of my own, who could not be moved, and the enemy's wounded, in charge of Surgeon B. N. Cummings, of the Thirteenth Connecticut, and left with him provisions, money, and supplies, for their care. I entered Thibodeaux at three o'clock P.M. without opposition.

I certainly expected a fight at this place. When I arrived a short distance from it, I found from the smoke of burning bridges that they were retreating, and immediately ordered my cavalry in pursuit. They followed as closely as their force would allow, and prevented the total destruction of two railroad bridges, the one across Bayou Lafourche, the other across Bayou Terrebonne. I found three freight-cars at Lafourche Crossing, uninjured, one containing arms, shovels, and sugar, and another containing a lot of arms, ammunition, and accoutrements. I also found papers by the side of the road, which were thrown away in their retreat, proving that the enemy had left Bayou des Allemands. I went into camp on Burton's plantation, about one mile below Thibodeaux. I will repair the damage on the two bridges to-morrow. The enemy has retreated to Berwick's Bay. I send you a list of my killed and wounded; I also send you a list of prisoners I paroled. I think it would be well to publish the latter list, as a great many are from New-Orleans.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. WEITZEL,

Brig.-General U. S. Vols., Commanding Reserve Brigade.

Major GEORGE C. STRONG,

Ass't Adjutant-General, Department of the Gulf, New-Orleans.

NEW-ORLEANS "DELTA" ACCOUNTS.

HEADQUARTERS RESERVE BRIGADE,
IN CAMP, NEAR THIBODEAUXVILLE, Oct. 30, 1862. }

The expedition under Brig.-General Weitzel reached this place last night, after a march of about three days and a half from Carrollton.

The reserve brigade is composed of the Eighth New-Hampshire, Thirteenth Connecticut, Twelfth Connecticut, and Seventy-fifth New-York regiments, and First Louisiana, named in their order in the brigade, commencing on the right. We embarked on board the transports at Carrollton on Friday, twenty-fourth, at four o'clock, and immediately started up, accompanied by four gun-

boats. Arrived at a point four miles below Donaldsonville, where the troops were landed and marched into the town, the transports following along with them. The front of where the village of Donaldsonville once stood is now in ruins, having been shelled by our gunboats some time since, for having harbored guerrillas. The rear portion of the town, however, is undisturbed; but the deserted streets, the tenantless houses, the few and squalid inhabitants remaining, contrast strangely with the appearance presented to the visitor before the war.

The brigade encamped at night in town. The night was truly a stormy one, the wind howling and whistling through the dilapidated and ruined tenements in mournful numbers, suggesting the idea of a requiem for the absent owners, many of whom will probably never return. The New-England boys here first felt the chilling influence of a Louisiana north-wester, but they paid little regard to that. They only asked for dry weather and the enemy, both of which, thank fortune, they found.

On Sunday morning, early, the whole column took up the line of march down the Bayou Lafourche, the main body on the left bank, and company F, Eighth New-Hampshire, under command of Capt. Flanders, thrown out across the bayou on the right as skirmishers. Companies were also thrown out on the left. All along the march, from the very beginning, crowds of negroes, of all ages and both sexes, came rushing to the ranks to join the column. Many came with packs of clothing, some with their picanninies, but most of them empty-handed. The women and children were not permitted to join at first, as there was no transportation for them, and they could only go a few miles and then fall by the wayside with fatigue.

The first day passed without encountering the enemy except a few roving bands, many of whom were bagged, and the army bivouacked in the open field, at a point about two miles above Napoleonville, which is said to be about fifteen miles from Donaldsonville. At this point there were several signs of the enemy. The cavalry on the left surprised a captain of confederate cavalry, in a field, and called on him to surrender. He replied by shooting at one of the cavalymen, the ball passing through his holster. He was then shot through the head with a carbine. This company of cavalry was under the command of Lieut. Perkins. On the right, a party of about a dozen rebel cavalry dashed on the outpost pickets of the Eighth New-Hampshire and captured a sentinel, and came near taking Lieut. Bell; but he, being mounted on a fleet horse, and disregarding their summons to surrender, made his escape amid a volley of balls sent after him. The man captured is named John O'Donnell, and hopes are entertained that we may succeed in retaking him.

Early on Monday morning the forces again took up the line of march, with the Eighth New-Hampshire regiment on the right bank, and had proceeded about five miles, when the Louisiana

cavalry, on the left bank of the bayou, discovered the enemy in some force on the right bank. Thompson's battery was sent forward and opened with shot and shell, which was vigorously replied to by the batteries below, posted on both sides of the bayou—the battery on the right bank being the nearest. General Weitzel soon made his dispositions to attack the enemy, forming the attacking force by placing the Eighth New-Hampshire on the right, and ordered the Twelfth and Thirteenth Connecticut to cross over and form in line of battle. Some artillery was also sent over. The crossing was effected under a vigorous fire from the rebel battery, the shells bursting all around, and some solid shot striking here and there. But the two Connecticut regiments came along without the least show of flinching, and took their places, when the order was given to the New-Hampshire boys to charge the battery. Three of these companies, A, E, and F, under command of Capts. Barrett, Warren, and Flanders, respectively, had been out as skirmishers, and had ascertained that the battery had three pieces with an infantry support. These companies, after having fearlessly scoured the woods, under a heavy fire, were called to take their places in the regiment, company E having lost its brave Captain Warren while skirmishing; and all being ready, Col. Fearing, ably seconded by Lieut.-Col. Lull, called on his regiment to "go in," and in they went, the balls and shells of the enemy flying around in every direction, dealing death and frightful wounds to the ranks. Little heed they paid to that. On they went, through the underbrush, over fences and ditches, until they got near enough to deliver their fire, which was done with such effect as to cause an immediate stampede of the battery. This same stampede could have been prevented, but for the fact that the men were so fatigued with the charge that they could not follow up. The Twelfth Connecticut, which formed the left wing, came up in gallant style, and succeeded in flanking nearly the whole of the left wing of the enemy, who were in woods. This cut off their retreat, and secured them as prisoners. The manner of surrender is said to have been somewhat ludicrous. About thirty or forty of them threw themselves into a wide ditch, and, falling upon their backs and knees, waved their tattered white handkerchiefs in token of submission. There were some one hundred and twenty-five prisoners, rank and file, taken here, besides several officers. The confederate troops engaged belonged to the Eighteenth Louisiana and Creseent regiments. The Colonel of the latter, J. P. McPheeters, was killed on the field. He was buried by his own men, (who had been taken and paroled,) in a field by the wayside, about a mile above the field of battle, and about two below Napoleonville. Two confederate soldiers, names unknown, were buried by his side. In the same field, not far remote, lie the brave Captains Warren, company E, and Kelleher, company K, of the Eighth New-Hampshire. The whole regiment feels deep sorrow for the loss of these brave captains, who were popu-

lar, skilful, and brave, and fell nobly fighting for the integrity of their Government. They have offered up their hearts' blood at the shrine of their country, and a grateful people will cherish their memory. Peace to their manes.

The gallant style in which these three heretofore untried New-England regiments went into action, is a source of great pleasure to General Weitzel. The General is justly proud of his brigade, and he enjoys the entire confidence of every man in the expedition. It is impossible for a general to have more fully the *moral* support of an army, than that possessed by General Weitzel. The physical support has been shown to be efficient. It is always impossible to speak of every officer in detail who distinguishes himself in action. It might suffice to say that every officer was at his post—every duty performed—every order obeyed. The post of danger, consequently of honor, belongs to the several cavalry companies. Capt. Cowan having been detailed to serve on the staff, the command and direction of his fine company devolved on Lieut. Perkins, and whatever the fitness of "any other man" may be for the position, I consider Perkins fully his equal. He is an incessant rider, always on the alert, always useful. While I thus speak of the Lieutenant, I must not forget that the other commanders have done their duty, but at this hurried moment I have not so good an opportunity to learn their names.

Our loss in killed and wounded will probably exceed that of the enemy, but we have lost but one prisoner, while theirs are now counted by hundreds. Those I send you were taken on the field. About as many more have been captured by the cavalry and paroled. It is said in Thibodeaux this morning that since our army has been encamped here, there have been some three hundred desertions out of the Lafourehe militia.

The people are in desperate straits in this region of country. They have no flour, no shoes, very little salt, no butter, lard, candles or soap—in fact, the only things at all plenty are sugar, corn, negroes, and shimplasters payable in confederate notes. They begin to heartily wish for the restoration of the authority of the Federal Government. That Government protects them, feeds them, is like a parent to them. The rebels burn their bridges, their cotton, their sugar, impress their entire male population into their half-fed, scantily clothed armies, and leave the women and children to starve at home.

How long we shall remain here depends on events soon to be developed. Every man, however, is anxious to meet the enemy again, in force sufficient to give the whole brigade a chance. It is hoped that communication will be opened to the city by the Opelousas Railroad soon. There are some large sugar plantations here, and a great deal of sugar, and the Lord knows the people need the necessaries it might purchase in New-Orleans.

It is likely that many of the crops now in the fields will be lost, as the whites have gone with the confederate forces—been compelled to go—

and the blacks have come within our lines. They are a great source of annoyance to our army, but, under the act of Congress, and instructions from the powers that be, in Washington, they cannot be turned away. They are good foragers. Nearly every man in the expedition has a servant, even the privates. Some of the officers have two or three.

The private soldiers are strictly forbidden to leave the ranks to snatch up unconsidered trifles, like fowls, pigs, sheep, and the like; but the negro, for the first time in his life, finds himself "better than the whites," and levies his contributions at will. Negroes from all along the route, come flocking to the lines with such credentials in their hands. If the black has not attached himself to any man in the brigade, he will answer your demand to sell by saying, "I does not want to sell 'em—I want to go along—and I give 'em." They are generally received under such circumstances, for two reasons—one is, no man has a right to say them nay, and the other that their game is quite palatable. Many are used for relieving the soldiers of severe and heavy duties, such as assisting to care for the sick, helping trains to cross the bayou, "toting" knapsacks, etc.

HEADQUARTERS RESERVE BRIGADE, }
IN CAMP NEAR THIBODEAUXVILLE, November 1, 1862. }

In my last communication, I informed you that this brigade had marched on this place, after the spirited and decisive action at Labadieville. This engagement took place at a point three miles below Napoleonville. There is a steamboat landing here called Georgia Landing—a post-office near, which goes by the name of Albemarle, and it was near Mills's plantation. I think the affair should more properly take the name of Napoleonville.

The battle commenced at about eleven o'clock, and the order was given to our troops to stop firing at ten minutes past one. The remainder of the day was occupied in burying the dead and caring for the wounded, of which there was a considerable number on both sides. The Eighth New-Hampshire regiment, with a cavalry company and a section of artillery, were also sent out on the right to a considerable distance, in consequence of a report that the confederate cavalry, which was believed to be some two or three hundred strong, contemplated a movement to our rear in that direction. If such were their intention, however, it was abandoned, as nothing was seen of them by the force sent out, which soon returned. The gallant Eighth New-Hampshire had the honor that night of encamping in the open air on this their first battle-field, on the very spot where they had sustained their heaviest losses. I walked over the field with some of the officers, who described the exact position in which they had disputed this well-contested field.

I have not been able to learn the numbers of the confederates, but know that there were portions of two regiments immediately engaged—the Crescent and the Eighteenth Louisiana. In point of numbers, the latter was much the stronger. They were supported by Withers's battery, which,

I believe, had only three pieces in the fight—a howitzer for throwing shells, and two small rifled guns for solid shot. This little battery was well managed. There must have been some five or six hundred of them, besides their cavalry and artillery.

The forces actively engaged on our side were the Eighth New-Hampshire, under command of Col. Hawkes Fearing, Jr., Lieut.-Col. O. W. Lull, and Major Smith. The latter officer was in very bad health, but could not be kept from his post on that account, while his brave regiment was winning laurels for all time to come. This regiment was designed to form on the right, but the order of battle being changed by certain circumstances, they wheeled into position on the left, by what is known among military men as inversion. The Twelfth Connecticut was the only other infantry force that really participated in the fight. This splendidly disciplined regiment of brave New-Englanders marched on to that battle-field as they would to a holiday parade-ground, and attracted the attention of their General by the steadiness with which they conducted themselves from first to last. The Thirteenth Connecticut were the last to cross over, and had time only to fire one volley, before the enemy was either in retreat beyond the range of their guns or lying in supplicating attitudes in the ditches and behind the trees, showing evident signs of a desire to be taken prisoners. There was but one section of artillery on this side of the bayou—a portion of Thompson's battery, I believe. Lieut. Perkins's cavalry was there doing good service, but not assisting in the thickest of the fight.

Thus you will see that the fight was not so very unequal in point of numbers as some would try to make out. In fact, it was quite a fair little stand-up fight, and the superior position of the confederates might have given them a decided temporary advantage at the onset if their commander had only taken the proper advantage of it.

Early next morning we were again in motion, apparently driving small squads of the rear-guard of the confederates before us. Occasionally a prisoner would be brought in by some of the ever-moving, untiring cavalry. Now and then Thompson's or some of the other batteries would unlimber a piece and send a shot at some retreating squad of horsemen, but no enemy appeared in force. We were constantly told, both by prisoners and negroes, that it was the intention of the confederates to make a final stand at Thibodeauxville. But as we approached that place, the commander, General (late Lieutenant-Governor) Mouton, thought it advisable to retreat. His scouts had brought intelligence that the United States forces were coming in two columns, of ten miles each in length, on each side of the bayou. So he ordered the splendid bridge across the Lafourche to be burned, advised every body to leave his home, as he told them all he was going to defend the town to the last—die in the last ditch, of course—and then skedaddled. He is said to have been sick, and unable to sit on horseback.

Many of the people of this region ran away with him, many others were pressed in as conscripts, and others were called out in the militia. But a reaction is now taking place, and Captain Fuller, our active and polite Provost-Marshal, is full of business, paroling, granting passes, and generally whitewashing the returned fugitives.

One of the most certain signs of the good results of the civilizing influence of this little army of patriots and gentlemen is that several of the ladies, wives of wealthy planters, have extorted a promise from me to ask you to send them the Delta. I am told they have been reading lies and nonsense for nearly two years now, and desire a change.

The Feds seem to be vastly more popular than the Unfeds were. The former go into a house, store, or shop, and if they see any thing they want, they simply inquire the price and pay for it in money; while the latter would swagger around, wishing they might get a sight of a Yankee, that they might kill him and swallow him whole, take whatever they might want, and tender in payment some worthless shinplaster payable in confederate notes. They frequently did not pretend to pay any thing. One poor widow woman told me that they came to her house, quartered on her for two weeks, got drunk, broke her furniture, ate her substance, and finally sloped on the approach of the Federals, leaving her worse off in this world's goods by at least one hundred dollars, besides their unpaid bills. I could write innumerable instances related to me of their high and riotous doings, but I must pass on to other subjects.

On Wednesday morning the General ordered Col. Birge, with his regiment, (the Thirteenth Connecticut,) to march to the Bayou des Allemands and open communication with Colonel Thomas, who was opening the Opelousas Railroad, and who was reported to be rather hard pushed by the confederates. Col. Birge went within four miles of the bayou, when he met some of Col. Thomas's officers, who reported the command as coming on slowly but surely, having not once fired a gun nor seen a hostile force. Communication being thus open, the Thirteenth came back to camp on Thursday. Col. Thomas reported that the rebels had burned the railroad bridge across the bayou, and that he was then engaged in repairing it—a work, he thought, of two or three days' time.

The railroad bridge across Bayou Lafourche was burned also, but that was not so long as the one near Bayou des Allemands, nor so badly burned. The latter was about four hundred and fifty feet long, and pretty nearly destroyed. The former was soon repaired. Trains can now go over the road from Algiers to the dépôt near this place, and I shall be able to send you daily reports.

The confederate military authorities have burned numerous warehouses filled with sugar. One at the dépôt, four miles from here, had three hundred hogsheads. Another, three miles dis-

tant, contained two hundred and fifty. This sugar was totally destroyed.

The reason alleged for this wanton destruction is that the Yankees would come and seize it! The real reason is, that the leaders were afraid that this sugar would contribute to restore friendly relations between the people and their true Government. It serves to make loyal men out of the planters, who can bring their produce to New-Orleans, obtain unprecedentedly high prices, in good money, and purchase in return therefor such goods as they need for their families at low prices. If the confederates cannot stop this trade, their "cause" will be damaged in the Lafourche country.

We have all along heard that General Mouton intended to make a stand at the next point, from each of which he retreated, until he is said to have reached Berwick's Bay. Reports this morning say that this latter point is now evacuated, and the enemy is supposed to have gone in the direction of Vicksburgh.

I learn that all along the line of the Opelousas road, the people who have been drafted as conscripts are deserting and coming in, taking the oath of allegiance. A Capt. Renshaw, it is said, who had a company of sixty-two men, lost forty by desertion this morning. Another small squad of eleven men were sworn in as loyal citizens this evening.

It is probable that a considerable amount of sugar will find its way to your city, now the railroad is open to this place and beyond; and I have heard of one man already who has received permission to ship his stock, which consists of about three hundred hogsheads. It is likely there will be many more.

The Eighth New Hampshire started this morning for Tigerville, about twenty miles distant, down the road. It is thought there is no enemy in this region now, and that communication will soon be open to Galveston.

Colonel Thomas, of the Eighth Vermont, found four pieces of artillery mounted on a car, at the bridge of Bayou des Allemands. They were well spiked, and one was filled with balls to the muzzle. Two were thirty-two pounders, and two were little four-pounder field-pieces.

I am informed that the commander of the confederate forces at Bayou des Allemands, on learning the result of the engagement at Labadieville, or Napoleonville, shot seven prisoners belonging to the Eighth Vermont regiment. The supposed reasons for this act of barbarity are, that they were Germans who had been enlisted in New-Orleans, taken prisoners some time ago, and that he was afraid they might escape to their regiment, which he heard was making its way up the road, or that they might be recaptured. They are buried within a short distance of the bridge, and were taken up and fully identified by some of their former companions in arms. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, but give it as it was told me by some of the officers and men of the regiment.

Doc. 17.

THE FIGHT AT CROSS HOLLOWES, ARK.*

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" NARRATIVE.

CROSS HOLLOWES, ARK., October 29.

I TAKE this, the earliest opportunity, of sending you intelligence and further detail relative to another victory which has been gained in North-western Arkansas. Telegraphic despatches regarding the fight doubtless have already reached you and been presented to your readers.

The facts of the case are these: The army of the frontier had been vainly pursuing the main body of the rebels for several weeks without hope of bringing on a collision, until news came that a considerable force had collected near Fayetteville. On Monday, Gen. Totten's entire division started from Osage Spring, a point five or six miles west of Cross Hollowes, and equidistant with the latter to Fayetteville. His force moved at three o'clock in the afternoon, some six or seven thousand strong, going directly toward Fayetteville, which was seventeen miles distant.

In the evening Gen. Herron received directions to take a body of cavalry and approach the enemy from the south-east and overwhelm them. He took nine hundred men, consisting of a portion of the First Iowa cavalry, the Seventh Missouri State militia, and the first battalion of the First Missouri cavalry, a portion of which formed his body-guard, and set out at eleven o'clock on Monday night, eight hours after the other division had taken its departure. He went south some six miles upon the direct road to Fayetteville, and then, turning to the left or east, made a wide detour through a blind, unfrequented path without a guide and under the cover of a night of tartarean darkness. This little party crossed the White River several times, and forced their way through tangled thickets, and by three or half-past three o'clock in the morning had made twenty-five miles and encountered the first pickets of the enemy. These were followed in with difficulty, the road apparently becoming more obscure.

Just as the dawn was breaking they came upon a heavier picket, consisting, apparently, of one hundred and fifty men. A portion of the State militia was dismounted, and this party driven across the White River, which there intervened between Gen. Herron's forces and the rebel camp. It appeared, from a straggler and a boy that had been caught, that Col. Craven was at this camp with four thousand Texan Rangers and two pieces of artillery. This would have been discouraging to some men, but Gen. Herron had not marched his men all the way down there, through bramble and brake, for the purpose of marching them back again. Although he had expected to merely assist a larger force in subduing the enemy, he found himself with a new and very serious battle on his hands. Taking a hasty survey of the position, he disposed his willing forces with

rapidity, and then with enthusiasm went at the work in hand. The river was crossed, skirmishers thrown out, and at one time his entire party, with the exception of less than one hundred men, were engaged in the fight. No less than an hour and a half was consumed in crossing the river, the rebels having the advantage in long-range Minié muskets, while our boys had only their revolving pistols and rifles and a few carbines.

After a severe contest, their advance was pushed across the river, and then they made a new line of battle, running through their camp, when they made a bold stand, and held our forces for another hour and a half. Finally, signs of yielding were detected, and then our boys charged upon them with a wild shout that sent terror to the hearts of the rebels, and added wings to their flying feet. In a moment their camp was deserted, and our gallant boys were in possession. There were many wooden barracks there, the place having been used last season, as winter quarters. These were burned to the ground, and all their cooking utensils, and a large amount of other camp equipage, were destroyed. A portion of their train was captured, and the entire rebel force, consisting of six regiments, were driven four miles into the Boston Mountains. A few prisoners were taken, not exceeding a dozen in number, and fifteen dead bodies were picked up on the field. The road by which the rebels retreated was thickly spattered with blood, showing that they took away many wounded, and upon several occasions they were seen taking away dead bodies upon their horses. We did not lose a man, and only five were wounded, which, of itself, is a remarkable piece of good fortune.

This brilliant affair occurred twelve miles south of Fayetteville, on the Ozark road. Intelligence was brought that a large rebel force was between the scene of conflict and Fayetteville. General Herron, not relishing the idea of being entirely surrounded by a largely superior force, fell back toward Fayetteville, after resting for an hour upon the well-won field. Whatever rebel force there was upon this road disappeared over the mountains, and within an hour the gallant little band came upon the advance of Gen. Totten's division. Last night, at nine o'clock, the General returned to this place, having travelled fifty-four miles in less than twenty-three hours, whipped a force of rebels four times as large as his, taking them completely by surprise in a hostile country, and bringing his whole force safely home without the loss of a single life.

ANOTHER NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

CROSS HOLLOWES, ARK., October 29, 1862.

Quite a brilliant affair in the way of a night raid took place in this vicinity yesterday, and is perhaps well worth a passing mention. The different divisions of the army of the frontier have been gallivanting about the country seeking for a muss with the rebels with very poor success for some weeks. Like the Irishman's flea, every time we thought we had them at any particular

* This battle is also known as the battle of Fayetteville.

place, they were not there. We are in a hostile country, where every living thing appears to act the spy against us, apprising the secesh of our approach whenever we make an important movement toward them. Intelligence came a few days ago that a considerable body of the enemy had congregated in the vicinity of Fayetteville, and would there give us fight. General Totten was ordered to move his division immediately upon the latter place. He responded to this order by starting at three o'clock P.M. Gen. Herron was encamped with his division at Cross Hollows, and General Totten's camp was at Osage Springs, six miles west of the former camp, and equidistant with it from Fayetteville. On the evening of the same day (twenty-seventh instant) Gen. Herron received orders to take a portion of the cavalry belonging to his command, and to approach the enemy from the south-east simultaneously if possible with Totten, who would move on them from the north-west. Fayetteville is seventeen miles nearly south of the starting-point of both of these parties, so that while Totten approached them directly and by the shortest route, Gen. Herron, who started eight hours afterward, would be obliged to make a wide detour, and attack the enemy in the rear. At eleven o'clock at night, the latter General, supported by less than one thousand half-armed cavalry, left Cross Hollows upon a very indefinite sort of errand. He did not know exactly where the enemy were encamped, nor by what road to reach them. He had not an idea what their force amounted to; and he knew not where Totten would commence his attack. This little party proceeded rapidly on the Fayetteville road for some six or seven miles, then they turned off to the left, on the east, into a blind bridle-path. The night was pitchy dark, and the air sharp with frost. Without compass or guide, the General led his men through bramble and brake, tangled brushwood and thick forests, over mountains, through rivers and rock-ribbed ravines, coming upon a rebel vidette at about half-past three o'clock in the morning, some twenty-five miles from Cross Hollows. This was unexpected, but the facts of the case proved that the rebels were twelve miles below Fayetteville, on the Huntsville road. General Herron advanced his men, cautiously feeling his way by flankers and scouts, until daylight, when he came upon a strong picket-guard of two hundred cavalry. A portion of the Missouri State militia were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers. They worked beautifully, advancing bravely to the contest, and drove the secesh steadily toward their camp, which was in an open space on the opposite side of White River. Other pickets were encountered, who fell back to the edge of the stream, and there made a determined stand of an hour and a half. They were finally dislodged, and sent helter-skelter through the water to the opposite shore. Our troops immediately followed, and there met, drawn up in a line of battle, the whole rebel force, consisting of two pieces of artillery and five regiments of Texan Rangers, numbering nearly five thousand men, under the command

of Col. Craven. The case looked desperate, but Gen. Herron is every inch a soldier, and a cool-headed fighting man. He had made a weary night-march, and he was determined not to go back without giving the enemy a tussle. With a rapid glance he took in the whole situation, comprehending the advantages and disadvantages of the position immediately. His men consisted of portions of the brave Iowa First cavalry, the Seventeenth Missouri State militia—the same, by the way, who were forced across the State line at the point of the bayonet—and a part of the First battalion of the First Missouri volunteer cavalry, and in all numbered about nine hundred men. They were poorly armed, some with carbines, and others with only sabres and revolving pistols, and the remainder with short-range revolving rifles; all else depended upon their dashing bravery and invincible spirits. It was impossible to decide who was entitled to the most praise in this most unequal conflict. No single company had ever been beaten in a previous battle, so they knew not what it was to be whipped. Disparity of numbers was forgotten; the victory to them was a foregone conclusion, and it only remained to win it by fair hard knocks. At it they went, doing their work manfully, and performing deeds of valor that smacked of the marvels of ancient chivalry. Another hour and a half was spent in making an impression upon the serried front of the rebels. At last word was conveyed along the lines that the enemy was in retreat, and in a moment our forces were charging into their camp with an inspiring huzza that incited with new terror the flying feet of the foe. They were driven some four miles, and after a hard-fought affair lasting about four hours in all, the field and a complete victory was ours. The rebel camp equipage and barracks were destroyed, and a portion of their baggage-train captured. Several prisoners were taken, and fifteen or twenty bodies found dead upon the field. Doubtless many dead were carried away, and all the wounded. Our loss was almost nothing. Five poor fellows were wounded, one of whom has since died. With that exception, it was almost a bloodless victory, as far as Gen. Herron's forces were concerned.

Doc. 18.

FIGHT ON THE RIDGEVILLE ROAD, VA.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL QUIRK'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS IRISH BRIGADE, CAMP JESSIE, }
NEW-CREEK, VA., October 30, 1862. }

To Capt. Melvin, Assistant Adjutant-General:

CAPTAIN: One hour after the reception, and in pursuance of orders from brigade headquarters, I left this camp at half-past five o'clock P.M., in command of company A, Lieut. Hart; company C, Capt. Yeung; company D, Capt. Wort; Ringgold Pennsylvania cavalry, numbering one hundred and fifty men, and one section of Rourke's battery, commanded by Capt. John Rourke.

I arrived with my command at Greenland Gap

(twenty-one miles) at eleven o'clock P.M., where I was informed that the enemy (Stuart's cavalry) four hundred strong, with about two hundred head of cattle, crossed the mountain near Greenland at two o'clock that afternoon.

We then immediately advanced in pursuit, through the Gap, along the Ridgeville road, determined, if possible, to intercept them before they reached the crossing of that road, five miles from Petersburg.

When we arrived within three miles of the crossing, I halted the detachment, and sent forward Lieut. Hart and ten of his men to ascertain whether the enemy had passed the crossing, and he ascertained from a reliable source that the enemy, consisting of from three hundred to five hundred of Stuart's cavalry, Lee's brigade, were encamped within two miles back of the other road. At daylight we advanced upon the enemy, and when within seven hundred yards, I ordered Capt. Rourke to the front with his guns, when a few well-directed shell and shot, fired by Capt. Rourke in person, threw the enemy into confusion, and caused them to fly into the woods.

I then ordered the cavalry to charge, which order was promptly and gallantly executed, particularly by company A, Lieut. Hart. After sixteen of the enemy were captured, being unable to find any more of the enemy, I ordered the cattle to be collected and driven with the greatest possible despatch toward our own camp, especially as I was apprehensive of an attack by Imboden, who was reported with a force of seven hundred men at Petersburg, only five miles distant.

I am glad to inform you our loss was none, while that of the enemy is known to have been at least three killed, sixteen were taken prisoners, nineteen horses captured, and one hundred and sixty head of cattle.

I have been informed by one of the prisoners that the enemy's force consisted of two picked men from each company of Lee's brigade, Stuart's cavalry.

The success of the expedition is owing to the rapidity of our movements, having advanced some thirty-five miles during the night, and to the cheerful and active coöperation of the officers and men composing the detachment.

Lieut. John A. Ayres, of my regiment, Acting Adjutant of the detachment, rendered me valuable and efficient aid.

The report is respectfully submitted.

I am, Captain, very respectfully yours,

JAMES QUIRK,
Lieut.-Colonel Commanding.

Doc. 19.

THE FIGHT ON THE OSAGE RIVER.

A NEGRO REGIMENT IN ACTION.

LEAVENWORTH, Saturday, November 8.

The First regiment Kansas colored volunteers, or a portion of it, have been in a fight, shed their

own and rebel blood, and come off victorious, when the odds were as five to one against them.

For the last few weeks the recruits composing this regiment have been in camp "Wm. A. Phillips," at Fort Lincoln, perfecting themselves in drill. On the twenty-sixth of October, Captain Seamen received an order from Major Henning, commanding at Fort Scott, to take such a force as he could raise and proceed to a point on the Osage, Bates County, Mo., and there break up a gang of bushwhackers. We marched from Fort Lincoln with seventy men of the battalion raised by himself, under Capt. Pierson, (formerly of the First Iowa,) and Lieut. Thrasher, (formerly of the Third Kansas,) and one hundred and seventy men from Col. Williams's battalion, under the command of Capt. R. G. Ward, company B; Adjutant R. J. Hinton, Capt. A. G. Crew, company A, and J. Armstrong, company H, (the latter was formerly in company B, Third Kansas,) and Lieuts. Dickerson, company C, Huddleton, company E, Gardner, company F, and Minor, company D. This made in all two hundred and forty men, with the addition of half a dozen white scouts. The men were armed with the Prussian and Austrian rifled muskets, the former of which is an excellent weapon, and the latter a poor one, from constant liability to get out of order.

On the twenty-sixth the command marched twenty miles, and on the twenty-seventh reached Dickies Ford, on the Osage, at about two P.M. Our destination was the house of a notorious rebel, named Toothman's, three miles from this ford. As we came in sight of it, we discovered at the same time a number of horsemen on the Osage bottoms, a mile to the south-east. The scouts and mounted officers galloped forward to reconnoitre, and soon discovered them to be rebel guerrillas. A citizen with a load of wood, on inquiry, stated that they were reported as Cockrell's, Hancock's, and Truman's gangs, moving south in the direction of Arkansas. Returning to the detachment, it encamped for the night, at Toothman's. We erected a rail barricade around the door-yard fence. The reports of scouts, as well as the women in the house, warranted the assumption that the rebel forces were several hundred strong. Our camp was within two miles of the famous Osage Island, an extensive tract of land, so called because the Osage had cut for itself two channels around it. That night we sent back messengers to Kansas for reinforcements. Being greatly in need of mounted men, we sent to the organized militia companies, also to Colonel Adams, commanding the Twelfth regiment, to camp at Fort Lincoln, and to Major Henning, at Fort Scott. We requested the latter to send what reinforcements he could along the south side of the Osage River, to Burnett's Ferry. Our intention was to skirmish with them until these reinforcements arrived, and when Major Henning's force arrived to make an attack on the Island from each side. All day we skirmished with the rebel pickets, at the same time sending out foraging and other parties. On the twenty-ninth the rebel pickets, which had occupied the

highest mounds to the south-east of us, seemed to have been considerably reënforced. A detachment of about sixty men was sent out, under command of Capt. Armstrong and Adj. Hinton, with directions to skirmish with the enemy, holding them in play while a foraging party proceeded in search of salt and corn-meal. The rebels were evidently well handled. They designed to draw on some detachment far enough from camp to overwhelm it before assistance could arrive. The skirmishing grew brisk, and shots were rapidly exchanged, though always at long-range and individual objects. The guerrillas would shout from the hill on which they were posted, in the most derisive manner, cursing the white officers for "d—d nigger-stealers, etc., etc.

In fact they paid particular attention to the two or three white men on the field. The balls from long-range rifles came unpleasantly near. Soon after the commencement of the skirmishing, a shot from one of our men brought down a rebel. Soon another fell, evidently hit in the side, and then deploying the right wing of the skirmishers through a small ravine, and advancing up the slope beyond on the double-quick, we managed to give them a raking volley, which sent off several riderless horses. Passing over the ground, we discovered blood where one man had fallen. By the mouth of a prisoner whom Cockerell released that afternoon, we afterward learned that the rebels acknowledged seven killed and mortally wounded in the morning skirmish. Returning to camp under orders, the rebels fired the prairie behind us, and advanced their pickets under cover of the smoke. The wind was blowing almost a gale, and we were compelled to set a counter fire around camp, in order to prevent ourselves being completely overwhelmed by the smoke. Under its cover our scouts were driven in. Capt. Seaman then sent out a party of eight Cherokee negroes, who soon managed to get to the windward of the fire. They were directed to keep within sight of camp, but their eagerness for the prey soon led to a disobedience of orders. Sixteen men were then sent out under Lieut. Gardner to reënforce and bring them in. The Cherokees being somewhat unmanageable except by their own officers, Capt. Pierson accompanied Gardner to aid this purpose. Captain Crew and Lieut. Huddleston both left camp without orders and joined the squad. They advanced to the edge of the mounds, united with the first party, and in place of returning to camp, started to visit a log house half a mile distant, on the bottom land. There was the opportunity sought by the rebels, and they improved it, or sought to. The house was visited, and the party was returning across the prairie toward the mounds, in sight of camp, when from behind them to the south-east, on which the rebels had been posted in the morning skirmish, appeared about one hundred and thirty mounted men, advancing on the double-quick toward Gardner's party. In place of returning to the log-cabin, where a successful resistance could be made till reënforced, our detachment headed steadily for the mound. In the

mean while, alarmed at camp at the lengthy absence of the party, we had sent out a detachment of fifty as a reserve, under Capt. Armstrong. When the cavalry came in sight, Capt. Pierson, who occupied a position from which the movements could be observed, signaled for the reserve to advance, which they were directed to do by the Adjutant, who then galloped to camp and hastened the moving forward of two detachments which Captain Seaman was hurrying out. Lieut. Thrasher, in command of the first, went on the double-quick down the ravine to the west, followed closely by that under Lieuts. Dickerson and Minor.

In the mean while, the detachment under Gardner was attacked by the foe, who swept down like a whirlwind upon it. One volley was fired in concert which emptied several saddles, and then this devoted body was separated by the force of that sweeping charge. The fight thus became a hand-to-hand encounter of one man to six. The rebels were mostly armed with shot-guns, revolvers and sabres, our men with the Austrian rifle and sabre-bayonet. The latter is a fearful weapon, and did terrible execution in the hands of the muscular blacks. Six-Killer, the leader of the Cherokee negroes, fell with six wounds, after shooting two men, bayoneting a third, and laying a fourth *hors du combat* with the butt of his gun. Another one, badly wounded, Sergeant Ed. Lowrey, was attacked by three men; he had discharged his rifle, and had no time to load again, when they fell upon him with revolver and sabre. He was then badly hurt with a shot-gun wound. One man demanded his surrender, to which the reply was a stunning blow from the butt of the rifle, knocking him off his horse. The negro, when approached, had his sabre-bayonet in hand, about to fix it on his gun. The prostrate man got a crashing blow from it on the skull as he fell, and then, as the other charged, the bayonet was used with effect on the nearest horse, and the butt of the gun on the next man. The sergeant received three wounds in the *mêlée*, but managed to get back to camp. I could give similar instances of nearly every man and boy of the party. There were several of the latter in the fight. One of them, Manuel Dobson, a lad of fourteen, received a ball through both arms. He afterward told Colonel Williams "that he couldn't kill but one of 'em," but adding, with commendable pride, "I brought my gun back."

But to return to the field. As the enemy charged, Armstrong's detachment was seen coming up the hill on the double-quick. The boys broke for their lines. Lieut. Gardner, being a large and heavy man, had early endeavored to escape to them, but fell in the first and thickest of the fight with two wounds in his hip. One of the rebels dismounted as he fell forward, prone on his face, and placing his revolver to his head, fired. Fortunately the ball glanced, inflicting only a severe scalp-wound. Lieut. Gardner lay there till the prairie fire overtook him, when he made an effort and got upon burnt ground, where we found him after the engagement. Lieut. Hud-

dleton was early separated from the men, and though the mark of many bullets, escaped unscathed. Captain Crew, retaining his position at the head of the few men who kept together, retreated with his face to the enemy, firing his revolver as he did so. He fell with a terrible wound in the groin, but again rose and retreated. Surrounded by half a dozen of the foe, he was ordered to surrender. "Never!" he shouted, at the same time calling to the half-dozen negroes around him to die rather than give up. He then fell dead with a bullet in his heart. His body was instantly rifled of revolver and watch, though his purse was not found. Five minutes afterward the rebel who took the watch was killed by one of the negroes, who again took the watch from him and brought it into camp.

While these incidents were occurring, Captain Armstrong brought his men through the prairie-fire on to the brow of the hill, within short-range of the enemy, who, as they discovered his approach, galloped round the hill in two files, opening in the form of a V, with the intention of charging upon him. A steady volley checked this movement, and a raking fire on their flank from the companies under Lieutenants Thrasher, Dickerson, and Minor, changed their advance into disorderly rout, in which a number of saddles were emptied. Captain Seamen, observing large reënforcements moving by the east, apparently toward our camp, ordered Captain Armstrong and the other officers to fall back to the camp. This was done, except by Lieut. Thrasher, who held the field from which the rebels had fled long enough to bring off our wounded, and all the dead but three. While engaged in this task, the enemy's scouts fired the prairie in three different places, and advanced under cover of the smoke, endeavoring to pick off the men engaged in removing the wounded. Their killed and wounded had been removed as fast as they fell. They could be seen to dismount as fast as one fell, and, putting the body on a horse, remove it from the field. So ended the battle of Island Mounds, which, though commenced through the rash and impetuous daring of the officers, yet under most unfavorable circumstances, resulted in a complete victory to the negro regiment.

What I narrate I saw myself, and having witnessed several engagements since this rebellion commenced, I know what fighting amounts to. The following is a list of our casualties:

Killed—Captain Crew, Co. A; corporal Joseph Talbot. Privates, Samuel Davis, Thomas Lane, Marion Barber, Allen Rhodes, Henry Gash, all of Co. F; John Six-Killer, Seamen's battalion.

Wounded—Lieutenant Joseph Gardner, Co. F, head, hip and knee; private Thos. Knight, both legs; Geo. Dudley, both legs; Manuel Dobson, both arms; Lazarus Johnson, arm, all of Co. F; Sergeant Edward Lowrey, Seamen's battalion, shoulder and arm; Sergeant Shelley Banning, Seamen's battalion, right breast and hip; corporal Andy Hytower, left shoulder; Anderson Riley, left shoulder; private Ed. Curtis, back and mouth,

all of Seamen's battalion; corporal Jacob Edwards, Co. E, head and side.

After the fight the guerrillas retreated to a point south-east, known as Red Dirk and Pleasant Gap, where they have since been joined by Quantrel and Harrison. Our advent broke up their plans. They evidently had at first a most contemptible idea of the negroes' courage, which their engagement speedily changed.

Bill Truman told in Butler on the Friday following the fight, that the black devils fought like tigers, and that the white officers had got them so trained that not one would surrender, though they tried to take a prisoner.

—*New-York Times*.

KANSAS "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

MOUND CITY, LINN COUNTY, November 1, 1862.

During the past few weeks reports were occasionally reaching this place that a rebel force were or had gathered on an island in the Marias des Cygnes River, about twenty miles east of us, and some eight miles from the State line in Missouri. Rumors were reaching us that our town was in danger, unless they were dislodged or driven away, and that Mound City would soon share the same fate of Olathe and Shawneetown. Picket-guards were kept out every night by our citizens, and thefts, robberies, and murders were almost nightly taking place along the line, the horses of Union men taken, and the provisions, clothing, and bedding taken from their families.

Several urgent requests were made to the military authorities at Fort Scott for aid, and on Sunday last Major Henning ordered Captain Seamen, with a force of four or five companies of blacks, (infantry,) consisting of some two hundred and twenty men, who, on Sunday evening last, marched from this place, and on Monday arrived at the farm of one old Toothman, a noted seesh, living on the north side of the river and directly north and opposite the island, about two miles. Here the Captain threw up some fortifications, the rebels showing themselves almost continually around him, and their picket-guards approaching to within a quarter of a mile of his camp. On Wednesday, October twenty-ninth, at about two o'clock P.M., Captain Seamen ordered Captain Armstrong, with about twenty men, to reconnoitre along a ravine and on the brow of a ridge about half a mile from camp, to try and draw out the rebels from their hiding-place, for the purpose of giving them battle. Captain Armstrong proceeded according to orders, but failing to draw out the enemy, proceeded on beyond, where designated. It was observed from camp that the seesh were gathering, and from observation, it was feared that their intention was to make a charge between the camp and Capt. Armstrong's band, and endeavor to cut him off. Capt. Seamen ordered Lieut. Gardner, with some twenty men, to his relief, and to call Capt. Armstrong back as quick as possible. Capt. Crews, of Leavenworth, volunteered to accompany Lieut. Gardner. This band had not proceeded but a short distance when the rebels, about sixty

in number, well armed with revolvers and sabres, and mounted on very fleet horses, made a dash for the blacks under Capt. Armstrong, charging down upon them with the yell of demons. The blacks immediately faced them. Not a man flinched, but met them heroically, loading and firing their guns until their ranks were broken by the rush of the enemy's horses among them, when it was thrusting and cutting with bayonet and sabre, when Capt. Seamen rushed with his men to the rescue, and the enemy retreated, carrying their dead and wounded with them.

Captain Crew was shot dead. Lieut. Gardner fell severely wounded, and eight blacks were killed and eleven wounded. Individual instances there were among the blacks of the most cool and undaunted courage.

Lieut. Gardner, when wounded and lying insensible upon the grass, was approached by one of the rebels, who dismounted, cut the belt from his revolver, and deliberately fired a charge from it at his head. The ball, happily, only grazed the side of his skull, doing but little damage. A colored man, lying near by, having been knocked down by a horse and severely hurt, and who was just recovering from the fall, saw the dastardly act, and levelling his piece, shot the fellow dead in his tracks.

Another rebel, seeing Capt. Crew fall, rushed with his horse to the spot, dismounted, and proceeded to rob his pockets, the Captain yet writhing in the agonies of death. A noble and stalwart colored man, who lay bleeding with some three or four wounds near where the Captain fell, saw the rebel, in his hellish purpose, pull the watch from the Captain's pocket, summoned all the strength in his power, seized his discharged musket, rushed to the spot, and, as secesh mounted on one side of his horse, darkey thrust the bayonet through his body, dismounting him in death, and recovering the Captain's watch, and securing his horse as a trophy, and then fell exhausted and bleeding to the ground again. This noble fellow is severely wounded, but will recover. The watch he has sent to the Captain's sister at Leavenworth.

Doc. 20.

CAPTAIN STROUT'S EXPEDITION

AGAINST THE HOSTILE INDIANS.

MINNEAPOLIS, December 16, 1862.

WHEN I received marching orders, my men were all out on ten days' furlough. In order to fill up the company in the most expeditious manner, I solicited home volunteers, who, together with a part of my enlisted men, were, to the number of seventy, marching to the frontier in twenty hours from the time I received guns, ammunition, and orders, leaving Minneapolis on the evening of the twenty-fourth of August.

On our way to points on the Mississippi and along the frontier, we were treated with much kindness by the remaining citizens, especially at

Clearwater. We went from Forest City to Hutchinson and Glencoe. Along this route we found the country almost entirely deserted. To encourage those still remaining and also to attract to their homes those who had left, we returned to Hutchinson, and from thence on the second of October we went to Acton. We there camped in the yard of Mr. Baker, the first victim of the outbreak. During the night Messrs. Branham, Holmes, and Sparry came through from Forest City to inform us that the home guards of that place had been attacked by a large body of Indians, the day before. We shall ever feel under great obligation to these brave men, who, for our sakes, made such a daring journey through that dark night. Early in the morning we took up our march toward Hutchinson. When out about one and a half miles, our advance scouts returned, informing us that the Indians were in our front. We at once formed in line of battle in open order. No sooner were we in such position than they made their appearance, firing upon us from a position the location of which was most favorable to themselves. We advanced twenty or thirty rods before returning their fire, when we opened upon them in a most active manner, after the style of skirmishing. After having been engaged about half an hour, we found that they were our superiors in number, at least three to one; also, that they were all around us pouring into us a constant fire. We at once made a charge through their thickest line, taking the ground they occupied. This was an exciting and severe part of the battle. We had lost two killed (Gideon and Getchell) and five or six wounded; but we had gained confidence in our ability to contend against our foe, notwithstanding his advantage in numbers. New energy seemed to pervade our whole force, and many a joke as well as fierce remark came from our brave men. We opened upon them on all sides, and they seemed to give way, but we were soon convinced that they were preparing to make a more desperate attack than ever in our front, where they appeared five to our one, throwing up their blankets and uttering the most hideous yells, crowing as it were, over their success. This was one of those events which one in a thousand could scarcely picture. Our men seemed inspired, and at the command, "Come on, my boys," I saw such true bravery and earnest devotion in that body of men as has united our sympathies and fastened our confidence in each other forever. We moved toward them at double-quick, until we were within five rods of them, when the redskins made a hasty retreat from our front. At this time Mr. Edwin Stone was killed, and eight or nine wounded. We had gained the next high ground and driven our savage foe, but they soon made another move in our front, and again we passed through their line. We had now made one and a half miles from the time we were attacked. After this, they seemed to abandon the engagement in front, but some of the more daring ones would rush up and fire upon us from the rear and concealed positions on the

right. By this time we had three killed and twenty-two wounded. With the wounded to care for, we considered it politic to make a hasty move for Hutchinson. The savages followed at a respectful distance for five miles, but we scarcely replied to their fire, which did us no harm. From information received from various sources, we have ascertained that from two to three hundred Indians fought us in the engagement, and that we killed about twelve and wounded more than thirty of their number. When we arrived at Hutchinson we received such kind treatment for our wounded as has endeared the hearts of our company to the citizens of that place. We there passed a wakeful night, knowing that the savages were around us. The next morning about nine o'clock they attacked the town from the woods and burnt nearly half of it. We engaged them about twenty minutes, when we went into the fortification which Capt. Harrington had built. We then sent out squads to keep them back from firing the other buildings. We received no injuries from them that day, and though we have had some little hunting after Indians since, we have had no casualties or incidents of importance. After remaining a few days at Hutchinson the home volunteers were discharged, a parting which I shall never forget. They had endeared themselves to every one of our company, and participated, together with a part of our company, in one of the severest battles of the Indian campaign. In justice to these brave men, who composed quite half of our company, I think it proper to give their names in this connection:

Thos. Marshall, James Marshall, George H. Morrison, J. C. Morrison, James Sweeney, A. Laraway, J. A. Wolverton, Wm. C. Allan, Neil McNeil, A. H. Wise, A. Dougherty, J. P. Hale, Edwin Stone, C. D. Ilarn, D. C. Hawkins, John Greene, A. H. Rose, F. Tippin, J. W. Day, M. R. Thompson, J. C. Higgins, J. H. Perkins, H. A. Smith, A. Frederichs, F. Addicks, George Gemasche, Limon Blondo, C. Cowett, C. H. Douglass, R. C. Rothwick, J. W. Huckings, Joseph Hart, C. Johnson, J. P. Mirch, Robert Muir, G. W. Little, Joel Florida, S. D. Snell, A. B. Hanscomb, Daniel Getchell, R. R. Hubbard, Thomas Chambers, J. C. McConnell.

RICHARD STROUT,
Captain Company B, Ninth Regiment M. V.

Doc. 21.

SKIRMISH NEAR PHILOMONT, VIRGINIA.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

ONE MILE FROM UNIONTOWN, VA.,
AND TWENTY-SIX FROM THE POTOMAC,
Monday, 3 o'clock A.M., Nov. 3, 1862.

ANOTHER Sunday fight, and another victory for the National army! All day yesterday the booming of artillery resounded through this picturesque and hitherto quiet region, and the clashing of arms indicated that loyalist and traitor had again met in conflict.

Saturday morning, about nine o'clock, General McClellan's advance, comprising several regiments of cavalry and the Second artillery, battery M, all under command of General Pleasanton, broke camp at Purcellsville, and began the onward march. Our road lay through a most beautiful section of country. The road winds through picturesque forests, over hill and through dale, now over a pure and limpid brook which flows down from the mountain, now by some more picturesque stream which meanders through the meadow. The famous "Snicker's Gap" at which the enemy are collected in large numbers, can be seen a short distance to the right. The insignificant village of Snickersville is clustered around the base of the ridge, while the tortuous road, as it winds through the gap, is plainly visible. Still the scouts ahead report no enemy, and we press forward, reaching Philomont at half-past eleven o'clock. This is a small secesh village of some one hundred and fifty inhabitants, situated on the Winchester and Alexandria road, about five miles from Snicker's Gap.

Just before entering the town we halted, while the skirmishers went forward, ascertaining that some fifty of the enemy's cavalry had been there this morning, but had suddenly disappeared. On entering, pickets were thrown out on all the roads leading from the village. The town was in a terrible scare. On entering one house I found a girl of seven years old with her head under the bed-clothes, while the mother was nursing a brother of full five years of age in order to keep him quiet. Lieutenant Krin, of General Pleasanton's staff, who was appointed Provost-Marshal of the village, immediately arrested all the male citizens of the place and assembled them in front of one of the stores preparatory to taking the oath.

Twenty-six comprised the number, consisting of old men, middle-aged and youths. They answered as their names were called. "I don't like to take the oath of allegiance on Southern soil," responded the first one addressed. "What is the oath?" he further inquired. The Provost-Marshal then proceeded to read the oath to them, remarking that those who took it would receive National protection. "I should think you were premature," spoke up one old man, of full seventy years. "This is a hard thing on us," said a spruce-looking young farmer. "You will soon be gone and the confederates will come in and seize us if we take the oath," remarked a third, and so they gave their excuses for failing to be loyal, one after another. But they proved of no avail. As fast as their names were called off, the significant dash was affixed which meant confinement and confiscation of homes. "No, Sir," replied Richard Wilmot, in an insolent and defiant manner, which will undoubtedly cost him a few weeks of extra imprisonment. Not one subscribed to the oath. Two who had done so under General Geary, were permitted to depart to their homes. The others were started off in a drove toward Berlin. Soon after twelve o'clock three masked guns of the enemy opened on two squadrons of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, under

command of Major Keenan, which had been thrown out on picket in the direction of Union, three miles away. General Pleasanton, who was at the right of the village, immediately hastened to the front, taking with him two pieces of the horse battery, of which there are only four in the service. The enemy continued firing, and advancing their artillery from one position to another until one gun suddenly opened very near to the village. "Can't we reach that?" remarked one of his officers to Gen. Pleasanton. "Reach it? I guess I can," replied the General, and in less than a moment's time one of the pieces was unlimbered, and a shell tossed in the direction of the rebels.

Another, and still another followed. But they all fell short, one setting fire to a meadow, which was soon burned over. By this time the cavalry on both sides had dismounted, and the sharp, quick report of their carbines indicated that a spirited engagement was taking place. The gallant Major Keenan (whose horse had been shot and exchanged for another,) seeing that the enemy were pressing on him in large numbers, sent for reinforcements, when the entire regiment (Eighth Pennsylvania) were sent to his support. The rebels were now plainly visible scouring through the distant woods and fields, evidently determined on disputing our advance to Union, which General Pleasanton had been ordered to occupy at all hazards, and the possession of which was necessary to the successful carrying out of General McClellan's programme. About half-past two our cavalry began to fall back, owing to the superiority of the enemy, and a courier was sent to the Sixth regulars, Captain Sanders, which was stationed three miles back on the road, ordering them to come up on the gallop, which they did. Reinforcements consisting of a battery and Doubleday's old brigade of infantry were also hurried forward from Burnside's encampment at Purcellsville, whither he had moved up his forces in the course of the day.

As our men fell back, the rebel cavalry followed until within range of our guns, when they were brought to a halt by the most splendid artillery firing of the war. The rebels soon got their guns into a position commanding our own, but in five minutes' time it became too hot for them. They changed to another position, but were in less time driven from that. Finally they galloped over a meadow, our shells thickly flying after them, and planting their guns directly in front of the grove, one mile and a half distant. They had hardly fired a shell, however, before our Rodman ten-pounders so ploughed the ground around them as to cause a skedaddle out of sight.

This ended the artillery firing for that day, having proved for the twentieth time the superiority of our artillery over that of the rebels. About half-past three o'clock all became quiet, and we supposed the contest had ended for the day. About five o'clock, however, the skirmishing was renewed in an orchard on the right, between the dismounted cavalymen, and continued until dusk, the Sixth regulars in the mean time having come.

During the night the infantry and artillery from Purcellsville arrived. In the morning it was found that the enemy had advanced their pickets to a considerable distance on the right. At precisely ten o'clock our artillery opened upon them and the infantry were thrown forward. The firing was, on the day previous, most accurate. One caisson was blown fully fifteen feet into the air, causing the rebels around the gun to retreat in double-quick. Such accurate shooting the rebels could not stand, and they accordingly commenced falling back; we, at the same time, following up and peppering them in fine style.

Thus we continued to drive them from hill to valley for several hours, their artillerists being compelled to abandon every new position as often as it was chosen. Several prisoners were taken, among the number two who rode directly into one of our own regiments, mistaking it for Col. Owen's Third Virginia cavalry. I conversed with prisoners from the Third, Fourth and Fifth Virginia cavalry, proving that we had been fighting General Stuart's force. From them as well as refugees, I learned that he had been on the ground all day; also that the bulk of the rebel army is on this side of the Blue Ridge, retreating toward Gordonsville. A detachment of the Eighth New-York cavalry captured some eight horses, with equipments, and quite an amount of officers' clothing. An ambulance driver of the same regiment was accidentally killed.

Doc. 22.

THE GEORGIA STATE DEFENCES.

ADDRESSES TO THE PLANTERS.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, MILLEDGEVILLE, NOV. 1, 1862.

To the Planters of Georgia:

SINCE my last appeal to some of you, I am informed by Brig.-General Mercer, commanding at Savannah, that but few hands have been tendered. When the impressments made by General Mercer, some weeks since, were loudly complained of, it was generally said that, while the planters objected to the principle of impressment, they would promptly furnish all the labor needed, if an appeal were made to them. I am informed that General Mercer now has ample authority to make impressments. If, then, a sufficient supply of labor is not tendered within ten days from this date, he will resort immediately to that means of procuring it, with my full sanction, and, I doubt not, with the sanction of the General Assembly.

After you have been repeatedly notified of the absolute necessity for more labor, to complete the fortifications adjudged by the military authorities in command to be indispensable to the defence of the key to the State, will you delay action until you are compelled to contribute means for the protection not only of all your slaves, but of your homes, your firesides, and your altars?

I will not believe that there was a want of sincerity in your professions of liberality and patriotism, when many of you threatened resistance to impressment upon principle, and not because you were unwilling to aid the cause with your means.

I renew the call for negroes to complete the fortifications around Savannah, and trust that every planter in Georgia will respond by a prompt tender of one fifth of all his working-men.

As stated in my former appeal, the General in command will only accept the number actually needed.

JOSEPH M. BROWN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF GEORGIA, }
SAVANNAH, GA., NOV. 3, 1862. }

To the Planters of Georgia:

I have received from several counties of the State of Georgia, and from individual slaveholders, requests and demands that I should return their negroes, now working upon the fortifications of Savannah. It is my sincere and earnest desire to do so. I think it an injustice to those who have sent their negroes at my first call, that they should be compelled to bear the whole burden and heat of the day, while others, who are among the wealthiest in the land, look calmly on the danger of the city and the State, without contributing a single laborer from their hundreds or their thousands to their defence.

Fellow-citizens, with whom ought the blame to rest? Not with those who have contributed their labor, for they have nobly done their duty. Not with me, for I am simply doing that which is absolutely necessary to the protection of the State from invasion, and from the designs of the abolitionists.

Let the blame fall where it is justly due; on those who have refused to send labor to the defence of Savannah, and who still refuse to take their turn in the work; who, after enjoying immunity for so long a time, still refuse to relieve those who have been laboring for them.

Let those citizens whose vital interests are at stake, and who have done their share toward the common weal, rise up and compel those backsliders, and especially the rich among them, to do their part.

From the thousands of slaves who have thus been withheld from the defence of the country, enough, and more than enough, might easily be contributed to enable me to send back to their masters all those who have already worked here for three (3) months, and at the same time would give me a sufficient force to complete the defence of our chief city and coast.

Patriots! will you allow the selfish and the unpatriotic to reap all the benefits of our war of independence, without sharing with you its burdens, its sacrifices, and privations?

As soon as those who have not hitherto contributed send me a sufficient number to fill their places, I pledge myself to send back to their masters the negroes who are now at work. Until this is done, necessity compels me to retain them.

HUGH W. MERCER,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Doc. 23.

EXPEDITION TO PITTMAN'S FERRY, MO.

COLONEL DEWEY'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT IOWA VOLUNTEERS, }
CAMP PATTERSON, MO., NOV. 2, 1862. }

COLONEL: In accordance with your order of the twenty-fourth ult., I left Camp Patterson at six o'clock on the evening of Saturday, the twenty-fifth, with three companies of my regiment, (Thirty-second Iowa volunteers,) under command of Lieut.-Colonel Kinsman, five companies of the Twenty-fifth Missouri volunteers, under Capt. O. P. Newbury, two companies of the First Missouri State militia, and a section of Strang's battery, under Major Jainseh, and eighteen men of the Twelfth Missouri volunteer cavalry, under Capt. Leper. At Morrison's, twelve miles from this place, I was joined by three companies of the Twenty-fourth Missouri volunteers, under Capt. Vaughn. My instructions were to march for Pittman's Ferry, on Current River, which place I was to reach by three o'clock P.M. on Sunday, twenty-sixth, and form a junction with Lieut.-Col. Lazare, and attack any rebel force at that point. You informed me that Col. Lazare had orders to meet me there at that time, and cooperate with me. The first day I marched twenty-six miles to Black River, which I reached at four o'clock P.M. I found the stream wide and deep, and the crossing difficult, but I was determined to get the infantry and baggage-train over that night. I placed the transportation of the troops in charge of Capt. O. P. Newbury, of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, with orders to cross at all hazards. After an immense amount of labor, the untiring energy of the Captain was successful, and at eleven o'clock at night he reported all safely over, except the artillery and one company of the First Missouri State militia, left to guard it. The next morning at daylight, Capt. Newbury commenced crossing the artillery. The ammunition was shifted from the caissons, and transported in wagons, and the whole train crossed safely. I commenced the march from Black River at eight o'clock A.M., Sunday, twenty-sixth, and reached Vandever's after a march of twenty miles. One mile this side of Vandever's my advanced guard of cavalry, under Captain Leper, drove in the enemy's pickets, all of whom unfortunately escaped, and thus betrayed my advance.

I now was seventeen miles from Pittman's Ferry, and it was important to make a rapid march, and gain possession of the boat. I accordingly detailed Lieut. Buzzard, of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, with forty picked men, to move rapidly forward with the cavalry and gain possession of the ferry. They started at ten o'clock in the morning of the twenty-seventh, and at two I followed with the reserve body. The men marched without breakfast. Ten miles this side the ferry the advance-guard surprised a scouting-party of the enemy, and captured a captain and thirteen men. Leaving these prisoners under

guard, they pushed rapidly forward, and succeeded in surprising the guard at the ferry, which they dispersed by a volley from Lieut. Buzzard's men. Private Richard Lloyd, company F, of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, swam the river, and brought the boat over to this side. When about two miles from the river, at eight o'clock in the morning, I received information that the great object of my anxiety, the ferry-boat, was safe in our possession. When a mile from the river, a messenger brought me word that the enemy was forming line of battle on the other side. I immediately ordered the artillery forward at a gallop; the infantry, regardless of their long and fatiguing march, following at a double-quick. I halted the column about one hundred yards from the river-bank, and formed line of battle on each side of the river. The right wing, consisting of the Twenty-third Iowa, under Lieut.-Col. Kinsman; the centre, consisting of the artillery and two companies of the First Missouri State militia, under Major Jainsch; and the left, consisting of the five companies of the Twenty-fifth Missouri volunteers, under Capt. Newbury. The two companies of the Twenty-fourth Missouri acted as a reserve and guard to the prisoners, under Capt. Vaughn. Riding forward to the front, Lieut. Posar, commanding the artillery, informed me that the enemy were planting a battery on the other side. I ordered him to open upon them immediately, which he promptly did, and after a few rounds the enemy scattered and disappeared.

I then ordered Lieut. Miller, of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, to cross the river with his company and deploy as skirmishers and follow the enemy as far as practicable, and to guard his retreat I ordered Captain Houston, of company A, Twenty-third Iowa, to form his company on the river bank, near the ferry, leaving the rest of the command in line of battle. At twelve o'clock Lieut. Miller returned and reported the enemy retreating. I had been for several hours anxious to learn the whereabouts of Col. Lazare and his command. Every thing depended upon his cooperating with me. I knew that with my small force of infantry, exhausted by a long and fatiguing march, and without food since the previous night, it was folly for me to attempt a pursuit. Lazare's route to join me led him directly across the road by which the enemy had retreated, and I waited in deep suspense for some intelligence from him or for some evidence of his presence. At noon I sent Leper over the river with his eighteen men to scour the country and try to gain intelligence of Lazare. After a fruitless search he returned without any tidings, and I reluctantly ordered the men to camp. They had performed a forced march of sixty-five miles, and had been twenty hours without food without murmuring. They were still ready to go forward if there was any prospect of overtaking the enemy, but without Lazare's cavalry pursuit would be useless. I had hoped that the sound of the cannonading would reach him and convey to him tidings of my presence, but it did not.

The next morning, twenty-eighth October, I sent Captain Houston, with his company, up the river, and Captain Rosenstein with his company down, both on this side, to explore the country and ascertain the position and practicability of the various fords. I also sent Capt. Leper, with such infantry as I could mount, over the river to explore the different roads leading to the ferry, with instructions to find Lazare, if possible. About eleven o'clock I received a despatch from Colonel Lazare directed to you, of which the following is a copy:

OCTOBER 26, 4 o'clock A.M.

COLONEL BOYD: Yours of the seven and ten o'clock, twenty-fourth, reached me at ten last night. I cannot reach Pittman's Ferry and find out what is at Thomasville before twenty-ninth. Will be there. We scattered Boone's men in every direction yesterday, killing six or eight, eighteen prisoners, twenty-five guns and twelve horses. They are all come up but Crow's company, who has gone east of Current River.

B. LAZARE,
Lieut.-Colonel Commanding.

I immediately recalled the scouting-parties, and crossed my command, with the exception of the artillery and Capt. Vaughn's men, over the river. Late in the evening, I received another despatch from Lazare, by Lieut. Going, informing me verbally, that he was marching from the direction of Thomasville, on the Pocahontas road, and would be ready to cooperate with me at any time after midnight. This road leads directly across the road to Yellville, by which the enemy retreated, and they had already passed the point of intersection at least thirty-six hours before. Of course, pursuit was now useless, and I directed Lieut. Going to rejoin Col. Lazare with orders to join me, as soon as possible, on the Pocahontas road. On the morning of the twenty-ninth, I crossed the artillery over the river, and leaving Captain Vaughn to guard the ferry and the prisoners, I marched toward Pocahontas and formed a junction with Col. Lazare, at Bolingers's Mill, fifteen miles from the ferry. I immediately ordered a detachment of fifty cavalry, under Major Lippert, to march to Pocahontas and search for horses and contraband goods.

Major Jainsch accompanied the detachment. They dispersed a small scouting-party, taking eight or ten horses, and found a number of rebel sick in a hospital, whom Major Jainsch paroled, and a list of whom accompanies this report.

The next morning, October thirtieth, I commenced my march back to Patterson, which point I reached at six o'clock P.M., November second.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the officers and men under my command in this expedition. They performed a march of sixty-five miles to Pittman's Ferry—the first day, through a severe storm—in less than two days and a half, crossing a wide and deep stream. The last twenty hours, they were on the march or in line of battle without food. On their return they performed a march of eighty miles in four days, crossing two wide and deep streams.

I have no hesitation in saying that, had the forces under Lieut.-Col. Lazare been able to cooperate with me by reaching the road to Yellville, by which the enemy retreated, at the time I reached Pittman's Ferry, on the morning of the twenty-seventh, we would have routed the entire rebel force and captured the baggage-train and artillery. This force I estimate, from reliable information, at one thousand cavalry, five hundred infantry and four pieces of artillery, under command of Colonels Burbage, Green, and Mitchell. It retreated toward Yellville, at which point I understood the enemy is concentrating a large force, and where they have a powder-mill in operation.

My thanks are especially due to the following officers, detailed on special duty. To Capt. Newbury, Twenty-fifth Missouri, for his efficiency in crossing the command over Black River. To Lieut. Waterbury, Twenty-third Iowa, Acting Adjutant; to Lieut. Brown, Twenty-third Iowa, Acting Quartermaster and Lieut. Buzzard, Twenty-fifth Missouri cavalry, commanding advanced-guard of infantry.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
W. M. DEWEY,
Colonel Commanding.

Col. S. H. Boyd.

Doc. 24.

THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL BLUNT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
RHEA'S MILLS, ARK., Dec. 20, 1862. }

Major-General S. R. Curtis, Commanding Department of the Missouri:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, on the second instant, and four days subsequent to the battle of Cane Hill, or Boston Mountain, of November twenty-eighth, I obtained reliable information that the entire force of infantry and artillery of Gen. Hindman's army had crossed the Arkansas River, and joined Gen. Marmaduke at Lee's Creek, fifteen miles north of Van Buren, to which point the latter had retreated after the battle of the twenty-eighth ultimo. I further learned that the united forces under Gen. Hindman's command numbered between twenty-five and thirty thousand men, and that he designed advancing upon me in case I did not attack him south of the mountains. Determined to hold my position at Cane Hill, unless driven from it by a superior force, I immediately telegraphed to the Second and Third divisions to come to my support by forced marches.

I may here mention that I had had no knowledge of the whereabouts of these two divisions, except from rumor, and had not been apprised of their movements or locality for a period of over two weeks. My telegraphic despatches reached Gen. Herron, commanding the Second and Third divisions, on the third, who promptly responded to my order, keeping me advised, by telegraph

from Elkhorn, of his progress. The Second and Third brigades of the First division, with my headquarters, were at Cane Hill; the First brigade at Rhea's Mills, eight miles north, where a large supply-train, just arrived from Fort Scott, was halted.

My pickets were advanced six miles beyond Cane Hill, on the road leading to Van Buren, and a strong outpost of the Kansas Second established where that road intersects the Cove Creek road, running from Fayetteville to Van Buren, and which road passes about six miles east of Cane Hill. On the morning of the fifth instant, this outpost was attacked by a large force of rebel cavalry, but they were repulsed and driven back some six miles through the mountains. Expecting that the same demonstration would be repeated on the next morning, I directed Col. Cloud, commanding the Third brigade, to strengthen this post by the addition of one hundred cavalry and two howitzers, to be at the outpost at daybreak. In consequence of this order not being promptly carried out, and the support not arriving at the time directed, the pickets, on being attacked about daylight by a superior force, were compelled to retire some three miles, when support having reached them, they held the ground during the day, with continued skirmishing, in which several of my men were wounded and a number of the enemy killed.

The enemy now got possession of Cove Creek and Fayetteville road, and I learned about eight o'clock P.M. that a force of about ten thousand had advanced beyond the junction of Cove Creek road with the Crane Hill and Van Buren road, and were massed upon the mountain in front of my outpost, while the remainder of the rebel army were below the junction of the roads just named, about three miles in rear of their advance.

The Third brigade, under Colonel Cloud, was ordered to bivouac for the night on their arms, upon the ground south of the town, that I had selected to make a stand upon, in case I was attacked in front.

It was now evident that a general engagement must take place next day, and my apprehensions were, that with their superior numbers, they would make a feint in front, while with their main force they would make a flank movement on my left, by the Cove Creek road, to intercept Gen. Herron, before he could reach me from Fayetteville, which point he was expected to reach by daylight on the morning of the seventh.

At about ten P.M. the Sixth, Col. Wickersham, with about one thousand six hundred cavalry, of the Second Wisconsin, First Iowa, Tenth Illinois, and Eighth Missouri regiments, who, at my request, had been sent forward by General Herron, arrived at Cane Hill. I had, as I have before remarked, considerable apprehensions that a flank movement would be attempted on my left during the night. I therefore determined to send a cavalry force across on a road called the hog-eye road, running from the north part of Cane Hill east to the telegraph road, and crossing the Cove

Creek and Fayetteville road about four miles north of the junction of the latter with that running from Cane Hill to Van Buren, already referred to, and from which my outpost had been driven in the morning.

At daylight on Sunday morning I had the transportation of the Second and Third brigade of the First division hitched up, ready to move to Rhea's Mills, should circumstances render it necessary; and the Second brigade was ordered to the front, south of town, where the Third brigade had bivouacked during the night, the First brigade and Col. Wickersham's brigade of cavalry being stationed about a mile and a half in the rear, on the north side of the town, where the hog-eye road intersects that between Cane Hill and Fayetteville, and where it was possible the enemy might attempt to come in upon my rear.

About five o'clock, with my staff, I proceeded to the front. On arriving there I learned the enemy were still in considerable force upon the mountain; and so soon as it became sufficiently light they threw several shots from their artillery at my advance outpost, which was replied to by two of my twelve-pound mountain howitzers, without any damage to either party. I directed Col. Cloud to withdraw his troops on the outposts, with a view of drawing them out and ascertaining their force and design. Upon my advance falling back, the rebels came forward a short distance and formed in line of battle, their right resting on the mountain, their left extending down the valley, and presenting a front of half a mile. It now became evident that their demonstration in front was only a feint, and that their main force had gone by the Cove Creek road, for the purpose of intercepting communication between Gen. Herron and myself; and, notwithstanding that I had received no intelligence from Col. Richardson—upon whom I had relied to watch this movement—I determined to act accordingly. I immediately ordered the transportation to Rhea's Mills, by a road leading directly north over the mountain, guarded by the Third Indiana regiment, Col. Phillips, keeping the bottom road on the right, leading to the same point, and also the Fayetteville road, open for the movement of troops.

I ordered Col. Wickersham, with his cavalry, to move rapidly in the direction of Fayetteville, and form a junction with Gen. Herron. He was followed by Gen. Salomon's brigade, and the Second and Third brigades were withdrawn from the front, and directed to move rapidly on the Fayetteville road.

As soon as I determined on this disposition of the forces under me, I sent two messenger parties with despatches to Gen. Herron, apprising him of my movements, and, what I believed to be those of the enemy, and urged him to press forward as rapidly as possible, that we might form a junction of our forces before Hindman could get between us, and also directing him to send his trains to Rhea's Mills. Neither of these despatches reached him, the messenger being cut off by Marmaduke's advance. . . .

On learning that Hindman's forces had passed north, I ordered Col. Judson, with his regiment (cavalry) and two twelve-pound mountain howitzers, to proceed rapidly on the same road by which I had sent Col. Richardson the previous night, and to attack and harass them in the rear, which order he executed with promptness and gallantry, attacking them in the rear with his howitzers, and following them two or three miles, until they made a stand in such force as to compel him to withdraw his command.

Moving with my staff in advance of the First division, on reaching a point some three miles north of Cane Hill, where a road to the left leads to Rhea's Mills, I learned that Col. Wickersham, who was in the advance with the cavalry, and had been instructed to proceed directly on the Fayetteville road, and furnished with a guide, instead of doing so, had taken the left-hand road to the mills. Not deeming it prudent, under all the circumstances, to separate my command, I was compelled to follow the same road in order to get my forces concentrated. On coming up with Col. Wickersham, I ordered him to proceed in the direction of Fayetteville with all of his cavalry, and endeavor to open communication with Gen. Herron. I also set forward Major Calkins, with the Third Wisconsin cavalry, for the same purpose.

But a few minutes elapsed after Colonel Wickersham had started with his command, when I heard the discharge of artillery in a north-east direction, and immediately moved rapidly with the Second and Third brigades in the direction of the firing, leaving the First brigade (Gen. Salomon's) to guard the trains at Rhea's Mills. It was now between twelve and one o'clock. The distance to where the firing was heard was about five miles, by an obscure road leading through a valley with strips of brush and prairie alternating across it. The firing between General Herron's command and the rebel forces was confined to the artillery, which, as I approached the field, became more rapid. At forty-five minutes past one o'clock I came upon the field, in advance of the First division, when a hasty reconnoissance discovered the enemy in superior force, strongly posted upon elevated ground behind timber, with the Fayetteville road, on which he had advanced, running through it north-east and south-west. On the north, and in front of the enemy's lines, was an open valley, divided into large fields, a portion of them cultivated in corn. At the east end of this valley Gen. Herron, with the Second and Third divisions, was engaged with the enemy, having met their advance early in the day and driven them back to that position. For the details of the engagement between the rebels and the Second and Third divisions, under Gen. Herron, up to the time when I came upon the field, I refer you to the report of that gallant officer.

The road on which my column was advancing entered the valley at its western extremity and in front of the left wing of the enemy. They had no intimation of my approach on that road until a large force of their infantry, which, for the pur-

pose of flanking General Herron's division, and overwhelming it by superior number, had been massed upon their left, was suddenly confronted by the troops of the First division, when the engagement soon became general along their entire line.

At about two o'clock, the fire from the artillery of the First division was commenced by Rabb's battery, which opened a cross-fire upon two rebel batteries and a heavy body of infantry, that was fronting and engaged with Gen. Herron's division. A few moments later, and Tenny's battery of Parrott guns came into position on the right, and Hopkins's battery on the left of Captain Rabb's. The fire of all three of these batteries was first directed to the enemy's right, where two batteries of the rebels and a heavy body of their infantry were engaged with the Second and Third divisions. Shell and case-shot from these eighteen pieces were hurled upon the enemy's right with terrible effect.

The rebel artillery and infantry being driven from this position under cover of the woods, the three batteries above named ceased firing, when the infantry of the Second and Third divisions advanced upon the enemy's right, and the fire of musketry was opened on both sides with great vigor. The Twentieth Wisconsin and Nineteenth Iowa gallantly charged the rebel batteries and drove the enemy from their guns, but were unable to hold them in consequence of being overwhelmed by a superior force. The Twenty-sixth Indiana and Thirty-seventh Illinois subsequently charged the same batteries with the same result.

Observing that the enemy had now thrown a large force upon my centre and right, I directed the infantry of the First division to enter the woods and engage them, which order was executed with promptness, Colonel Weer leading the Tenth and Thirteenth Kansas regiments of his brigade upon the right, a portion of the Kansas Second, (dismounted,) under command of Capt. S. J. Crawford; the right wing of the Kansas Eleventh, under Col. Ewing, and the First Indian, under Col. Wattles, upon the left, the Twentieth Iowa regiment advancing upon the left of the Indians; the left wing of the Kansas Eleventh, under Lieut.-Col. Moonlight, supporting Rabb's and Hopkins's batteries. The First Iowa, Tenth Illinois, Eighth Missouri, and the first battalion of the Second Wisconsin cavalry, under Colonel Wickersham, and the Third Wisconsin cavalry, under Major Calkins, were directed to proceed on my extreme right, to watch any flank movement of the enemy that might be attempted in that direction, and also to guard the road leading to Rhea's Mills, and prevent communication being cut off with the First brigade, Gen. Salomon's.

The contest by this time (about three o'clock P.M.) had become vigorous and determined. The entire infantry of three divisions, and also a portion of the Kansas Second, (dismounted,) were engaged in the woods with the rebel infantry, three times their number. The rattling of musketry, uninterrupted for fully three hours, was terrific. The contending armies swayed to and

fro, each alternately advancing and retiring. Some rebel sharp-shooters firing from the windows of a house, situated in the edge of the woods and a little to my left, were evidently directing their compliments specially to myself and staff. I directed Captain Rabb to open upon it with shell, and in a few moments the house was in flames.

While the infantry was vigorously contesting every inch of ground, I directed Lieut. Stover, with two twelve-pound mountain howitzers to advance into the woods, which he promptly did, taking position on a little knoll on the right of the Eleventh Kansas, and directing his guns across a small field where a heavy force of rebels were massed. He poured into them his canister and shell, until his ammunition was exhausted and his horses shot down, being compelled to bring away his guns by hand.

I then directed Lieut. Tenny to advance his battery to the edge of the woods, on the left of the Kansas Eleventh, taking position about two hundred yards in front of the rebel ranks. From his six ten-pound Parrott guns he opened on them with terrible effect, driving them back with great slaughter.

Learning that a heavy force was massing on my right, with a view of turning my flank, I immediately withdrew Tenny's battery, and proceeded with it to an open field on the right, at the same time directing the infantry to withdraw from the woods, in order to draw the enemy from under cover and within range of my artillery. On reaching the open field on their right, just alluded to, I discovered the entire division of Gen. Frost advanced to the edge of the timber, and about two hundred yards distant. They opened on us a fierce fire from Enfield rifles, and were in the act of throwing down the fence to make an assault on the battery, which had no support except my own staff and body-guard; but Lieut. Tenny, with commendable promptness, wheeled his guns into position, when their destructive fire of canister and shell soon sent the rebel hordes back under cover of the woods. At the same time, a fire from the two mountain howitzers attached to the Third Wisconsin cavalry, was directed upon them further on my right, with good effect. It was here that the rebel General Stein fell. A few minutes after this last repulse of the enemy by Lieut. Tenny, a rebel battery of ten guns, supported by a heavy body of infantry, opened from their extreme left, when bringing his guns to bear in that direction, he in less than ten minutes silenced their battery, dismounting two of their guns and driving them from their position with severe loss.

While this attempt was being made to charge my artillery on the right, the same demonstration was made upon Rabb's and Hopkins's batteries; the enemy following up my infantry as they retired from the woods, and with a shout rushed out from under cover of the trees, when the two batteries, supported by the infantry of the Eleventh regiment, belched forth a perfect storm of canister, producing immense slaughter

in their ranks, and compelling them again to retire.

As darkness approached, the fire, which from both artillery and musketry had been terrific and uninterrupted for over three hours, gradually ceased along the whole line, and my command bivouacked upon their arms ready to renew the conflict at early dawn. I could not tell with any certainty the extent of the damage done the enemy, but knowing that they had a force greatly superior to mine in numbers, I felt assured that they would give us battle again in the morning, and made arrangements accordingly. My wounded were all cared for during the night; the transportation and supply-trains of the whole army sent to Fayetteville, and Gen. Salomon's brigade, which had been left at Rhea's Mills, ordered to the field; ammunition was brought up and distributed, some refreshments obtained for the men, and every thing was in readiness to renew the battle at the first dawn of day. But daylight revealed the fact that the enemy had availed themselves of the night to retreat across the Boston Mountains. Their transportation had been left south of the mountains, and their retreat thereby made unincumbered and stealthy. I am assured by my own men who were prisoners with them, as well as by deserters from their ranks, that they tore up the blankets of their men to muffle the wheels of their artillery.

Just before daylight I received a note from Gen. Hindman under a flag of truce, requesting a personal interview to make provision for caring for his dead and wounded. On meeting him I soon became satisfied that there was no other force there, except his staff and escort, and a party left to take care of the wounded; and that his force had commenced retreating early the previous night.

On looking over the battle-field in the morning, it soon became evident that the enemy had been most roughly handled, and that our artillery had made fearful slaughter in their ranks. Though many had been already carried away, their dead lay strewn over its whole extent.

The entire Federal loss is, killed, one hundred and sixty-seven; wounded, seven hundred and ninety-eight; missing, one hundred and eighty-three; total, one thousand one hundred and forty-eight. Of the missing, the greater portion were taken prisoners, and have been since exchanged. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded cannot fall short of three thousand; and will probably much exceed that number, as many of them not severely wounded were taken to Van Buren. Their loss in killed upon the ground will reach one thousand, the greater number of whom have been buried by my command.

Many instances of individual gallantry and daring occurred during the day, for an account of which I refer you to the reports of regimental, brigade, and division commanders. As the immediate commander of the First division, I deem it but justice to say of Col. William Weer, commanding the Second brigade, that he behaved throughout with great gallantry, leading his men

into the thickest of the fight. The same is true of Col. Bowen and Major H. H. Williams, commanding regiments in the same brigade. Capt. S. J. Crawford, of the Second Kansas, who commanded a battalion of that regiment that fought on foot, displayed great gallantry; as did also the lamented Capt. A. P. Russell, who fell mortally wounded. Col. Thomas Ewing, Lieut.-Col. Moonlight, and Major Plumb, of the Eleventh Kansas, gave evidence of their high qualities as gallant officers. To Capt. Rabb and Hopkins, and Lieuts. Tenny and Stover, who served their artillery with such terrible and destructive effect upon the enemy's ranks, too much praise cannot be awarded. All did their duty well and nobly. Men of Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana mingled their blood upon the same field, and for the same worthy cause. For their deeds of valor upon the field of Prairie Grove, their native States may well be proud of them.

I cannot close this report without availing myself of the occasion to express my thanks to Brig.-Gen. F. J. Herron for the promptness with which he responded to my order to reënforce me, as also for the gallantry displayed by him upon the field. His conduct is worthy of emulation and deserving of the highest praise.

To the members of my staff, Major V. P. Van Antwerp, Inspector General; Capt. Oliver Barber, Chief Commissary; Capt. Lyman Scott, Jr., Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and Lieuts. J. F. Hill, H. G. Loring, G. M. Waugh, D. Whitaker, and C. H. Haynes, aids-de-camp, who were in the saddle and with me constantly from before daylight in the morning until the close of the action after dark, I am indebted for efficient and valuable services on the field. Made a special target by the rebel troops, in obedience to the notorious "address" of their Commanding General, Hindman — issued on the eve of the battle, and a printed copy of which, over his signature, each of them carried on his person — to "shoot down" my mounted officers, they were saluted wherever they rode by a perfect storm of balls from the enemy's guns.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES G. BLUNT,
Brigadier-General.

GENERAL HERRON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND AND THIRD DIVISIONS, }
ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
BATTLE-FIELD OF PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK., December 9. }

GENERAL: In reviewing the operations of the seventh instant, I must necessarily commence my report a few days previous to that date. On the morning of December third, I was encamped, with the Second and Third divisions of the army of the frontier, at Wilson's Creek, Mo., and there received your despatch announcing the advance of the rebel force under Gen. Hindman, and ordering me to move forward with my command to your support at Cane Hill, Arkansas. Within three hours after the receipt of your despatch, the Second division was in motion, the Third

soon following. Reaching Elkhorn on the evening of the fifth instant, I there received your order to send forward all my cavalry to you, and in obedience thereto I ordered forward Col. Wickersham, with the Tenth Illinois cavalry, First Iowa, Eighth Missouri, and first battalion Second Wisconsin cavalry, all of whom reached you safely.

On Sunday morning, the seventh instant, at four o'clock, I arrived at Fayetteville, having marched all night, and was pushing rapidly forward, expecting to join you by ten o'clock of same day, when six miles south of Fayetteville, my advance, consisting of two companies of First Missouri cavalry, under Major J. M. Hubbard, discovered a body of cavalry falling back on the road in great disorder. It proved to be the First Arkansas and Seventh Missouri cavalry, that were moving forward to join you and had been attacked by a large body of rebel cavalry under Gen. Marmaduke, near Illinois Creek, ten miles from Cane Hill. After some effort, the retreating cavalry were checked and re-formed; but in holding the rebel advance the First battalion First Missouri cavalry were severely handled, and Major Hubbard taken prisoner. Here the rebels formed in line of battle, but on opening fire upon them with a section of battery E, First Missouri artillery, they were soon put to flight and driven back four miles to Illinois Creek. Here I discovered the enemy in position directly in front, on each side of the road, occupying a high ridge, about three quarters of a mile from the ford of the creek, covered with timber and thick underbrush.

Wishing to feel the position of the enemy, I ordered the Ninety-fourth Illinois infantry, with a section of battery E, First Missouri light artillery, across the creek, and opened fire upon them. Their batteries were in good position, commanding the ford of the creek, and having excellent range, compelled my advance to fall back. It being impossible to move my command across the ford, under their fire, I then ordered Colonel Halston, commanding Second division, to cut a road through the timber and move Captain Murphy's battery (F, First Missouri artillery) to a point on the south side of the creek, and half a mile from the regular ford, my intention being to draw the fire of the enemy to enable my infantry to cross the creek at the ford. The movement was entirely successful, the battery dividing, getting into position, and opening fire on the enemy before they discovered the movement. Under cover of its fire, I ordered forward the batteries of Capt. Backof, Lieut. Foust, and Lieut. Boeries, supported by the Nineteenth Iowa, Twentieth Wisconsin, and Ninety-fourth Illinois infantry.

So rapidly was the order obeyed that the whole eighteen pieces were at work before the enemy could obtain our range. The fire was rapidly replied to by the rebel batteries, which had every advantage in position; but so accurate was the firing that in one hour nearly all their batteries were silenced. During this time I had formed the infantry, the Second division, Col. Houston

commanding, occupying the right, and the Third division, under my immediate command, the left of my position. It required but a short time to satisfy myself that the rebels were present in largely superior force, and I immediately determined to give them the best fight I could until you could come up with additional forces. The enemy making a movement of their infantry toward my left, I ordered forward the Second brigade of Third division, under Col. W. W. Orme, to the base of the ridge occupied by them; and while their attention was attracted by the fire of the Second brigade, I moved up the First brigade, under command of Lieut.-Col. Bertram. The batteries advanced across the open field, with the infantry, pouring in a terrible fire of grape and canister.

When within one hundred yards of the ridge, the Twentieth Wisconsin and Nineteenth Iowa infantry were ordered to charge a battery placed near a farm-house on the edge of the hill. The charge was made in gallant style, the enemy driven back, and the battery taken, but the ground could not be held; regiment after regiment of infantry was hurled upon them, and they were compelled to fall back. This was followed by a charge of the rebels *en masse* upon the batteries of Capts. Foust and Backof and Lieut. Boeries. Never was there more real pluck and courage displayed, and more downright hard fighting done, than at this moment by the above-named batteries. Advancing to within one hundred yards of the guns, the rebels received a fire that could not be withstood, and retreated in disorder—receiving, as they ran, a terrible fire, causing great slaughter among them. For the management of his battery, and the soldier-like qualities displayed by Capt. Foust, company E, First Missouri light artillery, at this time especially, he deserves very great credit.

Col. Houston was then instructed to move one of his brigades from the right to the support of the centre. Arriving at the point, and discovering the rebel infantry again moving down the hill, Col. Houston ordered the Twenty-sixth Indiana and Thirty-seventh Illinois regiments to charge them, which they did, Colonel Houston leading in person. It was a repetition of the first charge. The same battery captured, the enemy again driven back, and we in turn compelled to abandon the position by force of numbers. About this time, half-past two o'clock P.M., a battery opened some distance from my right, which I soon discovered to be from your division. With the knowledge that you had really arrived, a new spirit was infused into my command, now almost worn out by the severe work, and they went at it again with increased vigor. When your column moved up, the Second brigade of Second division, Colonel Wm. McE. Dye, commanding, also advanced on your left, having a severe fight in the timber, and driving the enemy from the hill-side. From this hour until dark the firing was steady and terrific, the batteries of the First division firing the last round.

My command slept on their arms nearly one

thousand yards in advance of their position occupied in the morning, and ready to renew the fight at daybreak. The arrangements for the attack on the eighth, the flight of the enemy during the night, the trickery of the rebel Generals Hindman and Marmaduke, are all known to you. Night alone saved them from capture. I have as captures four caissons complete, and filled with ammunition, a number of sets of artillery harness, caisson-wheels, and about three hundred stand of arms. I regret to state that my loss was very severe. Lieut.-Col. McFarland, who led the Nineteenth Iowa in the first charge, a true and gallant soldier, "sleeps his last sleep." Lieut.-Col. Black, Thirty-seventh Illinois, Major Thompson, Twentieth Iowa, and a large number of line-officers are wounded. Major Burdett, of the Seventh Missouri cavalry, a brave and noble soldier, was killed in the early part of the battle. My troops all did well, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Missouri, side by side, fired by the truest test, their loyalty and love of country. Colonel Houston, commanding Second division, was always in the front, and did valuable service.

Cols. Orme, Clarke, McE. Dye, and Bertram, commanding brigades, were with their commands in the thickest of the fight, and performed their duties well. I must especially mention the working of Murphy's, Foust's, Backof's, and Boeries's batteries. The former fired his guns with the precision of a sharp-shooter, while the others worked their pieces gallantly in the midst of a terrible infantry fire. My cavalry, the First Iowa, Eighth Missouri, Tenth Illinois, and Second Wisconsin, having been with you during the day, I know but little of the parts taken by them. They have on other fields proved themselves worthy of the name of American soldiers, and I have no doubt sustained it while with you. Major Hubbard and his command, the fighting battalion of the First Missouri cavalry, gallantly held in check the rebel advance in the early part of the day, and on this occasion officers and men have added to their already high reputation.

To Capt. Wm. Hyde Clark, my Assistant Adjutant-General, who had for three days been carried sick in an ambulance, but mounted that morning to be with me during the battle, I am much indebted for services on the field, and also to Captain Littleton, C.S., Captain Brewster, Lieutenants Pettit, Thomas, and Douglass, of my staff, for their conduct and assistance throughout the battle. There were many instances of individual courage and bravery that I should like to mention, but will have to refer you to the reports of brigade commanders. Of Lieut.-Col. Black, Thirty-seventh Illinois infantry, I must say that a braver man never went upon the battle-field, and he has, on this occasion, added to the laurels won at Pea Ridge. In conclusion, General, let me say for the Second and Third divisions, that they had marched one hundred and ten miles in three days to join you; that they came upon the field weak in numbers on account of the severity of the march. Of my command I have lost:

Officers—killed,	9
“ wounded,	31
“ missing,	8
Enlisted men—killed,	137
“ wounded,	600
“ missing,	168
Total,	953

Inclosed please find certified copies of reports of brigade and regimental commanders.

I am very truly, your obedient servant,

F. J. HERRON,

Brigadier-General Commanding Second and Third Divisions.

GENERAL BLUNT'S CONGRATULATORY ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
RHEA'S MILLS, ARK., December 12, 1862. }

GENERAL FIELD ORDERS, No. 3:

The General Commanding takes this occasion to express his heartfelt thanks to the officers and soldiers of his command for their gallantry at the battle of Prairie Grove, on Sunday, the seventh instant, which crowned the army of the frontier with complete success and a brilliant victory.

When it is considered that the enemy we engaged outnumbered us three to one; that they were inspired by the confidence of success, and stimulated by the most urgent appeals to their passions and prejudices; that they possessed the advantage of being in their own country, and familiar with every road, hill, and mountain-pass; that they possessed every advantage in position, which was of their own choosing, you have every reason to be proud of having participated upon that bloody field. No battle during the present war has been more determined and bloody, and never was there a field upon which, considering the number of troops engaged and the time occupied, the slaughter was as great.

The results of your victory cannot be over-estimated. The stake was an important one. With your defeat, Western Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian country would have been the prey of the rebel army. Your victory has virtually ended the war north of the Arkansas River. For these results, you are entitled to the plaudits of a grateful country. To the Second and Third divisions, for the promptness with which they responded to my request to reinforce me, and the unparalleled marching done by them to reach me before support would be too late, as well as for the gallantry displayed by them upon the field upon that memorable day, the highest praise is justly due.

Although we have cause to rejoice over our victory, yet we cannot but feel saddened at the loss of our brave comrades who have fallen by our side, and to condole with those to whose homes grief has been brought by the loss in battle of those friends that were dear; but while we drop a tear of sympathy over their graves, we cannot forget that their death was a noble sacrifice to sustain their country's flag, and that they died such a death as every true soldier and patriot would choose to die. Your noble conduct upon

the field of Prairie Grove, as also upon other occasions, gives evidence of your invincibility, and assures me that whatever emergency may arise, you will be equal to the task.

JAMES G. BLUNT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

T. MOONLIGHT,
Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Staff.

CONGRATULATORY ORDER OF GENERAL HERRON.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND AND THIRD DIVISIONS, }
ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK., December 10, 1862. }

FELLOW-SOLDIERS: It is with pride and pleasure that I am enabled to congratulate you on the victory so recently achieved over the enemy. Meeting their combined forces, vastly your superiors in numbers, armed and equipped in the most efficient manner, contrary to what we have been led to believe, marshaled by their ablest generals, posted in a strong position of their own selection, prepared and ready to attack us, entertaining toward us feelings of hatred and fiendish passion, evoked by infamous lies which even rebel generals should have disdained to utter, you, fellow-soldiers, after a forced march of over one hundred miles in less than three days, weary, exhausted, and almost famishing, animated only by that feeling of patriotism that induced you to give up the pleasures and comforts of home to undergo the dangers and hardships of the field, did most gallantly meet, fight and repulse the enemy. Your fellow-soldiers elsewhere, your friends and relatives at home, your fellow-citizens and your country, as they learn of the splendid service of the artillerymen, of the determined, daring and brilliant charges of the infantry, will render you that praise and honor which is justly your due. Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Missouri, your native States, are proud of their noble sons. I, who witnessed your gallant daring in every encounter, in behalf of your country and myself, tender you grateful thanks for the services you have rendered. Whilst we drop a tear, therefore, for those who have fallen, and sympathize with those who are yet suffering, let us not forget to render thanks to the beneficent Giver of all blessings for the success that has thus far attested the truth and right of our glorious cause.

F. J. HERRON,
Brigadier-General Commanding Second and Third Divisions.

GENERAL CURTIS'S REPORT.

St. Louis, Mo., Thursday, Dec. 11, 1862.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief
of the U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

Further details are received from Gens. Blunt and Herron, from the battle ground, Prairie-Grove, near Fayetteville, Arkansas:

Our loss in killed and wounded is now estimated at one thousand, and that of the enemy at over two thousand.

The rebels left many of their dead and most of their wounded for us to care for.

Extensive hospitals will be improvised in Fayetteville.

Persons returned from the battle-field repre-

sent that the enemy are twenty-eight thousand strong.

Their artillery was much crippled. We took four caissons filled with ammunition, and a large number of small arms.

General Blunt moves forward to-day on Cane Hill.

General Herron remains at Prairie Grove burying the dead and taking care of the wounded.

The enemy muffled their wheels and moved off in the night, continuing their retreat to Van Buren, and probably crossing the Arkansas River.

Col. McFarland, of the Nineteenth Iowa regiment, is killed.

Col. Black of the Thirty-seventh Illinois, and Major Thomas of the Twentieth Iowa regiment, and a large number of subaltern officers, are wounded.

It was a hard-fought battle, and a complete victory.

S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General Commanding.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL WEER.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, }
ARMY OF FRONTIER, CAMP AT CANE HILL, }
WASHINGTON CO., ARK., Dec. 12, 1862. }

Lieutenant-Colonel Moonlight, Chief of Staff:

COLONEL: Having just received the reports of the subordinate commanders, I hasten to submit to the General Commanding an account of the part taken by this brigade in the battle of Prairie Grove, Washington County, Arkansas, on Sunday December seventh, 1862.

The Third Indian regiment (Cherokee) had previous to the action been ordered to protect the train some miles distant, so that we went into the engagement as follows:

Tenth Kansas regiment, Major H. H. Williams, commanding three hundred and eighty-seven men—company I being absent on detached service.

First Kansas battery, Lieut. Marcus D. Tenny, commanding, ninety-five men.

Third Indian Regiment, Adjutant Gallagher commanding, forty-four men.

Thirteenth Kansas regiment, Colonel Thomas M. Bowen, commanding, three hundred and seventy-five men.

Total number of men engaged, nine hundred and two.

We entered the field upon the enemy's left, General Herron being then engaged some distance in our front; and immediately received an order to hurry forward to his assistance. The battery was placed in advance, the infantry marching by the right flank in its rear. The hurrying forward had just commenced, the head of the battery having entered an orchard, when a shower of bullets was sent at it from an adjoining thicket on the right. Fearing for its safety, and surprised at this unexpected reception so far distant from where General Herron was engaged, the Tenth Kansas was hurried into the thicket to clear it. They had hardly entered before they were subjected to a terrific fire, but fortunately with little loss. The battery moved forward into a meadow out of reach of small arms, while the Tenth Kansas continued moving and driving the enemy, but

were soon again involved in a severe contest. Thereupon the Thirteenth Kansas and the fragment of the Third Indian were moved forward into the timber to the assistance of the Tenth. A line of battle was formed under the brow of a gentle declivity. Some detachments from the Second Kansas (cavalry, dismounted) and the right wing of the Eleventh Kansas regiment came to our help during the fight, and a continuous firing, with but slight intermissions, was kept up until dark. The line was as follows:

The Indians upon the right, under Lieutenant Gallaher, as skirmishers, next to the left, the Tenth Kansas, under Major Williams, next a detachment of Second Kansas under Lieut.-Colonel Bassett; next, the Thirteenth Kansas, under Col. Bowen; next, the right wing of the Eleventh Kansas, under Colonel Ewing, and next, and last, upon the left, a small detachment of the Second Kansas, under Captain Crawford.

The firing was general, and very rapid, with occasional lulls, during which we several times attempted to pass the brow of the hill and engage the enemy in close quarters. We were as often repulsed by the rain of bullets. At one time, two mountain howitzers, under Lieut. E. S. Stover, Second Kansas, came to our assistance, and did splendid execution. About dark, and while making a final attempt to pass over the brow of the hill, the enemy arose in the timber with loud yells, surrounding us on all sides, and charged. The air was thick with bullets, and nothing saved us from annihilation but the protection afforded by the brow of the hill. They must have been heavily reinforced, and so overpowering were their numbers that we were compelled to yield before the charge and fall back. At this time (about dark) Rabb's battery on our left, and Lieut. Tenny with the First Kansas battery on our right, saved us from destruction. Their firing was so rapid and well directed that the enemy was compelled to fall back, and we marched from the field in good order. We were engaged from three o'clock P.M. till dark. Our whole line of battle could not have numbered over twelve hundred, and with this force we engaged, as we afterward learned, General Frost's whole division, two Arkansas regiments, etc., and with the aid of the batteries above named, his final reinforcements. Our safety, even at the commencement of the action, must be attributed to the fact that our weakness was concealed from the enemy by our position, and that many of their men were unwilling conscripts. The desperate charges made by him at night by so large a force, was evidently intended to cover his retreat. The damage done the enemy far exceeded our losses.

As this was the first time most of the men were under fire, great credit is due them for the pertinacity with which they clung to their position, and rallied when broken. There were some disgraceful exceptions, but it is to be hoped that upon a fresh field they will show themselves worthy soldiers.

I desire to express my grateful acknowledgments to Col. Ewing, of the Eleventh Kansas,

Lieut.-Col. Bassett and Capt. Crawford, of the Second Kansas, and Lieut. Stover, commanding the two howitzers, Capt. Rabb, commanding battery, their officers and men, for their valuable assistance, courage, and zeal. Due credit will doubtless be given them in reports from their proper commanders.

I cannot be too earnest in my commendations of Col. Bowen, commanding Thirteenth Kansas, Major Williams, commanding Tenth Kansas, and Lieut. Tenny, commanding First Kansas battery, all of my own brigade. Their daring skill and active endeavors in the rallying and management of their men, amid storms of bullets, deserve not only honorable mention, but a place upon the record of those who merit promotion. Though not immediately under my personal supervision, I am credibly informed that Adjutant Gallaher, and his handful of Cherokees, did noble service in protecting the right flank of the Tenth, under Capt. Quigg. The accompanying reports from regimental commanders, will give the names of those receiving at their hands special mention. The conduct of Lieut. Tenny and his battery, was under the immediate eye of the General Commanding. Their destructive and rapid fire has even extorted high encomiums from the enemy. I desire to call officially the attention of the General to the condition of this battery, and would respectfully state that it is due to the valor, skill, and patient labor of Lieut. Tenny, that the proper steps be taken to place him as its captain, he having for a long time been discharging the functions of that office, and that the meritorious officers under him be promoted.

To my adjutant, Lieut. J. K. Hudson, of the Tenth Kansas, I cannot award too high praise. He was my only aid, and was everywhere at duty's call, carrying orders, cheering and rallying the men. His worthy qualities in camp, as well as upon the field, entitle him to promotion.

I trust that the merits of several non-commissioned officers and privates, will not hereafter be overlooked in granting commissions.

Below I append a list of casualties.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WM. WEER,
Colonel Commanding.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BERTRAM.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTIETH REGIMENT WIS. VOLS.,
PRAIRIE GROVE, TWELVE MILES SOUTH OF FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., }
December 9, 1862.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that on the seventh instant, after being ordered by you to place that portion of the First brigade under my charge into position, the order was promptly executed by battery L, First Missouri light artillery, supported by the Twentieth regiment Wisconsin volunteers advancing across the creek. After playing the battery for about thirty minutes, doing good execution, I observed the enemy's fire to slacken. I then ordered the Twentieth Wisconsin to move cautiously forward. They moved across the field about five hundred yards, when I ordered them to lie down under cover. Receiving information that a heavy force

was threatening my left flank, I immediately changed front to the left, the Nineteenth Iowa and Ninety-fourth Illinois following up the movement brought up in echelon, the Twentieth Wisconsin leading on the right. After the execution of the movement, I observed a battery of the enemy supported by infantry, trying to get into position in my front. I immediately ordered the Twentieth Wisconsin to charge on the battery, which was done in gallant style, Major Starr leading. After taking the battery, the regiment advanced under a heavy fire to the brow of the hill, when they met a heavy force of the enemy's infantry, some four or five regiments, advancing, which opened a terrific fire on the Twentieth Wisconsin, and obliged them to fall back, which they did in good order, destroying what they could (while falling back) of the battery taken before; the Twentieth fell back in good style across an open field to a fence, where they reformed and remained until the firing ceased for the day. The officers and men behaved nobly, and stood the fire like veterans. I regret that the loss of the Twentieth Wisconsin is heavy. As far as I have been able to ascertain, it amounts to forty-nine killed, one hundred and forty-eight wounded, and eight missing.

In conclusion, I cannot help but bring to your notice the gallant behavior of Major Starr, in immediate command of the Twentieth Wisconsin, as also Adjt. Morris, of the Twentieth, for the cool and prompt manner in which he executed my orders. Capt. Backhof, of the battery, behaved nobly, and his battery did good execution, although exposed for a time to a heavy fire of the enemy's infantry. Its loss of the killed and wounded will be forwarded as soon as it can be made out.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

HENRY BERTRAM,

Lieut.-Col. Twentieth Wis. Vols., Commanding portion First
Brigade, Third Division, Army of the Frontier.

MAJOR KENT'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH IOWA VOLUNTEERS, }
CAMP PRAIRIE GROVE, December 10, 1862. }

To Colonel William Orme, Commanding Second
Brigade, Third Division, Army of Frontier:

SIR: I have the honor of reporting to you the part that the Nineteenth regiment took in the late battle of the seventh instant.

The Nineteenth regiment, five hundred strong, was ordered into line of battle at twelve o'clock M., Lieut.-Col. McFarland commanding. By order of Col. Orme three companies were detached and deployed as skirmishers. The companies were A, B, and C, and owing to the circumstances Lieut. Root, the acting adjutant of the regiment, was ordered to take command, which was done, the skirmishers advancing under a heavy fire to a corn-field on the right of Co. E, First Missouri regiment artillery, and were ordered to hold it at all hazards, which was done until ordered to fall back and form in line of battle. The regiment was then ordered to advance to the left of the white house on the hill to support the Twen-

tieth Wisconsin, which was hotly engaged. The Nineteenth, led by Lieut.-Colonel McFarland, advanced up the hill steady and across the orchard back of the house where the Twentieth Wisconsin gave way — the Nineteenth still advancing to the fences adjoining the woods when the enemy who lay concealed arose to their feet, three regiments deep, pouring a destructive fire on us from three sides, which caused the regiment to waver and fall back to the battery on the left of the road leading up the hill. Lieut.-Col. McFarland here fell shot through the body. I then took command and rallied what was left of the regiment, as the regiment met with a severe loss in the charge. I then left the men that I had rallied in charge of Capt. Roderick, of Co. K, and went to rally some scattered troops, when Col. Orme rode up and ordered Capt. Roderick to fall in and rally with the Ninety-fourth Illinois, which he did, led by Col. Orme in person, driving the enemy back with great slaughter and held their position until ordered to fall back and re-form. In the retreat of the Twentieth Wisconsin the color-bearer was shot, letting fall the colors, when the enemy made a desperate effort to get it, but a portion of the Nineteenth rallied, and getting possession of it, carried it off the field with them.

In making out this report it is with pleasure I can say the officers and men behaved nobly and fought desperately, as if the fate of the battle depended on them alone. I will mention especially Capt. Roderick, of Co. K, whom I left in charge of some scattered troops, also Capt. Richmond, of Co. H, and Capt. Taylor, of Co. G; also Lieut. Brooks, of Co. I, who brought the colors off the field, and in doing so was badly wounded. Others are equally meritorious, but are too numerous to mention at present.

The report of the detachment of skirmishers I give to you as received.

To Major Kent, Commanding Nineteenth Regiment Iowa Volunteers:

SIR: Having been ordered to take command of the three companies of skirmishers on the seventh, the day of battle, I advanced them to the right of battery E, of the First Missouri, where the right wing, under Capt. Bruce, was attacked by a superior force of the enemy, but a few well-directed shots drove them back. I would here notice the bravery of Capt. Bruce and the men under him. After advancing up near the wood the enemy came out of cover showing a heavy body of infantry and two battalions of cavalry. They met with a warm reception from the right under Capt. Bruce, which made them scatter. At this time I got an order from Col. Orme to fall back to the corn-field so as to let the batteries shell the woods, which was done in good order and held until ordered to join the regiment.

R. ROOT,
Lieutenant Commanding Skirmishers.

On the morning of the eighth I was ordered into line at six o'clock, and advanced across the creek and formed in line of battle, and advanced up through the timber on the left of the Twentieth Wisconsin. I was then ordered to occupy the

fence east of the house, which I did, crossing part of the ground that was fought over the day before. I occupied the position until ordered to fall back, so as to let both sides have a chance to collect their dead. I selected an advantageous piece of ground, and occupied it until ordered into camp.

Below is a list of the killed, wounded, and missing of the Nineteenth regiment :

KILLED.	
Commissioned officers,.....	3
Enlisted men,.....	42
WOUNDED.	
Commissioned officers,.....	5
Enlisted men,.....	140
Missing,.....	8
Total aggregate,.....	198

I remain your obedient servant,

D. KENT,

Major Commanding Nineteenth Regiment.

To Col. WM. W. ORME,

Com'g Second Brigade Third Division Army of Frontier.

GENERAL HERRON'S LETTER.

The following letter from General Herron to a gentleman in Dubuque, Iowa, gives a detailed account of the battle :

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
CAMP PRAIRIE GROVE, December 15, 1862. }

You have undoubtedly received ere this pretty full particulars of the fight at this place on Sunday last. I left Wilson's Creek to help Blunt, as the rebels were pressing him hard, and had marched one hundred and ten miles in three days, with the entire baggage and commissary-train. This you will see at a glance was a tremendous matter ; but I told the boys there was a fight on hand, and that we must get there, or break a wheel. On Sunday morning at three o'clock we reached Fayetteville, and after one hour's rest pushed on.

General Blunt had kept up communication with me until Saturday night, at which time the enemy forced his pickets back, and by making a feint in front, withdrew his attention, and threw their whole force, twenty-five thousand, in between us. On the Saturday before, I had sent all my cavalry, three thousand in number, to reinforce Blunt, having nothing therefore with me but infantry and artillery. I had necessarily to leave considerable behind, to keep my line open, and keep a heavy guard on my train of four hundred wagons, so that I had left but four thousand available men. A more beautiful morning or a grander sunrise than that of December seventh I never beheld. We had marched about seven miles south-west of Fayetteville, when musketry was heard in the distance, and in a few minutes the Arkansas cavalry came dashing back in great disorder. The enemy's advance had attacked them. It took half an hour to get them rallied and form a battery and two regiments of infantry for protection, when I again commenced an advance. For four miles we fought their cavalry,

driving them back to Illinois Creek, where I found their whole force strongly posted on a long ridge, with magnificent positions for batteries. For one mile in front it was clear ground, and my road lay right in the centre of their line. From a prisoner taken I learned that Hindman was on the ridge with his whole force, and intended to whip me out before Blunt could get up ; in other words, to take us one at a time. The case looked tough, with Blunt ten miles away, and twenty-five thousand men between us ; but I saw at a glance there were just two things that could be done, namely, fight them without delay, and depend on the chance of Blunt's hearing me and coming up, or retreat and lose my whole train. It required no time to make a decision ; and sending back for the Second division to close up, I took a look over the ground. At the regular crossing of the creek, I ordered two guns over to feel the enemy's position ; but having felt rather too hard, they opened on us with two full batteries. Myself and staff made a very narrow escape here, as we were standing by the side of our pieces when they directed the fire of all their guns on us. For about ten minutes the solid shot and shell flew thick, several passing within a foot of me. I withdrew my pieces from this position, satisfied we couldn't cross at that place. There was a place further down the creek that I found we could cross, but it required a road cut through the timber to get at it. This was quickly done, and getting one full battery over and divided, posting three pieces in each of two places, so as to make them believe it was two batteries, I sent orders for the other three batteries with the infantry to cross the creek as soon as the first battery opened fire. At ten o'clock all was ready, and I gave the order to open. Of course the enemy directed their firing at the battery in position, and before they could change any of their pieces, I had fourteen guns more across the creek, and hard at work. Under cover of these guns I crossed all the infantry, and thus formed my line of battle in the midst of a terrific artillery-fire. The firing on our side was elegant, both for rapidity and accuracy, and excelled any thing I had ever witnessed. Seeing that all was working well, I commenced advancing the batteries toward the enemy's lines, following up close with the infantry. Our skirmishers soon became engaged with those of the enemy, and indeed in but very few minutes the whole left wing was engaged.

The enemy then commenced moving his troops from right on to my left, to force my position. There was but one thing to do ; and sending forward, I ordered the Nineteenth Iowa and Twentieth Wisconsin to charge. It was a glorious sight, and witnessed by me just as plain as I could see a company manoeuvre in the street, while standing on the sidewalk. They charged up a hill, capturing a battery of four guns on the crest, and driving the rebels a thousand yards, but were unable to hold the ground, and were in turn driven back. These two regiments lost fifty men each killed in this charge. The fight-

ing was desperate beyond description. Having driven our men from the hill, the enemy tried to charge our batteries, coming up to within two hundred yards of them, but they couldn't face the music. Such firing as Foust's and Backof's guns put in just then could not be withstood, and they broke, our men pouring volley after volley of musketry into them while retreating. Our loss during this fighting was heavy, but theirs was awful. Again the enemy commenced massing troops on my left, to drive me back, and I saw the charge must be repeated. I ordered Col. Houston, commanding Second division, to take the Twentieth Indiana and Thirty-seventh Illinois, and try them again, which he did, leading the troops in person. It was a repetition of the first desperate charge.

Time moved on, and soon it was three o'clock, yet no word of Blunt. My small force was all engaged, and badly cut up. Hold out till night we must, and so I told the officers.

Just at four o'clock a battery opened on my extreme right, and the shell from it went into the ranks of my skirmishers. A second shell lodged in the same place. It seemed to be the enemy's guns, and our case looked tough. Taking Captain Clarke, I went out to examine it myself, and found about one mile from my right wing the advance of Blunt coming up. Sending word to him of the enemy's position, I kept up the fight on my left until darkness closed upon us.

We had advanced from our position in the morning about a thousand yards, and occupied a portion of the enemy's line. Resting on our arms in the very face of an enemy, we distributed ammunition, and prepared to finish the job next morning, but the bird had flown. Under cover of night they had wrapped the wheels of their artillery in blankets, and had escaped over Boston Mountain. The field was ours, and such cheering you never heard. But many a brave soldier had paid for the victory with his life. One thousand of our men lay dead and wounded on the field, while twenty-five hundred of the enemy lay at their side. It was a bloody, desperate fight, and for the number of troops engaged on my side, the loss was heavy. Of my command, the Second and Third divisions, the loss was nine officers killed, thirty-three wounded, and seven missing, and eight hundred and forty-three men killed and wounded. This out of four thousand men engaged.

Gen. Blunt's division was about five thousand strong in the fight, and his loss one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The total Federal loss will be about one thousand. The loss of the enemy is terrific. After their burial-parties had been on the ground for three days, we had to turn in and bury two hundred for them. The country for twenty-five miles around is full of their wounded.

We have as captures four caissons full of ammunition, and about three hundred stand of arms. Hindman had prepared himself, and risked all on this fight. His movements were shrewdly

managed, and nothing but desperate hard fighting ever carried us through.

The soldiers comprising my two divisions are invincible. Better men never went upon the field. But it is with a sad heart that I look upon the long rows of graves where lie my gallant soldiers who have died, victims of this accursed rebellion. May the authors of it have a hot place in hell.

The boys are all well, and did nobly. I think my staff is just about as near right as you find them.

Very respectfully, your friend, etc.,

F. J. HERRON.

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, IN CAMP AT RHEA'S MILLS, }
ARKANSAS, December 10, 1862. }

Editors Missouri Democrat:

Ere now you will, no doubt, have received and published brief telegraphic despatches furnishing some inklings of the desperate battle fought near here three days ago (on Sunday, December seventh) which resulted in another decisive victory for the Federal arms! As not less than thirty-five thousand men and seventy pieces of cannon were engaged in this hard-fought battle, which commenced early in the day, and was terminated only by the coming on of night—a more full account of it will probably be looked for by your readers. It is confidently believed that, in the important results to flow from it to the Union cause, if not in the obstinacy and desperation of the conflict on the part of the rebel army, and the gallant and successful daring of the Union forces in driving it back, the battle of Prairie Grove will take no secondary rank, as compared with that of either Wilson's Creek or Pea Ridge; in fact, that history will record it as the battle, thus far, in the war of the rebellion, west and north of the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, in its effects upon that whole section of the Union. Close upon the heels of the battles of Wilson's Creek and Pea Ridge, the Federal armies fell back from the fields of those actions. Now, the army of the frontier, under the command of General Blunt, holds its position further south than any other has penetrated the enemy's country in this region, and is expected to advance upon the foe with as little delay as may be practicable.

The brilliant victory of Cane Hill, by which, as you are aware, Gen. Blunt's command drove Marmaduke's forces from that strong position and across the Boston Mountains, occurred on the twenty-eighth of November. From that day the Second and Third brigades of the Kansas division occupied Cane Hill, eighteen miles south-west of Fayetteville, the First brigade (Gen. Salomon's) being left eight miles back north (at this point) to protect the large subsistence trains that had recently come in from Fort Scott. For a few days immediately following the Cane Hill victory, it was perhaps as "quiet" there as the telegraphic despatches have been in the habit of reporting it, usually, "along the Potomac," during some eighteen months past.

But it was a quiet to be of very brief duration here. On the second of December Gen. Blunt received information of a character to leave no doubt upon the subject that the united rebel forces in Western Arkansas, at least twenty-five thousand strong, under the command of Hindman, a Major-General in their service—with Marmaduke, Parsons, Roane, Frost, Shoup, Fagan, and others as brigadiers—were preparing to march upon him from a point midway between Van Buren and Cane Hill, and that they might be looked for at any day; the distance from their position to the latter point being not to exceed twenty miles. Determining at once to hold Cane Hill, unless driven from it by an overwhelming force, General Blunt immediately sent despatches for the Second and Third divisions of the army of the frontier—which he had been advised by Gen. Schofield were placed at his command—to march with the least possible delay for Cane Hill. Those two divisions were in the neighborhood of Springfield, Mo., from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty miles away. Gen. Totten, commanding one of them, was absent in St. Louis; as was also Gen. Schofield, the latter sick. The command of both divisions fell thereby on Gen. Herron, who, with a true soldier's promptitude that does him honor, made his arrangements to march at once, and join the First (Kansas) division at Cane Hill. At noon on Wednesday, the third, he commenced his long march, one that must, necessarily, even if the weather and roads remained good, occupy several days, (perhaps a week, if it rained) to perform; but he had assured Gen. Blunt that he should lose no time on the road, and that he would keep him advised, from day to day, of his progress. He nobly kept his word.

Some time during the night between the fourth and fifth, word came to Gen. Blunt that the enemy—still some dozen or fifteen miles off—were approaching Cane Hill by the mountain road, over which, less than a week before, Marmaduke had been driven from it. A small force was sent some miles into the mountains to hold them in check. Early the next morning the entire command took position upon the strong points in the southern part of the town, which control the approach into it from the south. Waiting there several hours, no enemy came. On the morning of December sixth the same ceremony was gone through, with a similar result. Again on the seventh it was repeated, news having come that the enemy was actually on the march, and their advance but a few miles off. All this time detachments had been sent out, of course, some miles to the east and south-east to watch the Cove Creek, Van Buren and other roads leading toward Fayetteville, and see that the enemy did not pass up on one of them. During the night, between the sixth and seventh, some two thousand of Herron's cavalry reached Cane Hill, with intelligence that he himself had arrived in the neighborhood of Fayetteville—only some twenty miles off—with the remainder of his command. While, on the seventh, between nine and ten o'clock, still occupying Cane Hill with

the Second and Third brigades of the Kansas division, word came to Gen. Blunt from the officer in command of a detachment sent to watch one of the roads to the east of the town, that the enemy, ten thousand strong, had managed somehow to slip by him—and were on their way north! How such a thing could have occurred with any thing like due precaution and vigilance on the part of the officer referred to, is something very extraordinary; yet, happen it did. Possibly some explanation, with at least a show of reason if it, may be offered in regard to this matter; and for the present therefore, I forbear further comment upon it; but it would seem to have been a piece of neglect which, in a time of war, and in the heart of an enemy's country, when a single mis-movement may be productive of disastrous results, as to be almost unpardonable.

Of course the receipt of the intelligence just referred to, produced a prompt change in the proceedings of the day. The Second and Third brigades of the First division at once faced north, and proceeded by a rapid march in pursuit of the rebel force.

Under this new state of affairs, two things were to be considered. The enemy might move first upon Rhea's Mills—eight miles off, and a little to the west of north from Cane Hill—for the purpose of destroying the large train there, of some three or four hundred wagons; or he might proceed directly up the Fayetteville road—on which Herron was undoubtedly approaching in a south-westerly direction, and not very far off—with the view of crushing or crippling his command first, and then turning upon the First division. Such turned out to have been his plan.

Gen. Blunt determined to make sure the safety of the train—to do which would increase the march but a few miles—and then move rapidly to the right, to Herron's relief, if necessary. Rhea's Mills is at the eastern extremity of a beautiful, undulating and cultivated prairie—dotted by fine farms and patches of woods, of about eight miles long from east to west, by an average width of perhaps two miles. Near the eastern extremity of this valley Gen. Herron came out, on the mountain road, from Fayetteville in his march to Cane Hill; and it was in that neighborhood that he met the advance of Hindman's forces early in the day. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the engagement between them became serious—to last until nightfall.

At about one o'clock, and soon after reaching Rhea's Mills, General Blunt became aware that a battle was going on, and starting immediately with his command for the scene of action, obtained the first knowledge of the enemy's extreme left being immediately in his front, at about two o'clock. They occupied the woods on the south side of the prairie, from the house of one Branch on the west, to the Prairie Grove church on the east, a distance of some three miles, and had received since the commencement of the fight with Herron, large accessions to their forces, thus numbering with those before on the ground, not less than twenty-five thousand men. Of cannon, they

had twenty or more pieces, as was subsequently ascertained; and their infantry were well armed—all of as well as our own—with Enfield rifles and muskets. There has been heretofore, unquestionably, much misapprehension upon the subject of the arming of the rebel forces. The great body of Hindman's army has been furnished, from some source or other, with arms of an excellent quality. About that there can be no further doubt.

On arriving upon the field, Gen. Blunt at once placed his batteries in the most available positions in the prairie—considerably depressed, however, below the woods occupied by the enemy—and the action soon became general along the whole line. The booming from some seventy pieces of cannon, at the same time, was indeed a “thunder of artillery” that was most sublime.

Never was there a more charming day for such a scene. The sun shone out brightly, and the air was as warm as in early summer. The morning had been lovely beyond belief for so late a day in the season as the seventh of December; but such is the character of the climate of this region. For ten days past, while the nights have been cold, every day here has been all that the most fastidious could desire.

But to return to the battle—it was not one confined solely to the artillery, by any means, though that arm played a prominent part in it, and did, perhaps, most damage to the enemy. His infantry force was more than double, if not treble ours, yet the latter met them face to face, for hour after hour, in a most desperate conflict, during all of which time the discharge of musketry was one incessant roar. On the morning after the battle, in quite a small orchard by the side of a house, over forty of our dead were counted, while close at hand, in a corner of the lot, some sixty of the enemy lay gathered up in a rail-pen, and all around the orchard, as far as the eye could reach, dead bodies might be seen. The woods, indeed, were strewn with them for a distance of two and a half or three miles one way, by perhaps one and a half the other. The trees themselves are torn and scarred, by both cannon and musketballs, within those limits, to a far greater extent than they were at Pea Ridge. Such is the statement of Gen. Herron himself; and it was at Pea Ridge, as will be remembered, that, wounded and taken a prisoner, he won the laurels that made him a brigadier. A most gallant soldier, and a true gentleman, he is worthy of every honor.

Allusion is made above to the many dead found in and around a small orchard in Herron's front. It was there that the Twentieth Wisconsin regiment, having charged into the woods, encountered the enemy, and fought them hand to hand. Beside this regiment, Herron had with him four others that participated actively in the battle, and all, I believe, suffered severely, to wit, the Nineteenth and Twentieth Iowa, the Twenty-sixth Indiana, and the Thirty-seventh Illinois. Of the Twentieth Wisconsin, forty-nine, I learn, were killed, and of the Nineteenth Iowa, one hundred and ninety-seven killed and wounded. What the

casualties may have been in the other regiments named, I am not informed. The reports soon to be made will give the facts. Among the killed in Gen. Herron's command is Lieut.-Col. McFarland, of the Nineteenth Iowa, and Major Bredett, of the Seventh Missouri; and among the badly wounded, Col. Black, of the Thirty-seventh Illinois, Major Thompson, of the Twentieth Iowa, and Lieut. De la Hunt, of the Twenty-sixth Indiana. Some thirty of the line-officers of that division are said to have been wounded.

Coming upon the field later in the day, the casualties in the right wing or First division of the army, are, perhaps, less than in the other—but still very numerous. Three only of the infantry regiments, the Tenth, Eleventh, and Thirteenth Kansas, and one of cavalry (dismounted and acting as infantry) the Second Kansas, of the First division, were involved in the conflict upon the field of battle proper; and all fought with the most determined bravery until night came on, though their comrades were constantly falling around them. Of the Tenth Kansas, which went into the action less than three hundred and fifty strong—several of its companies being absent on other duties—seven, I learn, are killed, sixty-six wounded, and eleven missing. The gallant Major Williams, who commanded this regiment, had his horse shot under him.

The chivalric Capt. A. P. Russell, of the Second Kansas—who had passed through a dozen hard fights before—received a very bad wound in the breast, of which he has since died. The Eleventh and Thirteenth Kansas both have long lists of casualties, though what they are precisely I have not learned. I hear the conduct of Colonel Ewing and Lieut.-Col. Moonlight, of the former, and Col. Bowen, of the latter, spoken of in high terms for their gallantry in the engagement.

All four of the Kansas regiments above named, under the head of their brigade commanders, Colonels Weer and Cloud—both soldiers of the true stamp—penetrated the woods where the enemy lay concealed, and fought them there for two hours or more, upon the ground of their own choosing. Against those four regiments, as has since been satisfactorily ascertained from some of their own wounded, were arrayed three brigades of the enemy. When our men entered the woods they rose, apparently by myriads, from every hollow and ravine, but only to be met by the most obstinate resistance. The musketry fire there, as already stated, was a continuous roar, for at least two hours, like the rattling of thunder in a terrible storm—the bellowing of the cannon, even, being drowned by it, to those who were nearer to the former than the latter.

In regard to the conduct of the commanding officer of the Federal army in this hard-fought battle, (Gen. Blunt,) it need hardly be said, of course, that he was, where he always is, in the very thickest of the fight, when his presence is at all needed. His first act, as previously stated, on reaching the field, was to place his artillery, passing a long distance in front of the enemy, nearly up to Herron's command, to do so at the

most suitable points, as well as to communicate with that officer. There Rabb's and Tenny's and Hopkins's batteries—the latter captured at Old Fort Wayne—soon opened a terrible and destructive fire upon the foe, and drove him back into the woods at every point where he had come out from beneath its cover. Some of the little howitzers, too, soon joined in the chorus of the cannon, and the enemy danced to it in a most lively manner—back from the front! When, subsequently, our infantry were about entering the woods, Gen. Blunt with his staff rode up to the crest of the hill, near the house of one Morton, to observe as far as was practicable what was going on, and to direct any movement that might be necessary. Two of the Kansas regiments were lying flat upon their stomachs, just within the edge of the wood, at the hill-top, prepared to give the enemy a hot reception so soon as they should come within reach. Just then their fire came rattling over the prostrate men, as if delivered, apparently, for the special benefit of Gen. Blunt and staff; and such undoubtedly was the fact! Nobody was hit; but the sharp cutting of the twigs overhead, and barking of the trees close at hand, makes the escape seem miraculous.

Major-General Hindman, it appears, had been issuing lately another of his characteristic orders or addresses to his troops, telling them how to shoot, and whom they must shoot. You have published already one of Hindman's "orders," upon the subject of "picking off pickets," killing off "pilots on steamboats," etc. That was an atrocious document; but his "Address to the Troops," issued on December fourth, only three days before the late battle of Prairie Grove, when he was crossing the mountains to attack us, I think it excels it in infamy! Who ever before heard of the commander of an army, among civilized nations, instructing his men, in a public address, to single out mounted officers in the ranks of his foe, and deliberately shoot them down? Oh! shame upon such chivalry; yet this is the conduct of which Hindman has proven himself capable.

Let nobody doubt the genuineness of the "address." It is just what it purports to be; and, together with his "order," should be preserved to immortalize their author, "Major-General Hindman!"

The ease mentioned above is not the only one in which Gen. Blunt and staff received the very special attention of Hindman's trained "sharpshooters" on the field of Prairie Grove. Late in the day the enemy, having gradually worked his way over to the extreme left, (our right,) near Branch's house, it became necessary to put Tenny's battery, with some of the howitzers, in a new position to dislodge him. They had come up to the edge of the timber, and were pouring a terrible cross-fire into some of our people, who were holding their ground near Morton's house. Gen. Blunt went in person with his staff to help to get Tenny's battery properly at work. Hardly had it opened ere the enemy's fire was brought

to bear on it—not musketry merely, but ten artillery guns, as was learned the next day from some of themselves. Tenny's six "Parrotts," however, helped by the two troublesome howitzers, soon shut them up for a time; but as Gen. Blunt and staff rode away from under the dense smoke, and over the field, a perfect shower of long-range "Miniés" followed them as they went, with an incessant whiz and whirr, indicating very clearly that those from whom they came were bent on something more than a purpose to fire a mere idle shot. It was in that part of the field, by the way, that the enemy's heaviest musketry fire occurred during the day. Renewed by them just at dark—by way perhaps of a last parting salute—the blaze from their guns, for several hundred yards along the woods, was more like some "fireworks" I have witnessed than like musketry fire; or, to use a homely but appropriate phrase to describe it, it was "a perfect blaze!"

It was there that, as Gen. Marmaduke informed the writer, the rebel Col. Stein fell, with a ball from the gun of some of "ours" through his brain.

Night and darkness finally closed the battle, each party retaining the ground they had occupied at its commencement; the rebels to hide under cover of the woods and in the hollows and ravines; we to "bivouac upon our arms," as Blunt expressed it, on the open prairie, and to await the dawn of day to renew the attack. But when the dawn came the enemy had gone, at least the most of them. Early in the morning, Hindman sent, under a flag of truce, a message desiring an interview with Gen. Blunt. The request was granted, and the interview took place at nine or ten o'clock, occupying an hour and a half. Present at it were, with Gen. Hindman, his Adjutant-General, Col. Newton, and General Marmaduke. Accompanying Gen. Blunt were the Inspector General of his division, Major Van Antwerp and Gen. Herron.

What transpired at this interview I am not prepared to state. It is said, however, that Hindman, in true diplomatic style, and with the skill and plausibility of a Talleyrand—he is a man of no little polish as well as ability—presented to General Blunt, "for his consideration," several "points," in due order, relative to the treatment of the sick and wounded, to an exchange of prisoners, the employment in the army of Indians, negroes—admitting that the former had been first used by the rebels themselves, but with an air of mock chivalry, deprecating the practice by either party; and, finally, wound up with an earnest effort to justify the raising, by himself, of his bands of bushwhacking assassins, whom he plead to have recognized and treated as soldiers in his service—a part of his regular force!

Those who were present say that, upon every point where there was any non-concurrence of opinion, Gen. Blunt met the artful and wily diplomatist with a directness of speech and a presentation of his own common-sense views in so practical a manner as to balk him at every turn.

Especially in regard to his thugs or bushwhackers, the prompt and emphatic, yet courteous response of Gen. Blunt, put a sudden estoppel upon any further intercession or attempt at justification upon that subject. He (Hindman) was given plainly to understand that if any of the class of assassins referred to were caught, and their acts proven upon them, they would be shot down upon the spot or hung up like dogs!

Ambitious, unprincipled, and vindictive as he is, it is not to be questioned that Hindman is a man of a high order of ability and of great resources. Not all of his half a dozen or more brigadiers united — though Marmaduke and Roane, and Parsons and Frost are of the number (and were here in the battle)—could have gotten together, and kept together, an army of men such as he has, and supplied them with arms. In the writer's opinion, he (Hindman) is, in every quality that goes to constitute either the able soldier or statesman, the superior of Sterling Price, whom he knew well in years gone by. But, in Gen. Blunt, Hindman met a man of the sort he did not expect to meet—clear-headed, as well as decided, and not to be turned away from his purpose by any of the diplomatic arts of which he is the master.

Yet one thing the trickster did accomplish by means partially of the interview obtained through the flag of truce; but it was by so unsoldierly and dishonorable a proceeding as forever to attach a stigma to his name. The whole thing, embracing the interview above described, was planned by Hindman, there can be no doubt, to enable him to withdraw the remnant of his used-up forces from the field of their defeat. He had commenced to do this during the night before, and to enable them to crawl stealthily away, had caused the blankets of his men to be torn up to be used as mufflers on the wheels of his artillery! When, therefore, the interview with Gen. Blunt took place, the most of Hindman's army were miles off toward the south, picking their way under cover of the woods; but he wanted some more time for the remainder of it to follow, and to secure the safety of his own precious person. Hence the flag of truce and the armistice, of so many hours, under the pretext of caring for the killed and wounded! It was the old trick over again, played by Marmaduke at the end of the rout from Cane Hill — when pushed to the wall and about to be crushed, he wanted to save his cannon! He, too, sent a flag of truce to care for the killed and wounded. And this, I suppose, is chivalry! But one good comes of this proceeding. The flag of truce game is about "played out." For the future they will be respected only after having been clearly ascertained to be used for some legitimate object. For some time past, spies and scouting-parties (in fact) have come into our camp, and scoured the country around them, under these rebel flags of truce, with no other object in view.

Mention has been made above of the character of the arms used by the rebel soldiers—especially their infantry — in the late battle, as being fully

equal to our own. It may be truly added that they were used with a desperation and an apparent bravery worthy of a better cause. They fought through the day like devils incarnate, and as if resolved on victory or death. Although our superior artillery played upon them at every exposed point, and shelled the woods, doing the most terrible execution, as the next day's examination clearly proved, and our infantry pushed into the woods, firing volley after volley, in rapid succession as they went, the rebels held their ground with wonderful tenacity until night came on. Their killed and wounded cannot be less than from two thousand five hundred to three thousand; while our own, probably, will reach one thousand.

On the field of Prairie Grove the enemy were making the last desperate struggle to "get back into Missouri or perish in the effort," of which we have heard so much. Staking all upon a cast of the die, they have lost!

Said Hindman, in the "Address to his Troops," three days before the battle: "OUR COUNTRY WILL BE RUINED IF WE FAIL." They did fail, and have ingloriously fled — back over the mountains from whence they came!

NASSAU.

CHICAGO "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
RHEA'S MILLS, ARK., Sunday, Dec. 7, 1862. }

Death has reaped a terrible harvest to-day. The "battle of Prairie Grove" will long be remembered by the people of the West, and it will fill a conspicuous place in the future history of this cruel and unholy war.

Since the battle of "Cane Hill" the forces of General Blunt have been occupying a radius of country of some sixteen miles, comprising Dutch Town Mills, Boonsboro, or Cane Hill, and Rhea's Mills, the great wheat and corn district of Arkansas. General Salamon's brigade occupied Rhea's Mills; the other two brigades, Dutch Town and Boonsboro.

On the morning of the fifth, Gen. Blunt learned that the enemy were making preparations to cross Boston Mountains, and attack us at Boonsboro. During the day the enemy advanced his pickets, driving ours over the mountains. Both armies then commenced strengthening their pickets. During the night severe skirmishing was going on in the mountains, our pickets slowly retiring toward Boonsboro, and the enemy approaching within two miles of our main lines. During Saturday, the sixth, the enemy continued to hold his position at the foot and upon the north side of Boston Mountains, upon the same ground where we had fought and whipped them on the twenty-ninth ultimo.

We had learned positively that Hindman had reinforced Marmaduke with about twenty thousand men and fourteen pieces of artillery. This was evidence conclusive that the enemy was planning to overwhelm our small force, knowing that they would have nothing but the division of Blunt to oppose them. But General Blunt, upon the first intimation of Hindman's reinforcement, or-

dered the command of General Schofield forward upon forced marches. At ten o'clock on the morning of the seventh, (Sunday,) we discovered that Hindman had essayed to trap us. His demonstration upon our front was only to cover his flank movement upon our left with his entire army of twenty-five or thirty thousand men, and before we had discovered his intention, his whole force was far on its way toward Rhea's Mills, where he intended to fall in our rear and "gobble us up." Let us see how he succeeded.

Immediately our two brigades were "about-faced" and ordered to Rhea's Mills on a double-quick, a distance of ten miles, our trains taking a road parallel and a little west of us. Now commenced the strife. Hindman had fully four miles the start with the front of his column, his men enthusiastic with the prospect of gaining our rear and cutting off our trains of over two hundred wagons and a fresh supply of commissary stores. This army was upon what is called the "Wire road," leading from Fayetteville to Van Buren; while General Herron, of Schofield's division, was on the same road, making a forced march to reënforce Blunt at Cane Hill or Boonsboro. About three miles, a little south of east of Rhea's Mills, Gen. Herron and Hindman ran together, similar to two locomotives, both rather thunder-struck at this unexpected meeting. Now the fun commenced. The men were speedily formed, the guns unlimbered, and the "war-dogs" let loose. Blunt's division heard the first roar of the cannon, and were west upon the flank about three miles. The booming of every gun seemed to add strength and speed to man and beast. Leaving the main road, we took a straight shoot over fences, ditches, through fields of chapparal and thorn-brush, until we came to the enemy's lines upon their left flank. Here they were just making a movement to flank Herron with a force of over seven thousand infantry. Herron's forces fought like tigers, but the enemy were overwhelming them with numbers, and they already began to falter. Instantly our (Blunt's) guns were unlimbered, and two full batteries belched forth shell and shot into the enemy's left. This was sweet music to the ears of General Herron and his brave boys. The roar of our first guns had hardly died away, when a thrilling cheer went up from Herron's whole division that drowned for a moment the din of battle. Cheer upon cheer was sent up from their lines, as our booming cannon told them that Blunt had come to the rescue! Our lines were speedily formed, and in less than half an hour the whole line, from Herron's left to Blunt's right, was engaged. It was now about two o'clock, and one of the most lovely days that ever beamed on a Western climate.

The enemy fought with desperation. They were covered through the entire length of their lines with a small growth of timber and upon the height of land; while our entire forces were upon the open, level ground fronting the timber. This gave them a very great advantage. Again and again our infantry would charge into the woods from the open fields and drive them back, and in

turn they would charge our men and drive them again to the edge of the opening. Thus the battle wavered until darkness began to set in, when our troops were ordered to withdraw from the woods to the open fields, in good order. The batteries were all set for this movement. The enemy supposed us retreating, as our cannon were still, and they came charging to the very open fields, with hideous cheers. The whole skirt of the woods was filled with them. Our fifty cannon poured a volley of grape and canister into their lines that struck them dumb. Our guns were not sixty yards from them. They rallied and attempted to charge the batteries, many of them almost reaching the mouths of the cannon; but another volley of canister sent them howling to the wilderness, and closed their fire. A few rounds more of shell into the bush and the battle was ended. Darkness was upon us. A few hearty cheers went up for the Stars and Stripes, and all was hushed but the groans of the wounded and dying. The field was ours. A noble victory had been won, and Hindman had been outgeneraled.

I cannot give you the thousand incidents of personal bravery that occurred through the day. It is sufficient to say that all our troops did nobly. None but those fighting under our glorious flag could have fought so bravely.

Flags of truce were sent from both lines to pick up the wounded. The whole night was occupied in this work. The wounded were scattered through the brush and woods, and the darkness made the work slow and tedious.

Our loss will reach over one thousand men; that of the enemy will easily double ours. Hindman has fled with his great army over the mountains again, and will not, probably, make a stand until he reaches the Arkansas River.

Generals Blunt and Hindman had an interview the next morning after the battle, at the solicitation of the latter. The subject matter of the interview was unimportant, further than an arrangement for the exchange of prisoners, and the acknowledgment of Hindman that he was whipped severely. The prisoners taken say that our artillery slaughtered them terribly. Nearly all express a wish to see the war ended, and the wounded seem to rejoice that their wounds will let them out of the rebel service.

BURLINGTON "HAWK-EYE" ACCOUNT.

The following account of the battle is given by a correspondent of the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawk-Eye*:

At twelve m. we reached Rhea's Mills, where the train was left upon a large open plain, and the Iowa First, Ohio Tenth, and Missouri Eighth cavalry, accompanied by three howitzers, were sent forward upon the Fayetteville road, to ascertain the position of Gen. Herron, and also of the enemy, with orders to report any information they might gather, of the whereabouts of either army. We had proceeded about two miles, when as we passed over a rise of ground, we heard the boom-

ing of cannon and saw the smoke rising up out of a valley about two miles ahead of us. A messenger was immediately despatched to Gen. Blunt, and we moved forward. About one mile further on, we came upon about four thousand of the enemy, moving round under cover of a heavy piece of timber, flanking Gen. Herron upon the right. Colonel Wickersham, then in command of the detachment, put the cavalry into position and brought his howitzers forward and opened fire upon the rebels, determined to hold them in check, if possible, until General Blunt came up with his infantry and artillery. But a few shots had been fired, when the enemy charged upon and took possession of one of our little pieces, in charge of the Ohio Tenth, but it was almost immediately retaken by a small detachment of the Iowa First, and the enemy compelled to fall back.

Companies A, L, and M, of the First Iowa, were thrown out as reconnoitring parties—companies B, C, D, and K put into position immediately in front of the enemy's advancing columns, not with the expectation of repelling them, or even checking their advance, had they advanced rapidly upon us; for we were on thickly timbered ground, where cavalry could do but little against infantry, covered by thick brush and large trees as they advanced upon us. The object was to gain time by making as great a show as possible, and thus compel them at least to move slowly and cautiously forward. This manœuvre had the desired effect. The artillery and infantry came up just as the enemy's line had got within eighty paces of our right, when we were moved out of the woods into an open field in front, to support Rabb's battery, that was put in position, and three regiments of infantry were sent into the woods to take the place we had left. By this time the enemy had brought up a battery and put in position upon the hill-side, and opened fire upon our infantry. Now commenced the most deadly conflict that it is often the fortune of old warriors to witness. The constant roar of cannon and rattle of musketry was almost deafening for the space of half an hour, when the enemy's battery was silenced and they were compelled to fall back. One of their artillerymen, captured by our men, admitted that the first three shots from our battery killed one hundred of their men. Their dead were piled upon the ground in every direction, while our loss did not exceed twenty men. The First Iowa cavalry escaped wonderfully, considering the position they occupied before the artillery came up. For the space of half an hour the balls flew around us like hail, cutting the limbs from the trees over our heads and all around us, and yet but two men of the regiment were wounded. Captain Chase, of company C, had two ball-holes in his coat; Orderly Sergeant William A. Clark, who was at the right, by the side of Capt. Chase, had his horse's hip cut by a musket-ball, and private Wilson, of the same company, had a ball put through his hat; with these exceptions we came out of the battle unseathed.

Many of your readers would have felt proud of

their noble sons and brothers, had they been where they could have seen them at the time I just referred to—every man in his place, scarcely moving a muscle as the balls whistled by his head, his pistol drawn and his horse "in hand," ready to execute every command that might be given; and even after every company, except the one from Burlington, (company C,) had been ordered from the ground, leaving them alone with three thousand rebels advancing upon them, now within eighty yards' distance, firing upon them through every opening of the brush where they could see them, not a man moved from his place until the order came to the Captain to bring off his company. When the command was given, the company moved as steadily and in as good order from the field as they could have done were they marching out for drill or review. Such men can be relied upon everywhere, under any circumstances.

The enemy having left their position in front of Gen. Blunt's camp, in the night, as I have before stated, marched some fifteen miles and attacked a regiment of Arkansas troops (the First) camped for the night on the banks of the Illinois River, cut them up very badly, destroyed their train, and took a portion of their men prisoners. They next surprised and attacked Gen. Herron's body-guard, consisting of one battalion of the First Missouri cavalry, who had preceded the column some distance as advance-guard, killing and wounding a number of them, taking the Major and a number of his command prisoners.

Gen. Herron came up about eight o'clock in the morning, when they pitched into him, thinking, as some of their wounded officers, with whom I have since conversed, told me, that his command would just about finish out their "breakfast," when they intended to fall back upon Gen. Blunt, whom they supposed to be still upon "Cane Hill," and dine upon his command. They thought that they would have little or no trouble in annihilating both the commands in twenty-four hours. But, alas for human calculations, they were doomed to be sadly disappointed. When they ran upon Gen. Herron they caught a "tartar." With an Iowa General to direct, and Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana troops to execute, the capture of six thousand men, even though twenty thousand were pitted against them, was no easy task, and they soon found it to be so, to their sorrow.

A wounded lieutenant-colonel said to me yesterday: "Our plans were well laid, our men fought bravely, but you out-generaled us in every move. We ought to have whipped Gen. Herron easy before Gen. Blunt came up, but we failed in all our calculations."

The Iowa regiments engaged, and more especially the Nineteenth, has added largely to the enviable reputation of our Iowa soldiers. The three companies from Louisa and Henry suffered perhaps more than any others. They fought like tigers and fell like soldiers, making two villains bite the dust for each one of them that fell.

In fact, there was no faltering upon the field; all fought nobly and won a glorious victory over a force outnumbering them two to one.

I have not fully ascertained our loss in killed and wounded; you will get the official report long before this will reach you. The enemy's loss will never be known by us, their ambulances and every team they could raise were engaged all day and night, drawing them from the field, and parties were engaged burying them in deep, large pits; how many were put into one of these places, no one knows, but we do know that after all their efforts for two days and nights under a flag of truce, to get their dead and wounded out of our sight, piles of them, from ten to thirty in a place, are still unburied, and lying upon the field, while every house and yard within from three to five miles of us, are filled with their wounded and dying. Three thousand I consider a moderate estimate upon their loss.

The fight continued unceasingly until darkness put an end to the deadly conflict for the night. We bivouacked that night upon the field, expecting to renew the fight at early dawn in the morning, but when morning came the enemy were not to be found. They had retreated during the night, leaving a party with a flag of truce to bury their dead, and care for the wounded.

Their army was well supplied with new arms and ammunition, of English manufacture, and of a superior quality. They were completely broken up, and demoralized, and I expect the next we see of them will be at Fort Smith, where they may make another stand behind their intrenchments.

The Iowa First cavalry held the post of honor during the fight, being the reserved troops, supporting the artillery, and held in readiness for any desperate emergency that might arise, but the presence of the regiment upon the ground in front of their flanking regiments, caused them to fall back under cover of the woods, and abandon every such attempt.

Why it is I cannot tell, but the very name of the "Iowa First" strikes terror to the hearts of their troops, many of whom are from Missouri, and were compelled to flee before us to this State—and to that cause more than any other I attribute our wonderful success and escape during the day.

IOWA.

CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" NARRATIVE.

CAMP THIRTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS VOLS., BATTLE-FIELD, }
PRAIRIE GROVE, Dec. 10, 1862. }

On this beautiful morning, as I write, the sun shines out clearly and brightly, and the hum and bustle in our camp is as plain and cheerful as though battle smoke had not hung like a pall over this valley three days ago; and none, to look around, would suppose that in that time many of our brave men had been made martyrs by death or heroes by wounds. But the smoke has floated away on the winds which now serve to purify the air. The bodies of the dead are mostly gathered home, and over their last resting-place the volleys have been fired, and the wound-

ed whose groans of agony filled and frightened the night of the seventh of December have been carried to the hospitals to be cared for in the best way possible under the circumstances.

The excitement of the day has passed, also, and we can now sit down and write coolly of the incidents of a day which has given this little spot a place in history, and given another step forward in the effort for the maintenance of our Government to the armies which have sprung up as if by magic and rallied to the flag of the Union.

An actor in a battle has not perhaps the best opportunity of describing all the moves in the grand but terrible scene going on, but he can at least give accurately a description of that part which he acted. And so though I shall strive to do all justice, you will expect me to refer more particularly to the part of my own regiment and those immediately connected with us in the proper place. The Second and Third divisions of the army of the frontier, under Gen. Herron, on the morning of the fourth of December, were camped, the Third on Flat Creek, twenty-nine miles south-west of Springfield, Mo., and the Second some six miles nearer the same place. On that morning we started at three o'clock, on the march for Gen. Blunt, who lay at Cane Hill, threatened by an overwhelming force of the rebels. On that day the Second division marched twenty miles, and on the fifth they marched twenty-three miles; on the sixth marched twenty-six miles, and starting at midnight of the sixth, marched on the seventh to our present position, a distance of thirty miles, arriving about half-past one o'clock P.M. On the last ten miles of our march we had been cheered by the music of cannon, from which we knew that the Third division in advance of us were engaging the enemy. Already the news of the rout of our cavalry and capture of eighteen or twenty of their wagons had reached us, and from this we knew that a powerful and determined enemy was before us, and that Gen. Blunt needed our assistance, which had arrived just in time. Arriving on the field, we immediately formed line of battle, and the battle opened as all modern battles do, with the thundering of artillery, and just here, while our artillery is at work and doing splendid work too, as we lay in line supporting it, let me describe the position the enemy had chosen on which to meet us. Instead of Prairie Grove, this should be called Grove Prairie, for it is a beautiful open valley lying between these hills, which forms Arkansas, running east to west some five miles long and one mile wide, bordered on either side by a range of heavily wooded hills and watered by Illinois Creek. On the range of hills on the south side, rising abruptly in some places, and in all places rapidly, till some thirty to fifty feet high, and then sloping gradually back for one and a half miles, the rebels had planted their batteries and formed their line of battle. Across this valley, then, we witnessed an artillery duel, proving as at Pea Ridge, and all Western battles, the superiority of our guns and practice. This could not last long, however, for the rebel batteries were

soon silenced or driven from the field, and as our regiment on the extreme right moved forward to a new position, supporting Murphy's battery, (First Missouri light artillery,) we saw a line of infantry moving from our left on the enemy's right, driving the skirmishers home, moving steadily and gallantly forward to the foot of the hill, and carrying their banners proudly up and over its crest, till they were lost to our view in the woods. But soon we heard the roll of musketry, an instant scattering, and then concentrating deadly, deafening, and we knew that the Twentieth Wisconsin and Nineteenth Iowa were having terrible work. How our boys chafed at being compelled to listen without aiding! But we knew our turn was coming—had already come, for the order was given to move, and with a feeling of positive relief the banner of the Thirty-seventh was borne forward. As we moved on our eyes were on the hill, and soon we saw our men giving way—one, and then another, then a handful; then those regiments which had gone so proudly up were hurled down the hill, broken and shattered in pieces. From the right of our line the Thirty-seventh Illinois and Twenty-sixth Indiana were moved to the extreme left and faced to the same hill where the Nineteenth Iowa and Twentieth Wisconsin had a moment before been driven. Steadily, rapidly, and unbroken those two veteran regiments, the Thirty-seventh on the right and the Twenty-sixth on the left, moved across the open ground to the foot of the hill, lay down under cover of the fence, and threw forward skirmishers to discover and unmask the enemy's position by drawing their fire. The regiments below were not kept long in waiting, and the Twenty-sixth on the enemy's flank and the Thirty seventh in the enemy's front, moved up that hill in the face of a most terrific fire to support their skirmishers.

The Thirty-seventh at the bloody battle of Pea Ridge had looked the wolf in the face—had contested the ground inch by inch with McCulloch's division, but never had we been welcomed to the sight of such an overwhelming force of rebels, nor shrouded in so terrible a cloud of bullets as greeted us on gaining the summit of the hill. Forward we rushed, however, to the cover of a fence in front, and thence we paid our compliments to the rebel line, which rose like a wall before us, and not more than eighty yards distant. Yet cool as we were, thus engaged, our commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Black, than whom there is no braver man or more skilful officer in this army, discovering that the Twenty-sixth Indiana had been driven back under the fire, leaving our left unsupported, and that the rebels were planting a battery on our right, which would sweep our entire line, gave the order to retreat, an order necessary but reluctantly obeyed. To retreat in the face of such a fire is not an easy or a bloodless task. Down the hill we went, however, across the meadow at its foot, and into the cornfield, where our regiment halted at the first order, and formed rapidly, with our left resting on a battery.

We had fallen back some four hundred and fifty yards and there awaited orders. Meantime, the Twenty-sixth Indiana had formed under cover of a fence, and were already at work again. But in a moment their line was broken, and their forces scattered like chaff before the wind, while the rebels followed like a pack of wolves in the open meadow below. They did not think what a welcome they were to receive, or they surely would have been more cautious. The battery on our left limbered up and passed off five hundred yards to the rear. The Twenty-sixth swept by us to form in our rear, and then our fire was unmasked and we resumed our harvest of death. Five hundred yards is an easy range for our rifles. For the first time in our lives the enemy stood in an open field within that distance, and we profited by the occasion. Rising up we poured a volley into their flank. How their ranks went like ripe and heavy grain before the mower's scythe. They had not calculated on such a reception as this, and stopped as if amazed. But they did not hesitate long; another volley, another swing of the great scythe of death, and they broke and fled into the woods, nor did they stop until the brow of the hill was passed and they were so hidden from our view. Just then the Twenty-sixth formed on our left and so the fighting on that part of the field closed. We had not driven them from the hill, but we held the plain, even in reach of their guns, unmolested.

Our cannonading was resumed, and one of our batteries engaged a rebel battery, which had been brought on the field, while their shot flew over our heads as we rested on the ground. It was a wild and beautiful music to us, filled with a consciousness that we could overpower them in this line so easily. But while we listened, another voice of battle rose on our extreme right. Musketry was heard again, and we knew that General Blunt had arrived with his reinforcements from Cane Hill. It was good news to us, wearied with marching and fighting, and we listened to the ebb and flow of the tide of battle—and so it continued until night and silence shrouded the battle field; silence as to hostile noises, but not silence, for the voices of the wounded, from every direction, were heard pleading for help or full of despairing agony. The after part of a battle is always the most fearful. But we did not listen long, for sleep, the sleep of the weary, of forgetfulness, came on us like an angel of mercy. That night a flag of truce, with Gen. Marmaduke, entered our camps, and these flags kept passing to and fro until ten o'clock A.M., when Gen. Hindman having secured an armistice until five o'clock P.M., acknowledged himself whipped, and surrendered the field. Then began the work of burying the dead and collecting arms. Of these quite a large number were secured. In this battle the rebels had from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, while we had not more than eight thousand men engaged. In infantry they outnumbered us more than two to one, and fought us when we had marched one hundred and five miles in three

and a half days. It was terrible odds, but we whipped them, as their generals acknowledged. When has our Western army ever been beaten? The loss of our regiment, in killed, wounded and missing, (including five prisoners,) will reach eighty to ninety. Our total loss killed, wounded and prisoners, will not fall much, if any, short of one thousand two hundred. The rebels acknowledge a loss of wounded equal to ours, and of killed of three to two. We estimate their total loss at near two thousand.

While we were yet on the hill our Lieutenant-Colonel was wounded, and after rallying the regiment in the field, was compelled to leave us. But the Colonel commanding the brigade which we charged sent word to him that his men fought nobly. So much for what the rebels think and say of the Thirty-seventh Illinois. Gen. Herron said we did the best fighting of any regiment on the field. All did most nobly. The rebels lost General Stein and several Colonels, etc., killed. Our regiment captured one standard of rebel colors, and brought off the standard of the Twentieth Wisconsin, left on the field.

Thus have we fought and conquered.

W. P. B.

Doc. 25.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURGH, VA.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
FALMOUTH, December 19. }

*Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief,
United States Army, Washington:*

GENERAL: I have the honor to offer the following reasons for moving the army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock, sooner than was anticipated by the President, Secretary of War, or yourself, and for crossing at a point different from the one indicated to you at our last meeting at the President's.

During my preparations for crossing at the place I had first selected, I discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his force down the river and elsewhere, thus weakening his defences in front, and also thought I discovered that he did not anticipate the crossing of our whole force at Fredericksburgh, and I hoped by rapidly throwing the whole command over at that place to separate, by a vigorous attack, the forces of the enemy on the river below from the forces behind and on the crest in the rear of the town, in which case we could fight him with great advantage in our favor.

To do this we had to gain a height on the extreme right of the crest, which height commanded a new road lately made by the enemy for purposes of more rapid communication along his lines, which point gained, his position along the crest would have been scarcely tenable, and he could have been driven from them easily by an attack on his front in connection with a movement in the rear of the crest.

How near we came to accomplishing our object future reports will show. But for the fog and unexpected and unavoidable delay in building the bridges, which gave the enemy twenty-four hours more to concentrate his forces in his strong positions, we would almost certainly have succeeded. In which case the battle would have been, in my opinion, far more decisive than if we had crossed at the places first selected. As it was, we came very near success.

Failing in accomplishing the main object, we remained in order of battle two days—long enough to decide that the enemy would not come out of his strongholds to fight us with infantry—after which we recrossed to this side of the river unmolested, without the loss of men or property.

As the day broke, our long lines of troops were seen marching to their different positions as if going on parade—not the least demoralization or disorganization existed.

To the brave officers and soldiers who accomplished the feat of thus recrossing the river in the face of the enemy, I owe everything.

For the failure in the attack I am responsible, as the extreme gallantry, courage, and endurance shown by them was never exceeded, and would have carried the points had it been possible.

To the families and friends of the dead I can only offer my heartfelt sympathies, but for the wounded I can offer my earnest prayers for their comfortable and final recovery.

The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton on to this line rather against the opinion of the President, Secretary of War, and yourself, and that you left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me the only one responsible.

I will visit you very soon, and give you more definite information, and finally will send you my detailed report, in which a special acknowledgment will be made of the services of the different grand division corps, and my general and staff department of the army of the Potomac, to whom I am so much indebted for their support and hearty coöperation.

I will add here that the movement was made earlier than you expected, and after the President, Secretary, and yourself requested me not to be in haste, for the reason that we were supplied much sooner by the different staff departments than was anticipated when I last saw you.

Our killed amounts to one thousand one hundred and fifty-two, our wounded to about nine thousand, and our prisoners to about seven hundred, which last have been paroled and exchanged for about the same number taken by us.

The wounded were all removed to this side of the river, and are being well cared for, and the dead were all buried under a flag of truce.

The surgeons report a much larger proportion of slight wounds than usual, one thousand six hundred and thirty-two only being treated in hospitals.

I am glad to represent the army at the present time in good condition.

Thanking the Government for that entire support and confidence which I have always received from them,

I remain, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General Commanding Army of the Potomac.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
FALMOUTH, December 23, 1862. }

*Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief,
Washington :*

In my report to you of the nineteenth instant, the number of our wounded was stated at about nine thousand, and the number receiving hospital treatment at one thousand six hundred and thirty. Both of these amounts are wrong. On the authority of Dr. Letterman, our medical director, the whole number of wounded is between six and seven thousand. About one half of these are receiving treatment in the hospitals.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General Commanding Army of the Potomac.

PROCLAMATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
WASHINGTON, December 23, 1862. }

To the Army of the Potomac :

I have just read your Commanding General's preliminary report of the battle of Fredericksburgh. Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error, nor the failure other than accident. The courage with which you on an open field maintained the contest against an intrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which you crossed and re-crossed the river in the face of the enemy, show that you possess all the qualities of a great army, which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of popular government.

Condoling with the mourners of the dead, and sympathizing with the wounded, I congratulate you that the number of both is comparatively small.

I tender to you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.
A. LINCOLN.

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL MEAGHER.

HEADQUARTERS IRISH BRIGADE, HANCOCK'S DIVISION, }
COUCH'S CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
IN CAMP BEFORE FREDERICKSBURGH, VA., }
Wednesday, December 17, 1862. }

To the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Division :

I have the honor to report, through you, to the Brigadier-General commanding the division, the part taken by my brigade in the action of Saturday, the thirteenth inst.

On the Thursday morning previous, December eleven, at seven o'clock precisely, the brigade left the camp from which this report is dated, and proceeded in the direction of the pontoon bridge over the Rappahannock, which it was arranged the division had to cross.

The brigade never was in finer spirits and condition. The arms and accoutrements were in perfect order. The required amount of ammunition was on hand. Both officers and men were comfortably clad, and it would be difficult to say

whether those who were to lead or those who were to follow were the better prepared, or the more eager to discharge their duty.

Arriving within a few hundred paces of the headquarters of Major-Gen. Sumner, commanding the right grand division of the army, we were halted by Brig.-Gen. Hancock in a well-sheltered valley, where we stacked arms and bivouacked until half-past four P.M. The whole day the fire of our batteries and those of the enemy, incessant as it was, taught every man to prepare himself equably and sternly for the desperate conflict that was close at hand.

A few minutes after four o'clock P.M., word was conveyed to me that a gallant body of volunteers had crossed the river in boats and taken possession of the city of Fredericksburgh. The State of Michigan fairly reserves to herself the largest measure of pride justified by this achievement.

Immediately on the receipt of this news, an order reached me from Brig.-Gen. Hancock to move forward the brigade and take up a position closer to the river. In this new position we remained all night.

At seven o'clock the following morning we were under arms, and in less than two hours the head of the brigade presented itself on the opposite bank of the river. The order of march observed by the division in crossing was as follows: Col. Zooks, commanding French's old brigade, led the way. The Irish brigade came next. Brig.-Gen. Caldwell brought up the rear.

Passing along the edge of the river to the lower bridge, the brigade halted, countermarched, stacked arms, and in this position, ankle-deep in mud, and with little or nothing to contribute to their comfort, in complete subordination and good heart, awaited further orders. An order promulgated by Major-General Couch, commanding the corps, prohibited fires after nightfall. This order was uncomplainingly and manfully obeyed by the brigade. Officers and men laid down and slept that night in the mud and frost, and, without a murmur, with heroic hearts, composed themselves as best they could for the eventualities of the coming day.

It is with hesitation I introduce into an official paper, where facts alone should be set forth, any expression of personal feeling; but I should be doing an injustice to the brigade if, in furnishing this report, I did not confess that the fortitude and noble equanimity with which the hardships of that night were borne were such as to affect me deeply.

I shall also digress from the strict line of an official statement to affirm, as I am truly proud to do, that during the occupation of Fredericksburgh — previous to as well as after the advance of our forces on the enemy's works — the Irish brigade scrupulously abstained from every act of depredation.

A little before eight o'clock A.M., Saturday, the thirteenth inst., we received orders to fall in and prepare instantly to take the field. The brigade being in line, I addressed, separately, to each regiment a few words, reminding it of its

duty and exhorting it to acquit itself of that duty bravely and nobly to the last. Immediately after, the column swept up the street toward the scene of action, headed by Col. Robert Nugent, of the Sixty-ninth, and his veteran regiment—every officer and man of the brigade wearing a sprig of evergreen in his hat, in memory of the land of his birth.

The advance was firmly and brilliantly made through this street under a continuous discharge of shot and shell, several men falling from the effects of both. Even whilst I was addressing the Sixty-ninth, which was on the right of the brigade, three men of the Sixty-third were knocked over, and before I had spoken my last words of encouragement the mangled remains of the poor fellows—mere masses of torn flesh and rags—were borne along the line to the hospital of French's division.

Emerging from the street—having nothing whatever to protect it—the brigade encountered the full force and fury of the enemy's fire, and, unable to resist or reply to it, had to push on to the mill-race, which may be described as the first of the hostile defences. Crossing this mill-race by means of a single bridge, the brigade, diverging to the right, had to deploy into line of battle. This movement necessarily took some time to execute. The Sixty-ninth, under Col. Nugent, being on the right, had to stand its ground until the rest of the brigade came up and formed. I myself, accompanied by Lieut. Emmet, of my staff, crossed the mill-race on foot from the head of the street through which the column had debouched. Trudging up the ploughed field as well as my lameness would permit me, to the muddy crest along which the brigade was to form in line of battle, I reached the fence on which the right of the Sixty-ninth rested.

Here I remained in conversation for a few minutes with Col. Nugent. Lieut. Miller, of Brig.-Gen. Hancock's staff, dashing up on horseback during the conversation, and furnishing me with additional instructions, in obedience to which I directed Col. Nugent to throw out two companies of his regiment as skirmishers on the right flank. This order was being carried out, when the other regiments of the brigade, coming up with a brisk step, and deploying in line of battle, drew down upon themselves a terrific fire. Nevertheless the line was beautifully and rapidly formed, and boldly advanced, Colonel Nugent leading on the right, Col. Patrick Kelly, commanding the Eighty-eighth, being next in line, both displaying a courageous soldiership which I have no words, even with all my partiality for them, adequately to describe.

Major Joseph O'Neill, commanding the Sixty-third, was as true that day as he has ever been. His command took position on the left of the centre of the line. The centre was assigned to the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts volunteers, commanded by Col. Byrne, this regiment having in its possession the only green flag under which the Irish brigade had the privilege that day to advance against the enemy.

On the left appeared the One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania volunteers. A new regiment, it had but very recently joined the brigade; but in its conduct, from Bolivar Heights, where it was first associated with the brigade, to the present moment, when its gallantry is placed on record, it has proved itself worthy of the cause into which it threw itself with so much enthusiasm.

Thus formed, under the unabating tempest and deluge of shot and shell, the Irish brigade advanced against the rifle-pits, the breastworks, and batteries of the enemy. I myself ordered the advance, encouraged the line and urged it on. Owing, however, to an ulcer in the knee-joint, which I had concealed and borne up against for days, I was compelled, with a view of being of any further service to the brigade that day, to return over the muddy slope and ploughed field to get to my horse, which had been left in charge of an orderly, along with the other horses of the brigade, Brig.-Gen. Hancock having advised us all to dismount and act on foot during the assault.

On my way to where the horse was standing, I met Capt. Hart, of the Eighty-eighth, the Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, moving up from the left to the right of the right of the line, with a bright calmness and an intelligent courage, steadying the men for the attack.

Passing then through crowds of slain and wounded, all befouled with blood and the mud in which they had been struck down, and recrossing the mill-race, which I did with the assistance of two wounded soldiers, I reached the head of the street, from which, as I have already stated, the brigade debouched, and there took my horse. Having mounted, I started with my orderly to rejoin the brigade on the right, and with that purpose took the street over and beyond which the two companies of the Sixty-ninth, under Captain James Saunders, one of the sturdiest and bravest of our officers, had been thrown out as skirmishers.

I had not proceeded many paces up this street before I met the remnant of the Sixty-third, carrying the regimental colors, coming toward me, headed by Capt. Gleason, than whom the brigade cannot boast of a more resolute and stalwart soldier. With these few survivors of the Sixty-third were some of the Sixty-ninth.

Fearing that the enemy might assume the offensive and break through our lines along the upper part of the city, I halted this handful of the brigade on the second street parallel to the mill race. Here I remained, under the personal orders of Brig.-Gen. Hancock, who happened to ride up and communicate with me at the moment, gathering in the fragments of the brigade, until, finally, I was ordered by him to fall back and concentrate on the street from which we had taken up our march for the battle-field.

In this street the hospitals of the brigade had been established, and to it, consequently, all the officers and men of the brigade who were enabled to do so instinctively returned. But while the

fragments of the brigade were here and thus concentrating, I had every reason to become convinced that the hospitals were dangerously, if not fatally, exposed. I therefore sent two of my aids—Capt. Hart and Lieut. Blake—to Brig.-General Hancock, to request of him that he would be so good as to authorize me to take all that was left of my command across the river, the request for such authorization being based on the fact that, while there were not over three hundred of the brigade, either maimed or serviceable, who had reported themselves up to that time, the badly disabled were so numerous as to require the assistance of all those who were unhurt. Even while I was waiting for Captain Hart and Lieut. Blake to return, several discharges of shell and Minié balls broke over and through the hospitals of the Sixty-ninth, the Sixty-third, the Eighty-eighth, and the buildings and fences which immediately adjoined them.

Capt. Hart and Lieut. Blake, on their return, having given me to understand that I had a conditional authorization from Brig.-Gen. Hancock to transfer the brigade to the north bank of the Rappahannock, under the circumstances just mentioned, I assumed the responsibility of doing so. I did so under the impression of my being partially or conditionally authorized to do so. But this impression, a few hours later, I discovered to be erroneous. I should not, however, have brought over my command from Fredericksburgh, nor so much as have asked permission to that effect, but for the terrible accidents to which the wounded of my brigade, lying bleeding and helpless there in those menaced hospitals, were exposed.

That I myself did not desire to retire beyond the range of the rifle-pits and batteries of the enemy; that I was solely actuated at the time in doing what I did by an affectionate and intense concern for my wounded officers and men—it will suffice for me to refer to Brig.-Gen. Butterfield, who, on questioning me regarding the brigade, the afternoon of the assault, at the headquarters of General Wilcox, and in presence of several officers, was told by me that I feared the Irish brigade was no more; that out of one thousand two hundred men I had led to the field that morning little more than two hundred and fifty had, up to that time, reported to me under arms, but that, for my own part, I should stay on the ground, and, were it my fate to have no command, would be happy to act as his aid, or on the staff of any general to whom my services might in the slightest way be likely to prove useful.

Having placed our wounded in the camp we left the night before, I proceeded to General Sumner's quarters to report my action to him.

He was not there; none of his staff were there; but Gen. Burnside coming in half an hour or so after I had arrived, I communicated to him what I have here stated. He appeared not the least dissatisfied, and cordially inquired about the brigade. Shortly after, Gen. Sumner entering with his staff, I repeated to him all I had said to Gen. Burnside, adding, however, that my principal ob-

ject, having reported to him and explained the reasons of my crossing the river, was to procure rations and ammunition for my men. The rations had been flung away with the haversacks and blankets as the brigade advanced to the assault. The ammunition had been exhausted on the field. Having procured a sufficient quantity of both, and seen my wounded and disabled men as comfortably encamped as possible, I re-crossed the Rappahannock, and, between eleven and twelve o'clock that night, reported myself to the brigadier-general commanding the division.

On the way, however, having crossed the upper pontoon-bridge, I had to pass the houses that had been taken for hospitals for our brigade that morning, and in them found several officers and men who had been brought in from the field during the short time I was on the other side of the river. Most of them were in great pain; two or three of them—the brave Lieut. Callaghan, of the Sixty-ninth, was one of them—were in great agony, not having had any thing to sustain or soothe them since they received their wounds. Lieut. Emmet, who accompanied me, instantly returned to the camp where I had left the wounded, to bring over surgical and medical assistance to the sufferers. Dr. Powell, of the Eighty-eighth, promptly obeyed the order conveyed by the gallant young lieutenant, and by his skill and devotion brought comparative ease and happiness to many a sufferer in those sad hospitals that night.

The next day, a little after sunrise, every officer and man of the brigade able again to take the field, by order of Brig.-Gen. Hancock, re-crossed to Fredericksburgh, and took up the same position on the street nearest the river, which we had occupied previous to the advance, prepared and eager, notwithstanding their exhausted numbers and condition, to support the Ninth corps in the renewal of the assault of the previous day, that renewal having been determined on by the General-in-Chief. Of the one thousand two hundred I had led into action the day before, two hundred and eighty only appeared on that ground that morning. This remnant of the Irish brigade—unnerved and undeterred, still full of heart, still wearing the evergreen, inspired by a glowing sense of duty, sorrowful for their comrades, but emboldened and elated by the thought that they had fallen with the proud bravery they did—this noble little remnant awaited the order that was once more to precipitate them against the batteries of the enemy.

I close this report by acknowledging the gallantry, the ability, the steadiness and devotion of the officers of the several regiments constituting the brigade, and, in making this acknowledgment, have sincerely to deplore the loss, in the first place, of Major William Horgan, of the Eighty-eighth New-York volunteers, than whom a truer man or better and braver soldier I have never known.

Col. Robert Nugent, commanding the Sixty-ninth New-York volunteers, acted with signal bravery, leading, as he did, the column into the field with a brilliancy of bearing worthy of the

historic reputation attached in Europe to the name he bears. His demeanor and the high spirit he displayed, his words and looks, all were such as could not fail to encourage and incite his men on that day.

Major James Cavanagh, also of the Sixty-ninth, most ably and daringly supporting his Colonel, fell severely wounded, but I trust and pray not fatally; for never was there a truer heart, never was there a bolder arm, never was there a brighter or sounder brain. It is impossible, however, for me to enumerate, in the terms of affectionate appreciation I desire, and which they deserve, the losses which the brigade has incurred. Hereafter, should an opportunity be afforded me, I shall write and speak of such men as Lieutenants Buckley and Birmingham—men who on that day, at Fredericksburgh, most worthily supplied the place of the officers who fell on the battlefields before Richmond, and in the great repulse of the rebels at Antietam.

Looking along the ranks of the Eighty-eighth New-York volunteers, as I did with a mournful pride, the day after the assault, I missed, besides Major William Horgan, Lieut. Thomas Murphy, Adjutant John R. Young, and Lieut. McCarthy; and the only consolation to me in the contemplation of these losses arises from the fact that such men as Col. Patrick Kelly, Lieut.-Col. Quinlan, Captain Patrick K. Horgan, Captain John Smith, Capt. Burke, Capt. Nagle, and other intelligent and brave officers like them are still to the good work.

In the Sixty-third New-York volunteers I have lost, for some time at all events, the efficient services of Major Joseph O'Neill—services that were ever most promptly and heartily rendered wherever and whenever his military obligations or patriotism required them. Had I time it would be, indeed, a pleasing duty for me to speak, in connection with the Sixty-third, of such officers as Captains Gleason, Condon, Moore, and Lieut. James R. Brady, and others, whom it would be difficult for me now to mention without having the leisure to speak of them with adequate commendation.

Within the last three months two regiments were incorporated in the brigade. Pennsylvania contributed the One Hundred and Sixteenth; Massachusetts contributed the Twenty-eighth. The fact that Col. Heenan, Lieut.-Col. Mulholland and Major Bardwell, of the first named regiment, were badly wounded, speaks fully for the intrepidity and mettle of the men of which it is composed. Where there are such officers there must be staunch men.

The Twenty-eighth Massachusetts volunteers was raised for the Irish Brigade, but, owing to some mistake, was kept aloof from it until, by a most fortunate vicissitude of the war, it was restored to us three or four weeks ago. It is a substantial and splendid accession to the brigade. It has sinew, heart and soul. It is commanded by an officer (Col. R. Byrne) than whom it would be difficult to find one of superior aptitude for

such a command, combining, as he does, the practical experience and matured capacity of a soldier of some years' standing with the natural qualities which enable one to figure prominently and successfully in military life. I have not a word but one of unqualified commendation to bestow on this well-regulated and admirably disciplined regiment. Major Carraher, one of the best of its excellent officers, was wounded in the head.

The chaplains and surgeons of the brigade could not be excelled in their devotion to the wounded. Their services were unremittingly and most zealously rendered. Dr. Francis Reynolds, Dr. Pascal Smith, Dr. Lawrence Reynolds, with their assistant-surgeons, behaved nobly.

The first-named officer again vindicated the brilliant reputation he brought with him from the Crimea, and his conduct is all the more deserving of eulogy and gratitude that a day or two before the battle he had obtained leave of absence for a fortnight, but much to his inconvenience, remained with the brigade, rather than be absent from his post at such a time.

A correct return of the killed, wounded, and missing of the brigade has been forwarded to the headquarters of the division. For individual instances of courage and good conduct, on the day in question, and the more minute incidents and details of the assault, so far as the brigade took part in it, I respectfully refer you to the reports of the colonels and other regimental commandants.

I most cordially recommend to the favorable notice of the General commanding the division every member of my staff. Capt. Wm. G. Hart, of the Eighty-eighth, was as brave and active under the heaviest fire as he is faithful, diligent, and indefatigable in the discharge of his duties as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade. Lieutenant John Blake, of the same regiment, displayed courage and soldiership of the highest order, but in doing so only continued to display those qualities which have brilliantly characterized his conduct in nine desperate engagements. Lieut. Richard Emmet, who, in the earliest dawn of manhood, hardly yet emerged from boyhood, stood for the first time on the field of battle, astonished all who witnessed his artless bravery—fearlessly and brightly, with sunshine in his heart, and joyousness in his every glance, wearing unconsciously throughout the storm, laurels which many an older brow might well be proud to win. In connection with the staff, I should be doing a serious injustice to an admirable officer, were I to omit the name of Capt. Malachi Martin, the able and indefatigable Quartermaster of the brigade, who, on different occasions, accompanied me to the field, and under fire, in the midst of the worst perils of the fight, rendered me essential service in the most generous and gallant style.

I have the honor to be, very truly, your obedient servant,
 THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,
 Brigadier-General Commanding the Irish Brigade.

COLONEL STEVENS'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH REGIMENT N. H. VOLS., }
OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURGH, VA., December 22, 1862. }

To His Excellency Nathaniel S. Berry, Governor
of New-Hampshire:

SIR: I have the honor to report to you the operations of the regiment under my command since their departure from Camp Casey, near Fairfax Seminary, Virginia, including the battle of Fredericksburgh, on the thirteenth inst.

My regiment moved from Camp Casey on the first inst., with the First brigade of Casey's division, consisting of the Fifteenth Connecticut, Thirteenth New-Hampshire, Twelfth Rhode Island, and Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh New-Jersey volunteers, under command of the senior Colonel, Dexter R. Wright, of the Fifteenth Connecticut volunteers.

The first day we reached Uniontown, some two miles southerly from Washington City. We encamped the second day near Piscataway, and the third day about six miles northerly from Port Tobacco. We passed Port Tobacco about noon of the fourth day, and encamped for the night some six miles west of that place. The fifth day, in the midst of a cold and violent snow-storm, we encamped about one and a half miles from Liverpool Point, or Bluebank, as it is sometimes called, a point on the Potomac nearly opposite Acquia Creek. On the morning of the sixth day, we broke camp and marched to Bluebank, where we were detained some eight hours awaiting transportation; the soldiers during that time being exposed to a keen, cold, and piercing wind which swept down the river and across the plateau where they were halted.

My regiment was ferried across the Potomac about six o'clock Saturday evening. The weather was extremely cold, and the men suffered much from its severity. From Acquia Creek, where we landed, we marched about two miles and encamped in a ravine well sheltered from the northerly winds, but filled with snow. The baggage of the field and staff-officers, including their blankets, mess-chests, eatables, etc., was, through the inefficiency and neglect of the transportation officials, left on the Maryland side of the river, and notwithstanding the faithful exertions of brigade and regimental quartermasters, was detained from us nearly two days. Consequently we were without blankets or shelter for two nights of intense cold weather. The result in my own case was an attack of illness from which I have not yet recovered, though I have had the good fortune thus far to be able to be on duty. I was, however, only a sufferer in common with others. In this encampment we remained until the next Tuesday afternoon, when we moved to this point, reaching here Wednesday afternoon. Our brigade was then broken up, and my regiment was assigned to the First brigade, (Colonel Hawkins,) Third division, (Brig.-Gen. Getty,) Ninth army corps, (Brig.-Gen. Wilcox,) in Major-Gen. Sumner's right grand division. This brigade is composed of the Ninth, (Hawkins's Zouaves,) Eighty-ninth and One Hundred and Third New-York,

Tenth and Thirteenth New-Hampshire, and Twenty-fifth New-Jersey volunteers.

On Wednesday evening we received orders to be ready to move the next morning. Thursday we were in line all day, ready and waiting orders to move and listening silently to the heavy cannonading and sharp musketry, principally on our right, or watching the smoke, rising from the burning buildings of Fredericksburgh, directly in our front. Just after dark we moved to the river, and crossed, without opposition, the pontoon-bridge near the lower end of the city. My regiment took up its position for the night in Caroline street, one of the principal streets of the city, and threw out two companies, company B, Capt. Dodge, and company E, Captain Julien, as pickets toward the enemy. This position we occupied until Saturday morning, the two companies on picket-duty being relieved by company C, Capt. Bradley, and company G, Lieutenant Forbush commanding.

At an early hour on Saturday morning, the eventful and disastrous day of the battle, we took up our position with the brigade under the hill on the bank of the river, just below the bridge which we crossed on Thursday night. Here we remained under arms the entire day, our position being about a mile distant from the line of the enemy's batteries. Occasionally, during the day, fragments of shell from his guns reached us or passed over us, falling in the river and beyond, doing but little damage. One of our own guns, however, on the opposite bank of the river, which threw shells over us toward the enemy, was so unfortunately handled as to kill two men and wound several others in our brigade. After what your Excellency has read and heard concerning the battle of Fredericksburgh, I need not say to you that the fierceness of the fight during that long, bloody and disastrous day, exceeds any description of which my pen is capable.

As yet all the accounts which I have seen or read from Union or rebel sources approach not in delineation the truthful and terrible panorama of that bloody day. Twice during the day I rode up Caroline street to the centre of the city toward the point where our brave legions were struggling against the terrible combination of the enemy's artillery and infantry, whose unremitting fire shook the earth and filled the plain in rear of the city with the deadly missiles of war. I saw the struggling hosts of freedom stretched along the plain, their ranks ploughed by the merciless fire of the foe. I saw the dead and wounded, among them some of New-Hampshire's gallant sons, borne back on the shoulders of their comrades in battle, and laid tenderly down in the hospitals prepared for their reception, in the houses on either side of the street as far as human habitations extended. I listened to the roar of battle and the groans of the wounded and dying. I saw in the crowded hospitals the desolation of war, but I heard from our brave soldiers no note of triumph, no word of encouragement, no syllable of hope that for us a field was to be won. In the stubborn, unyielding resistance of

the enemy I could see no point of pressure likely to yield to the repeated assaults of our brave soldiers, and so I returned to my command to wait patiently for the hour when we might be called to share in the duty and danger of our brave brethren engaged in the contest. By stepping forward to the brow of the hill which covered us, a distance of ten yards, we were in full view of the rebel stronghold—the batteries along the crest of the ridge called Stansbury Hill and skirting Hazel Run. For three fourths of an hour before we were ordered into action, I stood in front of my regiment on the brow of the hill and watched the fire of the rebel batteries as they poured shot and shell from sixteen different points upon our devoted men on the plains below. It was a sight magnificently terrible. Every discharge of enemy's artillery and every explosion of his shells were visible in the dusky twilight of that smoke-crowned hill. There his direct and enfilading batteries, with the vividness, intensity, and almost the rapidity of lightning, hurled the messengers of death in the midst of our brave ranks, vainly struggling through the murderous fire to gain the hills and the guns of the enemy. Nor was it any straggling or ill-directed fire. The arrangement of the enemy's guns was such that they could pour their concentrated and incessant fire upon any point occupied by our assailing troops, and all of them were plied with the greatest skill and animation. During all this time the rattle of musketry was incessant.

About sunset there was a pause in the cannonading and musketry, and orders came for our brigade to fall in. Silently but unflinchingly the men moved out from under their cover, and when they reached the ground, quickened their pace to a run. As the head of the column came in sight of the enemy, at a distance of about three fourths of a mile from their batteries, when close to Slaughter's house, it was saluted with a shower of shell from the enemy's guns on the crest of the hill. It moved on by the flank down the hill into the plain beyond, crossing a small stream which passes through the city, and empties into Hazel Run, then over another hill to the line of railroad. We moved at so rapid a pace, that many of the men relieved themselves of their blankets and haversacks, and in some instances of their great-coats, which in most cases were lost. By countermarch, we extended our line along the railroad, the right resting toward the city, and the left near Hazel Run. In the formation of the column, the Twenty-fifth New-Jersey had preceded my regiment, and at this point their line covered my front. As we passed the brow of the hill, and moved down on to the line of the railroad, the enemy opened fire upon us from his batteries with renewed vigor. At the same time our batteries in the rear were answering his, and the heavens were illuminated with exploding shells from front and rear. Having extended our lines along the line of the railroad, the Twenty-fifth New-Jersey took the shelter afforded by the right embankment of the railroad, and my men the partial cover afforded by

the left embankment. It was for a moment only. The words, Forward! Charge! ran along the lines. The men sprang forward, and moved at a run, crossed the railroad into a low muddy swamp on the left, which reaches down to Hazel Run, the right moving over higher and less muddy ground, all the time the batteries of the enemy concentrating their terrible fire and pouring it upon the advancing lines. Suddenly the cannonading and musketry of the enemy ceased. The shouts of our men also were hushed, and nothing was heard along the line save the command: Forward, men—steady—close up. In this manner we continued to advance in the direction of the enemy's batteries. I moved on the right of the regiment, Lieut.-Col. Bowers in the centre, and Major Storer on the left. From some cause the left wing of the Twenty-fifth New-Jersey separated from the right, and the left of my line passed forward and took the advance, the right of the Twenty-fifth still having the advance of my right.

In this way we moved forward, until within about twenty yards of the celebrated "stone wall" at the foot of the hill, on the crest of which, according to rebel accounts, was placed the well-known "Washington batteries."

I do not speak at random of our position. I verified it by subsequent observation, and by the report of a brave and intelligent soldier, sent by myself on the Thursday following the battle, with our burial-party, and who assisted in performing the last rite upon some of our dead who lay there. I am proud to say that the regiment which I had the honor to command, in connection with the right wing of the Twenty-fifth New-Jersey, gained a point much nearer the "stone wall" and the rebel guns than any of our forces during that unfortunate day, and that the officers and men advanced firmly though rapidly to the attack, and were withdrawn only in the face of a fire which, during the whole day, had successfully repulsed the desperate bravery of chosen and veteran troops.

Before we reached the point of which I have been speaking, we came to an irregular ravine or gully, into which, in the darkness of the night, the lines plunged, but immediately gained the opposite side, and were advancing along the level ground toward the stone wall. Behind that wall, and in rifle-pits on its flanks, were posted the enemy's infantry—according to their statements—four ranks deep, and on the hill, a few yards above, lay in ominous silence their death-dealing artillery. It was while we were moving steadily forward that, with one startling crash, with one simultaneous sheet of fire and flame, they hurled on our advancing lines the whole terrible force of their infantry and artillery. The powder from their musketry burned in our very faces, and the breath of their artillery was hot upon our cheeks. The "leaden rain and iron hail" in an instant forced back the advancing lines upon those who were close to them in the rear; and before the men could be rallied to renew the charge, the lines had been hurled back by the irresistible fire

of the enemy to the cover of the ravine or gully which they had just passed. The enemy swept the ground with his guns, killing and wounding many—our men in the mean time keeping up a spirited fire upon the unseen foe.

The firing at last gradually slackened; and as no further orders came to us, I withdrew my regiment with others, and re-formed it deliberately some few rods in the rear, taking with us such of our wounded as we could find on the field. We remained some half-hour, until we received orders to fall back to the town, which was quietly accomplished without further loss.

On our return we halted at the railroad, and found that our wounded, under the care of Assistant-Surgeon Sullivan, assisted by Chaplain Jones and the members of the band, had been removed and placed under the shelter of the hill, in rear of the railroad. They were, as soon as possible, removed to the hospitals in the city, and properly cared for.

In looking back and reviewing the scenes of that memorable day, I am happy to assure your Excellency that I have no reason to feel otherwise than proud of the conduct of the officers and soldiers of my command. I know of no officer present on the field who did not come up manfully and bravely to the duty with which he was charged. The men, with one or two exceptions, behaved admirably, not one leaving the field, though stricken with a fire so terrible and sudden.

I desire to refer particularly to Lieut.-Colonel Bowers and Major Storer in terms of commendation for their intrepidity and coolness in the advance and attack. With particular pride and pleasure I call your attention to the services of Assistant-Surgeon Richardson, who, in those dreadful days, proved himself an honor to his profession and an invaluable aid to the army in its hour of suffering. While I look with shame and horror on the conduct of men calling themselves surgeons, attached to regiments of other States, I am proud to say that I know from personal observation that for two days and nights after the battle, and at times when the shells of the enemy were falling around him, Dr. Richardson pursued his arduous duties in the hospital and out of it, unremittingly, and with a fidelity and ability that has endeared him to me personally, and gained him an enviable distinction among his professional brethren in the army.

Dr. Sullivan, though suffering from illness, was assiduous in his attention to the suffering of our regiment and the wounded on the field of battle. Surgeon Twitshell was not present, being detained in Washington, and arriving here on Tuesday after the battle. I sincerely regret his absence at a time when his distinguished abilities and experience would have rendered him so useful to the poor and suffering victims of the day's carnage.

Sunday and Monday following the battle, we occupied our old position in Caroline street. I received orders on Sunday to be ready to move again to the attack, and the position of the bat-

alion lines was assigned; but the plan of renewing the attack was abandoned during the day. Monday night my regiment was thrown out as pickets on the line of the railroad, and to the south of it, along Hazel Run, which position, aided by a detachment of two companies of Berdan's sharpshooters, was held until half past two o'clock Tuesday morning, our pickets continually exchanging shots with those of the enemy. We were then withdrawn, and returned to our old encampment on this side of the river.

I have the honor to furnish your Excellency herewith a list of the killed, wounded, and missing, and also a list of officers absent at the time of the action. I will add that many of my men were injured and bruised by being thrown down and trampled upon by the lines in front, but are not included in the list of casualties.

I am happy to say that in most instances the officers and men of my regiment, though they have suffered severely from exposure to cold and in diet, are recovering their health, strength and courage, for the great work still before the army of the Republic—the suppression of the rebellion.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully,
your Excellency's obedient servant,

A. F. STEVENS,

Colonel Thirteenth Regiment, New-Hampshire Volunteers.

LIST OF CASUALTIES in Thirteenth regiment New-Hampshire volunteers, at the battle of Fredericksburgh, Va., December thirteenth, 1862.

KILLED—Company D, Private Lorenzo Phillips; Company H, Private James Knights. Total, two.

WOUNDED—Company A—Lieut. B. C. Carter, slightly in leg; Private N. W. Gray, thumb shot off.

Company B—Corporal Geo. E. Cochrane, shot through wrist.

Company G—Privates H. B. Nealy, in leg; Wm. Hodgdon, in knee; L. F. Smith, in hand; Geo. W. Colburn, in back.

Company D—Sergeant A. J. Sherman, in foot; Corporal M. A. Taylor, in ankle; Privates Thaddeus Quimby, in neck; James J. Young, in head; Charles Hoyt, in finger.

Company E—Lieut. James M. Durell, in head; Privates Henry Nutter, in arm; David Chapman, in head; David Hogan, in hand.

Company F—Sergeant E. E. Locke, in hand; Privates, A. Stevenson, finger shot off; Charles Leathers, in ankle; Gilman Hall, in foot.

Company G—Corporal Edwin Ware, in thigh; Private Jacob Chamberlain in side.

Company H—Privates, C. C. Fuller, in foot; A. Jordan, in head; C. W. Cilley, in leg; Wm. McKinnon, in finger.

Company I—Lieut. M. A. Shaw, in foot; Corporal Wm. R. Duneklee, in head; privates, L. C. Parker, in side; M. Tully, in leg; H. Butler, in back; K. J. Chaplin, in head.

Company K—Privates, H. Hunnefelt, in finger; J. F. Welch. Total wounded, thirty-four.

MISSING—John F. Mulligan, shot through leg,

and not since heard from, company F; company H, privates, Alvah Warren, Henry M. Woodbury; company K, privates John K. A. Hanson, John Harmon, Henry G. Thompson. Total missing, six.

OFFICERS ABSENT FROM THE BATTLE.—Surgeon George B. Twitchell, detained at Washington; Captain N. D. Stoodley, sick in Washington; Captain Luther M. Wright, sick in quarters; Lieutenant G. Gillis, Adjutant, sick, and on furlough in Nashua, N. H., Lieutenant Edward Kilburn, sick in Alexandria; Lieutenant W. H. H. Young, sick in quarters.

MAJOR HOUGHTON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD REGIMENT MICHIGAN VOLUNTEERS, }
CAMP PITCHER, VA., December 18, 1862. }

Captain G. W. Wilson, A. A. General:

I have the honor to report the following as the part taken by the Third regiment Michigan volunteers in the battle of Fredericksburgh, December thirteenth, 1862.

In accordance with brigade order, this regiment broke camp December eleventh, at six o'clock A.M., and occupied the position assigned it in the brigade. After crossing the river, December thirteenth, the regiment marched nearly one mile down the river and was ordered to halt and lie down. After remaining in this position nearly fifteen minutes, I received an order from Lieutenant Freeman of General Berry's staff, directing me to move the regiment to the front and support battery C, Fifth U. S. artillery, which was at that time hotly engaged with the enemy. Upon arriving at the battery I formed my line of battle in its rear, my right resting upon a road running at right angles with my line. I then directed the men to lie down, where they remained nearly an hour. An attempt being then made by the enemy to capture the battery, I moved the regiment nearly ten rods in front of the battery which ceased firing. The enemy failing in their attempt to capture the battery, or drive us from our position, hastily retreated to the woods. I then moved by the rear rank to the rear of the battery, and reoccupied my first position, where I remained until after dark, when I received an order to place the regiment on picket, the right of my line resting upon the left of the pickets of General Robinson's brigade, and to prolong said line, in this position we remained until December fourteenth, eight o'clock P.M., when I was relieved by another regiment and ordered to occupy the position first assigned me, December thirteenth, in rear of the battery—in this position we remained until December fifteenth, at ten o'clock P.M., when we received orders to move to the rear, where we joined the brigade near the stone house, and marched left in front across the river, where we bivouacked for the night, and the next morning we were marched back to our old camp, where the regiment is at present quartered.

In closing this report permit me to bring before your attention the names of Captain E. S. Pierce and Captain I. S. Geer, both acting field-

officers who ably assisted me upon the march and during the engagement of Saturday, December thirteenth; also Adjutant Geo. W. Remington and all officers and men—each vied with the other in sustaining the reputation of the regiment won at Bull Run, Yorktown, Williamsburgh, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Charles City Cross-Road, Groveton, Chantilly, etc. The following is a correct list of the casualties that have occurred:

Privates, Wm. Williams, company B, back; Charles Miller, company B, arm; Wm. Osborne, company C, hand; H. S. Briggs, company F, head; Michael Kane, company G, foot; Ira Austin, company I, foot.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

M. B. HOUGHTON,
Major Commanding Third Michigan Volunteers.

REPORT OF COLONEL MORGAN.

NEW-YORK CITY, December 24-29, 1862.

YOUR EXCELLENCY: Knowing that you will experience anxiety concerning the conduct and fortune of this regiment, I send you a brief narrative of the part which we took on that occasion.

At two o'clock A.M. of the eleventh instant, we received orders to be in readiness to march, and at half-past six o'clock we left camp, and the left of Gen. Sully's brigade took position in the rear of an eminence in front of Fredericksburgh, near the point where the pontoons were to be laid across the Rappahannock. The bridge was completed about dark, when we crossed into the city with the advance, in the face of a severe artillery-fire, and the fire of the sharpshooters of the enemy, posted in adjacent buildings. The regiment bivouacked in the first street during the night, exposed to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who still held a considerable portion of the city. At daybreak we pushed on through the town beyond its outskirts, and did picket-duty for twenty-four hours, a portion of the time under a severe fire from the enemy's artillery in front.

On the morning of the thirteenth instant, we were relieved from picket-duty, but sent almost immediately again to the front in support of Kirby's battery, in the sanguinary battle of that day. In the performance of this duty the regiment was kept under a tremendous artillery-fire until after dark—fortunately with but little loss.

The coolness and good conduct of officers and men during these trying hours were beyond praise. Drawn in at length, the regiment remained for the night and the following day as a support for the line of pickets.

On the night of the fourteenth instant, I was ordered by General Howard (our division commander) to take the First Minnesota and four other regiments (which had been placed under my command) and picket the most exposed portion of the line. Owing to the darkness and proximity to the enemy, and the want of a guide acquainted with the ground, the establishment of this line was a work of considerable difficulty and delicacy. In this work, as indeed on every occa-

sion during the entire affair, Lieut.-Col. Colville, Major Adams, and Adjutant Peller rendered efficient aid. I regret here to note the loss of Corporal Irvine,* of company D, who went by my orders to reconnoitre a point in front of our right, where we could hear the sound of intrenching tools. He did not return, and probably fell into the hands of the enemy.

Finding that we were about four hundred yards from the rifle-pits of the enemy, and exposed to his batteries in the front and flank, I sent to the rear and procured spades and shovels, and caused pits to be dug and slight embankments made to protect the men on the following day. The precaution was a fortunate one, as during the following day we had to endure a constant fire from the enemy's artillery in front, and an enfilading fire from the right. This at times was very severe, and at one time broke over us with such tremendous force that three regiments on our right broke and ran from the field. Not a man in our regiment wavered.

The line-officers behaved admirably on this trying occasion, presenting an example of courage and coolness which had the effect of preserving the most perfect order and steadiness in the ranks. With our line broken, and the example of the flying regiments, enduring a severe artillery-fire, galled by the enemy's sharp-shooters stationed in adjacent buildings, and in momentary expectation of a charge, it was a time to try the firmness and temper of troops, and well the men of this regiment stood the ordeal.

We were relieved from picket-duty about nine o'clock P.M., of the fifteenth instant, and after about an hour's rest, marched back across the river to our old camp.

The men had been five days and nights without laying off their arms, and scarcely any sleep; still their buoyancy of spirits remained as strong as ever.

The casualties of the regiment fortunately are small. None killed; three commissioned and ten enlisted men wounded, and two missing. Many received slight wounds who continued on duty and are not reported.

It is but justice to Gen. Sully, whose continued kindness toward the regiment daily increases the love and veneration with which he is regarded by the men, to state here that the smallness of our loss, particularly during the operations of the thirteenth instant, was owing, in a great measure, to his eminent military ability, and watchful attention and care in keeping the men from unnecessary exposure.

Any terms of praise that I could use would be poor, should I attempt to express my feelings of satisfaction and pride at the conduct of the officers and men of my command, during this arduous struggle. They have won additional honor for themselves and their chosen State.

My health begins to fail again under the severities of the service, and at the earnest recommend-

ation of the surgeon, I came to this city for medical advice and rest. I expect to rejoin my regiment again in a few days. I left camp on the eighteenth instant.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

G. N. MORGAN,
Colonel First Minnesota.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SAWYER'S REPORT.

IN CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., December 16, 1862.

Captain E. D. Mason, A.A.A. General, etc. :

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the Eighth regiment Ohio volunteers in the battle near Fredericksburgh, on the thirteenth instant.

Pursuant to orders from General Kimball, I reported with my regiment to Col. Mason, Fourth Ohio volunteers, at half-past ten A.M., and was ordered by him to move up Hanover street, by the left flank, until I should cross a deep ditch, or canal, by a bridge on that street, when my regiment was to be deployed as skirmishers on the right of the line, the left forming a junction with the First Delaware, which regiment, with the Fourth Ohio, was to pass to the front. Further to the left, on a street parallel with Hanover street, Capt. Grubb, Fourth Ohio volunteers, was sent with me as a guide, but we had scarcely moved a square, when the enemy's sharp-shooters, in considerable force, opened a murderous fire upon us, killing and wounding several. We moved forward at a double-quick, crossed the bridge, and formed the line of skirmishers under cover of the bank, and then moving briskly forward, drove the enemy out of a clump of houses, shops, etc., and formed a line under cover of some fences and buildings, in easy range of the enemy's rifle-pits, and under an enfilading fire of small arms and artillery from the right.

This position we maintained without any support for near an hour and a half, when Col. Lockwood, with the Seventh Virginia, came to our relief. At this time, General Kimball having been wounded, Col. Mason assumed command of the brigade, and ordered me to strengthen the right of my line, which was threatened by a heavy column of the enemy, which I did, driving the enemy from his position at the foot of the hill.

We maintained this position until after four P.M., when, being wholly out of ammunition, by Col. Mason's order I withdrew my line.

During the entire day we were subjected to the most murderous fire of both artillery and small arms, which swept over our position and the whole interval from our line to the town. Our line was too weak to advance upon the enemy's works, and our position was not passed by any troops up to the time of our withdrawal. My loss was seven killed and twenty-seven wounded. Among the wounded I regret to mention Captain Allen, Capt. Pierce, and Adjutant Lewis; among the killed was Sergeant-Major E. E. Henthorn, a most gallant and brave soldier. A full statement of our loss has been previously forwarded.

My officers and men behaved with the utmost

* Corporal Irvine has since returned on parole.

courage and bravery, and deserve the highest reward and esteem of their country.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

FRANKLIN SAWYER,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Eighth Ohio Volunteers.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL ANDREWS.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, }
December 27, 1862. }

Captain Joseph W. Plume, A.A.A.G., French's Division.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report the following, as the part taken by the Third brigade, under my command, in the attack on the enemy's works near Fredericksburgh. On the morning of the twelfth of December at half-past seven, the command, following General Kimball's brigade, and advancing by the left flank, crossed the pontoon bridge, and formed line of battle in the main street of Fredericksburgh, the men keeping near their arms, and the roll being called every hour. This evening, the Fourth New-York volunteers performed picket-duty. On the morning of the thirteenth, I received marching orders from division headquarters, and formed the brigade in the rear of Kimball in the following order, in a street running parallel with Main street: Tenth New-York volunteers, Colonel Bendix; One Hundred and thirty-second Pennsylvania volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel Albright; Fourth New-York volunteers, Colonel McGregor. The First Delaware regiment being now detailed as skirmishers, in advance of Kimball's brigade, and the column formed right in front, I reported to Brigadier-General French, as ready to move, and received my final instructions. The men seemed full of enthusiasm, and eager to meet the enemy. At this time Colonel Bendix received a shell-wound and Capt. Salmon Winchester assumed command of the Tenth New-York volunteers.

At twelve M., the command "Forward!" was given. My instructions were to move by flank to a position indicated, face to the front, thus forming the brigade in line of battle, and keeping one hundred and fifty paces in the rear of Kimball to support him. We accordingly advanced briskly under a heavy artillery-fire, until we reached the position indicated, then facing to the front marched steadily up the slope, and took a position in Kimball's rear. We remained here a short time, until finding that his ranks had become reduced, and that although he held his ground nobly, he was unable to improve his position, I ordered my men forward to support him. The commanders of regiments led on their men in a manner worthy of all praise and remained engaged until relieved in turn by the next advancing brigade. They then retired and were re-formed in the second street from the river under their regimental commanders. Having myself become disabled during the action, I did not leave the field until after four o'clock; and finding myself on my return unable to perform duty, I turned over the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, Tenth New-York volunteers, who had been detailed on

special duty on the other side of the river, with the pioneers, and was not present in the action.

In conclusion, I beg leave to state that the officers behaved with exemplary coolness, and the men with the steadiness and courage of veterans. I wish also particularly to mention the efficient services of Colonel John D. McGregor, Fourth New-York volunteers, wounded in the arm; Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Albright, One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania volunteers; Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Jameson, Fourth New-York volunteers; Major Thomas A. Smyth, First Delaware volunteers; Major Charles Kruger, Fourth New-York volunteers, and Captain Salmon Winchester, an accomplished gentleman and a true soldier, who fell mortally wounded, while commanding and leading on his regiment, the Tenth New-York volunteers. Also, to the valuable aid afforded me by the gentlemen of my staff, Lieutenant W. P. Saville, A.A.G.; Lieutenant Theodore Rogers, A.D., severely wounded by my side, while the command was under a heavy fire of musketry, and Lieutenant W. C. Inhoff, Aid.

Having already testified to the good conduct of those under my immediate command, it becomes my duty also to state that the First Delaware volunteers, detached as skirmishers, were reported to me as having behaved with great courage and endurance. That after driving in the enemy's skirmishers, they sustained alone their fire for a considerable time, before the supporting column arrived, and that after expending all their ammunition, they retired in good order. Major T. A. Smyth in command, is represented as having displayed much coolness and ability. The list of casualties will be reported by Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, now in command.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

JOHN W. ANDREWS,

Colonel Commanding Third Brigade.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BIRNEY'S REPORT.

POST OF THIRTY-EIGHTH N. Y. VOLUNTEERS, }
ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, December 15, 1862. }

To Captain John M. Cooney, Assistant Adjutant-General:

SIR: I respectfully submit the following report of the part taken by the Thirty-eighth New-York volunteers in the action of the thirteenth instant:

After crossing the Rappahannock in the forenoon with the brigade, I was ordered to support the batteries of the division, and was so employed until between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, when the Thirty-eighth and Fortieth New-York volunteers were ordered to advance in line of battle against the enemy. A body of the Pennsylvania reserves, part of General Reynolds's troops, had preceded us. We advanced over a meadow intersected by two parallel ditch-drains, from five to six feet deep, with steep sides, and at many points almost impassable. The line was thrown into partial disorder by these obstacles. We were now under a heavy fire from the field and woods on left and front. Some ten or fifteen men fell wounded near the second ditch. The

regiment continued to advance, the right wing entering the woods, the left on the open field. At this point large numbers of General Reynolds's troops burst through the right wing in a pell-mell retreat. The Thirty-eighth moved now right oblique into the woods and then forward upon the enemy posted in great strength in several lines on the slope beyond the railroad, and not ceasing to pour in upon us a deadly and unbroken fire. The regiment charged some distance beyond the railroad and did not march in retreat until nine of its officers and seventy-nine of its men were wounded, and fourteen killed.

Within an hour after this heavy loss the regiment marched again in perfect order to the front line of battle, and remained on the battle-field until seven P.M. on the fourteenth.

This morning we are again on the front line, officers and men in fine spirits and ready to meet the enemy.

The number of enlisted men was three hundred and fifty-five.

The officers present did their duty nobly, leading their companies bravely to the charge. Captain Dennett's services on the right wing were invaluable, and when the color-bearer fell wounded, Lieutenant Pendergrast seized the color and encouraged the men. Sergeants Dennis McCarty and Friend A. Smith, corporal Thomas Garrigan and private Philip Mahoney have been brought prominently to my notice for distinguished bravery. There are many others, however, who are equally deserving and whom I shall mention in my supplementary report.

Respectfully submitted, WM. BIRNEY,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Thirty-eighth N. Y. Vols.

CAPTAIN H. M. HOYT'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS, }
FALMOUTH, VA., December 18, 1862. }

Adjutant-General J. D. Williams:

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit the following report of the movements of the Eighth regiment Connecticut volunteers during the recent operations against the enemy's position near Fredericksburgh.

For a few days previous to the engagement the regiment had been stationed upon the bank of the river opposite the centre of the city, in support of Dickinson's battery. On the morning of December eleventh, when the contest commenced, we numbered two hundred and thirty-eight enlisted men and sixteen commissioned officers for duty, under command of Major J. E. Ward. At a point near our camp the work of laying a double pontoon-bridge was commenced before daylight on the eleventh, but when about half completed the engineers were driven away from their work by the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who were concealed in cellars and rifle-pits on the opposite bank of the river. Our artillery now opened fire upon the enemy, and under cover of a hundred guns the engineers again returned to their work, and were again repulsed with terrible slaughter.

At this point of affairs, Gen. Getty came to our

camp and called for volunteers from the Eighth to join the engineers in one more effort to complete the bridge. About ninety of our men immediately offered their services, and under the command of Capt. Marsh and Lieuts. Ford and Morgan, proceeded to the bridge and commenced the work; but after laying one length of the bridge they were ordered to retire by Major Spalding of the engineers, after suffering a loss of two men wounded.

On the morning of the twelfth we were ordered by Col. Harland to join our brigade, which was about crossing into the city by the middle bridge. We crossed about sunset and took our position in Caroline street, stacked arms, and remained until the morning of the thirteenth, when we were again moved down by the bank of the river, near the middle bridge, and remained there until late in the afternoon, exposed to a severe raking fire from our own artillery, which was posted on the opposite bank of the river. At sundown we were ordered forward and marched through the city, forming in line of battle on a street in rear of the city, facing the enemy's position, and then going forward to the support of our troops who were fighting fiercely in front. After advancing about five hundred yards under a sharp artillery-fire, we received the order to halt behind the crest of the hill, and remained in this place lying on our arms until morning, when we were ordered to return to the city and resume our former position in Caroline street.

On the morning of the fifteenth, Major Ward was compelled to retire from the field on account of illness, and the command of the regiment devolved upon Capt. H. M. Hoyt. About eleven A.M. on the fifteenth, the regiment was ordered to the front of our lines to strengthen and extend the advanced line of videttes under Capt. Charles L. Upham, of the Sixteenth Connecticut volunteers. We remained here, exchanging occasional shots with the enemy's sharpshooters, until evening, when we were relieved by the Thirteenth New-Hampshire regiment, and rejoined the brigade in the rear of the city, and then re-crossed the bridge and returned to our former camp near the Lacey House.

There is no necessity of saying any thing in regard to the conduct of the men, as Connecticut soldiers always do credit to their native State.

The following is the list of casualties: wounded, December eleventh, private Robert Rice, Co. C, mortally in abdomen; private Sylvester Godfrey, Co. H, shoulder, slightly; December thirteenth, private George Root, Co. A, shoulder, slightly. Total wounded, three.

By order of Captain HENRY M. HOYT,
Commanding Eighth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers.

HENRY C. HALL,
Acting Adjutant.

OPERATIONS OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

REPORT OF DR. DOUGLAS.

F. L. Olmsted, Esq.:

SIR: The report of the "Battle of Fredericksburgh," December thirteenth, was brought to us

by telegraph the night of the battle. The next morning a propeller was chartered, laden with stores, and with a special relief party, consisting of Dr. H. G. Clark, Dr. S. C. Foster, Dr. Swan, Dr. Homiston, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Abbott, and Mr. Walter, all connected with the Commission, and, with Rev. Mr. Channing, Mr. Page, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Webster, volunteers, I started at evening for the front.

We reached Acquia, landing with our extra supplies at daybreak on Monday, and all of the party, with the exception of Mr. Abbott, Mr. Murray, and myself, were immediately sent forward. They arrived in Fredericksburgh to assist in the removal of the wounded to the field-hospitals, where they were all placed in tents, and, under the circumstances, were well cared for. Our camp had been located near the Phillips House, by Dr. Andrew, as being the most central position, and it was here that I found all of our corps, both those who had come forward the day before, and those who had preceded us.

The scene at our field station was a busy one. Could the contributors to the stores and the treasury of the Commission have heard the fervent expressions of grateful relief; could they have seen the comfort which their bounty afforded our brave wounded; could they realize by actual intercourse with the wounded, for instance, the suffering from cold alleviated by the abundant supply of blankets which their bounty had provided; could they have observed the change produced when the soiled and bloody garments were replaced by clean and warm clothing which they had sent, they would be eager to replenish our storehouses and keep our hands filled with the means to accomplish these purposes.

Early Tuesday morning the rain subsided, the sun appeared, and the weather became clear and cold. The wounded were for the most part placed in hospital-tents, upon a plentiful supply of hay. Blankets had to repair the absence of stoves, which by some singular mistake had arrived in a condition not to be used, the necessary stove-pipe not being included in the shipment. The supply in the hands of the purveyor soon became exhausted from the unusual demands made upon him on account of the severity of the weather. Fortunately we were enabled to supplement his stores, and to answer his calls upon us from the reserve of one thousand eight hundred blankets and over nine hundred quilts, which we had sent forward. Many of these were employed in covering the wounded during the period of their transportation by car and steamboat from the field-hospitals to the general hospitals at Washington.

The comfort of the wounded and the result of the treatment of their wounds were materially affected by the change of clothing provided by us. We had been able to get up to our field-station five thousand six hundred and forty-two woolen shirts, four thousand four hundred and thirty-nine pairs woolen drawers, four thousand two hundred and sixty-nine pairs socks, and over two thousand five hundred towels, among other articles. These were liberally distributed wherever

the surgeons of hospitals indicated that there was a need. Certain articles of hospital furniture, of which there was a comparatively greater want than of any thing else, were freely obtained by all surgeons at our station. Stimulants, I am happy to say, were in great abundance among the purveyor's stores, so that the calls upon us were few. The same was generally true of food, and positively so of all kinds of medicinal articles, which at other battles have been furnished by us. Nothing of the kind was asked for. In the article of food alone, we issued in one week solely to hospitals sixteen barrels of dried fruit, ten boxes of soda biscuit, six barrels of crackers, nearly one thousand pounds of concentrated milk. The beef stock we had brought up was, I am again happy to say, not needed, there being a bountiful provision among the hospital stores, and fresh beef at command at all times, and in any quantity.

As rapidly as the wounded were attended to and put in a condition for safe transportation, they were removed from the field-hospitals to the general hospitals in Washington and Point Lookout. The removal was effected by ambulance or stretcher to the cars, by cars to the landing at Acquia Creek, and thence to Washington by steamboat. The principal battle occurred on the thirteenth December, and on the twenty-fifth the last of the wounded were removed. The floors of both cars and boats were well covered with fresh hay, and in addition to this, the severely wounded had mattresses or bed-sacks.

In order to meet whatever demands might arise for the proper sustenance of the wounded while on this trying journey, Mr. Knapp, our special relief agent, was despatched from Washington to Acquia Creek to provide suitable accommodations for furnishing food or shelter at that point. A kitchen was improvised upon the landing, and the first night meals were provided for six hundred wounded brought down by the cars. Mr. Knapp was cordially assisted in this humane work by several members of the Christian Commission who were present at that place. Through the cordial coöperation of the Quartermaster of the Port, Mr. Knapp had a building erected adjoining our portable storehouse, which affords shelter and a good bed to nearly a hundred every night.

Our field operations have gradually diminished with the removal of the wounded. The details of the number of articles received and issued, the hospitals to which they were issued, with the quantity in each case, and the acknowledgment of the surgeon, together with the account of the stock on hand on the twenty-fourth instant, I beg leave to present in the accompanying schedule. Our supplies were brought up from Acquia Creek in every case in charge of a special messenger. By the schedule it will be seen that all the division hospitals were visited and supplies furnished to them on requisition. Besides this supplies were also issued to a number of brigade hospitals, and to over fifty regimental hospitals previous to my leaving on the twenty-fourth December. The

issue to regimental and brigade hospitals was continued by Dr. Andrew after my departure, an account of which will be hereafter furnished.

I cannot close my report without referring you to the organization of the Medical Corps of the army during and subsequent to the last battle. The plan proposed by the Medical Director of the army of the Potomac, in his circular of October thirtieth, was first successfully carried into operation at this time. I respectfully refer you to that circular.

Respectfully,
J. H. DOUGLAS,
Assoc. Sec. Sanitary Commission.

CHAPLAIN A. H. LUNG'S LETTER.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURGH, VA., }
HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-THIRD N. Y. V., Dec. 23, 1862. }

General Granger :

MY DEAR FRIEND: The last few days have been days of excitement and interest to the army of the Potomac. They will be memorable in history when you and I are dead.

On Thursday morning of the eleventh instant, our brigade moved from camp toward Fredericksburgh, six or eight miles distant. It was a clear, beautiful, cold morning, and the stars shone as brightly as in the old Empire State. The ground was thinly sprinkled with snow and firmly frozen, allowing our artillery to roll smoothly along, breaking through only in lowland places. We had not marched very far before the serene stillness of the morning was broken by the roar of cannon which told us there was work ahead. Just at the break of day we descended from Stafford Heights into the valley of the Rappahannock, which was overhung by a dense fog. We slowly approached the river about two miles below Fredericksburgh City, where the engineers were hard at work in throwing across the stream two pontoon-bridges. Dense clouds of fog and smoke hung so thickly over the river, that it was nearly noon before we could distinctly see the opposite shore. When the bridges were nearly complete, a company of rebels made a charge on the workmen, wounding a few, but killing none. Our cannoners soon put them to flight, and the two bridges were in order before the going down of the sun. Our eyes could now sweep across the river, the broad fertile plains and the woody mountains beyond. Here and there we could see squads of cavalry and groups of infantry. Again and again, the enemy struggled with shell, shot, and bullets, to impede our crossing. But our batteries had been planted along the banks and on the hills, overlooking the river, spreading death and terror among the enemy. Crossing was now effected below the city. At this hour the firing of our heavy guns above, below, and at the city became incessant. Our forces now began to cross. The first company that planted their feet on the opposite shore, made the air ring with their cheers. The roar of our artillery was constant, loud and terrific. For a time it exceeded any thing I had ever before heard. Never did I look on a scene more splendid. The air was still, and the sun went down tinting the sky with deep golden

light, while the smoke from the cannon's mouth and bursting shell, rolled gently upward in dark columns, or whirling aloft, chasing itself in graceful rings like a thing of beauty. As night drew on we could see the fire in rapid succession leaping out from the cannon's mouth, displaying a scene of grandeur and awe. For six and eight miles distant, the windows of dwellings rattled as if an earthquake was at work. It was thought best that but few should cross until morning. Our division (Howe's) retired from the river to the mountain and bivouacked in the woods till morning.

Friday morning before the sun was up we were under motion. We soon stood along the bank, while thousands were hurriedly dashing their way to the opposite shore. It was a bright sunny morning, and the church spires of Frederick City were full in view. The smoky sky and the clouds of thin foggy vapor were fleeing away, while the gleaming of a hundred thousand guns greeted our eyes. The tramp of the war-horse, the roll of artillery, and the tread of the soldier, was occasionally muffled by the roar of artillery from the hills in our rear, sending their deadly missiles hoarsely shrieking over our heads. In two hours the broad fields on the south bank were swarming with Union soldiers drawn in line of battle. Hooker's and Franklin's grand divisions crossed below the city. The rebels occasionally opened their batteries from the mountain, to which ours replied from Stafford Heights on the other side. The musket-firing between skirmishers at times was very brisk. The day was mostly spent, however, in getting our men in position and seeking out the strongholds of the enemy. One man of our regiment in the afternoon was wounded by a stray ball, causing amputation of the leg.

The surgeons of our corps selected for a hospital a large massive stone building, situated on the south bank of the river, a little below where we had crossed. This was an exposed position, but the best we could do under the circumstances. From the door I could look out upon the long line of battle terminating at the banks of the river, some half a mile below us; and bending around resting its right wing on the city of Fredericksburgh above us. The building was elegantly furnished with paintings, pictures, drawings, mirrors, and with other things to correspond. It was owned by a wealthy old seecsh bachelor of a literary stamp. But a sudden change came over the spirit of his dreams. Nearly one hundred of his slaves had run away, and he was put under arrest and sent up toward the north star. Union officers fed their horses from his crib, slept on his bed, eat from his table, read his library books, sat in his chairs, smoked his segars and drank his sugar and coffee from his china cups.

Saturday morning was as warm as a spring day. The cannonading began about nine A.M., and continued without any long intervals until after dark. It was a long, sorrowful, busy day. At the battle of Antietam, the engagement was general all along the line at once. But not so here. The battle raged like a fierce storm. Some-

times on our extreme right, sometimes to the left, and then in front. Our men made several desperate charges at an immense sacrifice, without success. The enemy's superior position and impregnable works rendered them superior in power. Yet they did not drive us. Our lines of battle remained firm and unbroken. All our men asked was, to meet the enemy on even footing.

The hospital was in range of the enemy's fire, and at times the shells screamed fearfully over us and around us. Fragments flew into the door. A poor soldier had just reached the steps from the field with a wound in his arm, when a shell dashing at his feet, most shockingly mangled his right leg. This lad, twenty minutes before, stood in the ranks full of bravery and life. Now with broken arm and gory leg he sits sighing and weeping with pain. A little while afterward, and we find this young warrior lying in the chamber upon a bunch of straw with only one leg and one arm. Such are the fortunes of war.

The wounded came rapidly in from the field, some on foot and alone, some supported on either side by fellow-soldiers, some in clusters of two, three, and four; all wounded and clutching to each other; some borne on stretchers, some carried on the back of a fellow-soldier or brother, and some in the ambulances, which were busy all the day long and a good part of the night. Hospitals were also established across the river at various convenient points. We stored these unfortunate creatures away as best we could. They lay scattered here and there all over the yard, in the corn-house, smoke-house, and slave shanties. In the hospital, we filled the rooms below and above, and many were carried into the cellar.

Early in the day, our Brig.-General Vinton was wounded. With unusual firmness and masterly self-possession, he remained on his horse until he reached the hospital. The ball entered the abdomen on his right side a little above the hip-bone, and was cut out on his back. It is thought that the wound is not mortal. In every possible conceivable way men were wounded. I saw one man with gun in hand, walking with a firm step and a cheerful countenance, having been struck by a piece of shell in the forehead, laying bare the brain so I could see every pulsation. It is really surprising how soon one becomes accustomed to these scenes of suffering, so that broken bones and mangled limbs can be attended to with untrembling nerve. I was busily engaged nearly all day in the amputating-room where feet, legs, arms, and fingers were cut off. Late at night we stretched ourselves upon the floor for rest. I laid myself down nearly under the amputating-table, where, during the day, was a pool of blood and a pile of amputated limbs. We were all tired. I take pleasure in proclaiming all honor to the surgeons at this hospital! Never were surgeons more kind and faithful. This day will be memorable in history; it was the chief of days amid the days of battle. Our army suffered the most on this day of any. The deathly missiles rained down from the hills amid the smoke and thunder of booming

cannon, carrying death through our ranks and drenching the field with blood. Night drew its sable curtains around the scene, giving relief to our brave young warriors. The cannon's mouth was hushed into stillness, and our long lines of battle sank down to slumber on their arms, upon the cold ground, to dream of blood and battle, or perchance of home and loved ones far away.

Sunday.—Never did a Sabbath morning dawn more brightly. At early dawn I walked to the river and looked down upon the rolling waters as the sun lighted up the eastern sky. The air was as bland as a May's day morning, and the birds sweetly warbled their notes along the beautiful banks of the old Rappahannock. But very soon this enchanting spell was broken by the rattling of musketry and the roar of artillery. The enemy, however, gave but little or no reply. They persisted in maintaining a sort of dignified silence, so that our firing soon ceased, only as it was occasionally carried on by the pickets. The day was passed in comparative silence. It was a long, sad, lonely Sabbath day in the hospital.

Monday came. We had expected this day to have been bloody and decisive. Yet there was but little fighting. All our wounded were ordered across the river, and the surgeons to vacate the hospital, which we left about the middle of the afternoon, and took a position under the bank near the river. The long lines of battle were yet unbroken. The carrying off of the wounded, the retiring of our supply-wagons, might have been interpreted by the enemy, as it was by many of our own men, "getting ready for a bloody day's work to-morrow." But no sooner was it dark than our reserve forces began to move silently but rapidly to the north side of the river. The night was dark and the wind was favorable. It was a busy night with the army of the Potomac. Our brigade crossed at about eight P.M., and were stationed on the bank a little below, to cover the retreat. Driving a stake in the ground, to which I hitched my horse, (not venturing to take off the saddle,) I remained with my regiment till morning. About four A.M. we had a drenching, cold rain, which we received in sober silence. By daylight every regiment of that vast army had crossed, and the bridges were removed. A few pickets and stragglers came running to the bank and were taken over in boats. Some were closely pursued by the rebels, and throwing away knapsacks, swam the river.

The enemy must have been not a little surprised as they looked down from their impregnable heights upon the bloody field below, which they saw a few hours before bristling with a hundred thousand bayonets and trembling beneath the tramp of the bravest soldiers on earth.

Why were we thrown across here? Why were we thrust into the very jaws of death, where our lines could be raked from one end to the other? These are fair questions. But it may be modesty for a subordinate officer not to undertake the answer.

This defeat, I believe, has had a demoralizing influence on our soldiers and officers in this re-

spect. It takes away from them that confidence of success which is so essential for the triumph and glory of an army. It makes them falter, and leads them to question whether a divided North can successfully fight a united South.

During the forenoon of Tuesday, shots were exchanged from the opposite heights while our forces were retiring from the river. While so many of our fellow regiments suffered severely, yet the "Thirty-third" has reason to thank God that not a man was killed and only two or three wounded. For four days and nights our army were in line of battle without beds and shelter. Wrapping their blankets around them, they laid down for rest upon the cold ground, not knowing what the hour might bring forth.

But as if nature would favor us, these four days and nights were warm and pleasant. Yet they were not passed by our soldiers without more or less of suffering. They could not be. Yet all these hardships would have been cheerfully borne if this could only have been the closing fight of the war. Our young warriors are unflinching in their valor, but months and years of absence and weary toil have led them to wish that wars would cease. Amid their hardships and self-denials they are cheerful, yet the love of mothers and sisters, the smiles of wives and prattling children beckon them homeward. The Union army has met the enemy on more than fifty battle-fields. But if an honorable and permanent peace can be procured, they are ready to meet them on fifty more. We believe that the crisis of this bloody struggle is not far off. May He even grant us wisdom and bravery to give the crowning blow that shall unfurl our banner over every State of this once peaceful, happy, and prosperous Union.

Very respectfully yours,
A. H. LUNG,
Chaplain Thirty-third New-York Volunteers.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

FALMOUTH, December 17, 1862.

There was much difficulty in the early part of last week in procuring passes from Washington to the line of operations of the army of the Potomac, but once procured, no one seemed interested in giving them a strict examination. I spent two days in Washington providing myself with the document that, according to orders, was demanded before transportation to the Rappahannock could be procured, and from the War Office to Gen. Burnside's tent it remained snugly folded in my pocket-book.

The boat from Washington to Acquia Creek was crowded with officers and privates, returning to the army from home and convalescent camps. The majority of them had been wounded, and were about to try again the hard fortunes of war. The familiar portico and cupola at Mount Vernon, with an unfamiliar red roof, and the white spot in the trees that is the tomb of Washington, was greeted by the tolling of the steamer's bell, and the battered soldiers returning to the wars hushed their songs and loud conversation, to look upon the old home of the Father of his

Country, which now peculiarly summons emotions in the breast of the American citizen that are solemnizing and unutterable.

The Acquia Creek landing is about sixty-five miles below Washington, on the Potomac, and is now the principal *dépôt* of supplies for our army on the Rappahannock, which is distant thirteen miles. The landing has been much extended, and the crowd of steamers, tugs, and canal-boats, and long trains of cars, the clanging of locomotive-bells and blowing of whistles, suggest the rush of urgent and important business. The freight here transferred from the various vessels to the cars consists chiefly of bales of hay, sacks of corn, barrels of pork, and boxes of hard bread. There is another *dépôt* for landing supplies at Belle Plain, a few miles below and nearer the Rappahannock, where the herds of cattle consumed by the army are put ashore, and whence endless wagon-trains struggle forward with the supplies, for the movement of which a single-track railroad is inadequate.

The boat was behind time in reaching Acquia Creek, and the train for the army, with which it is supposed to connect, had taken its departure. Major-General Franklin, commanding one of the grand divisions, was with us, and taking a special train, went forward at full speed. This was considered a symptom that a movement was at hand, as Gen. Franklin has the reputation of not being in a hurry without sufficient cause.

Several hours passed, for which there was no better occupation than watching the soldiers on fatigue-duty, loading a train with sacks of corn. It was rather a slow process, and the number of fractured bags, and the carelessness with which the corn was permitted to spill, were suggestive of the confidence entertained in Uncle Sam's capacity to foot all the little bills that may accumulate against him by the end of the war. The country from the Potomac to the Rappahannock presented the usual features of Virginia scenery. Tall chimneys standing, monuments of departed peace, in the midst of wastes that had been farms. Not a cow, or chicken, or pig, or any living or movable thing that had been the property of the inhabitants. One nest of squalid children staring from a forlorn-looking cabin. A few dead horses and mules beside the roads. Six mule army wagons, with blaspheming drivers, whooping, lashing, and cursing their way through the mire, which is red as if it had all been soaked in blood. Long processions of cavalry winding their way like caravans, through the Virginian Sahara. The dismantled huts of deserted encampments, the camp-fires still smoking, showing that the troops were just put in motion. The tents and wigwams of the guards along the road, looking, in the chill wind that came down the ravines through hills spattered with snow, dismally uncomfortable. The bridge over Potomac Creek (the little Potomac) is a precarious thing in appearance, the track simply propped up on trestle-work of round logs, some seventy feet; and as the trains creep over the abyss, the impressions of the spectator are not, in the aggregate, com-

fortable. I hope the bridge is more substantial than it looks, for its fall would be an accident that would affect the whole army.

When the train arrived at the *dépôt*, (or rather the stopping-place,) opposite to Fredericksburgh, "the shades of night were falling fast," as when Prof. Longfellow's young friend who had such an unaccountable proclivity for remarking "Excelsior," reached an "Alpine village." I was a stranger in a strange land and in a strange army. A journalist of my acquaintance, I had been informed, was enjoying the hospitalities of one of the generals of division, and I thought to inquire my way to him. An army of the dimensions of that of the Potomac, is as difficult to learn as a great city. One might think that every body in an army could tell where a certain major-general might be found. But the individual who would depend upon inquiries made under such a mistake, would speedily discover his unhappiness. The army of the Potomac is composed of three grand divisions, commanded by Sumner, Franklin, and Hooker. Each grand division is divided into corps; each corps into divisions; each division into brigades; the brigades, of course, into regiments. I knew the grand division in which the division commanded by the general I sought was absorbed, and was fortunate to stumble upon an officer, who knew that his camp was in a north-westerly course from the spot where I landed, distant about a mile and three quarters, up a big hill and in a thick wood. Upon this, I started, and was soon several inches in mud, and toiled along, certainly without any fences to obstruct my course. It was presently dark, but the camp-fires were numberless, and I found my way from point to point, generally going in the right direction. The little valleys (as they are more properly than ravines) near the river, were lined with our field-batteries. The horses were munching their corn and hay, and the men frying bacon and making coffee. Once, while in a depression that occurs between the river-bank and the first range of considerable hills, I noticed the big earthen zig-zags of one of the batteries prepared for the bombardment of the city over the river. The picket-fires of the rebels were distinctly visible, red specks on the hill-sides, and beyond there could be seen a light on the sky, glowing but dimly in the smoky atmosphere, that told of the presence of the army of the enemy. Our own camp-fires glared far and wide, and the smoke from them hung low and so dense as painfully to affect the eyes.

After walking about three times the distance from the *dépôt* to the quarters of the officer of whom I proposed to make inquiry for a friend, I found myself in his tent, but the individual sought was not there, but was in a place where I was advised not to be in the morning, the little town of Falmouth, as it was supposed the rebels would give it their attention in the form of bomb-shells. The general was just about to start to meet the commander of his grand division, relative to the operations impending. (This was Wednesday night, December tenth.) The determination had

been reached to force the passage of the Rappahannock the next day. The troops had already three days' rations prepared, and sixty rounds of cartridges had been given out. The day had been spent in making preparations for battle. I had been under the impression that no attempt would be made to cross the river at Fredericksburgh, as the strength of the position of the enemy was known to be immense; but was then assured that the bull was to be taken directly by the horns, and that "Old Bull Sumner" was going to do it with his division. The idea entertained at Washington had been, that Burnside would force the passage of the river some twenty miles below Fredericksburgh, and thus turn the enemy's position. The enemy thought that was the game, and when the bombardment of Fredericksburgh commenced they had only just learned their mistake, and were hurrying up their masses with all possible rapidity. Our army, instead of being scattered for twenty miles along the river, was concentrated, coiled up, within a space of six or seven miles.

The men in our camps knew the task that was before them. There are certain indications that the old soldier well knows mean movements and battle. The orders issued had not told the men in so many words that they were going to fight without delay, but they knew it. They were in good spirits, too. The army of the Potomac never felt better than when, on the evening of Wednesday of last week, the men cooked their three days' rations and took the sixty rounds of cartridges. The smell of frying bacon and roasting coffee filled the air, and the men were jolly about their fires, full of the confidence, as I heard many of them express it, that "we'll whip them this time, sure."

I happened to inquire of the general, whose uninvited guest I had found myself, whether he knew the location of a certain regiment, whose colonel was one of my old personal friends. It was as surprising as agreeable to learn that he knew the colonel very well, and that his regiment was camped not more than a quarter of a mile distant. An orderly was despatched to conduct me to the colonel, and I surprised him in his tent, writing a few lines giving direction as to the disposition of his effects if he should be killed in the impending conflict. His duties for the day were over—every thing was in order for next day—the rations cooked, the cartridges distributed. The colonel was in complete winter quarters. He had a neat and spacious brick chimney, in which a cheerful fire crackled, and the walls of his tent were slender pines; the roof composed of his shelter-tent. Over the fire-place, pinned against the hut, was *Vanity Fair's* cartoon, representing Gen. McClellan as "The Modern Belisarius," sitting by the roadside and waiting for his country to do him justice. I asked the colonel whether the stories of the attachment of the army of the Potomac to McClellan were true; and he said they certainly were true—that the army loved McClellan and longed to have him again for their commander, and that there was a posi-

tive faith among the soldiers that it would be his destiny yet to come back and lead them. The feeling for him was especially strong in the old regiments that had served long under him, and the new regiments were infected with it.

The colonel was kind enough to invite me to attend a meeting of some of the officers of his brigade, who were to celebrate the arrival of the commissions of several good young fellows, who had been promoted for distinguished gallantry; and nothing does the men and officers more good than such promotions. Would that there were more of them to celebrate. The company consisted of twenty or thirty young officers, four of them colonels. It assembled in a hut which an enterprising captain had erected for winter quarters, and it was really an excellent habitation. It was near twenty feet long and fifteen feet wide, with walls of pine logs, chinked and daubed six feet high, and roofed with tents, tacked upon sturdy rafters. They all felt that it was the night before battle, and in all probability the last of some of them on earth. I have not space here to describe, as I would like to do, the mode in which the evening was spent. It will be sufficient to say that a savory article of whisky-punch was freely circulated, but that the conviviality did not become drunkenly uproarious. The punch seemed to cheer but not to inebriate. Many patriotic songs were sung with a fervor and melody most affecting and beautiful. I will never forget one, "The Hills of Old New-England," (the officers were, without exception, New-Englanders,) or "E Pluribus Unum," those not singing, shouting "Never, never," at the words of the song that the nation would fall if the banner of stars were trailed in the dust. There was a solemn, touching charm about the singing of a song, the leading words of which were: "Unfurl the glorious banner." Two of the young officers of the regiment of my friend, the colonel, whose rich voices swelled the song of "the glorious banner" that night, fell in the battle of the Saturday following, one shot through the head, and the other through the heart, while upholding the regimental flag, the color-sergeant being shot down early in the action. And I saw in the hospital at the Lacey House the pale face of a third, who saved the colors, tattered and soaked in blood, and was desperately wounded in the act. Another song, which I should not omit to name, was one which is a favorite in the army: "McClellan is our leader, so march along." This was given with great gusto, followed by a toast, "The health of Little Mac," and that received with "three times three." About one half of the officers thus engaged were wounded in the battles on the Peninsula and in Maryland. Three of the colonels had been wounded, one of them having been struck, during the various engagements of the war, eight times. Fully one third of the party were killed or wounded two days afterward.

The fact that it was the night before a battle—that the men all around me were to participate in it, and that interests of national breadth hung

upon the event, indisposed me for sleep; and for hours I listened to the heavy rumble and deep metallic jar of the artillery trains moving forward, and the quick clatter of the horses' feet, bearing aids here and there. Once an officer came to the tent and told the colonel the precise hour at which his regiment was to move. Long before it was light, our bugles called the men from their slumbers, in notes as cheery and full of sweetness as if they summoned none to rise to march to bloody graves. The bugle-notes had hardly died away on the hills when the camps were astir and the hum of a vast busy multitude could be heard on every side.

An hour before daylight, or rather before the smoke-fog lifted so that objects were visible distinctly a few rods distant, two heavy guns were heard in the direction of Fredericksburgh. They probably were signals that operations were commenced. For some time no other artillery-firing was heard, but there was an occasional snapping of musketry. The tents were struck, the knapsacks packed, the regimental property put in condition for removal, and breakfast was eaten. Day was fairly dawning when there was a rapid discharge of guns from our batteries, and the dull twang of exploding shells, and the deep roll of the echoes along the valley of the Rappahannock, came up to us a thunderous reveille.

The troops, taking up their haversacks, canteens, and cartridge-boxes, and muskets, fell in promptly at the call of the bugle, and the lean old regiments moved away, the men silent and tramping forward with sturdy ease. Not a cheer, not a word was heard. It was business, not a frolic, as the veterans well knew, that was meant by the deepening roar of the guns below. The column had moved about half a mile, when the heads of three other columns appeared, and a whole division was speedily massed in an open wood, perhaps half a mile back from the crest of the hill, on the north side of Fredericksburgh, and awaited orders.

The firing of artillery was, about eight o'clock, less rapid than an hour previous, and all sorts of stories came up from the front. The truth was, little could be seen of the action except by those engaged in it, and many of them could not see much. All that was visible of Fredericksburgh for some time, were two church spires, piercing the fog. At ten o'clock the enemy's sharpshooters, having made a serious resistance to the laying of the bridges of pontoons, firing murderously out of houses, particularly from cellar-windows, to barricade which they used paving-stones, fire was opened upon the town from our whole line of batteries, one hundred and seventy guns playing. Officers who have witnessed most of the imposing scenes of the war, say that the cannonading at that time was the loudest they ever heard, except at Malvern Hill. It was difficult to mark the distinct reports. I attempted to count the guns by the watch for a minute, but could not be sure that I counted all, as there were at times volleys, so that you could not tell whether half a dozen or a dozen had been fired in

the space of a second. The noise was prodigious. The thunder of the guns, the crack of the shells and the undercurrent of echoes shivering in incessant waves against the hill-sides, made up an appalling concert. It seemed as if there was a vast flight of malignant monsters, the surly whirl of whose invisible and awful wings convulsed all the air.

After a time the city was partially unveiled—the smoke-fog rising, and still the persistent sharp-shooters disputed possession of the south bank of the river, cracking away with deadly aim as if nothing serious had happened, at our bridge-builders; and the effect of their marksmanship is still visible in the ball-scarred and bloody boats. There were women and children in the town during the bombardment, and I heard of but one woman being hurt, so secure as places of refuge were the cellars. The ineffectual hammering of the big guns grew tiresome, ceased even to be interesting to those who were not under fire. The Seventh Michigan regiment volunteered to finish laying the pontoons, and, their services being accepted, did the work in the glorious style that becomes good boys from the West, and the whole army shouted their praise. The dash into the town was gallantly made, and the skirmishing was sharp for some time. We lost nearly three hundred men in crossing the water and cleaning out the town.

Several houses were fired by our bombs, but for hours they burned slowly, as they were nearly all composed of brick. Just before sundown the fire in the town burned more briskly. The enemy opened a few batteries upon our men in the town and on the banks adjacent, throwing shells at the troops whom they could see pressing on to the pontoons. Our batteries, right and left, replied, and there was what Beauregard calls an "artillery duel." The scene as the sun went down certainly had the elements of sublimity. The horizon was hazy as on a day of Indian summer. The sun, sinking in a sky of royal purple, looked like a big drop of arterial blood. The quick rush of the smoke from our batteries on the hills, along a semi-circle miles in extent, was plainly visible, half a dozen fountains of sulphurous vapor playing horizontally. The vehement vibration of the bombs in their flight could be felt in the air. The enemy's batteries responded, puffing curious masses of the prevailing powder-fog; and the sound of their guns throbbed in the hills, making them tremulous beneath our feet. As the shells burst in mid air, they formed little smoke-balloons, that quickly expanded and faded as they grew. As the air darkened, the red flashes of the guns gave a new effect—the roar of each report being preceded by a fierce dart of flame, and the explosion of each shell was announced by a gush of fire on the clouds, like a Mars of the first magnitude, created and extinguished in an instant. And, towering between us and the western sky, which was still showing its faded scarlet lining, was the huge sombre pillar of grimy smoke that marked the burning of Fredericksburgh. Ascending to a vast height, it

bore away northward, shaped like a plume bowed in the wind.

At this time on the high, clear plain, this side the Rappahannock, and north-easterly from Fredericksburgh, was Hooker's grand division, drawn up in war's "magnificently stern array," presenting a most superb and redoubtable appearance. An army of forty thousand men in battle columns is a spectacle whose grandeur is most impressive, and whose suggestiveness is much heightened if looked upon while the haughty thunder of hostile cannon is the music of the day. Nearer Fredericksburgh the massive columns of Sumner's grand division were seen in motion, pressing on to cross the river, and hours after the darkness became so dense that individuals could not be distinguished, one of those columns wound round the edge and over the crest of a hill, steadily on the march to the other side of the river; and it was only by the flickering of a camp-fire beyond that I could discover the long black line was in motion.

That night (Thursday) I slept on the ground, in the midst of one of the army-trains, and mention the circumstance to say that, my ear being close to the ground, I could hear, with startling distinctness, the trampling of the ponderous columns that were on the march, and of the multitudinous horses and mules, and that it gave an impression of the presence of innumerable hosts, moving in processions of myriads, and swarming over the earth like ants upon their hill, even stronger than that which was given by the eye.

On Friday morning those of us not fully posted, and not conversant with all the mysteries of "strategy," expected a battle. But the morning passed quietly, the smoke veiling all distant objects from observation. Our troops were crossing into Fredericksburgh. Some adventurers were straggling back, bearing boxes of tobacco, which was as eagerly sought by our men as if it had been gold, or something more precious even than fine gold. I suppose it does rank in the army as one of the chief necessaries of life. The town, in the afternoon, literally swarmed with troops. The enemy's batteries were ominously silent. If the rebel general had any particular objections to the presence of our troops in the town, why did he not open upon them from his batteries? What was to prevent the enemy from shelling the town, as we had done? I asked several military gentlemen the question, for the situation appeared to me to be one of the deepest peril. One said: "The enemy have not ammunition to spare." Another: "Oh! a bombardment don't amount to any thing any how." Another: "They don't care about bombing us, it is an inconsequential sort of business. We threw four thousand shells yesterday, and it amounted to nothing." Another: "They're afraid of our siege-guns this side." Another: "General Lee thinks he will have a big thing on us about the bombardment of this town. He proposes to rouse the indignation of the civilized world, as they call it. You'll see he won't throw a shell into it. He is playing for the sympathies of Europe." Another thought the enemy were skedaddling, and spoke of the laugh that

would be raised at Burnside's expense in that case. But I think a private soldier came nearer the mark than any one else. He said, with the usual expletives: "They want us to get in. Getting out won't be quite so smart and easy. You'll see if it will."

An hour or two after noon, as there was no prospect for the day of such an engagement as would be best visible from the heights this side of the river, and least comfortable on the other side, I proposed to go over to take note of the effects of the bombardment. On nearing the upper bridge, (we had three pontoon-bridges across the stream immediately in front of the city,) I found Whipple's division passing over; and, waiting until they were out of the way, could not help observing that the town opposite was full of masses of our men who did not seem to be in very good order, but rather scattered, and bustling about with a carelessness I could not comprehend, as many of them certainly knew that they were under the enemy's guns, and liable at any moment to have opened upon them a direct, plunging, and enfilading fire of shot and shell. If this happened was there no danger of a stampede? However, some hours had elapsed without the report of a cannon or a volley of musketry. But it looked and felt like the calm before the storm. As I was looking upon Whipple's men filing along, the temptation of the beautiful mark they presented was too much for a rebel gunner on our right. There was a jet of smoke from a clump of cedars on a hill, and with the sound of the gun came the shell, a little but wicked one, with a zip, rip! and a small puffy cloud was revealed a good deal nearer than seemed good to a spectator who didn't wear Uncle Sam's blue jacket. In about a quarter of a minute another shell came along and struck in the midst of the troops, going off as it did so, killing and wounding eight men. Our batteries opened from hill to hill—the "live thunder" leaped forth, and "every mountain found a tongue," as in Byron's *Thunder-storm on the Alps*. It may not be improper to mention that I did not cross into the city just at that time, but slightly changed my base of operations. I was impressed that the cannon-shots then heard were the "opening of the ball," and that the rebels would try the experiment of bombarding the town while it swarmed with our troops. This, however, was a mistake, as the firing soon subsided, and night came on, the day having been spent in the passage of the river by our troops, and, doubtless, the massing of the enemy to meet them.

At night I crossed into the town to make a call upon General Burns, who commands a division of fifteen regiments in the army of the Potomac. The narrow and seemingly frail boat-bridges were crowded with wagons going over with subsistence for the troops. We found General Burns, as he is said to be usually found in such cases, well toward the front. His pickets were placed about two hundred and fifty yards beyond his headquarters. He occupied the large and recently showy residence of the Mayor of Fredericksburgh. It had been riddled during our bombardment of the

place, and the enemy had put a shell into it that afternoon. Every room was perforated by shot, and had been shattered by shells. The plastering, pulverized by the shock of the explosions, was thick upon the floors, which, in turn, were ripped as if ploughshares had been driven through them. The mantle-pieces were knocked from the walls. The partitions were rags of lath. In the midst of the ruins the General and his aids enjoyed their coffee, mutton-chops, hard bread, and their pipes, and wrote letters to their wives, giving them the pleasing intelligence that they were to march upon the enemy in the morning. The house occupied by General Burns was a fair sample of the rest. Many of them were pierced by twenty shells each, and some of those near the river, in which the sharpshooters hid themselves, were literally knocked in pieces. The furniture and movable property of whatever kind which the bombs had spared, the soldiers speedily "possessed." Some of them took intense satisfaction in lugging mattresses before their bivouac-fires to sleep upon, and showed their taste for handsomely bound books, and articles of ladies' wearing apparel. The streets were full of soldiers lounging and smoking about their fires, or wrapped in their blankets and sleeping, their muskets stacked, in numbers that indicated the immense mass of troops that occupied the place. The sky was clear, and thickly as the stars sparkled overhead the camp-fires blazed along the Rappahannock, lighting up the front of the shattered city, and gleaming far and wide to the north. Behind the dark and gloomy hills compassing the town on the enemy's side, there was a wide glare of many fires, like an aurora borealis, marking the presence of the rebel army of Virginia. Returning to the north side of the river, the roads were choked with batteries of field-artillery, and ammunition and supply-trains, rumbling and creaking forward.

Saturday morning was foggy. We had understood that the attack was to be made at daylight, and to consist of a movement by Franklin's grand division on our left. Franklin had thrown three bridges across the river, and passed it in force, three or four miles below (east of) Fredericksburgh. He was to turn the enemy's right. The attack in the centre, as it was called, or from Fredericksburgh, was to consist, first, of an advance upon the flanks to feel the enemy, and if they were found strong there, for a dash to be made, in heavy force, from the eastern portion of the town, or the left of our centre. Gen. Burns's division was deployed further to the left, to support Franklin's right. The main column of attack on the centre, was formed of Couch's corps.

Immediately at Fredericksburgh the Rappahannock valley proper is narrow. The ground rises on either side in terraces, or as we would say out West, in successive "bottoms." There are three terraces or steps before the crest is reached, these on the southern side being from a quarter to half a mile wide. The first is that upon which the town is situated, and has a steep slope to the river. The second formed the principal

battle-ground. The third swells into the crest, so diligently and efficiently fortified by the enemy. The conformation of the ground on the north side of the river, is very like that on the south, but the steps are narrower. There are a number of little crooked valleys on this side convenient for hiding troops from shells, and many ravines so deep and rugged, that they resemble fissures caused by an earthquake.

Below Fredericksburgh about three miles, the hills press close to the river, from the north, and on the south there is a wide open plain wholly without the incumbrance of fences, grain, woods or bushes. This plain is fringed at the distance of a mile and a half or two miles from the river, by a continuous wood, which commences with the rise of the ground and thickens toward the crest of the ridge. In this wood, Saturday morning last, was Stonewall Jackson. In the plain was General Franklin, who had crossed the river at the point where it is approached by hills, on the north side, on the most advanced one of which was planted a battery of siege-guns to protect the bridges, and, if need be, shelter a retreat.

The Rappahannock below Fredericksburgh makes a turn to the right; so that when advancing upon the enemy directly from the river, Franklin's lines were nearly at right angles with those of Sumner, pushing out of the city, the two pressing the enemy in the angle. Three or four hills on the north side of the Rappahannock, and below Fredericksburgh, gave a fine view of both battles, or rather of the operations on both wings—a circumstance of which I was not apprised until too late to avail myself of its advantages. It was impossible to obtain a horse, that I might shift my position with facility, and I considered that there was a necessity for confining my observations to a single field of observations—that in front of Fredericksburgh.

At nine o'clock there had been little firing, and guesses were freely offered that the enemy had skeddaddled again; that it was another Corinth and Manassas affair; that Burnside had been detained by wooden guns; that there never had been any rebel force in or about Fredericksburgh of any consequence; that they had played a game of brag, and we had been weak enough to be deceived by it, and so forth and so forth.

Cannon thundered at intervals on the right and left, especially the left, and once in a while there was a muttering of musketry. On the left this began to sound like business, the musketry becoming a hoarse leonine growl, and the boom of heavy guns thumping through the fog. Presently General Burnside, with his staff and a few lancers, came from the centre, where the headquarters of the General were located, near two miles from the river, sweeping in a heavy gallop to the right, to take position at General Sumner's headquarters, the Phillips House, from which a perfect view of Fredericksburgh, and the portentous hills beyond, is obtained. The cavalcade was a handsome one. What was surprising, most of the officers were good horsemen, and being well mounted, they moved in gay and jaunty style.

Burnside's big gray loped along in advance, the tall form of the rider looming at every stride in the smoke that still hung low on the hills.

In a few minutes our batteries of siege-guns began to play with vigor, the enemy answering with occasional shots, and the scattering bickering of muskets was noticeable. But it was after eleven o'clock before the contest deepened into earnest, desperate battle. Then our columns were visible along the slope leading to the second terrace, and as they advanced, battery after battery of the rebels, quiet through all the bombardment, opened. It was evident that without artillery to support them, our troops would be overpowered by the withering cannonade of the enemy. I had been told the day before, by an officer who ought to have been well informed, that when the battle begun we would open a battery of heavy rifled guns upon the rebels, and make them glad to stop their artillery, and rely on musket and bayonet and the natural advantages of their position. I waited and watched for the opening of this battery, which was to astonish the rebels, with a sharp interest and anxiety that it would be impossible to express. Our long columns of noble fellows pushed on, and the weight of the enemy's artillery-fire continued every minute to increase.

Our batteries upon the left augmented their fire, and the guns of which I had been led to hope so much opened. I saw with horror that at least half the shells were bursting behind our own men, and that they were certainly killing more of them than the enemy. Gen. Burnside, I have since learned, sent orders to the battery to cease firing, and it did so. Then for dreadful hours the rebel artillerists had it all their own way. They had, at one time, seven batteries in full blast upon our devoted columns. Several of their guns were very heavy ones. One seven-inch rifle was heard loud and often over the roar of other arms in the engagement. I shall always have a profound remembrance of the keen, terrific report of that gun. Every shot made the hills quiver, and the number of times it spoke during the day was surprising. It seemed that the reports of that piece, like the movements of a pendulum, divided the time into periods—that the wicked emphasis of its utterances must be taken to note the passage of time and mark the progress of the fight. It became perfectly apparent to all observers of any reasonable degree of intelligence, as the din of rebel artillery and the rage of the musketry increased, and as the big rebel rifle spoke through the gloom of the conflict, as appeared the very voice of doom, that the fortunes of the day on our side were desperate. It was manifestly absolutely impossible for our columns of unsupported infantry to carry the terrible heights. Our only hope then was in Franklin. It might be possible that he would do something grand on the left, break the enemy's line, turn his position, and come sweeping along the crest, from which the murderous artillery "volleyed and thundered." But it was drearily evident that Franklin's progress was slow. We could hear the grumb-

ling of his guns, and see, in the distance, the battle-cloud that swelled from the combat, but alas, that cloud did not advance by perceptible degrees. The sound of the guns came no more distinctly. Clearly enough, there was hard work and slow progress on the left.

The tenacity with which our troops maintained their hopeless attitude of an aggressive movement in the centre, in the face of a fire that seemed not only insupportable by flesh and blood, but positively annihilating, was worthy the deepest admiration, and can never be thought of by those who witnessed it, and knew how pitifully the precious lives and inestimable valor of our braves were squandered, without regrets as passionate as perhaps they are vain.

I cannot tell what brigades moved first to the assault, and what divisions moved to their support—what regiments specially distinguished themselves, what officers led charges, who deployed as skirmishers, and who charged in column, who fell back in order, and who in disorder. For any close approximation to accuracy in these things we must look to the official reports and the letters of the private soldiers. That which I saw was a massive line of blue jackets standing in the mist of their own musketry, surging forward and swaying backward, only to push on again, under a fire of artillery and musketry such that I was amazed it did not absolutely sweep them from the face of the earth; and so utterly idle did it seem for our men to be wasted in endeavoring to breast such a storm, that it would have been a relief to see them fall back into the town, and give up the unfair and horrible contest. Certainly nothing in the universe can be more distressing than to look upon the hopeless, fruitless destruction of brave men. The discharges of musketry at intervals were excessively furious, rapid beyond all computation, and the sound must be remarked as far more terrible than that of artillery. The clamor of musketry in a heavy engagement resembles that of firing Chinese crackers by the bunch in a barrel, to which it has often been compared, much as the squeak of a toy-whistle resembles the shriek of a locomotive. While our artillery was silent, and that of the enemy was jarring the earth and filling the valley of the Rappahannock with crashing reverberations, our noble infantry maintained, for hours, a line of fire across the field, the smoke rolling from the play of their muskets in long fleecy clouds. Presently some batteries of our field-artillery got to work, and for a while the action did not look so one-sided. Flash answered flash, as gun responded to gun, but it was our field-guns to their siege-guns; and their batteries, with advantages of position and number of pieces, as well as weight of metal, and after a gallant contest our guns were silenced. It was impossible the result should be otherwise, as the converging fire of the enemy was plainly crushing. When the enemy charged upon our men they met their masters, and were invariably beaten back, terribly damaged. But their bellowing batteries, the smoke of which rushed from nearly every clump of pines—bat-

teries opened out here and there, as occasion offered, as if the country were literally full of them—and the swarm of sharpshooters, secure in rifle-pits and behind a stone wall, and in a sunken road, like that Victor Hugo finds on the field of Waterloo, were too much for the naked valor of our infantry. No troops in the world would have won a victory if placed in the position ours were. Few armies, however renowned, would have stood as well as ours did. It can hardly be in human nature for men to show more valor, or generals to manifest less judgment, than were perceptible on our side that day.

It was with a deep sense of relief that I saw the sun go down, and felt that in a little while darkness would put an end to the unequal combat. But for a time the fury of the fire on both sides redoubled as the discovery was made by the combatants that their day's work was about done. For half an hour, the din was awful, and the smoke drifted through the streets, as sometimes in a city, when there is a high wind and a great dust. There was severe fighting even after dark, and the sparkle of musketry made a fine display. Then the big rebel rifled cannon ceased to mark time, the sputter and crackle of small arms ceased on the centre, Franklin and Jackson's guns throbbed heavily a few times on the left; and all was still on the north side of the river, save the rumble of army-wagons, which are probably intimately connected with Bryant's "innumerable caravan, that moves for ever through the gate of death."

A kind Providence cared for the wounded. The air was as mild in the night, as if the month were June, and the wind came balmy from the South. If the night had been cold, hundreds of wounded, faint with the loss of blood, would have perished.

It was not possible for any one who had witnessed the fight, and was candid with himself, to dispute the fact that we had had the worst of it. We had started out to take the enemy's batteries on the hills. That we had done no such thing was painfully apparent. Those batteries had poured their iron storms into our column until night had, happily for us, closed the contest. Reports were circulated that we had gained essential advantages of position, but what they were, if any, has not appeared. The enemy, in truth, were as strong as ever, and we were weakened by the sheer waste of the bravest of the brave. We had, it appeared, made the attack at the strongest point of the enemy's lines, placed ourselves just as they wanted us, made a magnificent display of the devotion and discipline of our soldiers, in a manner that afforded the enemy the entertainment of looking upon the display without much danger to themselves, and of slaughtering us without stint. The city of Fredericksburgh was a trap, and we had plunged into it. The policy of permitting us to "occupy and possess" it under commanding batteries, was clear enough. The blunder stood revealed.

The extent of the disaster is not yet fully known. It is known that we gained nothing—that all that

we lost was thrown away. We did not take a battery or silence a gun. We did not reach the crest of the heights held by the enemy in a single place. But so determined was Gen. Burnside to carry out his programme, that he ordered a renewal of the attack on Sunday morning, and determined to rush a column of fifteen thousand men upon the rebel batteries. The orders to this effect were actually given, and the divisions to make the assault assigned their places, when the vehement protest and expostulation of General Sumner, who declared his troops unfit for the enterprise, prevailed, and the madness that would again have decimated the army was quieted.

Sunday morning was clear and breezy, and the rebel lines of battle were plainly seen upon the hills, extending for miles. There was a good deal of skirmishing during the day, and several times the musketry was rapid, but there was no general advance or considerable engagement. Sunday afternoon our principal generals were for several hours engaged in consultation at Gen. Sumner's headquarters. The night passed with occasional firing of musketry. On Monday morning there was heavy artillery-firing for a few minutes on the left. It was supposed to be shelling the rebels out of the ambuscades, from which their sharpshooters annoyed his pickets. I left the neighborhood at half-past eight o'clock A.M. That night, the telegraph tells us, the army was withdrawn from the enemy's trap—that is to say, Fredericksburgh. We should be grateful that the operation was successfully performed. The enemy would have been delighted with further exhibitions of valor like that of Saturday on our part. The occupation of Fredericksburgh was a blunder—the evacuation of the place saves the army. Our losses are heavy—heavier than have been admitted in official quarters. The loss in Couch's corps, which suffered far more than any other, was, as I was told, on high authority, one thousand five hundred killed, and five thousand five hundred wounded. Franklin's loss, I was told at General Burnside's headquarters, by a gentleman, who, probably, knew as much about it as the General himself, was between four and five thousand. There were considerable losses in divisions outside Couch's corps.

Making all due allowances for the exaggerations that, particularly if the news is unfavorable, may be looked for after a battle, and for the return of stragglers, I do not see how it is possible to reduce the figures of the loss of Saturday, in killed and wounded, below ten thousand, and I very much fear they will reach twelve thousand, while the immediate reduction in the force of effectives from all causes is not far from fifteen thousand.

The army has, however, been reënforced by Sigel and Slocum, and is altogether the largest and best appointed army we have ever assembled; and was not, so far as I could observe, (though my opportunities for observation after the fight were not very extensive,) disheartened by the reverse suffered. The army, placed upon the right line of operations against Richmond, and under

competent leadership, is still ample for the task that has been set before it—that of conquering the capital of rebeldom.*

M. H.

DETROIT "FREE PRESS" ACCOUNT.

NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., December 19.

Since the recent battle at Fredericksburgh I have noticed many accounts in our various Northern journals of the first crossing of the river by our troops. One says that a hundred volunteers from various regiments crossed first; another says that the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts volunteers volunteered to cross first in boats; another still says the Pennsylvania reserves were in the advance, etc.; another says that two of Baxter's Fire Zouaves got killed, and that they had the good fortune to find out the name of one of them. We think here that the man who made this discovery ought certainly to have been rewarded. Not having the good fortune to belong to one of those regiments which have gained their reputation by corresponding with the papers, and never having written a line for publication myself, it is with the greatest reluctance that I make the attempt, but a sense of duty, in justice to our noble little regiment, and to our State, which all justly feel proud of, compels me in this case to offer a few facts.

They are simply as follows: On the morning of the eleventh of December, we were in line at daybreak, and marched between three and four miles to the Lacey House, which stands on the bank of the Rappahannock, directly opposite Fredericksburgh. On arriving there we found that the engineer corps, which had been laying down the pontoon bridge during the night, and had succeeded in getting it about two thirds of the way across at daylight, had since that time been continually fired upon by the enemy's sharpshooters, who were concealed in the houses and cellars along the opposite bank, and who killed and wounded so many of the workmen that they were forced to abandon the bridge. At this juncture we were ordered to deploy as sharpshooters along the edge of the bank and below the bridge. This we did, and opened our fire at will against the enemy on the opposite side, but under the protection of brick houses, cellars, and rifle pits he could laugh at us with impunity. One hundred and forty pieces of artillery were then opened upon this part of the town, but could not dislodge them. The attempt was again made to put down the bridge, but again failed. General Burnside then proposed that a party of volunteers be made up from the corps to cross in the boats, and dislodge them. Our Colonel, (Hall,) now commanding the brigade, told General Burnside that he had a regiment which would volunteer to cross, and made us the offer, which was promptly accepted. Arrangements were made that the men of the engineer corps should man the boats and row us over. We placed our men along the banks of the river at proper intervals, so that they could

* Farther reports of this battle will be given in the Supplement.

take the boats quickly when all was ready, and after waiting about half an hour, we were told that the officers of the engineer corps could by no means induce their men to undertake the job. The proposition was then made that we man the boats ourselves. This proposition we also accepted, and, at a given signal, the men rushed to the boats, carried them to the water, jumped into them and pushed gallantly out into the stream, amidst a shower of bullets from the enemy which killed and wounded several of our men. Among the latter was Lieut.-Col. Baxter, commanding the regiment, and here the command devolved upon me. The regiment charged gallantly up the ascent, taking possession of the rifle-pits and buildings, also taking thirty-five prisoners. During this affair we lost five killed and sixteen wounded. We were afterward in two engagements, of which I have not time now to speak particularly.

It was said by the many thousands who witnessed this feat that it was the most gallant of the war, and I feel that our State should have the credit due her. I should not close without stating that the Nineteenth and Twentieth regiments of Massachusetts volunteers came to our support as soon as they possibly could, and we held the ground until the pontoon-bridge was finished and this wing of the army crossed, and did not ourselves recross again until the night of the fifteenth instant.

The following is a list of casualties of the Seventh infantry volunteers, on the eleventh and thirteenth of December, at the battle of Fredericksburgh:

KILLED—Lieut. Frank Emery, company G; Privates, Alonzo Wixson, company A; George Castner, company A; Corporal Joseph L. Rice, company C; privates, George Gibbons, company C; Stephen Balcomb, company G; Henry Crump, company I.

WOUNDED—Lieut.-Colonel Henry Baxter, left shoulder, badly.

Company A—Corporal Patrick Furlong, arm broken; privates, Reily Falkner, hand; John G. Clark, head slight.

Company B—Privates, Ansil Billings, leg, slight; John Gibbs, hip; James E. Elliott, foot.

Company C—Lieut. Henry M. Jackson, arm broken; Sergt. Charles Oakley, hand; Corporal George W. Vaughn, hand and arm.

Company D—Privates, Jacob Lair, hip; Horace Roach, arm; Phineas Carter, leg; Edwin Gee, missing; Jacob Hinderleighter, missing.

Company E—Sergeant A. O. McDonald, limb amputated; Corporals, Ambrose Haines, face; S. S. Baldwin, shoulder; privates, Foster Blakeley, leg, flesh; Daniel Dorn, face; Sanford Baymer, abdomen.

Company F—Sergt. Thomas T. Colwell, breast, slight; privates, James M. Greenfield, leg; Eleazar B. Holmes, foot, badly; Joseph Crane, arm, slight.

Company G—Corporal John C. Sholes, arm,

badly; privates, S. S. Basna, side, badly; Rodger Noble, lost a hand. THOMAS H. HUNT,
Major Commanding Seventh Michigan Volunteers.

COLONEL POTTER'S LETTER.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. VOLUNTEERS, }
OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURGH, December 16, 1862. }

MY DEAR —: We started to attack Fredericksburgh and the enemy's works in the rear of it, on the morning of Friday, the twelfth, and experienced so much difficulty in getting the pontoons across, that at headquarters they began to despair. Finally, part of the Seventh Michigan, and I believe, Twentieth Massachusetts, crossed in boats, and driving the enemy from the buildings at the "*tête de pont*," the bridge was completed. Gen. Franklin, I believe, had no trouble crossing his men, as he got his bridges over early and without much opposition. That day we lay in Fredericksburgh, having crossed early in the morning. On Saturday morning Couch's corps opened the action and attempted to take the enemy's works on the heights in the rear of the town by assault, but were repulsed. I was ordered at this time, about noon, to take my regiment to support a battery about to open, to cover the advance of our brigade, which renewed the attack on Couch's retiring. About half an hour after this battery opened, it was driven from the field, having suffered severely, but I held the position I had taken until nearly three P.M.

Both brigades of our division were now hard at it, and as ours, the second, which had the advance, were getting out of ammunition, I was ordered to its support. We had to cross an open plain right in the rear of the town, exposed to a plunging fire for near a quarter of a mile, intersected by two or three fences. At this time no other troops were advancing, and our fire in front was rather slack. The moment I appeared, it seemed as if every gun was turned on us—shell, shrapnel, grape, canister, round-shot, all came together and in a perfect storm. It exceeded all my previous experience and imagination, the shells bursting right in the ranks, and knocking over five or six files at a time; the ground was strewn with the dead and wounded of the troops who preceded us. We kept closed up beautifully, and came up with the rest of the brigade lying on a slight slope which formed a partial cover. We took the front and opened fire. It took scarce five minutes to get there, but about one third of my men were left dead and wounded in our track. In front of us the ground sloped down to a ravine, where I believe there is a canal. Here the enemy had rifle-pits concealed. Immediately behind rose the heights, steep and covered with brushwood on the face, crowned with earthworks and artillery, whilst sharpshooters seemed to be concealed all over its face.

Fortunately, just where we were there was a slight elevation in the plain, from the crest of which it sloped toward the canal or heights, and by lying flat we managed to escape most of the enemy's fire, and to severely annoy his artillery

and infantry on the heights. About half-after four my ammunition began to fail and supports to arrive, and I had permission to withdraw, but I deemed it best to wait until dark, and draw off in company with the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, about six P.M.; the rest of our brigade retired at about the same time. Griffin's brigade and one of Sykes's, composed partly of regulars, held the field Sunday. We relieved them Sunday night, and were in turn relieved at one this morning. We held on Monday the extreme advance-point on the line of our attack here on the left, while Couch's regiments, which had held the field to the left took up a new line some three hundred paces to the rear.

This was certainly the most awkward and tiresome position I was ever in. We had to lie perfectly flat, as the enemy could depress their artillery sufficiently to rake every thing eighteen inches above the surface of the ground, and to raise a head or hand was sure to bring a pop from a concealed sharp-shooter. Lying thus for near thirty hours, with nothing to eat or drink, not daring to move or speak in a loud tone, and not allowed to sleep, after three days and four nights continually under arms, and almost without sleep, used up what little strength we had. To-day I have scarcely a man fit for duty. We returned to our old camp-ground this morning at four A.M. I took into action two hundred and eighty non-commissioned officers and privates, and sixteen officers, including myself. Six officers were wounded and fifty-three privates; ten (10) killed and five missing. The missing are doubtless all killed, as when last seen they were all in their proper place. As the regiment was advancing, three shells dropped together, and some forty were killed, wounded, and upset. Every one who could, picked himself up and rushed on; these doubtless were not noticed particularly, although their companions think they saw them fall. I thus lost exactly one quarter of my men. Franklin's fight was a more open one, and we have heard that he had the advantage. I learn that our whole loss is about one thousand five hundred killed and seven thousand wounded. Our brigade lost five hundred and thirty-four killed and wounded, out of about two thousand one hundred and fifty, being about the same average as my regiment. The rest of the troops did not suffer so severely, of course, or our loss would have been much heavier in the whole.

We left the dead on the field, and all their small arms; at least, they were there when I left at one this morning. I got a letter from you the day of the fight, but I can't find it now, and cannot answer the questions you ask. I remember only two of them, those referring to newspaper statements about Antietam and South-Mountain. We were across the bridge at Antietam, I think, before half-past twelve. It did not vary from that ten minutes. I looked at my watch. Gen. Burnside put every man into action that went in at South-Mountain—that is, Reno's and Hooker's corps. Franklin took his in at Crampton's Gap. Tell — he must send me those boots, or I will be

barefooted. I am quite ill again. I have had my report and many other things to attend to. Love to all. In haste. Yours, affectionately,
R. B. POTTER.

REBEL REPORTS AND NARRATIVES.

GENERAL LEE'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
14 December, 1862. }

The Hon. Secretary of War, Richmond, Va. :

SIR: On the night of the tenth instant, the enemy commenced to throw three bridges over the Rappahannock—two at Fredericksburgh, and the third about a mile and a quarter below, near the mouth of the Deep Run.

The plan on which Fredericksburgh stands is so completely commanded by the hills of Stafford, in possession of the enemy, that no effectual opposition could be offered to the construction of the bridges or the passage of the river, without exposing our troops to the destructive fire of his numerous batteries. Positions were, therefore, selected to oppose his advance after crossing. The narrowness of the Rappahannock, its winding course and deep bed, afforded opportunity for the construction of bridges at points beyond the reach of our artillery, and the banks had to be watched by skirmishers. The latter, sheltering themselves behind the houses, drove back the working parties of the enemy at the bridges opposite the city; but at the lowest point of crossing, where no shelter could be had, our sharpshooters were themselves driven off, and the completion of the bridge was effected about noon on the eleventh.

In the afternoon of that day the enemy's batteries opened upon the city, and by dark had so demolished the houses on the river-bank as to deprive our skirmishers of shelter—and, under cover of his guns, he effected a lodgment in the town.

The troops which had so gallantly held their position in the city, under the severe cannonade, during the day, resisting the advance of the enemy at every step, were withdrawn during the night, as were also those who, with equal tenacity, had maintained their post at the lowest bridge. Under cover of darkness and of a dense fog, on the twelfth, a large force passed the river and took position on the right bank, protected by their heavy guns on the left.

The morning of the thirteenth, his arrangements for attack being completed, about nine o'clock—the movement veiled by a fog—he advanced boldly in large force against our right wing. General Jackson's corps occupied the right of our line, which rested on the railroad; Gen. Longstreet's the left, extending along the heights to the Rappahannock above Fredericksburgh. Gen. Stuart, with two brigades of cavalry, was posted in the extensive plain on our extreme right.

As soon as the advance of the enemy was discovered through the fog, Gen. Stuart, with his accustomed promptness, moved up a section of his horse-artillery, which opened with effect upon

his flank, and drew upon the gallant Pelham a heavy fire, which he sustained unflinchingly for about two hours. In the mean time the enemy was fiercely encountered by General A. P. Hill's division, forming Gen. Jackson's right, and, after an obstinate combat, repulsed. During this attack, which was protracted and hotly contested, two of Gen. Hill's brigades were driven back upon our second line.

Gen. Early, with part of his division, being ordered to his support, drove the enemy back from the point of woods he had seized, and pursued him into the plain, until arrested by his artillery. The right of the enemy's column extending beyond Hill's front, encountered the right of Gen. Hood, of Longstreet's corps. The enemy took possession of a small copse in front of Hood, but were quickly dispossessed and repulsed with loss.

During the attack on our right the enemy was crossing troops over his bridges at Fredericksburgh, and massing them in front of Longstreet's line. Soon after his repulse on our right, he commenced a series of attacks on our left, with a view of obtaining possession of the heights immediately overlooking the town. These repeated attacks were repulsed in gallant style by the Washington artillery, under Colonel Walton, and a portion of McLaw's division, which occupied these heights.

The last assault was made after dark, when Col. Alexander's battalion had relieved the Washington artillery, (whose ammunition had been exhausted,) and ended the contest for the day. The enemy was supported in his attacks by the fire of strong batteries of artillery on the right bank of the river, as well as by his numerous heavy batteries on the Stafford heights.

Our loss during the operations, since the movements of the enemy began, amounts to about eighteen hundred killed and wounded. Among the former I regret to report the death of the patriotic soldier and statesman, Brigadier-General Thomas R. R. Cobb, who fell upon our left; and among the latter that brave soldier and accomplished gentlemen, Brig.-General Maxey Gregg, who was very seriously, and, it is feared, mortally wounded during the attack on our right.

The enemy to-day has been apparently engaged in caring for his wounded and burying his dead. His troops are visible in their first position in line of battle, but, with the exception of some desultory cannonading and firing between skirmishers, he has not attempted to renew the attack. About five hundred and fifty prisoners were taken during the engagement, but the full extent of his loss is unknown.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

CHAS. MARSHALL,
Major and A. D. C.

RICHMOND "ENQUIRER" ACCOUNT

BATTLE-FIELD, December 13, 1862.

This morning the sun struggled up through the obscuring mists which overhung the landscape, but his rays were for an hour or two in-

tercepted by some ashen clouds slowly drifting overhead. Every thing was still as on a mild December morning. Scarcely a breath of air wafted the falling leaves or stirred the fringes of the pine. The fog and smoke thoroughly mingled through the night and shrouded hill and plain in a grayish dim cloud.

As this began to rise, about eight o'clock, the roar of the enemy's artillery woke the stillness of the scene, and signaled the coming great battle. Hastening to the front, I obtained a bird's-eye view of the battle-field.

The observer, who ascends on the heights that rise abruptly from the suburbs on the western side of Fredericksburgh and easts his eye to the south-west, sees stretching before him a level plain to where the Rappahannock, making a broad curve with the rising hills on the north bank, forms the horizon. The plain is about six miles long, with a mean breadth of two and a half miles. On the right the plain is scolloped by spurs of hills, gradually sloping down into the bottom land, at intervals of about a mile, clothed with dark pines and leafless oaks. On the left, where the Rappahannock sweeps along, hid by its high banks, a succession of hills rise much more abruptly than on the right, the face of the hills bare or clothed with straggling pines, and summits crowned with dense timber. These hill-sides are white with the enemy's tents and trains, and from the crests his batteries bristle in countless profusion as far as the eye can reach.

Now let us cast our eye again down the broad stretch of bottom-land, and note what a bird's-eye view affords. First is the town of Fredericksburgh, some of the ruins still sending up wreaths of pale blue smoke; but the town is not so much demolished as some excited imaginations may have supposed, and hardly enough to attract the attention of the casual observer. Then the plain is seen, seemingly lowest in the middle, but actually nearly level. A few long narrow groves of leafless oaks break the monotony, and here and there some clumps of cedar are seen. The fields, containing on an average a hundred trees, are separated by wood, stones, and ditches, the latter indicated by lines of low hedge. The enemy's line occupies the left of this plain, and in some places their columns, which the casual observer from this point would take to be dark clumps of cedar, spot far out into the fields. In the centre of their line, near the river, on rising ground, is posted a battery of twenty-one heavy guns—there may be more—but these only are distinguishable by the eye.

Just in the rear of these, so far as one is able to judge by the long line of ambulances which disappear on the opposite bank of the river and emerge near by, a pontoon-bridge spans the river, a single bridge I am told. This battery forms a prominent part of the picture, especially when it fires regularly by sections, sending its shells across the plains and into the rising hills on the right. A short distance above this battery—that is, next to the observer—a narrow grove of oaks extend diagonally into the plain, half a mile per-

haps, terminating in low, marshy ground. A deep gully extends the length of this grove, and is spanned in the middle by a railroad bridge, the line of the railroad indicated here and there by patches of red earth, which mark its length down the left side of the valley. In this grove the enemy find concealment for a brigade, which keeps up a random fire on our troops until dislodged by a regiment sent from Hood's division.

Nothing but pale clouds of smoke struggling up through the undergrowth and forests on the right indicate the presence of our forces.

Now the fog has lifted, revealing the dark and heavy columns of the enemy moving down the opposite bank of the river. Far down, near the lower part of the valley, they are seen debouching. Whole fields are gleaming with bayonets. They continue to pour out upon the plain in a stream which seems to come from an inexhaustible fountain. The meadows are black with them, tens of thousands in solid columns. We can only vaguely conjecture at this distance the number. Old soldiers think there are sixty thousand. Where are our men? A solitary battery of four guns, commanded by Capt. Carter Braxton, is to be seen on the plain. The fire from the enemy's battery of twenty-two guns open upon it, but it makes no reply. Other batteries direct their shots toward it; but it has evidently made up its mind not to be hurried.

The enemy, now formed in three heavy columns, advanced to attack our right; on they go at double-quick toward the woods, making the earth shake under their tread, with colors flying and arms glistening in the sunlight. Where are our men? A long sheet of flame from the skirt of woods at the foot of the hills, a cloud of smoke, a roar and rattle of musketry, tell their whereabouts. The advance column halts and delivers a hasty fire. A continuous stream of fugitives from the front scour across the fields rearward; some are halted and formed in squads, but can never be forced again to go to the front, except at the point of the bayonet. The smoke now mostly shuts the combatants from the view of the distant spectator. There is breaking of ranks among the enemy, rallying and re-rallying, but of no avail. They cannot stand the murderous fire. They give it up as a bad job. Meanwhile the battery in the field (Braxton's) has opened after long endurance, and at the right moment makes its mark. The coolness and precision with which it is handled wins the admiration of all observers. The manner of its action will be noticed hereafter in complimentary terms, in official reports. Other batteries did their work nobly, but they, with other particulars of the engagement on the right, must be noticed where each can have justice done in an extended account.

The Yankees commenced the storming of the hill at half-past eleven o'clock A.M. with six brigades, and were repulsed four times with immense slaughter. They were mowed down by hundreds. Two hundred and fifty bodies were counted on a space occupied by only one regi-

ment. The firing was kept up incessantly until three o'clock. Colonel Walton's battery held the heights, pouring a murderous fire into the advancing columns. The batteries on the various hills nobly assisted the battery on the heights, keeping up a continual stream of fire, each volley thinning the ranks of the enemy in a terrible manner.

The battery of Capt. Miles C. Mason, of Richmond, covered itself with glory. The fire was opened on the storming regiments by this battery. The railroad gap at one time was filled with Yankees, when a well-directed shot from the battery exploded in their midst, killing about fifty of the hirelings. Captain Macon's battery was hotly engaged on the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth, and won the admiration of all the commanding officers by the coolness and precision exhibited by the men in handling their guns. Astonishing to say, not a man of this company was killed or wounded.

One rifle piece of Capt. Ewbank's battery, near the centre, has been engaged. On Saturday afternoon it played upon the Yankee brigade driven by Hill's men from the woods in front of Bernard's. This portion of the battery has been under a heavy fire for three days past, but has fortunately suffered no loss. The remainder of Capt. Ewbank's guns are so disposed that they will perform efficient service when called upon, in which event we expect to chronicle a brilliant achievement on the part of this gallant command.

Late in the afternoon comes the magnificent charge of a regiment of Hood's division across the plain, routing a brigade from the line of the railroad, and while under the concentrated fire of a battalion of artillery, driving the enemy from the skirt of woods before mentioned, capturing forty-one prisoners, representing six regiments, and on the whole covering themselves with ineffaceable glory.

At half-past eight A.M. Gen. Lee, attended by his staff, rode slowly along the front of our lines, from west to east, and halted in the valley a mile to the east of Hamilton's crossing, and half a mile in the rear of our batteries on the extreme right. At nine o'clock a column of our troops, which proved to be Ewell's division, General Early commanding, advanced up the valley from the direction of Port Royal, and defiled into the woods to the left of Hamilton's crossing. The men were marching at a very leisurely pace, with a careless, swinging gait; but there was that in the quiet dignity of their demeanor which told that each though undaunted, was conscious that the next hour might be one of stern battle and death. Scarcely had the rear of this division disappeared in the woods, when directly in their front the artillery of the old Stonewall brigade—Woodis, Braxton's, and three other batteries—opened a brisk fire on the enemy's batteries north of the railroad. At this time, owing to the fog, few of the enemy's infantry were visible. After-events proved that they were lying close to the south bank of the river. The cannonading soon became general along the front of both armies. In ten

minutes from the time of firing their first gun, the Danville battery, Capt. Woodis, had lost fifteen men killed and wounded, a number of horses, and had two guns disabled.

The enemy's battery, eight hundred yards distant, had the exact range from the first fire. In the beginning of the action the loss of the other batteries of Taliaferro's division, were also quite heavy. Our men fired with great precision, their shells bursting in front or directly above his opposing batteries. In the course of an hour the artillery fight had become so general that it was almost impossible for an observer to distinguish what particular battery of the enemy was engaging the attention of any given battery of ours, and *vice versa*. Scarcely a battery that had been unmasked on either side but was exposed to a direct and enflading fire. The roar of cannon along a line of six miles was tremendous. The air was resonant with the savage music of shells and solid shot. The white smoke-wreaths of exploding shells were everywhere visible among the trees of the forest, which hid our forces in the valley and away beyond the river in Stafford. Lines of ambulances could be seen bearing off the wounded of both armies, but there was nothing by which to judge that the advantage rested with either side.

At noon the fog had cleared away, but there was a thick haze in the atmosphere. About this time the enemy's infantry moved forward from the river towards our batteries on the hills. As they pressed forward across the valley, Stuart's horse-artillery from our extreme right opened upon them a destructive enflading fire of round-shot. This fire, which annoyed them sorely, was kept up in spite of six batteries which were directed against the horse-artillery as soon as it was unmasked. By one o'clock the Yankee columns had crossed the valley and entered the woods south of the railroad. The batteries on both sides slackened their fire, and musketry, at first scattering, but quickly increasing to a crash and roar, sounded through the woods. Dense volumes of smoke rose above the trees, and volley succeeded volley, sometimes so rapidly as to blend into a prolonged and continuous roar. A. P. Hill's division sustained the first shock of battle. The rest of Jackson's corps were in different lines of reserves. D. H. Hill's division was drawn up in J. L. Marye's field, under a long hill, in rear of our line of battle. Here they remained during most of the day, being moved from time to time to the right or left, as the exigencies of the battle dictated.

Shortly after the infantry fight began, a brigade of this division was moved at the double-quick a mile and a half to the right, and posted in a dense clump of pines, in supporting distance of Stuart's horse-artillery. In ten minutes they were brought back to their original position. The celerity of this movement would be incredible to any one who had not witnessed it. To an observer the sight was singular and exciting. A long black line shoots from the position of the reserves, crosses the railroad at Hamilton's Station, skims

across the valley, and in a few moments is lost in the pines nearly two miles away. After scarcely a breathing-spell, the same line emerges from the pines, retraces its steps into its original position. As this brigade resumed its position in reserve, the fire of musketry directly in its front slackened. A few crackling shots were heard to our left, along Longstreet's division, and then a succession of volleys, which were kept up at intervals during the remainder of the evening. The musketry-fire on our right was soon renewed, and the battle raged with increased fury. Our batteries along our whole front again reöpened, and Col. Walker's artillery regiment, composed of Latham's, Letcher's, Braxton's, Pegram's, Crenshaw's, Johnson's, and McIntosh's batteries, stationed in the open low grounds to the east of the railroad at Hamilton's Station, moved forward several hundred yards in the direction of Fredericksburgh.

Hill's and Early's troops had driven the enemy from the woods and across the railroad in the direction of their pontoon-bridges, near Deep Run. Our men pursued them a mile and a half across the bottom-land, and fell back only when they had gotten under the shelter of their batteries. Our troops then retired to the south side of the railroad. Again the enemy rallied, and returned to renew the contest, but were again, about five o'clock P.M., driven back. All the batteries of Jackson's corps were at this time in full play, and in the approaching twilight the blaze of the guns and the quick flashes of the shells were more distinctly visible. The scene along the valley was at once splendid and terrific.

The result of the fight on our right wing may be summed up briefly. We drove the enemy back, killing three to one, and at night held the ground occupied by the enemy's batteries in the morning. The enemy had twenty thousand men engaged on this wing, while altogether, from first to last, we had not more than ten thousand in the line of fire.

BATTLE-FIELD NEAR HAMILTON'S CROSSING, }
December 14, 1862. }

The fighting yesterday at Fredericksburgh and near Stansbury Hill, just above the town, was of the most desperate character, and was of signal advantage to our cause, resulting as it did, in decided successes to our arms in the repulses of the lines of the enemy at all points. These repulses were achieved with but slight loss to our side in numbers, though with the death of the gallant General T. R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, who fell near the spot where his mother was married. The fight on our side was conducted with judgment, discretion, and signal success. Our men were arranged behind the stone fence running along the roadside leading from Howison's Mill to the point where the telegraph and turnpike fork. The enemy were formed in the field just opposite and on the Fair grounds. The enemy advanced steadily and boldly twenty-one times, and was as often repulsed with dreadful slaughter and carnage. The Yankee dead and wounded

literally line the ground as far as the eye can reach. We had the advantage of an elevated position and the "stone wall." The enemy was therefore compelled to advance in the face of a raking fire up this inclined plain, only to meet the death-dealing fire which our men so surely and steadily poured upon them. The enemy fought well. Our forces did better, and the result is, the Yankees, foiled in their "on to Richmond" scheme, lay upon their oars all day to-day without an effort to bury their dead or alleviate the sufferings of the wounded.

HOWISON'S FARM, ONE AND A HALF MILES FROM }
FREDERICKSBURGH, December 16—10 P.M. }

The work of "evacuation," "skedaddling," or "change of base," whichever it may be called, was commenced last night about sundown, and was concluded about daylight this morning, at which time they took up the last of their pontoons, and once again achieved a great victory by "falling backwards."

Their departure gives unmistakable evidences of panic and haste. About the town are found large numbers of guns, knapsacks, haversacks, crackers, salt pork, and at least one hundred thousand rounds of good cartridges. They also left behind them, in and about the town, at the very least, six hundred of their dead. There are one hundred and three of these dead on a space of less than an acre of ground. The town was largely used for hospital purposes by the Yankees, and, in the haste of departure, some twenty of their wounded were left behind.

The Yankees had essayed a task which no army ever marshaled, or that ever will be organized, could have accomplished. To have driven our men from their position and to have taken it, was a work compared with which the storming of Gibraltar would be as child's play. To appreciate the strength of our position it must be seen. Suffice it to say, that we had "Stonewalls" at both ends of the line—Jackson on the right and the stone fence on the left, at Fredericksburgh. No other man than Burnside would have attempted so difficult or so foolhardy an adventure.

Truly may it be said, the Yankees slain in battle have been "butchered to make a Lincoln holiday." They have failed here most signally. They may try the Port Royal route; if they do, they will find the same character of obstacles there as here; the same advantages to our side, of brave spirits to oppose them, and choice positions in which our men can arrange to dispute their march.

The wanton destruction of property in town can neither be imagined nor described. Had so many demons from perdition been unchained and commissioned to wreak vengeance, the ill-fated city could not have fared worse. All that was edible has been devoured by the hungry Yankees, whilst clothing has been stolen from every house, the furniture recklessly destroyed or thrown into the streets, beds ripped open, pictures disfigured and destroyed, pianos ruthlessly robbed of the keys. Indeed, every conceivable injury that devilish

malice or thieving lust could invent, was freely resorted to during the memorable four days of the last occupation, a time which will never be effaced from the memories of the gallant few who stuck it out. The Baptist church has been nearly riddled by shells, while all the pews have been torn out to make room for the sick, who were spread upon the pew-cushions. The same condition of things was visible in the basement of the Episcopal church; our informant did not visit the main body of the edifice. The Orphan Asylum, Dr. Scott's, F. Slaughter's, and S. S. Howison's houses were used as hospitals. In all, some twenty houses have been destroyed, and the loss of property of one kind and another cannot fall much short of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Brompton, the elegant mansion of John L. Marye, was well-nigh destroyed. There are some fifty cannon-ball holes through the parlor alone.

THE LOSSES.

I have been at some pains to ascertain our loss, and as the result of my effort, have obtained from Dr. J. C. Herndon, the polite surgeon on General Lee's staff, the following statement, which may be relied upon as correct:

M'LAWS DIVISION.

Barksdale's and Cobb's brigades,	111
Semmes's brigade,	1
Kershaw's "	250
Straggling cases,	6

ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

Wilcox's brigade,	9
Mahone's "	5

RANSOM'S DIVISION.

Cook's brigade,	295
A. P. Hill's division, about	600
Early's and Taliaferro's commands, about	300
D. H. Hill's command,	10
Washington artillery,	23

Total, 1619

Picket's division,	40
Hood's "	100

Total, 1759

The most moderate estimate of the Yankee loss is five thousand, and some put it at eight thousand.

LONDON "TIMES" NARRATIVE.

HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL LEE, NEAR FREDERICKSBURGH, }
December 12, 1862. }

Those who are unacquainted with the delays which invariably attend the movements of very large armies, especially when an attack upon a strong and elaborately chosen position of the enemy is contemplated, confidently looked for the momentous collision between the confederate and the Federal armies this morning at daybreak; but, as was anticipated by more experienced heads, the day wore away without developing a Federal onslaught upon the Southern lines. The

preceding night was employed busily in throwing dense masses of Northern troops across the pontoons at Fredericksburgh and Deep Run, and one or two other bridges thrown across at other points. So numerous were these bridges alleged to be, that busy rumor, hardly less imaginative and suggestive among the confederates than among their opponents, estimated them variously at from fifteen to thirty. I believe that in reality they did not exceed three or four. But as the bright and warm sun broke cheerfully from the heavens, and dispelled the thick mist which for many hours brooded over the plain and intercepted the view of objects distant not more than three or four hundred yards, it became more and more obvious, even to the least experienced eye, what a magnificent position was occupied by the confederate army, and how wisely and sagaciously the ground had been chosen by Gen. Lee. It must have been a moment of proud gratification to Gen. Lee, and those captains who under him have gained ever increasing distinction, when they realized beyond all question that the enemy was about to force an attack under circumstances which would have insured defeat had the onslaught been made by the bravest disciplined troops of Europe, and which reduced the rout of the disheartened and loosely coupled troops of General Burnside to an absolute certainty. As the observer stood on the range of hills which impend over Fredericksburgh on the south, and glanced his eye down upon the town, and, right and left, along the low swelling ridges which extend from the river on his left, and, forming the arc of a semi-circle, strike the river again about six miles below on his right, he might have challenged the most deeply read student of military history to produce any precedent in which battle has ever been delivered under circumstances more unfavorable to the assailing party, or upon ground from which any great master of the art of war would more naturally have recoiled, had the initiative remained within his own option.

The Rappahannock, in its course from west to east, is skirted, just at the point where Fredericksburgh stands on its southern bank, by low crests of hills, which on the northern bank run parallel and close to the river, and on the southern bank trend backward from the stream, and leave a semi-circular plain six miles in length and two or three in depth, inclosed within their circumference before they again approach the river in the neighborhood of Massaponax Creek. Immediately above the town, and on the left of the confederate position, the bluffs are bold and bare of trees; but as the hills in their eastward course recede from the river, they become lower and are densely wooded, while low spurs, covered with copsewood, run down at right angles to the range of hills into the plain, behind and between which spurs, the centre and right of the confederate army was posted, stretching for a distance of six miles from the extreme left, and ending in the immediate neighborhood of Massaponax Creek, which joins the Rappahannock some five miles below Fredericksburgh. It will be apparent to

the reader that the left of the confederate army, a portion of it stationed not more than four hundred yards from Fredericksburgh, occupied a much stronger position than the centre and right. There was not sufficient room for the Federal troops destined for the attack of the nearest confederate batteries to deploy and form, except under a deadly confederate fire; whereas the Federal troops who attacked the confederate centre and right had a large plain on which to deploy, and had much fewer disadvantages of ground to contend with, inasmuch as they advanced against lower hills and had the long spurs of copse to assist them as points of attack, calculated to protect and serve as *points d'appui* to the Federal troops if they could once have succeeded in carrying and holding them. But even in its weakest points the confederate line possessed great advantages of position; and it is no wonder that every Southerner, from the commander-in-chief down to the youngest drummer-boy, understood and appreciated the strength of the ground, and contemplated the coming shock of battle with serene confidence and composure. In describing the ground upon which the battle subsequently took place, I should not omit to add that the railroad track from Fredericksburgh to Richmond runs diagonally through the semi-circular plain described above, and crosses the confederate line of battle three and a half miles from Fredericksburgh, at a point called Hamilton's crossing. This point was strongly held by a part of the confederate right, and it is manifest that against this point and along the railroad-track it would have been wise if the weight of the Federal attack had been directed. It will be understood, in conclusion, that the heights on the northern or Stafford side of the Rappahannock, which for miles touch and impend over the stream, were surmounted by a long line of heavy Federal rifled cannon. Similarly, along the whole confederate line of battle, nearly three hundred pieces of artillery were in position or in reserve. There is no recorded battle of history in which any thing like so many pieces of artillery took part, (of course in this assertion I do not include sieges,) and the reader will at once realize how inadequate language is to describe the thunder of so vast a number of cannon, or the deadly pelting hail of such an aggregate of the projectiles which modern ingenuity has succeeded in devising.

It remains briefly to notice the disposition of troops along the confederate line. It may be mentioned summarily that the confederates are divided into two large *corps d'armée*, and that on this occasion General Longstreet's corps was on the left, and General "Stonewall" Jackson's on the right. But as the hottest work of the battle fell upon particular divisions and brigades, it should be further stated (although the position of each brigade cannot, for want of time be given) that the confederate divisions, starting from the left of the line and proceeding toward the right, were posted as follows: On the extreme left, the division of Gen. Anderson; next to it, the division of Gen. Ransom; next to it, that of Gen.

McLaws; next to it, that of Gen. Pickett; and next to it, the division of Gen. Hood. Proceeding now to Gen. Jackson's corps, the ground between Gen. Hood's right and the railroad at Hamilton's crossing was mostly held by the large division commanded by that excellent officer, Gen. A. P. Hill. Behind the line of Gen. A. P. Hill, the division of Gen. D. H. Hill was held in reserve. To the right of Gen. A. P. Hill, the division once commanded by Gen. Ewell, who lost his leg (if I mistake not) at the second battle of Manassas, but now commanded by Gen. Early, held the woods right up to and across the railroad at Hamilton's crossing. In front of Gen. Early the powerful artillery of Col. Walker was thrown forward, to fire, as was expected, into the enemy's flank. Across, or to the east of, the railroad, on the extreme confederate right, General J. E. B. Stuart, with his cavalry and horse-artillery, covered the flank of the confederate line, his rear almost resting upon Massaponax Creek.

As regards the disposition of the Federal troops, nothing more is known than that the three great bodies of troops were commanded, that on the Federal right by Gen. Sumner, that on the Federal centre by Gen. Hooker, and that on the Federal left by Gen. Franklin. It is estimated that not less than forty thousand troops were engaged in the attack directed by Gen. Sumner, and that fifty thousand were employed upon the Federal centre and left.

Friday, the twelfth of December, was employed by the Federal generals in arranging and massing their troops for the next day's attack. Active skirmishing was kept up by the pickets on both sides for several hours; and in the afternoon, with a view to feeling the confederate position, the heavy Federal guns thundered across the river, and were only feebly replied to by the batteries on the confederate left. The solemnity of the immediately approaching battle cast its shadows over the scene, and that earnestness and tranquillity of demeanor which, on the eve of momentous events, overtake even the most garrulous and thoughtless, reigned unmistakably upon every countenance. At night, as the pickets of the two armies were stationed within a hundred yards of each other, the confederates could hear the earnest and impassioned speeches of Federal orators rousing the spirit of their troops, and making vehement appeals to the sanctity of the "old flag." "The old flag is played out!" shouted the confederates in reply. "Somehow," remarked one of the confederates to me, "there must be a want of grit among the Yankees, otherwise they wouldn't want all this talking to." It is impossible not to contrast the spirit of the two armies—the confederates, so calm, so resolute, so satisfied with their generals, so suffering, yet rejoicing to suffer, as long as hardship is the price of liberty; the Federals, lashed into the field by the thong of golden bounties, and in the field lashed against the enemy by the invective and appeals of able spokesmen, so distrustful of their generals and each other, so pampered, and yet so dissatisfied. The aurora borealis, which overspread the hea-

vens, and darted blood-red tongues of flame swiftly from the meridian down to the horizon, was accepted by the confederates as the cross outlined on the sky was accepted by Constantine—an earnest of assured victory.

December 13, 1862.

The morning of the thirteenth of December—a memorable day to the historian of the Decline and Fall of the American Republic—broke still and warm, while, as on the preceding day, a thick haze enveloped the town of Fredericksburgh and the circumjacent valley, and delayed the opening of fire by the antagonistic batteries until the sun had been up some three or four hours. It was strange to contrast Saturday, the thirteenth of September, with Saturday, the sixth, and to compare the intense cold of the earlier Saturday with the spring-like warmth and calmness of the later. The day which I am describing was one of those outbursts of that Indian summer which lingers long and fondly in beautiful Virginia; the morning haze, which shrouded heath and plain and forest, was the ordinary prelude to the warmth and glow of the sun at noonday. As the fog lifted, about ten in the morning, and the sun burst through the clouds, the long lines of the Federal army, which had passed the whole preceding day in deploying and preparing for the attack, were distinctly visible in the plain, and gave awful indications of the amount of the Federal host which had crossed the river. The confederate army, wholly undaunted by the extravagant stories about the strength of their foe, waited calmly, drawn up for the most part within the fringe of the woods, confident in their position and in the valor which has never failed them.

And here it may be as well finally to dispel those illusions under which it is the custom of the Northern press to veil the disgrace of defeat, when the fact itself admits of no denial. The whole number of confederates in the field this day did not exceed from eighty thousand to ninety thousand men. Of these, some twenty-five thousand men, taking the very highest estimate, took part in the fight. By the urgent entreaty of several of the leading confederate generals, it has long been sought rather to keep down than to swell the numbers of the Southern army. It is well known to the sagacious generals of the Confederacy that such an army as obeyed General Lee's command this day, if well handled, and imbued with a fine spirit, is more than a match for any number that can be led against them. The statements of the Federal Secretary of War, to the effect that he has eight hundred thousand men at this moment in his pay, carry comfort rather than dismay to the hearts of the confederates. So cumbrous and unwieldy a machine as the Federal army cannot but break down by its own weight, and by the vast amount of transport which its pampered soldiery requires; and, in addition to many other testimonies to its immobility, the statement of the Prince de Joinville, that one railroad is not sufficient to supply such

an army as General McClellan led against Richmond, will carry conviction to the European public.

It is impossible for me to describe the positions of each of the numerous confederate batteries which stretched along the length of their six-mile line of battle. It will suffice, if I indicate the batteries which were most hotly engaged, and bore the brunt of the action. By far the most important position was occupied by the Washington artillery, commanded by Col. Walton, of New-Orleans, and posted on the heights in the immediate neighborhood of Fredericksburgh, not more than four hundred yards from the town. These heights, which are precisely of that altitude which is most favorable for the play of artillery, are surmounted by a brick house—now riddled by round-shot—belonging to Mr. Marye, and are commonly called Marye's Heights. At their base a road winds, protected on one side by the hills, and on the other by a solid stone wall, about four feet in height, over which a brigade of confederates, themselves perfectly sheltered, poured the deadliest and most effective of fires. A little further back, to the south-east of Marye's Heights, stands another and higher hill, from which the most commanding view of the entire field is obtainable, and which, as it is the usual station of the commander-in-chief, is now known as General Lee's hill. From this hill, during a large portion of Saturday, a thirty-pounder Parrott gun, cast at the Tredegar Works in Richmond, poured a destructive fire into the Federals. Suddenly, about three o'clock in the afternoon, on its thirty-seventh discharge, this gun burst with a dreadful explosion, but happily did no injury to any of the bystanders. At the moment of its explosion, Captain Phillips, of the Grenadier Guard, (favorably remarked this day for his behavior under fire,) Major Venables, of General Lee's staff, and Major Haskell, were conversing within a few feet of the gun. Their escape without injury was little less than miraculous. As the confederate line trends away to the right, the batteries of Gen. Hood's division were actively engaged against the advancing columns of Pennsylvanians; but next to the batteries on Marye's Heights and General Lee's hill, I should say that the artillery commanded by Col. Walker took the most effective part in the action, as it poured a flanking fire into the enemy's left. One other battery deserves favorable mention, which it obtained in the short and modest report of the battle which emanates from the pen of Gen. Lee. On the extreme right of the confederates, in front of the position occupied by Gen. Stuart's cavalry, a few batteries of Stuart's horse-artillery were thrown forward to flank the Federals, between Walker's artillery and the river. General Stuart ordered Major John Pelham, his chief of artillery, to advance one gun considerably toward the enemy, and to open upon him. Major Pelham obeyed, and opened the fire of a twelve-pounder Napoleon gun with great precision and deadly effect into the Federal flank. The galling discharges of this gun quickly drew upon it the fire

of three Federal field-batteries, while from across the river two other heavy batteries joined in the strife, and made Major Pelham and his gun their target. For hours, not less than thirty Federal cannon strove to silence Major Pelham's popgun, and strove in vain. The unyielding and undemonstrative courage of Major Pelham, his composure under the deadliest fire, have long made him conspicuous, but never were his noble qualities the subject of more glowing eulogy than upon this occasion. General Lee exclaimed: "It is inspiring to see such glorious courage in one so young." (Major Pelham is not more than twenty-two.) Gen. Jackson remarked: "With a Pelham upon either flank, I could vanquish the world."

At half-past eight A.M. Gen. Lee, accompanied by his full staff, rode slowly along the front of the confederate lines from left to right, and took up his station for a time beyond Hamilton's crossing, and in rear of the batteries on the extreme confederate right. It would be presumptuous in me to say one word in commendation of the serenity, or, if I may so express it, the unconscious dignity of Gen. Lee's courage, when he is under fire. No one who sees and knows his demeanor in ordinary life would expect any thing else from one so calm, so undemonstrative and unassuming. But the description applied after the battle of Alma to Lord Raglan, by Marshal St. Arnaud, and in which, noticing Lord Raglan's unconsciousness under fire, he speaks of his "antique heroism," seems to me so applicable to Gen. Lee, that I cannot forbear recalling it here. At a subsequent period of the day Gen. Lee assumed his station on the hill which takes its name from him, and thence, in company with Gen. Longstreet, calmly watched the repulse of the repeated Federal efforts against the heights on which he stood. Occasionally Gen. Jackson rode up to the spot and mingled in conversation with the other two leading generals. Once General Longstreet exclaimed to him, "Are you not scared by that file of Yankees you have before you down there?" to which Gen. Jackson replied: "Wait till they come a little nearer, and they shall either scare me or I'll scare them."

The battle opened when the sun had let in enough light through the mist to disclose the near proximity of the Federal lines and field-batteries. The first shot was fired shortly before ten A.M. from the batteries in the Federal centre, and was directed against Gen. Hood's division. The Pennsylvania reserves advanced boldly under a heavy fire against the confederates who occupied one of the copsewood spurs, and were for a time permitted to hold it; but presently the confederate batteries opened on them, and a determined charge of the Texans drove the Yankees out of the wood in a confusion from which nothing could subsequently rally them. Simultaneously a heavy fire issued from the batteries of General A. P. Hill's and General Early's divisions, which was vigorously replied to by the Federal field-batteries. The only advantage momentarily gained by the Federals in this quarter, and which is

noticed in Gen. Lee's report, was on the occasion of the collapse of a regiment of North-Carolina conscripts, who broke and ran, but whose place was rapidly taken by more intrepid successors. The cannonading now became general along the entire line. Such a scene, at once terrific and sublime, mortal eye never rested on before, unless the bombardment of Sebastopol by the combined batteries of France and England revealed a more fearful manifestation of the hate and fury of man. The thundering, bellowing roar of hundreds of pieces of artillery, the bright jets of issuing flame, the screaming, hissing, whistling, shrieking projectiles, the wreaths of smoke as shell after shell burst into the still air, the savage crash of round-shot among the trees of the shattered forest, formed a scene likely to sink forever into the memory of all who witnessed it, but utterly defying verbal delineation. A direct and enfilading fire swept each battery upon either side as it was unmasked; volley replied to volley, crash succeeded crash, until the eye lost all power of distinguishing the lines of combatants, and the plain seemed a lake of fire, a seething lake of molten lava, coursed over by incarnate fiends drunk with fury and revenge.

Twice the Federals, gallantly led and handled by their officers, dashed against the forces of Gen. A. P. Hill and Gen. Early, and twice they recoiled, broken and discomfited, and incapable of being again rallied to the fray. The confederates drove them with horrid carnage across the plain, and only desisted from their work when they came under the fire of the Federal batteries across the river. Upon the extreme confederate right General Stuart's horse-artillery drove hotly upon the fugitives, and kept up the pursuit, subsequently understood to have been effective, until after dark. Upon the confederate right, where the antagonists fought upon more equal terms, the loss sustained by the confederates was greater than on the confederate left; the Federal loss in officers and men far outbalanced that of their opponents. General Bayard, the best cavalry officer in the Federal service, and almost on the eve of the day which would have witnessed his nuptials, was killed, and Gen. Jackson, of Pennsylvania, shared his fate. Many other general officers were carried to the Federal rear, grievously wounded; whereas of the confederates only one officer of rank (General Gregg) fell upon the right, and only one (General Cobb) upon the left.

Meanwhile the battle, which had dashed furiously against the lines of Gens. Hood, A. P. Hill, and Early, was little more than child's play, as compared with the onslaught directed by the Federals in the immediate neighborhood of Fredericksburgh. The impression that the confederate batteries would not fire heavily upon the Federals advancing in this quarter, for fear of injuring the town of Fredericksburgh, is believed to have prevailed among the Northern generals. How bitterly they deceived themselves subsequent events served to show. To the Irish division, commanded by Gen. Meagher, was princi-

pally committed the desperate task of bursting out of the town of Fredericksburgh, and forming, under the withering fire of the confederate batteries, to attack Marye's Heights, towering immediately in their front. Never at Fontenoy, Albuera, or at Waterloo was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. There are stories that General Meagher harangued his troops in impassioned language on the morning of the thirteenth, and plied them extensively with the whisky found in the cellars of Fredericksburgh. After witnessing the gallantry and devotion exhibited by his troops, and viewing the hill-sides for acres strewn with their corpses thick as autumnal leaves, the spectator can remember nothing but their desperate courage, and regret that it was not exhibited in a holier cause. That any mortal men could have carried the position before which they were wantonly sacrificed, defended as it was, it seems to me idle for a moment to believe. But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Col. Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle-fields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Heights on the thirteenth day of December, 1862.

An opportunity of sending this letter, with an encouraging prospect of its reaching England, compels me to defer a further account of the gallant defence on the confederate left of the town of Fredericksburgh and of the battle-field until a subsequent letter. But it is important to add that, even at this early date, there are abundant evidences that the confederates, themselves sustaining a loss of about one thousand eight hundred killed and wounded, have inflicted upon their enemy a defeat from which it will take him months and months to recover. Such was the demoralization this evening of the Federal troops as they ran through the streets and covered in the cellars of Fredericksburgh, that hundreds of soldiers exclaimed, "You may shoot us down, may hang us, or do what you like, but back there," pointing at Marye's Heights, "we will never go again." I forbear to state the estimates of the Federal loss, which place it at an appalling figure, and yet are believed not to be far from the truth. It is not likely that the full details of this battle will be generally known in the North for weeks and weeks; but if, after the failure of this last and feeblest of all the Federal attempts to reach Richmond, with the Northern army unnerved, demoralized, and starting asunder like a broken bow; the Irish and Germans are again tempted to embark in so hopeless a venture, then is the conclusion irresistible that, in addition to all the shackles of despotism which they are alleged to have left behind them in Europe, they have left also that most valuable attribute of humanity, which is called common-sense.

Doc. 26.

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER, TENN.*

REPORT OF GENERAL ROSECRANS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, }
MURFREESBORO, TENN., Feb. 12, 1863. }

GENERAL: As the sub-reports are now nearly all in, I have the honor to submit, for the information of the General-in-Chief, the subjoined report, with accompanying sub-reports, maps and statistical table of the battle of Stone River. To a proper understanding of this battle, it will be necessary to state the preliminary movements and preparations.

Assuming command of the army at Louisville on the twenty-seventh day of October, it was found concentrated at Bowling Green and Glasgow, distant about one hundred and thirteen miles from Louisville, whence, after replenishing with ammunition, supplies and clothing, they moved on to Nashville, the advance corps reaching that place on the morning of the seventh of November, a distance of one hundred and eighty-three miles from Louisville.

At this distance from my base of supplies, the first thing to be done was to provide for the subsistence of the troops, and open the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The cars commenced running through on the twenty-sixth of November, previous to which time our supplies had been brought by rail to Mitchelville, thirty-five miles north of Nashville, and thence, by constant labor, we had been able to haul enough to replenish the exhausted stores for the garrison at Nashville, and subsist the troops of the moving army.

From the twenty-sixth of November to the twenty-sixth of December every effort was bent to complete the clothing of the army, to provide it with ammunition, and replenish the dépôt at Nashville with needful supplies to insure us against want from the largest possible detention likely to occur by the breaking of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad; and to insure this work the road was guarded by a heavy force posted at Gallatin.

The enormous superiority in numbers of the rebel cavalry kept our little cavalry force almost within the infantry lines, and gave the enemy control of the entire country around us. It was obvious from the beginning that we should be confronted by Bragg's army, recruited by an inexorable conscription, and aided by clouds of mounted men, formed into a guerrilla-like cavalry, to avoid the hardships of conscription and infantry service. The evident difficulties and labors of an advance into this country, and against such a force, and at such distance from our base of operations, with which we connected by a single precarious thread, made it manifest that our policy was to induce the enemy to travel over as much as possible of the space that separated us — thus avoiding for us the wear and tear and diminution of our forces, and subjecting the ene-

my to all these inconveniences, beside increasing for him, and diminishing for us, the dangerous consequences of a defeat.

The means taken to obtain this end were eminently successful; the enemy, expecting us to go into winter quarters at Nashville, had prepared his own winter quarters at Murfreesboro, with the hope of possibly making them at Nashville; and had sent a large cavalry force into West-Tennessee to annoy Grant, and another large force into Kentucky to break up the railroad. In the absence of these forces, and with adequate supplies in Nashville, the moment was judged opportune for an advance on the rebels. Polk's and Kirby Smith's forces were at Murfreesboro, and Hardee's corps on the Shelbyville and Nolinsville pike, between Triune and Eaglesville, with an advance-guard at Nolinsville, while no troops lay in front at Nashville, on the Franklin, Nolinsville and Murfreesboro turnpike. The plan of the movements was as follows:

McCook, with three divisions, to advance by Nolinsville pike to Triune. Thomas, with two divisions, (Negley's and Rousseau's,) to advance on his right by the Franklin and Wilson pikes, threatening Hardee's right, and then to fall in by the cross-roads to Nolinsville.

Crittenden, with Wood's, Palmer's, and Van Cleve's divisions, to advance by the Murfreesboro pike to La Vergne.

With Thomas's two divisions at Nolinsville, McCook was to attack Hardee at Triune, and if the enemy reinforced Hardee, Thomas was to support McCook.

If McCook beat Hardee, or Hardee retreated, and the enemy met us at Stewart's Creek, five miles south of La Vergne, Crittenden was to attack him. Thomas was to come in on his left flank, and McCook, after detaching a division to pursue or observe Hardee, if retreating south, was to move with the remainder of his force on their rear.

The movement began on the morning of December twenty-sixth.

McCook advanced on Nolinsville pike, skirmishing his way all day, meeting with stiff resistance from cavalry and artillery, and closing the day by a brisk fight, which gave him possession of Nolinsville and the hills one and a half miles in front, capturing one gun by the One Hundred and First Ohio and Fifteenth Wisconsin regiments, his loss this day being about seventy-five killed and wounded.

Thomas followed, on the right, and closed Negley's division on Nolinsville, leaving the other (Rousseau's) division on the right flank.

Crittenden advanced to La Vergne, skirmishing heavily on his front over a rough country, intersected by forests and cedar-brakes, with but slight loss.

On the twenty-sixth, Gen. McCook advanced on Triune, but his movement was retarded by a dense fog.

Crittenden had orders to delay his movement until McCook had reached Triune and developed the intentions of the enemy at that point, so that

* This battle is also known as the battle of Murfreesboro.

it could be determined which Thomas was to support.

McCook arrived at Triune, and reported that Hardee had retreated, and that he had sent a division in pursuit.

Crittenden began his advance about eleven o'clock A.M., driving before him a brigade of cavalry, supported by Maury's brigade of rebel infantry, and reached Stewart's Creek, the Third Kentucky gallantly charging the rear-guard of the enemy and saving the bridge, on which had been placed a pile of rails that had been set on fire. This was Saturday night.

McCook having settled the fact of Hardee's retreat, Thomas moved Negley's division on to join Crittenden at Stewart's Creek, and moved Rousseau's to Nolinsville.

On Sunday the troops rested, except Rousseau's division, which was ordered to move on to Stewardston, and Willie's brigade, which had pursued Hardee as far as Riggs's Cross-Roads, and had determined the fact that Hardee had gone to Murfreesboro, when they returned to Triune.

On Monday morning McCook was ordered to move from Triune to Wilkinson's Cross-Roads, six miles from Murfreesboro, leaving a brigade at Triune.

Crittenden crossed Stewart's Creek by the Smyrna bridge, on the main Murfreesboro pike, and Negley by the ford two miles above, their whole force to advance on Murfreesboro, distant about eleven miles.

Rousseau was to remain at Stewart's Creek until his train came up, and prepare himself to follow.

McCook reached Wilkinson's Cross-Roads by evening, with an advance brigade at Overall's Creek, saving and holding the bridge, meeting with but little resistance.

Crittenden's corps advanced, Palmer leading, on the Murfreesboro pike, followed by Negley, of Thomas's corps, to within three miles of Murfreesboro, having had several brisk skirmishes, driving the enemy rapidly, saving two bridges on the route, and forcing the enemy back to his intrenchments.

About three P.M., a signal message coming from the front, from Gen. Palmer, that he was in sight of Murfreesboro, and the enemy were running, an order was sent to Gen. Crittenden to send a division to occupy Murfreesboro.

This led Gen. Crittenden, on reaching the enemy's front, to order Harker's brigade to cross the river at a ford on his left, where he surprised a regiment of Breekinridge's division, and drove it back on its main lines, not more than five hundred yards distant, in considerable confusion; and he held this position until Gen. Crittenden was advised, by prisoners captured by Harker's brigade, that Breekinridge was in force on his front, when, it being dark, he ordered the brigade back across the river, and reported the circumstances to the Commanding General on his arrival, to whom he apologized for not having carried out the order to occupy Murfreesboro. The General

approved of his action, of course, the order to occupy Murfreesboro having been based on the information received from Gen. Crittenden's advance division, that the enemy were retreating from Murfreesboro.

Crittenden's corps, with Negley's division, bivouacked in order of battle, distant seven hundred yards from the enemy's intrenchments, our left extending down the river some five hundred yards.

The pioneer brigade bivouacking still lower down, prepared three fords, and covered one of them, while Wood's division covered the other two, Van Cleve's division being in reserve. On the morning of the thirtieth, Rousseau, with two brigades, was ordered down early from Stewart's Creek, leaving one brigade there, and sending another to Smyrna to cover our left and rear, and took his place in reserve, in rear of Palmer's right, while Gen. Negley moved on through the cedar brakes, until his right rested on the Wilkinson pike, as shown by the accompanying plan. The pioneer corps cut roads through the cedars for his ambulances and ammunition wagons.

The Commanding General remained with the left and centre, examining the ground, while Gen. McCook moved forward from Wilkinson's Cross-Roads slowly and steadily, meeting with heavy resistance, fighting his way from Overall's Creek until he got into position, with a loss of some one hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded.

Our small division of cavalry—say three thousand men—had been divided into three parts, of which Gen. Stanley took two, and accompanied Gen. McCook, fighting his way across from the Wilkinson to the Franklin pike and below it, Col. Zahn's brigade leading gallantly, and meeting with such heavy resistance that McCook sent two brigades from Johnson's division, which succeeded in fighting their way into the position shown on the accompanying plan, marked A, while the third brigade which had been left at Triune, moved forward from that place, and arrived at nightfall near Gen. McCook's headquarters. Thus, on the close of the thirtieth, the troops had all got into the position substantially as shown in the accompanying drawing, the rebels occupying the position marked A.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Gen. McCook had reported his arrival on the Wilkinson pike, joining Thomas; the result of the combat in the afternoon near Greison's home, and the fact that Sheridan was in position there, that his right was advancing to support the cavalry; also that Hardee's corps, with two divisions of Polk's, was on his front, extending down toward the Salem pike.

Without any map of the ground, which was to us *terra incognita*, when Gen. McCook informed the General Commanding that his corps was facing strongly toward the east, the General Commanding told him that such a direction to his line did not appear to him a proper one, but that it ought, with the exception of his left, to face

much more nearly south, with Johnson's division in reserve; but that this matter must be confided to him, who knew the ground over which he had fought.

At nine P.M. the corps commanders met at the headquarters of the General Commanding, who explained to them the following plan of the battle:

McCook was to occupy the most advantageous position, refusing his right as much as practicable and necessary to secure it, to receive the attack of the enemy; or if that did not come, to attack himself sufficient to hold all the force on his front.

Thomas and Palmer to open with skirmishing, and gain the enemy's centre and left, as far as the river.

Crittenden to cross Van Cleve's division at the lower ford, covered and supported by the sappers and miners, and to advance on Breckinridge.

Wood's division to follow by brigades, crossing at the upper ford and moving on Van Cleve's right, to carry every thing before them into Murfreesboro. This would have given us two divisions against one; and as soon as Breckinridge had been dislodged from his position, the batteries of Wood's division, taking position on the heights east of Stone River, in advance, would see the enemy's work in reverse, would dislodge them, and enable Palmer's division to press them back, and drive them westward across the river or through the woods; while Thomas, sustaining the movement on the centre, would advance on the right of Palmer, crushing their right; and Crittenden's corps advancing, would take Murfreesboro; and then moving westward on the Franklin road, get in their flank and rear, and drive them into the country toward Salem, with the prospect of cutting off their retreat, and probably destroying their army.

It was explained to them that this combination, insuring us a vast superiority on our left, required for its success that General McCook should be able to hold his position for three hours; that if necessary to recede at all, he should recede as he had advanced on the preceding day, slowly and steadily, refusing his right, thereby rendering our success certain.

Having thus explained the plan, the General Commanding addressed General McCook as follows: "You know the ground; you have fought over its difficulties. Can you hold your present position for three hours?" To which General McCook replied: "Yes, I think I can." The General Commanding then said, "I don't like the facing so much to the east, but must confide that to you, who know the ground. If you don't think your present the best position, change it;" and the officers then retired to their commands.

At daylight on the morning of the thirty-first, the troops breakfasted and stood to their arms, and by seven o'clock were preparing for the battle.

The movement began on the left by Gen. Van Cleve, who crossed at the lower fords; Wood prepared to sustain and follow him. The enemy meanwhile had prepared to attack Gen. McCook,

and by half-past six o'clock advanced in heavy columns — regimental front — his left attacking Willich's and Kirk's brigades of Johnson's division, which, being disposed as shown in the map, thin and light, without support, were, after a sharp but fruitless contest, crumbled to pieces, and driven back, leaving Edgerton and part of Goodspeed's battery in the hands of the enemy.

The enemy following up, attacked Davis's division, and speedily dislodged Post's brigade; Carlin's brigade was compelled to follow, as Woodruff's brigade, from the weight of testimony, had previously left its position on his left. Johnson's brigade, on retiring, inclined too far to the west, and were too much scattered to make a combined resistance, though they fought bravely at one or two points before reaching Wilkinson's pike. The reserve brigade of Johnson's division, advancing from its bivouac near Wilkinson's pike, toward the right, took a good position, and made a gallant but ineffectual stand, as the whole rebel left was moving up on the ground abandoned by our troops.

Within an hour from the time of the opening of the battle, a staff-officer from General McCook arrived, announcing to me that the right wing was heavily pressed, and needed assistance; but I was not advised of the rout of Willich's and Kirby's brigades, nor of the rapid withdrawal of Davis's division, necessitated thereby—moreover having supposed his wing posted more compactly and his right more refused than it really was, the direction of the noise of battle did not indicate to me the true state of affairs. I consequently directed him to return, and direct General McCook to dispose his troops to the best advantage, and to hold his ground obstinately. Soon after a second officer from General McCook arrived, and stated that the right wing was being driven — a fact that was but too manifest, by the rapid movement of the noise of battle toward the north.

General Thomas was immediately despatched to order Rousseau — there in reserve — into the cedar brakes to the right and rear of Sheridan. General Crittenden was ordered to suspend Van Cleve's movement across the river, on the left, and to cover the crossing with one brigade, and move the other two brigades westward across the fields toward the railroad, for a reserve. Wood was also directed to suspend his preparations for crossing, and to hold Hascall in reserve.

At this moment fugitives and stragglers from McCook's corps began to make their appearance through the cedar brakes, in such numbers that I became satisfied that McCook's corps was routed. I therefore directed General Crittenden to send Van Cleve into the right of Rousseau. Wood to send Colonel Harker's brigade further down the Murfreesboro pike, to go in and attack the enemy on the right of Van Cleve, the Pioneer brigade meanwhile occupying the knoll of ground west of Murfreesboro pike, and about four or five hundred yards in rear of Palmer's centre, supporting Stokes's battery. (See accompanying drawing.) Sheridan, after sustaining four successive attacks, gradually swung his right from a south-easterly

to north-westerly direction, repulsing the enemy four times, losing the gallant General Sill of his right, and Colonel Roberts of his left brigade, when having exhausted his ammunition—Negley's division being in the same predicament, and heavily pressed—after desperate fighting, they fell back from the position held at the commencement, through the cedar woods, in which Rousseau's division, with a portion of Negley's and Sheridan's, met the advancing enemy and checked his movements.

The ammunition-train of the right wing, endangered by its sudden discomfiture, was taken charge of by Captain Thurston of the First Ohio, regular ordnance officer, who by his energy and gallantry, aided by a charge of cavalry and such troops as he could pick up, carried it through the woods to the Murfreesboro pike, around to the rear of the left wing, thus enabling the troops of Sheridan's division to replenish their empty cartridge-boxes. During all this time Palmer's front had likewise been in action, the enemy having made several attempts to advance upon it. At this stage it became necessary to readjust the line of battle to the new state of affairs. Rousseau and Van Cleve's advance having relieved Sheridan's division from the pressure, Negley's division and Cruft's brigade from Palmer's division withdrew from their original position in front of the cedars, and crossed the open field to the east of the Murfreesboro pike, about four hundred yards in rear of our front line, where Negley was ordered to replenish his ammunition, and form in close column in reserve.

The right and centre of our line now extended from Hazen to the Murfreesboro pike in a north-westerly direction. Hascall supporting Hazen, Rousseau filling the interval to the Pioneer brigade.

Negley in reserve, Van Cleve west of the Pioneer brigade, McCook's corps refused on his right and slightly to the rear on Murfreesboro pike, the cavalry being still further to the rear on Murfreesboro pike and beyond Overall's Creek.

The enemy's infantry and cavalry attack on our extreme right was repulsed by Van Cleve's division, with Harker's brigade and the cavalry. After several attempts of the enemy to advance on this new line, which were thoroughly repulsed, as also their attempts on the left, the day closed leaving us masters of the original ground on our left, and our new line advantageously posted, with open ground in front swept at all points by our artillery.

We had lost heavily in killed and wounded, and a considerable number in stragglers and prisoners; also twenty-eight pieces of artillery, the horses having been slain, and our troops being unable to withdraw them by hand over the rough ground, but the enemy had been thoroughly handled, and badly damaged at all points, having had no success where we had open ground and our troops were properly posted; none, which did not depend on the original crushing of our right, and the superior masses which were, in consequence, brought to bear upon the narrow front of

Sheridan's and Negley's divisions, and a part of Palmer's, coupled with the scarcity of ammunition, caused by the circuitous road which the train had taken, and the inconvenience of getting it from a remote distance through the cedars. Orders were given for the issue of all the spare ammunition, and we found that we had enough for another battle, the only question being where that battle was to be fought.

It was decided in order to complete our present lines, that the left should be retired some two hundred and fifty yards to a more advantageous ground, the extreme left resting on Stone River, above the lower ford, and extended to Stokes's battery. Starkweather's and Walker's brigades arriving near the close of the evening, the former bivouacked in close column in reserve in rear of McCook's left, and the latter was posted on the left of Sherman near the Murfreesboro pike, and next morning relieved Van Cleve, who returned to his position in the left wing.

DISPOSITION FOR JANUARY 1, 1863.

After careful examination, and free consultation with corps commanders, followed by a personal examination of the ground in rear as far as Overall's Creek, it was determined to await the enemy's attack in that position, to send for the provision train, and order up fresh supplies of ammunition, on the arrival of which, should the enemy not attack, offensive operations should be resumed.

No demonstration on the morning of the first of January. Crittenden was ordered to occupy the points opposite the ford on his left with a brigade.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, who had shown signs of movement and massing on our right, appeared at the extremity of a field a mile and a half from the Murfreesboro pike, but the presence of Gibson's brigade with a battery occupying the woods near Overall's Creek, and Negley's division and a portion of Rousseau's on the Murfreesboro pike opposite the field, put an end to this demonstration, and the day closed with another demonstration by the enemy on Walker's brigade, which ended in the same manner.

On Friday morning the enemy opened four heavy batteries on our centre, and a strong demonstration of attack a little further to the right, but a well-directed fire of artillery soon silenced his batteries, while the guns of Walker and Sheridan put an end to his effort there.

About three o'clock P.M., while the Commanding General was examining the position of Crittenden's left across the river, which was now held by Van Cleve's division, supported by a brigade from Palmer's, a double line of skirmishers was seen to emerge from the woods in a south-easterly direction, advancing across the fields, and they were soon followed by heavy columns of infantry—battalion front, with three batteries of artillery.

Our only battery on that side of the river had been withdrawn from an eligible point; but the

most available spot was pointed out, and it soon opened fire upon the enemy. The line, however, advanced steadily to within one hundred yards of the front of Van Cleve's division, when a short and fierce contest ensued. Van Cleve's division, giving way, retired in considerable confusion across the river, followed closely by the enemy.

Gen. Crittenden immediately directed his chief of artillery to dispose the batteries on the hill on the west side of the river, so as to open on them, while two brigades of Negley's division, from the reserve, and the pioneer brigade, were ordered up to meet the onset.

The firing was terrific, and the havoc terrible. The enemy retreated more rapidly than they had advanced. In forty minutes they lost two thousand men.

Gen. Davis, seeing some stragglers from Van Cleve's division, took one of his brigades and crossed at a ford below, to attack the enemy on his left flank, and by Gen. McCook's order the rest of his division was permitted to follow; but when he arrived, two brigades of Negley's division and Hazen's brigade, of Palmer's division, had pursued the flying enemy well across the field, capturing four pieces of artillery and a stand of colors.

It was now after dark and raining, or we should have pursued the enemy into Murfreesboro. As it was, Crittenden's corps passed over, and, with Davis, occupied the crests, which were intrenched in a few hours.

Deeming it possible that the enemy might again attack our right and centre thus weakened, I thought it advisable to make a demonstration on our right, by a heavy division of camp-fires, and by laying out a line of battle with torches, which answered the purpose.

On Saturday, January third, it rained heavily from three o'clock in the morning; the ploughed ground over which our left would be obliged to advance was impassable for artillery; the ammunition train did not arrive until ten o'clock; it was therefore deemed inadvisable to advance, but batteries were put in position on the left, by which the ground could be swept, and even Murfreesboro reached by the Parrott guns.

A heavy and constant picket-firing had been kept up on our right and centre, and extending to our left, which, at last became so annoying, that in the afternoon I directed the corps commanders to clear their fronts.

Ocupying the woods to the left of Murfreesboro pike with sharp-shooters, the enemy had annoyed Rousseau all day, and Gen. Thomas and himself requested permission to dislodge them and their supports which covered a ford. This was granted, and a sharp fire from four batteries was opened for ten or fifteen minutes, when Rousseau sent two of his regiments, which, with Speer's Tennesseans and the Eighty-fifth Illinois volunteers, that had come out with the wagon-train, charged upon the enemy, and, after a sharp contest, cleared the woods and drove the enemy from his trenches, capturing from seventy to eighty prisoners.

Sunday morning, the fourth of January, it was not deemed advisable to commence offensive movements, and news soon reached us that the enemy had fled from Murfreesboro. Burial-parties were sent out to bury the dead, and the cavalry was sent to reconnoitre

Early on Monday morning General Thomas advanced, driving the rear-guard of rebel cavalry before him six or seven miles toward Manchester

McCook and Crittenden's corps following, took position in front of the town, occupying Murfreesboro.

We learned that the enemy's infantry had reached Shelbyville by twelve m. on Sunday, but owing to the impracticability of bringing up supplies and the loss of five hundred and fifty-seven artillery-horses, further pursuit was deemed unadvisable.

It may be of use to give the following general summary of the operations and results of the series of skirmishes, closing with the battle of Stone River and occupation of Murfreesboro.

We moved on the enemy with the following forces :

Infantry,.....	41,421	Cavalry,.....	3,296
Artillery,.....	2,223		
Total,.....			46,940

We fought the battle with the following forces :

Infantry,.....	37,977	Cavalry,.....	3,200
Artillery,.....	2,223		
Total,.....			43,400

We lost in killed :

Officers,.....	92	Enlisted men,.....	1,441
Total,.....			1,533

We lost in wounded :

Officers,.....	384	Enlisted men,.....	6,861
Total,.....			7,245
Total killed and wounded,.....			8,778

Being 20.03 per cent of the entire force in action.

Our loss in prisoners is not fully made out, but the Provost-Marshal General says, from present information, they will fall short of two thousand eight hundred.

If there are many more bloody battles on record, considering the newness and inexperience of the troops, both officers and men, or if there has been more true fighting qualities displayed by any people, I should be pleased to know it.

As to the condition of the fight we may say that we operated over an unknown country against a position which was fifteen per cent better than our own, every foot of ground and approaches being well known to the enemy, and that these disadvantages were fatally exhumed by the faulty position of our right wing.

The force we fought is estimated as follows. We have prisoners from one hundred and thirty-two regiments of infantry, (consolidations counted as one,) averaging from those in General Bushrod Johnson's division four hundred and eleven each, say, for certain, three hundred and fifty men each, will give:

132 Regiments infantry, say 350 men each,	46,000
12 Battalions sharp-shooters, say 100 men each, ...	1,200
23 Batteries of artillery, say 80 men each,	1,840
29 Regiments of cavalry, and 1 400,	13,250
24 Organizations of cavalry, } 70,	
220	62,490

Their average loss, taken from the statistics of Clayburn, Breckinridge, and Withers's divisions, was about two thousand and eighty each; this, for six divisions of infantry, and one of cavalry, will amount to fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty men, or to ours nearly as one hundred and sixty-five to one hundred.

Of fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty rebels struck by our missiles, it is estimated that

20,000 rounds of artillery hit 728 men.
2,000,000 rounds of musketry hit 13,832 men.

Averaging twenty-seven cannon-shots to hit one man, one hundred and forty-five musket-shots to hit one man, our relative loss was as follows :

	<i>Per cent.</i>
Right wing, 15,983, musketry and artillery, loss,	20.72
Centre, 10,866, musketry and artillery, loss,	18.4
Left wing, 13,253, musketry and artillery, loss,	24.6

On the whole, it is evident that we fought superior numbers on unknown ground, inflicting much more injury than we suffered, were always superior on equal ground with equal numbers, and failed of a most crushing victory on Wednesday by the extension and direction of our right wing.

This closes the narrative of the movements and seven days' fighting which terminated with the occupation of Murfreesboro. For a detailed history of the parts taken in the battles of the different commands, their obstinate bravery and patient endurance, in which the new regiments vied with those of more experience, I must refer to the accompanying sub-reports of the corps, division, brigade, regimental, and artillery commanders.

Beside the mention which has been already made of the service of our artillery by the brigade, division, and corps commanders, I deem it a duty to say that such a marked evidence of skill in handling the batteries, and in firing with effect, appears in this battle to deserve special commendation.

Among the lesser commands which deserve special mention for distinguished service in the battle is the pioneer corps, a body of one thousand seven hundred men, composed of details from the companies of each infantry regiment, organized and instructed by Captain James St. Clair Morton, Corps of Engineers, Chief-Engineer of this army; which marched as an infantry brigade to the left wing, making bridges at Stuart's Creek; prepared and guarded the ford at Stone River on the night of the twenty-ninth and thirtieth; supported Stokes's battery, and fought with valor and determination on the thirty-first, holding its position until relieved on the morning of the second; advancing with the greatest promptitude and gallantry to support Van Cleve's division against the attack on our left, on the evening of the same day; constructing a bridge and batteries

between that time and Saturday evening; and the efficiency and *esprit du corps* suddenly developed in this command, its gallant behavior in action, the eminent service it is continually rendering the army, entitle both officers and men to special public notice and thanks, while they reflect the highest credit on the distinguished ability and capacity of Captain Morton, who will do honor to his promotion to a Brigadier-General, which the President has promised him.

The ability, order and method exhibited in the management of the wounded elicited the warmest commendation from all our general officers, in which I most cordially join.

Notwithstanding the numbers to be cared for, through the energy of Dr. Swift, Medical Director, ably assisted by Dr. Weeds and the senior surgeons of the various commands, there was less suffering from delay than I ever before witnessed. The Eighteenth regiment of Ohio volunteers, at Stuart's Creek, Lieut.-Colonel Burk, commanding, deserves especial praise for the ability and spirit with which they held their post, defended our trains, succeeded their ears, chased away Wheeler's rebel cavalry, saving a large wagon-train, and arrested and returned in service some two thousand stragglers from the battle-field.

The First regiment of Michigan engineers and mechanics, at La Vergne, under the command of Col. Innes, fighting behind a slight protection of wagons and brush, gallantly repulsed a charge from more than ten times their numbers of Wheeler's cavalry.

For distinguished acts of individual zeal, heroism, gallantry and good conduct, I refer to the accompanying list of special mentions and recommendations for promotion, wherein are named some of the many noble men who have distinguished themselves and done honor to their country and the starry symbol of its unity. But those named there are by no means all whose names will be inscribed on the rolls of honor we are preparing, and hope to have held in grateful remembrance by our countrymen. To say that such men as Major-Gen. G. H. Thomas, true and prudent, distinguished in counsel and on many battle-fields for his courage; or Major-Gen. McCook, a tried, faithful, and loyal soldier, who bravely breasted battle at Shiloh and at Perryville, and as bravely on the bloody field of Stone River; and Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden, whose heart is that of a true soldier and patriot, and whose gallantry, often attested by his companions in arms in other fields, witnessed many times in this army, long before I had the honor to command it, never more conspicuously than in this combat maintained their high character throughout this action, but feebly expresses my feeling of obligation to them for counsel and support from the time of my arrival to the present hour. I doubly thank them, as well as the gallant, ever-ready Major-Gen. Rousseau, for their support in this battle.

Brig.-Gen. D. S. Stanley, already distinguished for four successful battles—Island No. Ten, May twenty-seventh, before Corinth, Iuka, and the bat-

tle of Corinth—at this time in command of our ten regiments of cavalry, fought the enemy's forty regiments of cavalry, and held them at bay, and beat them wherever he could meet them. He ought to be made a Major-General for his services, and also for the good of the service.

As for such brigadiers as Negley, Jefferson C. Davis, Johnson, Palmer, Hascal, Van Cleve, Wood, Mitchell, Cruft, and Sheridan, they ought to be made Major-Generals in our service. In such brigade commanders as Colonels Carlin, Miller, Hazen, Samuel Beatty of the Nineteenth Ohio, Gibson, Gross, Wagner, John Beatty of the Third Ohio, Hearken, Starkweather, Stanley, and others, whose names are mentioned in the accompanying report, the Government may well confide. They are the men from whom our troops should be at once supplied with brigadier-generals, and justice to the brave men and officers of the regiments equally demand their promotion, to give them and their regiments their proper leaders. Many captains and subalterns also showed great gallantry and capacity for superior commands. But, above all, the steady rank and file showed invincible fighting courage and stamina worthy of a great and free nation, requiring only good officers, discipline and instruction, to make them equal, if not superior, to any troops in ancient and modern times. To these I offer my most heartfelt thanks and good wishes.

Words of my own cannot add to the renown of our brave and patriotic officers and soldiers who fell on the field of honor, nor increase respect for their memory in the hearts of our countrymen. The names of such men as Lieut.-Col. J. P. Garesche, the pure and noble Christian gentleman and chivalric officer, who gave his life an early offering on the altar of his country's freedom; the gentle, true, and accomplished General Sill; the heroic, ingenious, and able Colonels Roberts, Millikin, Shaffer, McKee, Reed, Foreman, Fred. Jones, Hawkins, Knell, and the gallant and faithful Major Carpenter of the Nineteenth regulars, and many other field-officers, will live in our country's history, as will those of many others of inferior rank, whose soldierly deeds on this memorable battle-field won for them the admiration of their companions, and will dwell in our memories in long future years after God in his mercy shall have given us peace and restored us to the bosom of our homes and families.

Simple justice to the gallant officers of my staff—the noble and lamented Lieut.-Colonel Garesche, Chief of Staff; Lieut.-Col. Taylor, Chief Quartermaster; Lieut.-Col. Simmons, Chief Commissary; Major C. Goddard, Senior Aid-de-Camp; Major Raiston Skinner, Judge Advocate-General; Lieut. Frank S. Bomb, A.D.C. of Gen. Tyler; Captain Charles R. Thompson, my Aid-de-Camp; Lieut. Byron Kirby, Sixth United States infantry, A.D.C., who was wounded on the thirty-first; R. S. Thorn, Esq., a member of the Cincinnati cavalry, who acted as volunteer Aid-de-Camp, behaved with distinguished gallantry; Colonel Barnett, Chief of Artillery and Ordnance; Capt. G. H. Gilman, Nineteenth United States infantry,

and Inspector of Artillery; Capt. James Curtis, Fifteenth United States infantry, Assistant Inspector-General; Captain Wiles, Twenty-second Indiana, Provost-Marshal General; Capt. Michler, Topographical Engineers; Captain Jesse Merrill, of the signal corps, whose corps behaved well; Captain Elmer Otis, Fourth regular cavalry, who commanded the second courier line, connected the various headquarters most successfully, and who made a most opportune and brilliant charge on Wheeler's cavalry, routing the brigade and recapturing three hundred of our prisoners.

Lieut. Edson, United States ordnance officer, who, during the battle of Wednesday, distributed ammunition under fire of the enemy's batteries, and behaved bravely. Capt. Hubbard, and Lieut. Newberry, who joined my staff on the field, acting as aids, rendered valuable services in carrying orders on the field. Lieut. Byse, Fourth United States cavalry, commanded the escort of the headquarters' train, and distinguished himself with gallantry and efficiency, who not only performed these appropriate duties to my entire satisfaction, and accompanying me everywhere carrying orders through the thickest of the fight, watched while others slept, never weary when duty called, deserves my public thanks and the respect and gratitude of the army.

With all the facts of the battle fully before me, the relative numbers and positions of our troops and those of the rebels, the gallantry and obstinacy of the contest, and the final result, I say from conviction, and as public acknowledgment due to Almighty God in closing this report: "Non nobis! Domine, non nobis. Sed nomine tuo da Gloriam!"

WM. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General Commanding.

Brig.-Gen. L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General U.S.A.

GENERALS AND COLONELS RECOMMENDED BY GENERAL ROSECRANS FOR PROMOTION.

Gen. Rosecrans recommends for promotion to the rank of Major-General: Brig.-Gen. D. S. Stanley, Brig.-Gen. J. S. Negley, Brig.-Gen. T. J. Wood, Brig.-Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, Brig.-Gen. John M. Palmer, Brig.-Gen. H. P. Van Cleve, Brig.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan, Brig.-Gen. R. B. Mitchell.

And the following to the rank of Brigadier-General: Col. John Beatty, Third Ohio; Col. W. H. Gibson, Forty-ninth Ohio; Colonel W. B. Hazen, Forty-first Ohio; Col. W. P. Carlin, Thirty-eighth Illinois; Col. Samuel Beatty, Nineteenth Ohio; Col. Stanley Matthews, Fifty-first Ohio; Col. Chas. G. Harker, Sixty-fifth Ohio; Col. Geo. D. Wagner, Fifteenth Indiana; Col. Wm. Grose, Thirty-sixth Indiana.

GENERAL ROSECRANS'S BATTLE ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
IN FRONT OF MURFREESBORO, Tenn.,
December 31, 1862.

ORDERS: The General Commanding desires to say to the soldiers of the army of the Cumberland that he was well pleased with their conduct yesterday. It was all that he could have wished for. He neither saw nor heard of any skulking. They behaved with the coolness and gallantry of vete-

rans. He now feels perfectly confident, with God's grace and their help, of striking this day a blow for the country, the most crushing perhaps which the rebellion has yet sustained. Soldiers! the eyes of the whole nation are upon you; the very fate of the nation may be said to hang on the issues of this day's battle. Be true, then, to yourselves, true to your own manly character and soldierly reputation, true to the love of your own dear ones at home, whose prayers ascend this day to God for your success. Be cool—I need not ask you to be brave. Keep ranks, do not throw away your fire; fire slowly, deliberately—above all, fire low, and be always sure of your aim. Close readily in upon the enemy, and when you get within charging distance, rush upon him with the bayonet. Do this and victory will certainly be yours. Recollect that there are hardly any troops in the world that will stand a bayonet charge, and that those who make it are sure to win.

By command of Major-General ROSECRANS.

JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ,

Assistant Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff.

REPORT OF GENERAL HASCALL.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, LEFT WING, }
NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN., January 6, 1862. }

Captain M. P. Bestow, A. A. G. :

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my brigade, (formerly the Fifteenth brigade, Sixth division, but under the new nomenclature, the First brigade, First division, left wing,) on the eventful thirty-first of December, 1862. During the night of the thirtieth, I had received notice through Gen. Wood, our division commander, that the left wing, Crittenden's corps, would cross Stone River and attack the enemy on their right. My brigade was posted on the extreme left of our entire line of battle, and was guarding and overlooking the ford over which we were to cross. On the morning of the thirty-first, heavy firing was heard on the extreme right of our line, (McCook's corps,) but as they had been fighting their way all the distance from Nolinsville, as we had from La Vergne, no particular importance was attached to this, and I was getting my brigade into position ready to cross as soon as Gen. Van Cleve's division, which was then crossing, was over. All this time the firing on the right became heavier and apparently near to us, and our fears began to be aroused that the right wing was being driven rapidly back upon us. At this juncture, Van Cleve halted his division, and the most terrible state of suspense pervaded the entire left, as it became more and more evident that the right was being driven rapidly back upon us. On and on they came, till the heaviest fire was getting nearly around to the pike leading to Nashville, when Gen. Rosecrans appeared in person, and ordered me to go with my brigade at once to the support of the right, pointing toward our rear, where the heaviest fire was raging. Gen. Van Cleve's division and Col. Harker's brigade of our division received the same order. I at once changed the front of my brigade to the rear, preparatory to

starting in the same direction, but had not proceeded more than two hundred yards in the new direction before the crowd of fugitives from the right wing became so numerous, and the fleeing mule teams and horsemen so thick, that it was impossible for me to go forward with my command without it becoming a confused mass. I therefore halted and awaited developments. Gen. Van Cleve and Colonel Harker not meeting with much opposition, pressed forward and got into position beyond the railroad, ready to open on the enemy as soon as our fugitives were out of the way. They soon opened fire, joined by some batteries and troops belonging to the centre, (Gen. Thomas's corps,) and Estep's battery of my brigade, and after about an hour's firing along this new line, during which time I was moving my command from point to point, ready to support any troops that most needed it. The onslaught of the enemy seemed to be in a great measure checked, and we had reasonable probability of maintaining this line. During all this time my men were exposed to a severe fire of shot and shell from a battery on the other side of the river, and several men killed. About this time an aid of General Palmer's came galloping up to me and said that unless he could be supported his division would have to give way. Palmer's division formed the right of General Crittenden's line of battle on the morning of the thirty-first. After consulting with Gen. Wood, he ordered me to send a regiment to support Gen. Palmer. Accordingly, I sent the Third Kentucky regiment, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Samuel McKee. Before the regiment had been ten minutes in its new position, Capt. Kerstetter, my Adjutant-General, reported to me that Colonel McKee had been killed, and the regiment badly cut up. I therefore moved at once with the other three regiments of my command to their relief. The line they were trying to hold was that part of an original line of battle lying immediately to the right of the railroad, and forming an acute angle with the same. This portion of our original line, about two regimental fronts, together with two fronts to the left held by Colonel Wagner's brigade, was all of our original line of battle, but what our troops had been driven from; and if they succeeded in carrying this they would have turned our left, and a total rout of our forces could not then have been avoided. Seeing the importance of the position, I told my men that it must be held even if it cost the last man we had. I immediately sent in the Twenty-sixth Ohio, commanded by the gallant Major Wm. H. Squires, to take position on the right of the Third Kentucky and support it, and despatched an aid for the Eighteenth Indiana battery to come to this point and open on the enemy. No sooner had the Twenty-sixth Ohio got into position than they became hotly engaged, and the numerous dead and wounded that were immediately brought to the rear, told how desperate was the contest. The gallant Lieut. McClellan, of that regiment, was brought to the rear mortally wounded, and expired by my side in less than five minutes from the time the regiment took position. Still the

fight went on, and still brave men went down. The Third Kentucky, now reduced to less than one half its original numbers, with ten out of its fourteen remaining officers badly wounded, were still bravely at work. In less than ten minutes after the fall of Lieut.-Colonel McKee, the gallant Major Daniel R. Collier, of that regiment, received two severe wounds, one in the leg, and the other in the breast. Adjutant Bullitt had his horse shot from under him, but nothing could induce either of them to leave the field. Equally conspicuous and meritorious was the conduct of Major Squires and Adj. Franklin of the Twenty-sixth Ohio. Major Squires's horse was three times shot through the neck; nevertheless, he and all his officers stood by throughout, and most gallantly sustained and encouraged their men. Estep's battery came up in due time, and taking position on a little rise of ground in the rear of the Twenty-sixth Ohio and Third Kentucky, opened a terrible fire of shot and shell over the heads of our infantry. In about one hour after the Twenty-sixth Ohio got into position, this terrible attack of the enemy was repulsed, and they drew back into the wood and under cover of an intervening hill to re-form their shattered columns and renew the attack. I now took a survey of the situation, and found that along the entire line, to the right and left of the railroad, which had not yet been carried by the enemy, I was the only general officer present, and was, therefore, in command, and responsible for the conduct of affairs. Colonel Hazen, commanding a brigade in Gen. Palmer's division, was present with his brigade to the left of the railroad, and Col. Goss, commanding another brigade in the same division, was also present with what there was left of his brigade, and most nobly did he cooperate with me, with the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio to the right of the railroad, while Colonel Wagner, commanding the Second brigade in the First division, (left wing,) nobly sustained his front, assisted by Col. Hazen, to the left of the railroad. I now relieved the Third Kentucky regiment, who were nearly annihilated and out of ammunition, with the Fifty-eighth Indiana regiment of my brigade, commanded by Col. George P. Buell, and this being a much larger regiment than the Third Kentucky, filled up the entire space from where the right of the Third Kentucky rested to the railroad. I then threw forward the right of the Sixth Ohio regiment of Colonel Goss's brigade, which was on the right of the Twenty-sixth Ohio, so that its line of battle was more nearly perpendicular to the railroad, and so its fire would sweep the front of the Twenty-sixth Ohio and Fifty-eighth Indiana, and supported the Sixth Ohio with Estep's battery on a little eminence to its right, and brought up the Ninety-seventh Ohio, Col. Lane, from Wagner's brigade, to still further strengthen the right.

These dispositions being made, I galloped a little to the rear and found Gen. Rosecrans, and called his attention to the importance of the position I was holding, and the necessity of keeping it well supported. He rode to the front with me,

approved of the dispositions I had made, spoke a few words of encouragement to the men, cautioning them to hold their fire until the enemy had got well up, and had no sooner retired than the enemy emerged from the woods and over the hill, and were moving upon us again in splendid style and in great force. As soon as they came in sight, the Sixth and Twenty-sixth Ohio and Estep's battery opened on them and did splendid execution, but on they came till within one hundred yards of our line, when Col. Buell, of the Fifty-eighth Indiana, who had lost three men, but had not fired a gun, ordered his men to fire. The effect was indescribable, the enemy fell in winrows and went staggering back from the effects of this unexpected volley. Soon, however, they came up again and assaulted us furiously for about one and a half hours, but the men all stood their ground nobly, and at the end of that time compelled the enemy to retire as before. During the heat of this attack a heavy cross-fire was brought to bear on the position I occupied, and Corporal Frank Mayer of the Third Ohio volunteer cavalry, in command of my escort, was shot through the leg, and my Adjutant-General, Captain Ed. R. Kerstetter, was shot through his coat, grazing his back. The regiments all behaved splendidly again, and the Fifty-eighth Indiana won immortal honors. Lieut. Blackford of that regiment was shot dead, and several of the officers, including Capts. Downey and Alexander, badly wounded. Estep's battery was compelled to retire from the position assigned it, after firing half a dozen rounds, but it did terrible execution while there. The Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio did noble service, as the Ninety-seventh, but their own immediate commanders will, no doubt, allude to them more particularly. Thus ended the third assault upon the position. I should have remarked that the One Hundredth Illinois regiment, the other regiment composing my brigade, which was in reserve during the first engagement described above, had, under instruction of Col. Hazen, moved to the front on the left of the railroad, and taken up a position at right angles with the railroad, where they fought splendidly in all the actions that took place on the left of the road. There was no formidable attack made upon them, though they were almost constantly under fire of greater or less severity, particularly from shot and shell, and suffered quite severely in killed and wounded. Lieut. Morrison Worthington, of that regiment, was killed while gallantly sustaining his men, and six other commissioned officers, including Major Hammond, were wounded. Their operations being to the left of the railroad and in a wood, did not come so immediately under my personal observation, but their conduct, from Colonel Bartleson down, was such as leaves nothing to be desired. The Fifty-eighth Indiana, having now been over three hours in action, and the Twenty-sixth Ohio about four hours, were exhausted and very near out of ammunition; I therefore relieved the Fifty-eighth Indiana with the Fortieth Indiana, from Col. Wagner's brigade, and the Twenty-sixth Ohio was relieved by the

Twenty-third Kentucky. There was now not more than an hour of the day left, and though the enemy were constantly manœuvring in our front, no formidable attack was made upon us except with artillery. The enemy having been three several times repulsed from their attack on that position, seemed satisfied to keep at a respectful distance, and the sun set upon us masters of the situation. We had sustained ourselves and held the only portion of the original line of battle that was held throughout by any portion of our army. To have lost this position would have been to lose every thing, as our left would then have been turned and utter rout or capture inevitable. To the "fearless spirits who hazarded and lost their lives on this consecrated spot," the country owes a deep debt of gratitude. No purer patriot, more upright man and devoted Christian than Colonel McKee of the Third Kentucky, ever offered up his life in defence of his country.

To the members of my staff, present with me in the field, Captain Edmund R. Kerstetter, Assistant Adjutant, Lieut. James R. Hume, Aid-de-Camp, and Lieut. James R. Warner, Inspector-General, I am under the greatest obligations. They were constantly with me in the thickest of the fight, ably and gallantly assisting me in every way possible. My escort was also faithful and efficient. With the exceptions already alluded to, all of us were so fortunate as to get through unscathed.

The casualties in the brigade were as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers,	1	9	..
Enlisted men,	12	77	34

The Fifty-eighth Indiana went into action with nineteen officers and three hundred and eighty-six enlisted men, and lost:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers,	1	4	..
Enlisted men,	16	91	..

The One Hundredth Illinois went into action with twenty-seven officers and three hundred and ninety-four enlisted men, and lost:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers,	1	6	..
Enlisted men,	5	33	..

The Twenty-sixth Ohio went into action with twelve officers and three hundred and seventy-four enlisted men, and lost:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers,	1	2	..
Enlisted men,	9	77	..

RECAPITULATION.

The brigade went into action with seventy-one officers and one thousand four hundred and fifty-four enlisted men, and lost:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers,	4	21	..
Enlisted men,	42	278	34
Total,	46	299	34
Total killed and missing in brigade,			379

For more minute reports of the parts performed by the different regiments, I transmit herewith their respective reports. During the evening of the thirty-first I was notified that in consequence of the indisposition of Gen. Wood and a wound received by him during the day, he was relieved of the command of the division, and that the same would devolve upon myself, I therefore turned over the command of the brigade to Col. Geo. P. Buell of the Fifty-eighth Indiana, and assumed command of the division.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

MIL0 S. HASCALL,
Brigadier-General Volunteers Commanding Brigade.

ED. R. KERSTETTER,
Captain and A.A.G.

GENERAL WOODRUFF'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, }
RIGHT WING, FOURTEENTH CORPS, JANUARY 5. }

To Lieutenant T. W. Morrison, A.A.A.G. First Division:

SIR: I have the honor to report the operations of the Third brigade, First division, of the right wing, in the five days' battle before Murfreesboro.

This brigade, having held the advanced position on Overall's Creek on the afternoon and night of Monday, December twenty-ninth, was the base of formation for the line of battle on Tuesday morning. At an early hour on the morning of the thirtieth, I received instructions that we would move forward in line of battle, and was directed to join my left with Brig.-Gen. Sill's brigade, holding the right of the Second division, under Brig.-General Sheridan, and that Col. Carlin, commanding the Second brigade of the First division, would connect his line with my right. This brigade was accordingly formed in two lines, the Thirty-fifth Illinois regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Chandler, on the right; the Twenty-fifth Illinois regiment, Col. T. D. Williams commanding, on the left in the first line of battle; and the Eighty-first Indiana regiment, Lieut.-Col. Timberlake, in the second line in reserve, the extreme left on the right of the turnpike. The Eighth Wisconsin battery of four guns, Capt. Carpenter commanding, being placed in the interval between Brig.-Gen. Sill's right and my left. My front was curtained with two companies of skirmishers detailed from the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-fifth Illinois regiments, under the command and immediate supervision of Major Melvain, of the Thirty-fifth Illinois regiment. The command to my right and left were formed in the same manner. We moved forward on the morning of Tuesday, thirtieth, at about ten o'clock, and halted in the edge of a large cotton-field immediately in front of a wood running parallel with the turnpike, our lines facing Murfreesboro, which

was in a south-east direction. This was about eleven o'clock A.M.

No enemy being visible in our front, I caused a few shells to be thrown into the woods beyond, but met no response. The topography of the country on this line and in my front was a cotton-field, which we then occupied, at the further edge of which was a belt or strip of timber ending at a corn-field on my left and front, and immediately in front of Brig.-Gen. Sill's right. This corn-field extended to a narrow, heavy timbered wood, bordered by a rail fence; beyond this timber was a corn-field receding toward a ravine terminated by a bluff, woody bank, along the foot of which, in the ravine, was the enemy's line of battle, with its supports and artillery on the elevation. We remained in position until about three o'clock P.M., when my skirmishers were ordered forward to occupy the belt of timber, which they did. Major Mellvain, who was in command, reported to me that the enemy's skirmishers were in the furthest wood to our front and left, and desired me to send him a further supply of one company, which was sent him, with orders to press their skirmishers back. The skirmishing soon commenced briskly, and my brigade was ordered to advance, which it did in admirable order, and was halted in the first belt of timber. Desiring to know the position of the enemy's line and the situation of their skirmishers, I proceeded to the line of skirmishers to assist in directing their movements and to urge them on, and, having given these directions in person, returned to my command to be ready to move forward to their support. The wood was so thick and bushy on my right that it was difficult to see further than the left of the Second brigade, but as I discovered it advancing we moved forward also to protect its flank. Sheridan's division had halted some one hundred yards in the rear of my brigade, his line of skirmishers joining my line of battle. At this juncture my skirmishers commenced falling back rapidly, and I endeavored to get the officer in command of those of General Sheridan's division to advance to their support, as those of my brigade had not only driven the enemy from my front, but Gen. Sill's also, but, as he had no orders to move forward, he refused. The emergency being imminent, Colonel Williams was ordered to detach the left company of his regiment and deploy it forward as skirmishers to relieve or strengthen those engaged, as circumstances might require, while the brigade was advanced to support them. The command pressed forward in splendid order, and soon became hotly engaged, and drove the enemy back through the woods and corn-fields on their own lines. As we were now far in advance of any support upon the left, I deemed it advisable to halt and wait for them to come up, and therefore took position in rear of the rail fence, my right nearly at right angles to my line of battle, thereby obtaining an oblique as well as direct fire, but the space to be occupied by this brigade was so great that the Eighty-first Indiana regiment was ordered up to complete my line, thereby leaving me no reserve. The battery was placed in the angle of the fence

to protect my right and front. Shortly after taking this position, Brig.-General Sill joined me on the left.

We remained in position, receiving a heavy fire, and occasionally replying with shell, until toward night, when the enemy opened a heavy artillery-fire, apparently on the right of Col. Carlin's brigade. This discovering their battery, and mine being in good range and position to enfilade theirs, Capt. Carpenter was ordered to silence their battery, which he did in handsome style in about five minutes. An attack of infantry was then made from the same point on Col. Carlin, and as their lines presented the same advantage, Capt. Carpenter again opened fire, with such terrific effect that their yells of pain, terror, and anguish, as our shells exploded in their dense ranks, could be distinctly heard where we stood. So well was the battery served that their attack ceased, and darkness closed the conflict.

We slept on our arms, without fires, and prepared for the battle which we well knew would open on the morrow. During the night we discovered what appeared to me to be a continued movement of troops, which led me to believe that the enemy were massing troops on our right, which information I had the honor to report to my immediate superior, Brig.-Gen. Davis.

As soon as day dawned I examined the line of battle, and as I had no supports, placed three pieces in battery on my left, and pointed out to Brig.-General Sill the weakness of the line at this point, and requested him to order up some regiments of his brigade, held in reserve to strengthen his right and protect my left, feeling certain that the enemy meditated an attack, and that it would be made at that place. He agreed with me, and immediately ordered up two regiments, who remained there but a short time, and then resumed their former position as reserves. Deeming the knowledge of this fact of paramount importance, I despatched a staff-officer to Brig.-Gen. Davis, to give him the information. Afterwards the General informed me that I must hold the position as best I could, for he had no support to send me.

Almost simultaneously with the withdrawal of the reserves ordered up by Brig.-General Sill, the enemy made their attack in five heavy lines, and we were immediately engaged. Capt. Carpenter's battery opened upon them with terrific effect with grape and canister, and they were mowed down as grass beneath the sickle, while the infantry poured in a well-directed and very destructive fire. Sheltered by the rail fence, they were partially protected, and fired with the coolness of veterans. As soon as the battle became general, the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin, which joined my left, gave way, leaving my battery and left flank exposed to an enfilading fire. I finally succeeded in rallying them as a reserve. At this moment, the right of Brig.-General Sill's brigade commenced to swing to the rear, and Col. Carlin's was discovered falling steadily back. I then received orders to take position to the rear some three hundred yards, in the belt of timber. I informed the staff-officer who brought the order that we could main-

tain our position if supported. He said the order was peremptory, and I hastened to execute it, but not until I was flanked both on the right and left.

The brigade moved to the rear in good order, and halted on the new line, but the right and left continued the march, and, being severely pressed, we made a vigorous charge and drove the enemy back in our front, but, strange to say, not only carried our point but swung the enemy's lines upon right and left with it. Had we been supported here they would have been routed; as it was, we regained our position occupied when the battle opened, but could hold it but a moment when we were forced to yield to superior numbers, and steadily fell back to the ground from which the charge was first made. From this point we charged a second time, compelling the enemy to yield ground, but our ammunition beginning to fail, and no wagons to be found from which to replenish the stock, the brigade was ordered to hold its position as best it could, and if pressed too hard to fall steadily back until the battery could be got into position to protect their movements across the open cotton-field.

I placed the battery in position, and gave the officer in command, Sergeant Germain, directions where to fire, pointing out to him the position of the brigade, and what he was required to do.

The ammunition of the regiment now entirely failing, and a perfect rout appearing to have taken place, the brigade fell back to the ground occupied by them on the morning of Tuesday. At this time the whole wing was in the utmost confusion, and I used every endeavor to rally and organize them, but without avail. There seemed to be no fear, no panic, but a stolid indifference unaccountable; officers and men passed to the rear, nor words nor exhortations could prevent them.

In three different positions I used every exertion to re-form our lines, but it became impossible. Reaching the Murfreesboro pike, a stampede or panic commenced in the wagon-train, but, succeeding in getting a regiment across the road, it was stopped, and by a vigorous charge of cavalry saved from the enemy.

We were then placed in reserve to our division along the Murfreesboro pike, and there waited in anxious expectation to make or repel an attack until the afternoon of Friday, when we were ordered to move in double-quick to the extreme left to support the division, which was being driven in by the enemy; and, although fatigued and worn out from want of sleep and exposure to rain, without tents or blankets, for seven days, two days of which time we had nothing to eat but parched corn, the command with yells of joy rushed forward, and, after fording the river three times, pushed the enemy back with the greatest rapidity, the ground being covered with rebel dead and wounded. We went into position about two miles from the ford and on the extreme left. During the night we threw up an abattis of rails, and lay on our arms without fires in a drenching rain.

The next morning (Saturday, January third) we expected an attack, but none occurred during the day. That night we changed position to the right again, nothing but picket skirmishing having occurred during the day. When the morning of Saturday passed without an attack, I became satisfied in my own mind that the enemy were evacuating Murfreesboro, and so expressed it.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the gallant conduct of the officers and men under my command. If indomitable daring, cool courage, and invincible bravery in the midst of the turmoil of such a battle, when all space seemed to be occupied by some deadly missile, amid carnage and noise, be any proof of heroism, they certainly possess it. Many instances of personal daring and feats of individual prowess were visibly performed, but I must refer you to the reports of subordinate commanders for names and instances.

To the men and officers of the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-fifth Illinois and the Eighth Wisconsin battery I owe especial thanks for the determined bravery and chivalric heroism they evinced throughout. Also to the officers and men of the Eighty-first Indiana, a new regiment. It was the first time they were under fire, and with but few exceptions, they manfully fronted the storm of battle, and gave earnest proof of what may hereafter be expected of them. I desire to call the attention of the commanding officer to the gallant conduct of Lieut.-Colonel Chandler, commanding the Thirty-fifth Illinois, whose cool, steady courage, admirable deportment, and skilful management evinced the soldier true and tried, and who at all times proved himself worthy of the trust he holds. Major McIlvain of the same regiment, who had the supervision of skirmishers, I cannot praise too much. His good judgment and skilful handling elicited encomiums of well-merited compliments at all times. He was cool, determined, and persevering.

Lieut.-Colonel Timberlake and Major Woodbury, of the Eighty-first Indiana, displayed manly courage, and held their regiment firm and steady under a heavy fire. For officers young in the service, their efforts are worthy of imitation.

Captain W. Taggart, who succeeded to the command of the Twenty-fifth Illinois regiment, behaved as a soldier should everywhere—efficient and ever ready to execute orders.

First Sergeant of the Eighth Wisconsin battery merits much praise for the cool, skilful, and determined manner he served his battery after he succeeded to the command.

To my staff—Captain George Austin, A.A.A.G., Captain A. C. Keyes, Lieutenant C. P. Ford, Lieutenant John F. Isom, Lieutenant W. R. McChesney, and Lieutenant H. S. Parks—I owe especial thanks for the manner they served upon the field, conveying my orders wherever required through a hail-storm of shot, shells, and bullets, regardless of all save the performance of their duty. During the conflict, it being necessary, in the absence of staff-officers on duty, to make use of orderlies to supply their places, in connection herewith I take great pleasure in testifying to the

brave conduct of orderlies A. T. Freeman and Abijah Lee of my escort.

Amid the glorious results of a battle won, it gives me pain to record the names of the gallant men who offered up their lives on the altar of their country. But we must drop the tear of sorrow o'er their resting-places and offer our heartfelt sympathies to their relatives and friends, trusting that God will care for them and soothe their afflictions. And while we remember the noble, dead, let us pay a tribute of respect to the gallant Colonel T. D. Williams, Twenty-fifth Illinois regiment, who died in the performance of his duty. He fell with his regimental colors in his hands, exclaiming: "We will plant it here, boys, and rally the old Twenty-fifth around it, and here we will die." Such conduct is above all praise, and words can paint no eulogiums worthy of the subject. And here, too, let me call attention to the conduct of Captain Carpenter, of the Eighth Wisconsin battery, who fell gallantly serving his guns until the enemy were within a few yards of their muzzles. He died, as a soldier would wish to die, with his face to the foe, in the smoke and din of battle. The casualties of the command are small in comparison to the fire they received and the service done.

The Thirty-fifth Illinois lost two commissioned officers wounded, eight privates killed, forty-nine wounded, and thirty-two missing. The Twenty-fifth Illinois, one commissioned officer killed and three wounded; fourteen privates killed, sixty-nine wounded, and thirty-five missing. The Eighty-first Indiana, two commissioned officers killed, two wounded, and one missing; three privates killed, forty wounded, and thirty-nine missing. The Eighth Wisconsin battery, one commissioned officer killed, four privates wounded, and nineteen missing. Total—four commissioned officers killed, seven wounded, and one missing; privates, twenty-five killed, one hundred and sixty-two wounded, and one hundred and twenty-five missing. Aggregate—killed, wounded, and missing, three hundred and twenty-four.

I hope a portion of those missing may yet return, as all cannot have been made prisoners.

I have the honor to submit the above report to your consideration, and remain, dear sir,

Yours most respectfully,

W. E. WOODRUFF,
Commanding Brigade.

REPORT OF ACTING GENERAL HAZEN.

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH BRIGADE, ARMY OF THE
CUMBERLAND, SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,
LEFT WING, IN CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN.,
January 5, 1863.

*Assistant Adjutant-General Fourth Division,
Army of the Cumberland, Second Brigade,
Second Division, Left Wing:*

I have the honor to submit the following report of operations of troops under my command since leaving Nashville, December twenty-sixth, 1862:

The Nineteenth brigade, which I have commanded since its organization in January, 1862, is now composed as follows:

The Sixth Kentucky volunteer infantry, Col. Walter C. Whitaker.

The Ninth Indiana volunteer infantry, Colonel Wm. H. Blake.

The One Hundred and Tenth Illinois volunteer infantry, Colonel Thomas S. Casey.

The Forty-first Ohio volunteer infantry, Lieut.-Colonel Aquila Wiley commanding.

—and on leaving Nashville numbered an effective aggregate of one thousand three hundred and ninety-one officers and men.

Being summoned before the commission then sitting for the investigation of the official course of Major-Gen. D. C. Buell, I did not until evening join the brigade, which had marched to within two miles of La Vergne. Just upon my arrival two regiments of the brigade had been thrown forward to the right of the road into a dense cedar brake; and, as the temporary commander did not think it necessary to throw forward skirmishers, the flank was marched upon a force of the enemy, who, firing from cover upon the head of the column, killed one of the Ninth Indiana, wounded another, and wounded two of the Sixth Kentucky.

At twelve o'clock *m.*, December twenty-seventh, I was ordered to proceed, *via* the Jefferson pike, to Stuart's Creek, and save, if possible, the bridge crossing it. Ninety men of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, under Captain Maxey, were sent to me, whom I placed under charge of my Assistant Inspector-General, Captain James McCleery, Forty-first Ohio volunteers, with directions to keep me thoroughly informed of all that transpired in front, and as soon as the advance of the enemy was started to the rear, to put spurs to his troop and not slacken rein until the bridge was crossed. The distance did not exceed five miles, and by disposing flankers for perfect security, and urging the infantry and artillery to their fullest speed, I was enabled to keep within supporting distance all the time. The enemy was met three miles from the bridge, and by closely following my directions, a steeple-chase was made of the whole affair—the rebel force amounting to full five to our one by the time the bridge was reached. They formed upon the opposite side, but were soon dispersed by a few discharges from our artillery.

In this affair we lost one cavalryman wounded and two taken by the enemy. We took ten prisoners, one of them an officer, and killed one officer and several men.

Too much credit cannot be given to Capt. McCleery, of my staff, and Captain Maxey, of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, for spirit and daring in this affair. On reaching the bridge my little party was upon the heels of the fugitives, and had they been armed with sabres instead of rifles, by slashing upon their rear the rout must have been pushed to a panic.

On the twenty-ninth I was ordered across to the Murfreesboro and Nashville pike, and joining the division, proceeded to within three miles of Murfreesboro. On the night of the thirtieth, the brigade was ordered to the front line to relieve

the Tenth brigade. This position we held when the general action of the thirty-first commenced, and deserves special notice.

It was in a cotton-field two and a half miles from Murfreesboro, on the place of Mr. Cowan, the line being at right angles with the Murfreesboro and Nashville pike, the left resting on it, and at a point about three hundred yards toward Nashville from its intersection with the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. The railroad and pike cross at this point at a sharp angle. The position was utterly untenable, being commanded by ground in all directions with covers of wood, embankment and palisading, at good musket-range, in front, right and left. My brigade was formed in two lines, the right resting against a skirt of wood, which, widening and extending to the right, gave concealment to the Twenty-second brigade, which was adjacent to mine, and farther on, to the entire division of Negley. On the left of the pike was Wagner's brigade of Wood's division.

The Sixth Kentucky and Forty-first Ohio were in the front line—the Sixth Kentucky on the right, and the Forty-first Ohio on the left. The Ninth Indiana and One Hundred and Tenth Illinois were in the second line—the Ninth on the right, and the One Hundred and Tenth on the left.

A fierce battle had commenced at daylight on our right, and progressed with ominous changes of position till about half-past eight A.M., when it could be no longer doubted that our entire right was being driven around in the rear, to a position nearly at right angles to its proper line. At this moment authority was given to move forward to seize the commanding positions in front, and the burnt house of Mr. Cowan. The line advanced about twenty yards, when orders were given to face to the rear, the necessity for which was apparent, the enemy by this time having pushed forward quite to our rear. He, at the same time, broke cover over the crest in front, at a double-quick, in two lines.

I faced my two right regiments to the rear, and moving them into the skirt of the wood commenced to engage in that direction. My two left regiments were retired about fifty yards, and moved to the left of the pike to take cover of a slight crest, and engaged to the front, the regiment of Colonel Wayne's brigade occupying that ground (Colonel Blake's Fortieth Indiana) having fallen much to the rear of it.

The enemy had by this time taken position about the burnt house, and the action became at my position terrific. The efforts of the enemy to force back my front and cross the cotton-field my troops had moved out of, were persistent, and were defeated only by the most unflinching determination on the part of the Forty-first Ohio volunteers, and One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, to hold the ground to the last.

All the troops of General Wood posted on our left, except two regiments guarding a ford some distance to our left and rear, were withdrawn to repel the assault upon the right, so that the Nine-

teenth brigade was the extreme left of the army. Upon this point, as a pivot, the whole army oscillated from front to rear the entire day.

The ammunition of the Forty-first Ohio volunteers was nearly expended, and my efforts to replenish were, up to this time, fruitless. I despatched word to the rear that assistance must be given or we must be sacrificed, as the position I held could not be given up, and gave orders to Col. Wiley to fix his bayonets, and to Col. Casey (without bayonets) to club his guns and hold the ground at all hazards, as it was the key of the whole left. The responses satisfied me that my orders would be obeyed so long as any of those regiments were left to obey them. I now brought over the Ninth Indiana from the right, and immediately posted it to relieve the Forty-first Ohio volunteers. It is proper to state here that in advancing to this position under a galling fire, a cannon-shot passed through the ranks of the Ninth Indiana, carrying death with it, and the ranks were closed without checking a step. The Forty-first Ohio retired with its thinned ranks in as good order as on parade, cheering for the cause and crying for cartridges.

A few discharges from the fresh regiments sufficed to completely check the foe, who drew out of our range, and at half-past nine a lull and rest came acceptably to our troops upon the left, the advance upon the right having also been checked.

At about ten A.M. another assault was made by the enemy in several lines furiously upon our front, they succeeding in pushing a strong column past the burnt house, covered by the palisading, to the wood occupied by the Twenty-second brigade and the Sixth Kentucky. All of our troops occupying these woods now fell back, exposing my right flank, and threatening an assault from that point that would sweep away our entire left. Gen. Palmer, seeing the danger and knowing the importance of this position, sent the Twenty-fourth Ohio volunteers, Col. Jones, and a fragment of the Thirty-sixth Indiana volunteers, under Capt. Woodruff, to my support. I posted these and the Forty-first Ohio, with the left of the line resting on the Ninth Indiana, and extending to the right and rear, so as to face the advancing column. It was a place of great danger, and our losses here were heavy, including the gallant Col. Jones, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio volunteers; but with the timely assistance of Parson's battery the enemy was checked, and the left again preserved from what appeared certain annihilation.

The enemy now took cover in the wood, keeping up so destructive a fire as to make it necessary to retire behind the embankment of the railroad, which only required the swinging to the rear my right, the left having been posted upon it when the action commenced in the morning. A sharp fire was kept up from this position till about two P.M., when another assault was made upon it in regular lines, supported by artillery in force. This was resisted much more easily than the previous ones, there being now a large force of our artillery bearing upon this point. The enemy also extended his lines much farther to

the left, causing something of a diversion of our troops in that direction. The One Hundredth Illinois, Colonel Bartleson, was sent to me by the General commanding the army, which was posted with the One Hundred and Tenth Illinois and Ninth Indiana in line to the front, with the right resting on the railroad. Here, with a German regiment, (I think the Second Missouri,) these troops fought the remainder of the day, the troops previously occupying this position retiring on the last approach of the enemy. A period of about one hour now ensued, with but little infantry firing, but a murderous fire of shot and shell from several directions was rained upon the position, which was covered by a thick growth of timber. A portion of Wood's division (now commanded by Gen. Hascall) was also posted in these woods, in rear of my troops.

About four o'clock the enemy again advanced upon my front in two lines. The battle had hushed, and the dreadful splendor of this advance can only be conceived, as all description must fall vastly short. His right was even with my left, and his left was lost in distance. He advanced steadily, and, as it seemed, certainly to victory. I sent back all my remaining staff successively to ask for support, and braced up my own lines as perfectly as possible. The Sixth Kentucky had joined in from the right some time previously, and was posted just over the embankment of the railroad. They were strengthened by such fragments of troops as I could pick up, until a good line was formed along the railroad track. A portion of Sheridan's division was also but a few hundred yards in rear replenishing their boxes. A portion of Gen. Hascall's troops were on the right of the railroad. The fire of the troops was held until the enemy's right flank came in close range, when a single volley from my men was sufficient to disperse this portion of his line, his left passing far around to our right. This virtually ended the fight of the day. My brigade rested where it had fought—not a stone's throw from where it was posted in the morning—until withdrawn at dawn next day.

The Sixth Kentucky was not under my immediate observation from the first assault until late in the day, but during the portion of the time it was with me—and I have reason to believe at all other times—it fought unflinchingly, and is deserving of all praise. It repelled three assaults of a rebel brigade from the burnt house, endeavoring to gain the woods, and only retired when its ammunition was exhausted. Among its killed are Lieut.-Col. Cotton and Capt. Todd, men possessing in the highest degree the esteem and confidence of their brothers in arms, and who will be deeply lamented by a large circle of friends.

The One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, a new regiment, never before under fire, displayed that fearless courage one admires in veterans. Their losses from artillery were heavy.

The Ninth Indiana and Forty-first Ohio maintained fully their well-known reputation for perfect discipline, dauntless courage, and general fighting qualities. Their steadiness under fire

was incredible. The latter, while resting, was taken by its commander, without orders, to repel an assault of the enemy's cavalry upon our train, effecting the object and returning to its position.

The casualties of this day were as follows:

	Officers		Enlisted Men		Missing.	Total.
	Killed.	Wo'd.	Killed.	Wo'd.		
6th Kentucky,....	2	5	11	85	10	113
9th Indiana,.....	1	5	9	89	13	117
110th Illinois,.....	1	3	6	43	12	65
41st Ohio,.....	1	3	12	96	17	129
Total,.....	5	16	38	313	52	424

A large list also occurred among the other troops under my immediate control on the field; but they will be reported by their proper brigade commanders.

I am under many obligations to the commanders of those troops (many of their names I do not know) for implicit obedience to my orders, and to Col. Bartleson, of the One Hundredth Illinois, for valuable services.

To the officers commanding regiments in this brigade too much consideration cannot be given, both by their commanding generals and the country. Besides the actual service rendered their country this day, such heroic and daring valor justly entitles these men to the profound respect of the people of the country. To them the commander of the brigade feels that he owes every thing this day, as there were times when faltering on their part would have been destruction to the left of the army. He owes the success of this day not only to proper conduct on the field, but more to strict obedience to orders and a manly coöperation in bringing this brigade to its present high state of discipline and efficiency, through constant care, labor, and study for a period of over twelve months. This alone has produced this proud result. To Lieut.-Colonel Suman, also, of the Ninth Indiana, twice wounded, great credit is due for gallantry.

Capt. Cockerill, battery F, First Ohio volunteer artillery, showed, as he always has, great proficiency as an artillery officer. He was also severely wounded. Lieut. Osborne, of the same battery, being at the rear to fill his caissons when the train was menaced, turned his pieces upon the enemy, and greatly assisted in dispersing them. Lieut. Parsons, of the Fourth United States artillery, who was in the thickest of the fight near my position all day, is also deserving of the warmest consideration of the Government for the efficient manner in which his battery was manoeuvred.

To my staff, also, every thing can be said in their praise. To Major R. L. Kimberly, Forty-first Ohio volunteers, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieuts. William M. Beebe and E. B. Atwood, of the same regiment, aids-de-camp, and Captain L. A. Cole, Ninth Indiana, topographical officer, for intelligently carrying my orders and assisting in posting troops, under a galling fire, the whole day; to Capt. James McCleery, Forty-first Ohio volunteers, Acting Inspector General, for assisting to bring forward ammunition even after being wounded; to Harry Morton, Sixth

Kentucky, volunteer aid-de-camp, for similar services; to Lieut. F. D. Cobb, Forty-first Ohio volunteers, Acting Commissary of Subsistence, for intelligently keeping me informed of what was transpiring beyond my immediate vision—and all for unqualified bravery—are deserving, as they have, my warmest thanks and the consideration of Government.

Dr. M. G. Sherman, Ninth Indiana, surgeon of the brigade, was Acting Medical Director of the division, and removed from my immediate notice; yet I have reason to call favorable notice to this officer.

Lieut. J. L. Chilton, Sixth Kentucky, Acting Brigade Quartermaster in the absence of Captain Jolison, exercised great capacity in caring for and keeping from the enemy the trains of the brigade.

I am under many obligations to the General commanding the division for the confidence reposed in me in vesting with me the management of so important a portion of the field.

By seizing the little crest occupied by my troops early in the morning, not exceeding two feet in height, and later the railroad embankment, hundreds of lives were saved, the strength of my brigade doubled, and the position successfully held. This will account for the smaller list of casualties than that of some brigades that did less fighting.

I am happy to report, with some twenty miserable exceptions, no straggling in this brigade.

The casualties of my *personnel* were as follows: The Colonel commanding the brigade was bruised by a ball upon the shoulder, and his horse was killed; Captain McCleery, Forty-first Ohio volunteers, Acting Inspector-General, shot through the leg; First Lieutenant Win. M. Beebe, Forty-first Ohio volunteers, Aid-de-Camp, wounded in the head and horse shot; Captain L. A. Cole, Ninth Indiana, topographical officer, wounded slightly in the foot; Orderly Deaderiek, Sergeant Fourth Kentucky cavalry, mortally wounded and horse shot, and Bugler Leaman, Sixth Kentucky, horse shot.

Close observation on the conduct and character of our army for the past few days has confirmed me in a long-settled belief that our army is borne down by a lamentable weight of official incapacity in regimental organizations. The reasonable expectations of the country can, in my opinion, never be realized till this incubus is summarily yielded, and young men of known military ability and faculty to command men, without regard to previous seniority, are put in their places. I saw upon the field company officers of over a year's standing who had neither the power nor knowledge how to form their men in two ranks.

On the second instant my brigade was ordered across the river to support Col. Grose, commanding the Tenth brigade, then in reserve to General Van Cleve, whose division (the only one on that side the river) had been vigorously attacked by the enemy. I reached the field about four P. M., finding his entire division put to rout. The enemy had been checked by Col. Grose and a por-

tion of Negley's division and the several batteries from the point occupied by Gen. Cruft's brigade. It was difficult to say which was running away the most rapidly—the division of Van Cleve to the rear or the enemy in the opposite direction.

I found myself in command of all the troops on that side of the river. Leaving three of my regiments in position as a reserve, I pushed forward with the portion of Col. Grose's brigade already moving, and the Forty-first Ohio volunteers, pursuing the enemy beyond all the ground occupied by our forces before the fight. I here formed the best line circumstances would admit of, the Forty-first Ohio volunteers being the only regiment wholly in hand. The others were badly broken, the only idea of their officers seeming to be to push on pell-mell, which, if carried beyond the point then occupied, might have resulted disastrously. I succeeded in checking this straggling to the front, with the aid of Col. Grider, of the Ninth Kentucky, who came forward and performed this valuable service after his regiment had gone to the rear.

I was relieved by the first division of Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, who arrived just at dark.

When far advanced in pursuit, a portion of General Negley's batteries, far in the rear, was firing on my line, and continued to do so (without damage) until an aid-de-camp was sent to ask that it be discontinued. After forming my advance-line a battery of the enemy, about four hundred yards in front, continued to fire upon us with great rapidity. I ordered the Forty-first Ohio volunteers to fire one volley upon it. No more firing took place on either side, and the weakness of my line prevented my going farther. The next day three caissons and several dead men and horses were found at this point.

It was in this fight that the famous rebel Gen. Roger B. Hanson was killed and General Adams wounded, but whether in their advance or retreat I never knew.

First Lieut. F. D. Cobb, Forty-first Ohio volunteers, acting aid-de-camp, comported himself with great gallantry on the field. Seizing the colors of the Thirty-sixth Indiana that had been shot down, he galloped forward, rallying many stragglers, who, though going in the right direction, were doing so ineffectively and on their own account.

My casualties in this action were slight, and in all, since leaving Nashville, are:

Commissioned officers killed,.....	5
Commissioned officers wounded,.....	20
	—
Total commissioned,.....	25
Enlisted men killed,.....	41
Enlisted men wounded,.....	318
	—
Total enlisted,.....	359
Missing,.....	52
	—
Aggregate,.....	436

I would respectfully call the attention of the general commanding the division to accompanying reports of regimental commanders, and of Lieut.

Chilton, in charge of train; also to explanatory sketch. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. B. HAZEN,

Colonel Forty-first Ohio Volunteers, commanding Nineteenth Brigade, Second Division, Left Wing.

ADDENDA TO REPORT.

OPERATIONS OF NINETEENTH BRIGADE, FOURTH DIVISION, (SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, LEFT WING,) FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS, FROM DECEMBER 26, 1862, TO JANUARY 1, 1863.

The Nineteenth brigade, of Nelson's old Fourth division, was organized under its present commander in January, 1862. After reaching Nashville the succeeding month, some change of regiments was made; but, except the addition of the One Hundred and Tenth Illinois last September, it still consists of the same regiments that marched with Nelson to Shiloh on the memorable sixth of April, followed him to Corinth, and through the summer campaign in Western Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama, and later, under less noted leaders, participated in the Kentucky campaign of last fall, fighting the retreating rebels for thirty miles in the passes of the Wild Cat Mountains. The following is the organization:

Sixth Kentucky volunteers, Colonel Walter C. Whitaker.

Ninth Indiana volunteers, Col. Wm. H. Blake.

Eleventh Illinois volunteers, Colonel Thos. S. Casey.

Forty-first Ohio volunteers, Lieut.-Col. Aquila Wiley commanding.

Colonel Wm. B. Hazen, Forty-first Ohio volunteers, commanding the brigade.

On the twenty-sixth December, 1862, the brigade moved with the division on the Nashville pike to La Vergne. At this place a show of resistance was made by one or two rebel batteries commanding the road, and the Sixth Kentucky and Ninth Indiana being sent around to the right, encountered a rebel force in a cedar wood; but after a brisk skirmish they cleared the wood, with a loss of one man killed and three wounded.

The next day Col. Hazen was ordered to march rapidly down the Jefferson pike to Stuart's creek (five miles) and save the bridge. The enemy were met about three miles from the bridge, but were at once vigorously charged by a squadron of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, in charge of Capt. McCleery, of Col. Hazen's staff, and put to flight.

The infantry and artillery were urged forward at their utmost speed, and so impetuous was the charge and pursuit that the astonished rebels were driven pell-mell across the bridge, losing one officer and ten men prisoners and one officer and several men killed.

Their reserve force across the creek (they had a brigade at the place) staid only for half a dozen shells, when it also "skedaddled," leaving the bridge unharmed.

On the twenty-ninth the brigade rejoined the division on the Murfreesboro pike and marched to the battle-field of Stone River. Palmer's division, on the morning of the thirty-first December,

occupied the right of the left wing of Gen. Rosecrans's army. Gen. Cruft's brigade was in a wood to the right of the Murfreesboro and Nashville pike, and on its left the brigade of Colonel Hazen, extending to the pike and occupying a cotton-field in front of the burnt house of Mr. Cowan. Wood's division was to the left of the pike, and Negley on the right of General Cruft. Col. Grose's brigade of Palmer's division was in reserve. Colonel Hazen's position was extremely unfavorable, and he asked of Gen. Rosecrans permission to advance beyond the burnt house and seize the crest of a ridge occupied by the enemy's pickets. The permission was given and the brigade ordered forward. Scarcely had the movement commenced when the heavy firing on the right, which had begun at daylight, was heard almost in our rear, indicating that McCook and Negley were being driven rapidly backward. Almost at the same time a strong line of rebel infantry appeared on the crest beyond the burnt house, moving upon us at a double-quick. The brigade was at once faced about and moved to the rear, and partly across the pike, so that the left of the first line (the Forty-first Ohio and Sixth Kentucky) rested on the railroad, which at this point is about one hundred yards from the pike and nearly parallel with it. A slight rise of ground here afforded some cover. The Forty-first Ohio and One Hundred and Tenth Illinois were here soon hotly engaged with the advancing rebels—too hotly for their continued advance, which, with the aid of Cockerill's Sixth Ohio battery, was checked. The Sixth Kentucky and Ninth Indiana, still on the right of the pike, also became engaged in that direction. Planting their batteries on the crest in front, and firing over their own infantry, the rebels soon poured a storm of shot and shell upon our lines. But they could not take the position, and a short cessation of their efforts ensued.

At about ten o'clock their grand effort, meant to crush the left of our army, and leave it with disordered ranks and broken lines, an easy prey, was made. On the right McCook had been driven back till he was nearly in our rear; Negley had given way, and Rousseau's reserve, sent to retrieve their disasters, had shared a like fate before the impetuous assaults of the victorious rebels. All troops to the left of Palmer had been withdrawn to resist the terrible attack on the right. Clouds of soldiers, breaking from the woods across the open fields to the right and rear—artillery, with the horses goaded to a run, flying from the rapidly pursuing foe—all this, plainly seen to the rear, told how fearfully imminent was destruction in that quarter. To the front the rebels, in double lines, were steadily advancing upon Palmer's division, the only one of the army that had not been driven back. Heavy columns were moving to attack the right of Cruft's brigade, and a murderous artillery-fire covering this and the overwhelming advance upon Hazen, rained shells upon our men. It was the critical moment of the day. If the right of the army were ever to recover itself and check the on-

slaught upon it, it must be upon the ground in rear of Palmer, and that he must cover if his division be annihilated. Already half a dozen batteries, hastily placed in position there, are waiting to check, with grape and canister, the steady advance of the enemy, and the scattered regiments are forming in line along the railroad before the rebels shall be again upon them.

Now, if Hazen holds his place, the disaster may be stopped. Down upon Palmer's division came the rebels like an avalanche. Cruft, in the wood to the right of the pike, is overpowered, and falls back, leaving hundreds on the field, and exposing the right flank of Hazen's brigade. The Forty-first Ohio, in Hazen's first line, has expended all its ammunition, (no more at hand,) and been relieved by the Ninth Indiana, whose supply is also getting small. The order is to fix bayonets and give them steel if they are not checked, and the men obey with a cheer. Fortunately, ammunition comes; the Forty-first is supplied, and, with the Twenty-fourth Indiana volunteers and part of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, of Col. Grose's brigade, which have been hurried to Hazen, is formed to protect the exposed right flank. These regiments stood as firm as rock, delivering their fire with terrible effect. Parsons's regular battery pours death into the rebels in the wood just vacated by Cruft; and the Ninth Indiana, in the old position on the left of the line (now the left of the army) has perceptibly thinned their ranks during the advance over the half-mile of open field. But one rebel regiment braved that fire, after coming within three hundred yards, and that, with every mounted officer and half its men shot, threw itself flat upon the ground within one hundred and fifty yards of our line, unable to advance and not daring to retreat in line. So this point was held, and the army, re-forming, held the rebels at bay until they desisted from the attack, though they still occupied favorable covers within range, and continued a galling fire upon Hazen's brigade. To avoid this Col. Hazen swung the right of his line to the rear, occupying the line of the railroad embankment. At one o'clock P.M. the enemy made a third attempt to gain this point. Long double lines of infantry, enough to overwhelm the thinned ranks of the Federal brigade, came gallantly over the crest beyond the burnt house, and advanced confidently to the charge. Col. Hazen held the fire of his men until the rebels were in range, when it was poured upon them thick as hail. A number of our batteries were also in position in rear of Hazen's line, and their fire was too severe for rebel endurance. Unable to take the point, they withdrew their infantry, and from batteries to the right, left and front maintained a murderous fire for nearly two hours. The One Hundred and Tenth Illinois suffered severely from this artillery-fire, but not a regiment wavered.

Again at four o'clock the rebels attempted to force this position. Their heavy lines, as they came in sight, covered our front and extended to our right until hid from view by intervening woods. Col. Hazen braced up his weakened line

as well as possible, placed in position a regiment sent him by Gen. Rosecrans, and waited the attack. Reserving the fire until the enemy were in close range, the first volley from our troops dispersed the advancing line of rebels in the front. No more advances of infantry were made, though the enemy kept up an annoying artillery-fire till nearly dark. Col. Hazen's brigade lay down that night upon the ground it had so steadfastly held—the only brigade in the army that was not driven from its position.

The honor had been dearly won. Lieut.-Col. Cotton and Capt. Todd, of the Sixth Kentucky; Lieut. Hart, of the Forty-first Ohio; Lieutenant Kesler, of the Ninth Indiana, and Lieut. Payne, of the One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, were killed, and eighteen officers of the brigade were wounded more or less severely. Col. Hazen lost his horse, shot under him, and received a glancing ball upon his own shoulder. Three of his staff were wounded, and Captain Cockerill, who had so bravely and efficiently served his battery, received a severe wound upon the foot by a solid shot. Of the gallant rank and file of the brigade, the men who never quailed when the rebels, six to one, came pouring down upon them thick as hail—three hundred and fifty-one had fallen on the field, a third nearly of their whole number. At daylight of January first the brigade fell back to the new position taken by the army. On the second, when Hardee's corps made the desperate attempt to turn our left flank, which had been thrown across Stone River, Colonel Hazen was ordered across to support Col. Grose. The latter had checked the furious rebel onslaught, which had borne before it Van Cleve's division, and when Col. Hazen arrived on the field the enemy was retreating. Hastily posting three regiments as a reserve, Colonel Hazen, with the Forty-first Ohio, and part of Colonel Grose's men, advanced rapidly in pursuit. Coming within about three hundred yards of a rebel battery, which was throwing shell with great rapidity, the Forty-first was ordered to give it one volley. The battery fired not another shot, but fled, leaving three caissons, one piece, their captain, and several men and horses on the ground as witnesses of the effects of that volley.

Since leaving Nashville with one thousand three hundred and eighty-five men, the losses of the brigade have been four hundred and thirty-two officers and men.

GENERAL KIRK'S REPORT.

NASHVILLE, January 10, 1863.

Captain J. M. Bartlette, A. A. General:

SIR: I have the honor to report to you the part taken by my brigade on the thirtieth and thirty-first of December, in the battle of Stone River. The official report of Col. Dodge, now commanding the Second brigade, (old Fifth,) commences with the time when I surrendered up the command to him; mine will extend to that time, and will embrace such movements and dispositions as were made under my direction, and such facts as

came under my own observation. Where troops have acted well—as mine did on that bloody field, and under the most trying circumstances, they have a right to demand at my hands a recognition of their good conduct, and a just measure of commendation and approval. I accord it to them cheerfully, and add, that while success and triumph make every man a hero, and shed a lustre on his name, disaster and defeat, resulting from no fault of theirs, sometimes develop the noblest qualities of soldierly greatness. At one P.M., on the thirtieth, I moved by your order, my brigade to the front, forming on the right of Gen. Davis's division, to check an attempt the enemy were then making to turn his right. Some skirmishing occurred during the afternoon with the enemy, but with no loss to us. Early in the afternoon, Col. Post, commanding the right brigade in Davis's division, informed me that his troops were much annoyed by a rebel battery directly in his front, and that the enemy were now placing in position another battery opposite his right which would subject him to a cross-fire, and that from the nature of the ground in his front he could not silence them. I found an excellent position for my battery just beyond my extreme right, affording a fine view of both rebel batteries. I directed Capt. Edgarton to open on the nearest one with the simultaneous fire of his six pieces. It was the finest practice I ever saw. A number of men and horses were killed at the first and second discharge, and the enemy were driven back in confusion, leaving some disabled carriages and pieces on the ground. The other battery was also soon silenced. Nothing further of interest occurred during the afternoon, except the massing of the enemy's troops still further on our right, glimpses of which could be now and then seen from our front, leaving but little room to doubt their ultimate designs, as developed in the bloody struggle of the following morning. Toward evening, Gen. Willich's brigade and two regiments of the Third came up and formed as a reserve on my right and rear, so that now the entire Second division is in position except two regiments of the Third brigade, which were retained by the General at division headquarters, about a mile and a half from the front, and one regiment of my brigade, the Nineteenth Illinois, Col. Reed, which was guarding the train that night, but were to be sent to me early in the morning. To enable me to get an available position for my artillery, I was compelled to extend my line more than I wished, and to rely upon the other brigades for support. The Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, Licut.-Col. Housam, and Thirtieth Indiana, Col. Dodge, deployed, with a heavy line of skirmishers thrown out from each, constituted my first line. The Twentyninth Indiana, Licut.-Col. Dunn, in double column in the rear as reserve. The Thirty-fourth Illinois, Major Dysart, on the extreme right, a little retired, supporting Edgarton's battery, still further retired. The Seventyninth Illinois, Col. Reed, as before remarked, was, by your order, guarding the train. In the evening Gen. Davis shortened in his line toward the left, leaving an

interval of one or two hundred yards, which I was obliged to cover with skirmishers, so that my line became still further extended. About dusk I reported in person to the General, and explained the position of the troops and such facts affecting them as had transpired, and suggested to the General that he also send up to the front the two regiments of the Third brigade retained at headquarters, as I believed every available man would be needed in the morning, and these two regiments were too far to the rear to be of any use in case of a sudden attack. The General declined sending them up. I then returned to the front and completed my disposition for the anticipated fight. I visited the regiments in the evening and ascertained that every thing was in good order. I inspected my picket line at three A.M., and found every thing at that time quiet in front. At five A.M. I had the entire brigade under arms ready for action, in which state of readiness they continued until something over an hour later, when the engagement commenced. The enemy attacked our lines at daylight. We could see them advancing over the open country for about a half-mile in front of our lines. They moved in heavy masses, apparently six ranks deep. Their left extended far beyond our right, so as to completely flank us. They moved up steadily and in good order, without music or noise of any kind. They had no artillery in sight. Having early notice of the enemy's advance, I sent a staff-officer to Gen. Johnson to advise him of it, and then I passed to the extreme right of my line, where the attack would commence and where my artillery was posted. Seeing the exposed condition of my battery from the enemy's fire, I ordered the Thirty-fourth Illinois to advance to meet the enemy, at the same time ordering the battery to commence firing, which it did with excellent effect. With my line extended as it was, I should think the enemy outnumbered me here at least five to one, perhaps double that proportion, but this solitary regiment never wavered, but steadily advanced until they closed with the enemy, and it became almost a hand-to-hand fight. The balance of my line now became engaged, and fought most bravely against this fearful odds. No other proof is needed of the fierceness of the conflict at this point, and the stubborn tenacity with which our men fought than the fact that considerably more than one half of some of these regiments were shot down before they yielded an inch of ground, and the effectiveness of their fire is evidenced by the piles of rebel dead along their lines. Seeing the contest was so unequal, and that it was physically impossible that I could long sustain it, I sought Gen. Willich with a view of asking his immediate active support. He had gone to division headquarters. He was expected back every moment. His brigade had not yet learned that he was captured; no other officer had assumed command. I appealed personally to two of the regiments to come to my support, but they declined moving without orders from their commander. That brigade and the Third are mostly old troops, and among the bravest veterans in the

service, and I do not ensure them or question their bravery when I say that, bewildered and confused, without a division or brigade commander, outflanked and nearly surrounded by a force vastly outnumbering us all, they fell back without at that time coming into the action, and left me alone with my four small regiments, already badly cut to pieces, and without a solitary support. There is a limit to physical endurance. No troops on earth could long sustain themselves circumstanced as mine were. The enemy's left had been swung around, and was then rapidly closing in upon my right flank. My artillery had now become unmanageable by reason of the terrible havoc made by the enemy's fire among my artillery-horses, and could not be moved. Capt. Edgerton is a brave and accomplished officer. He stood by his battery to the last, under the fiercest musketry-fire. He assisted in loading and firing with his own hands, until at last overpowered, he was captured with his pieces, and is now a prisoner.

I remained with the right till it was finally driven back, then passing toward the left, I again rallied my troops, and formed a line, nearly at right angles with the first, along the edge of the woodland, about a half-mile in front of division headquarters. Here the Seventy-ninth Illinois, having been relieved from duty with the train, came upon the "double-quick" to the assistance of their comrades, and, new troops as they are, they fought like veterans during the balance of the engagement. Early in the engagement, while yet with the right, I had in succession two horses killed under me, and afterward received a severe wound in the hip. Having now re-formed the line, and finding myself too weak from the loss of blood to continue longer on the field, I surrendered up the command to Colonel Dodge, and withdrew from the front. The subsequent action of the brigade, after a hard struggle, driven back as they were from this point, and rallying again, in turn driving the enemy, and at last re-enforced, recovering the ground they had lost. All this you have in the report of Col. Dodge. It has been loosely said: "The Second division was surprised." I cannot speak for others, but as concerns my own brigade this is not true. I have already explained how well my troops were prepared for the battle, and how manfully they fought; and justice to this brigade, to its dead who fell in battle, to its living whose thinned ranks show with what sanguinary fierceness they contested the field, demands that this record should be made in proof of their readiness for battle and of their duty done. And 'tis a source of regret that my division commander was prevented by other duties from being present on the field during the engagement, that he might bear witness with me to the good conduct of these troops. In this general report I am compelled to pass by many individual acts of daring and courage, lest in mentioning some I should do injustice to others. These will appear in the regimental reports, and are respectfully commended to the consideration of the General Commanding.

I will, however, briefly mention my field-officers. Lieut.-Colonel Housam, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, fell mortally wounded while leading his regiment in a charge upon a rebel battery; Adjutant Davis, of the same regiment, then took command, and handled the regiment with great efficiency; Major Dysart commanded the Thirty-fourth Illinois, and added to his well-earned reputation as an officer; Captain Van Tassel, acting Major of that regiment, was severely wounded while cheering on his men in the struggle on the right. Lieut.-Col. Dunn, of the Twenty-ninth Indiana, and Major Fitzsimmons, of the Thirtieth Indiana, were taken prisoners later in the day, but under what circumstances I have not been able to learn. Major Collins, of the Twenty-ninth Indiana, remained in command of that regiment. Col. Dodge, of the Thirtieth Indiana, to whom I surrendered the command of the brigade, acted with distinguished gallantry during the day. Lieut.-Col. Hurd, just recovering from the effects of wounds received in our skirmish at La Vergne, added to the laurels he had earned at Shiloh. Col. Reed of the Seventy-ninth Illinois, was killed at the head of his regiment, but not till he had proved himself a brave and intrepid officer. Major Buckner then assumed command; and, by his good conduct, has well earned promotion.

My staff-officers, Capt. Wagner, A. A. G., Capt. Beeler, A. C. S., (volunteer aid that day,) Captain Edsall, Ins. Gen., MeElpatriek, Top. Eng., Lieuts. Walker and Baldwin, Aids, and Hewitt, Acting Brig. Surgeon, all have proved their efficiency too often and too long to need praise from me now, but my thanks are due to them for their intelligent and active assistance that day. Two of my orderlies, John Darstrin and Thomas Mar, remained by me under the fiercest fire. Darstrin's horse was killed under him and he severely wounded. They behaved nobly here as they did at Shiloh, and deserve commissions.

The troops of my brigade represent the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. To the friends and relatives of the wounded and dead I offer my warmest condolence, but with it the proud assurance that their sons and brothers fell true soldiers with no stains upon them.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

E. N. KIRK,

Brigadier-General

REPORT OF COLONEL WILEY.

CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN.,
HEADQUARTERS FORTY-FIRST REGIMENT O. V., Jan. 6, 1863. }
Major R. L. Kimberly, A. A. G. :

As commander of the Forty-first regiment Ohio volunteers, I have the honor to submit the following report of its operations and casualties in the recent engagements before Murfreesboro.

On the evening of the thirtieth of December, the regiment, which was then in double column in reserve, was ordered to take position in the first line of battle, its left resting on the right of and near the Murfreesboro and Nashville turnpike, with two companies deployed as skirmishers about one hundred and fifty yards in advance,

covering its front. A little before daylight on the morning of the thirty-first, companies D and I were deployed as skirmishers, and relieved companies A and F, which were then assembled and took their position in line. About eight o'clock the signal "forward" was sounded, and the regiment commenced to advance toward Murfreesboro. At this time, the firing, which had commenced at an early hour on our right, appeared to be nearing the pike to our right and rear, and the regiment had not advanced more than about one hundred paces, when the command "right about" was given, and it returned to its former position, and again faced to the front. At this time the enemy appeared advancing in line across the open country direct in our front. The regiment was then moved by the left flank across the turnpike, its left resting on a slight elevation to the right of and near the railroad. The enemy then moving by his left flank to gain cover of a wood on our right, it made an oblique change of front to rear on the left company. The skirmishers, who, during this time, under the command of Captain J. H. Williston, acting Major, had been engaged with the enemy, with slight loss, were now rallied and put in position on the right of the regiment. In this position the regiment opened fire, and continued firing until its ammunition was about exhausted, when it was relieved by the Ninth Indiana, and retired a short distance and replenished its boxes. It then took up position on the right of the brigade, extending obliquely across the turnpike, and again opened fire. It here continued firing until a battery of the enemy opened upon our right flank, when it retired across the railroad and took up position on the left of the brigade, the right resting near and perpendicular to the railroad, the rest of the brigade having taken position behind and parallel with the railroad. After remaining in this position for some time, the enemy not being within effective range of infantry, and suffering considerably from his artillery, one shell from which exploding in the ranks, killed and wounded eight men, it retired about fifty yards behind a ridge, which afforded some protection. Shortly after, hearing that the enemy's cavalry was attempting to cross the creek to our left and rear, and seeing a section of artillery unsupported, opening in that direction, without waiting for orders, I placed the regiment in position on the right of the artillery. A few discharges from the artillery, however, repulsed them. I was here met by a member of the staff of the colonel commanding the brigade, and directed to remain there until further orders. Shortly after, by direction of Gen. Rosecrans, the regiment took its former position in the field, behind the crest of the hill, which it occupied during the remainder of the day, sustaining some loss from the enemy's artillery, but without opportunity of returning its fire. During the following day the regiment was not engaged, remaining in double column in reserve, on the left of the railroad and near the creek, as it did also during Friday, until in the afternoon, when the enemy made his attack on our left. The column was then moved by the

left flank across the creek to the extreme left where it was deployed. The enemy was at this time repulsed and retiring in confusion. I was ordered to advance the regiment in line, and did so without firing, until ordered to halt at the skirt of a wood, the enemy having retreated across an open field and disappeared in a wood beyond. A single battery of the enemy's, posted in the skirt of the wood, was continuing its fire.

The regiment was directed to fire one volley in the direction of the battery, and did so, immediately after which the firing on both sides ceased. It being now dark, the regiment remained in this position until relieved by the Twenty-first Illinois, when it was ordered into position to the rear, which terminated its part in the engagement. The following is a list of casualties :

CO. A, FIRST LIEUT. C. C. HART, COMMANDING.

Killed—First Lieut. C. C. Hart; privates Albert McFarland and John M. Waggoner.

Wounded—Sergeants Jas. J. Mattocks, severely; Sheldon Crooks, slightly; Corporal Philip A. Bowers, privates Julius A. Cutler, C. A. Bennett, Hiram C. Kesser, Geo. A. Clark, Edward Pfouts, (wounded and missing,) C. K. Smith, all severely; Albert Frost, Milo Ritchie, Wm. Shirey, Adolphus Flint, Asbury Hewitt, all slightly.

Missing—Privates John Little and Addison Lincoln. Total killed, three; wounded, fourteen; missing, three. Number engaged, commanding officers, two; enlisted men, forty-five.

CO. B, LIEUT. E. A. FORD, COMMANDING.

Killed—Private Wm. Burke.

Wounded—First Lieut. E. A. Ford, severely; privates J. Burke, J. B. Johnson, G. B. Patterson, all severely; Sergeant C. F. Judd, Corporal H. Belden, both slightly; privates D. R. Bartlett, C. Danforth, both slightly. Total killed, one; wounded, eight. Number engaged, commanding officer, one; enlisted men, fifty-two.

CO. C, FIRST LIEUT. S. B. ASDEL, COMMANDING.

Wounded—Sergts. Cunningham Huston, Cornelius F. Titus; privates Richard Hinkle, Samuel Omrung, all severely; Thomas McGonigal, mortally; Corporals Frank Eckerman, James Carlino, both slightly; privates Thos. Bonham, Jos. Dunham, James Huston, John Wright, Clement Vallingham, all slightly. Total wounded, twelve. Number engaged, commanding officer, one; enlisted men, thirty-nine.

CO. D, CAPT. H. E. PROCTOR, COMMANDING.

Wounded—First Sergeant and Acting Lieut. Loyd Fisher, severely; privates Jos. Hist, W. E. Smith, Joseph Davidson, all severely; Corporals Wm. Dunker, Arthur Emerson, both slightly; privates Spencer, Sawyer, Orlo C. Matthews, both slightly.

Missing—Private Edwin Kelley. Total wounded, nine; missing, one. Number engaged, commanding officers, two; enlisted men, thirty-two.

CO. E, FIRST SERGEANT F. A. MCKAY, COMMANDING.

Killed—Sergeant Henry Simons; fifer, S. N. Winchester; private, Jesse Quick.

Wounded—Privates Davis Cochran, William Nally, John Ryan, Nelson Stebbins, Clyde Wason, all severely; Corporal Richard Neville, privates Henry Conway, Thomas Conway, John Caldwell, John Canfield, Robert Davidson, Patrick Farrill, all slightly.

Missing—Warren R. Scott, drummer.

Total—Killed, three; wounded, twelve; missing, one; number engaged enlisted men, forty-two.

CO. F, CAPT. E. S. HOLLOWAY, COMMANDING.

Killed—Privates Joseph Parish, S. B. Kidwell.

Wounded—Samuel J. Ewing, Henry Alder, Julius Goff, Chas. Edwig, M. Fredericks, Jackson Hewitt, all severely; Sergeant R. A. Gault, privates David Akins, Peter Lawrence, Wm. Joy, George A. Webb, all slightly.

Missing—James Davis.

Total—Killed two; wounded, eleven; missing, one.

Number engaged—Commanding officers, two; enlisted men, fifty.

CO. G, CAPT. W. W. MUNN, COMMANDING.

Killed—Privates H. T. Hues, Joel Strong.

Wounded—Corporals John Bridgeman, Wm. Garrett, D. W. Young, private Daniel Worthington, all severely; Sergeant H. S. Young, Corporal H. B. Hunt, privates T. J. Gray, L. Houseworth, Charles Moss, O. Stevenson, Martin Searles, M. Watts, G. Pickett, all slightly.

Missing—Private Horton Smith.

Total—Killed, two; wounded, thirteen; missing, one.

Number engaged—Commanding officers, two; enlisted men, fifty-three.

CO. H, CAPT. WM. J. MORGAN, COMMANDING.

Killed—Private John C. Lenhart.

Wounded—Sergeant Henry S. Dirlan, Corporals Wm. H. Rosseter, Chester J. Case, privates Samuel Fishel, Harrison Moore, Wm. H. Prince, Geo. H. Tift, all severely; Corporal Josiah Staples, privates George Clark, Jas. Cross, Aquilla Maues, all slightly; Emmer E. Rossiter mortally, since died.

Total—Killed, one; wounded, twelve.

Number engaged—Commanding officers, two; enlisted men, twenty-one.

CO. I, FIRST LIEUT. L. T. PATCHIN, COMMANDING.

Killed—Corporal J. K. Snyder, private E. Troutman.

Wounded—Lieut. L. T. Patchin, severely; private Andrew Conchain, severely; private Chas. Dougherty, slightly. Total killed, two; wounded, three. Number engaged, commanding officers, two; enlisted men, thirty-six.

CO. K, CAPT. JAMES HORNER, COMMANDING.

Wounded—First Sergeant, Acting Lieut. H. P. Wolcott, severely; Sergeant John Orr, mortally, since died; Sergeant L. O. Smith, severely; privates A. J. Winters, severely; John Thompson, severely; Daniel Regan, slightly; Charles McEchran, slightly; J. P. Button, slightly. Total

wounded, eight. Number engaged, commanding officers, one; enlisted men, twenty-three.

Total commanders killed, one; total do. wounded, two; total enlisted killed, thirteen; total enlisted wounded, one hundred and two; total enlisted missing, six. Total engaged, commanding officers, nineteen; enlisted men, three hundred and ninety-four.

Of the above list five were wounded in the engagement on Friday evening. Sergeants Titus and Houston were carrying the colors at the time they were wounded. Lieutenant Blythe, Quartermaster, was with the regiment during the engagement on Wednesday, and rendered efficient service. Both officers and men displayed great coolness and steady bravery throughout the entire engagement, performing all manœuvres with accuracy and precision, and even when not engaged, and suffering severely from the enemy's artillery, not attempting to move until ordered to do so. Sergeant McKay, of company E, commanding the company from the commencement of the engagement, and Sergeant McMahan, temporarily in command of company H, displayed great coolness and courage, and are eminently deserving of promotion. Corporal J. P. Patterson, of the color-guard, seized the colors when Sergeant Houston fell, and bore them gallantly during the remainder of the engagement.

I have the honor to be,

Your most obedient servant,

AQUILLA WILEY,

Lieut.-Col. Forty-first Ohio V., Com'g Reg't.

COLONEL MOODY'S REPORT.

CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN.,
HEADQUARTERS SEVENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT, }
OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, January 5, 1863. }

Brigadier-General Negley, Commanding Eighth Division, Fourteenth Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland:

SIR: I have the honor to report the results of the engagements of the thirty-first of December and the second of January, 1863, as affecting the Seventy-fourth regiment Ohio volunteer infantry under my command.

Col. Miller, commanding the Seventh brigade, Eighth division of the Fourteenth army corps, was pleased to assign to my command the position of the left centre of the brigade.

In the action of the thirty-first December, we were posted on the slope of an eminence facing and commanding the position held by the Rock City Guards and other regiments, composing one of the most efficient brigades of the rebel forces, under Gen. Withers. I am justly proud, sir, of my regiment. The brave and persistent men of my command promptly obeyed every order on the field of blood and deadly strife, and contributed largely to the glorious victory, which has driven the entire rebel force from their chosen field, and has placed us in undisputed possession of Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Allow me, in this connection, to note the gallant action of the Twenty-first Ohio volunteer infantry, Col. Neibling, on our left, the Thirty-seventh Indiana on our right, under command of

Col. Hull, and the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Col. Sirwell.

These regiments displayed the utmost bravery, inspiring all around with the high resolve to emulate their devotion to the cause in which we have mutually invested our all.

I take the greatest pleasure in reporting the gallant conduct of all the officers of the Seventy-fourth regiment.

Major Thomas C. Bell, the only field-officer with me, did his whole duty in the several engagements in the five days' battles. Cool, fearless, prompt, he proved himself to be the right man in the right place.

I desire to record the superior qualities evinced by the Adjutant of the regiment, Lieut. William Armstrong, of company C. In addition to his marked business habits, to which the regiment is greatly indebted, his bravery and efficiency on the battle-field entitle him to distinguished consideration.

Our line-officers, too, without exception, have won the highest regards by their eminently good conduct before the enemy, and in the fiery ordeal through which they passed.

Lieut. William McGinnis, commanding company H; Lieut. Richard King, commanding company B; Lieut. Robert Stevenson, commanding company C; Lieut. Robert Hunter, commanding company D; Captain Joseph Fisher and Lieut. H. H. Herring, of company F; Captain Walter Crook, Lieut. M. Peters, and Lieut. Joseph Hamil, of company F; Lieut. T. G. McElravy, commanding company G, with Lieut. George Brecker, of same company; Captain Joseph Ballard and First Lieut. Snodgrass, of company H; Lieut. Robert Cullen, of company I; and William H. Reed, Second Lieutenant, commanding company K. These officers, sir, all did their duty bravely—there was no flinching in any of them. Each faced the iron hail unmoved; each was in his place superintending their men in the terrible work they were called on to perform.

Lieut. Peters was severely wounded in the wrist, and was compelled to retire about the middle of the action on the thirty-first.

Lieut. Snodgrass was last seen just before the closing struggle, cheering his men, elapping his hands and saying: "Work away, my lads, we are gaining ground!" Noble fellow, he was wounded shortly afterward, and is reported among the missing; we fear he was mortally wounded.

Captain Crook and Lieutenant Hallen were also wounded in the action of the thirty-first, and the latter dangerously.

Captain Ballen was wounded in the shoulder, slightly.

In the action of the second of January, the Seventy-fourth regiment occupied its position in the brigade, and aided in the decisive repulse of the rebel forces under Gens. Cheatham and Hanson; in which they were driven over Stone River and over the hills and through the fields beyond, where our soldiers made the successful charge on the rebel batteries as they belched their fiery fury

on the Federal forces. At the close of that eventful onward movement, the flag of the Seventy-fourth was waving on the outer line amid the rejoicings of its stern supporters, and there remained till recalled by the order of Gen. Negley, to form his division in the rear of the artillery in the centre.

The review which I have made of the battle-fields over which we have together made our way during this protracted day's struggle, shows the awful effectiveness of our arms, the desperate obstinacy which characterizes our troops, and warrants the belief that though our pathway may be over bloody fields and thickly-planted graveyards, yet the flag of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and the heroes of our glorious Union, endeared by a thousand precious memories, and the symbol of a greater, grander destiny, shall be upheld and be borne along and aloft till it shall again float in unquestioned supremacy over all its ancient domain.

Allow me to say in behalf of the Seventy-fourth regiment, officers and men, that with such commanders as Major-Gen. Rosecrans, Gen. Negley, and Col. John F. Miller, we are prepared to go forward and follow the fortunes of the flag with increased confidence in the cause of our country against the rebel foes.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
GRANVILLE MOODY,

Colonel Commanding Seventy-fourth Regiment O. V. I.

P.S.—Our losses are in—killed, eight; wounded, ninety-three; missing, twenty-four; total, one hundred and twenty-five.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HOTCHKISS'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTY-NINTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, }
FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, RIGHT WING, }
IN CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, January 7, 1862. }

Captain Carl Schmitz, A. A. G. :

I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this regiment in the series of engagements between the Federal and rebel forces, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., and upon the approaches thereto, commencing on December twenty-sixth, 1862, and ending on January fourth, 1863, when the latter under Gen. Bragg were defeated by the army of Gen. Rosecrans, and forced to evacuate all their positions in and about Murfreesboro.

This regiment left the camp in front of Nashville, with the brigade, on the morning of December twenty-sixth, taking the Nolinsville pike, and moving slowly with the column (as the enemy had to be driven by the advance) through Nolinsville, Triune, and along the Murfreesboro and Franklin road, arriving on the night of the thirtieth at a point about three and a half miles due west from Murfreesboro, where, just after dark, the brigade was put in position on the extreme right of our right wing, about two hundred yards in rear of, and at right angles with Kirk's brigade. My regiment was formed in double column, at half distance in rear of the Forty-ninth Ohio, which was formed in line fronting south. The Fifteenth Ohio formed in line fronting west, on

my right flank, with battery A, First Ohio artillery, near the right flank of the Forty-ninth Ohio, and the left flank of the Fifteenth Ohio, the Thirty-second and Thirty-ninth Indiana regiments being on picket, covering the front of our position both south and west, thus protecting the rear of the extreme right, Kirk's brigade of the right wing. In this position my men bivouacked, without fires, for the night. At half-past five o'clock on the morning of December thirty-first, rapid firing of musketry was heard on Kirk's front, which was almost instantly followed by the men of his brigade rushing in confusion and indiscriminately through our ranks, and over my men, closely followed by a heavy column of rebel infantry. The enemy's fire being very heavy and severe upon us, and the large number of fugitives passing through and covering my front, together with peremptory orders communicated to regiment commanders in his brigade by Gen. Willich the night previous, made it impossible for me to make a deployment, or otherwise advantageously change my position. To protect my men as much as possible from the enemy's fire, I ordered them to lie down. In that position they remained, without confusion, until my left wing was uncovered of fugitives, and the enemy within fifty yards of my position, when I ordered that wing to fire, which was done with good effect, the colors of the leading column of rebels falling. Having received no orders as yet, and seeing the other regiments of the brigade falling back, I gave the order to retire by the right flank, on double-quick, which was done (but with some confusion) to a lane about four hundred yards in a north-westerly direction, where I placed Capts. Willett, Whiting, and Comstock, and Lieut. Wells's companies, in a very good position. But few of our shots were wasted, the colors of the leading column of the enemy again falling under our fire; but being closely pressed, I ordered these companies to retire on the same line of direction to a point on a small creek, about five hundred yards distant, where I placed Capts. Rowen and Blake's companies under the partial cover of a thicket, and their fire materially checked the enemy's advancing skirmishers, allowing me time to cross the creek with and partially reorganize my command, Capt. Rowen gradually following. Following the line of the creek, I again crossed to a point some five hundred yards south-east of the Second division hospital, where, in an open field, I found a portion of each of the Forty-ninth and Fifteenth Ohio, and Thirty-second Indiana regiments. The enemy's cavalry appearing in large force on our right, and their infantry approaching on our left flank, threatening to cut us off, I moved by the left flank (the other regiments following) in a north-easterly direction, to a position in the woods on the south side of "Wilkinson pike," and about equi-distant from the hospitals of the First (Gen. Davis's) and Second (Gen. Johnson's) divisions—a position from which our fire, at short-range, over an open field, thinned the ranks, and partially checked the advance of the rebels' closely pressing

columns. At this point, being informed of the loss of Gen. Willich and Col. Gibson, the next senior officer, the command of the brigade was assumed by Colonel Wallace of the Fifteenth Ohio. The forces (to me unknown) which here formed upon the right and left flanks of our brigade having retired, in obedience to orders, I retired my regiment in line and in good order, making several stands in the same woods—with the balance of the brigade to a point near the right of General Rosecrans's division, where I was ordered by General Johnson to take position in a cedar thicket on the right, with some troops (to me unknown) who were in front and joining on the right of said division. Soon afterward the troops on my right and left of the line, which they and I in common held, having unexpectedly and rapidly retired, and my position just then received the brunt of the enemy's artillery and musketry-fire, and my ammunition being exhausted, I retired my regiment by the flank toward the rear, there replenishing my ammunition and resting my men, who had, up to that time, taken and delivered an unceasing fire for nearly five hours.

Later in the day, being informed of the position of the balance of the brigade, I at once rejoined them, when I was put in position on the right of the same, (now under the command of Col. Gibson,) thus unitedly forming the second line of infantry (Gen. Davis's division being in front) on the extreme right of the right wing, where we bivouacked that night without fires.

The operations of the regiment during the subsequent four days were in common with the brigade, and were not of a character to need from me particular mention, with the exception of the part taken by it on the night of Friday, January second, when, under the command of Capt. Williams, (myself being unable to take active command,) it held the responsible position of guarding the ford, and supporting Capt. Stokes's (Chicago Board of Trade) battery, while the forces under General Negley made the successful charge upon the enemy's right.

The behavior of the officers and men during this period, particularly in the trying action of the thirty-first, was, in steadiness and bravery, all that could be required by a commander. This phrase fully expresses my estimate of their conduct: "Every man that day did his duty." Where bravery and obedience were so general, it is difficult for me to make personal discrimination, but among my non-commissioned officers, I particularly commend for their gallantry in rallying to my colors fugitives from other commands, Sergeant-Major John M. Farquhar and First Sergeant Erastus O. Young, of company A; also, Captain Button G. Cady, of the Thirty-ninth Indiana, and Lieut. Seifert, Thirty-second Indiana, who tendered their services to me on the field, and fought gallantly in my ranks. The following is the list of casualties during the period above specified:

Killed.—Captain Henry S. Willett and Corporal Wm. H. Litsey, Co. H; privates Jas. Nich-

ols, Co. E; Moses Beaver, Elijah Yonlin, Co. F; De Witt C. Scudder, Geo. W. Murray, David H. Bestor, Co. G; Henry Huggins, Co. H; Wm. Holdren, Co. I. Total, ten.

Wounded.—Adjutant Ed. F. Bishop, Sergt. John H. Moore, musician Justus D. Payne, and privates James J. Egan, Frank H. Mellen, Louis Sanders, Co. A; Corporal H. H. Warner, Co. C; Sergeant Olenin, and privates Frank Gangon, Ralph Pardy, Eli Morris, Alonzo Henderson, Co. D; privates Pat McGrath, Jas. Wildrick, Hiram H. Crain, Co. E; Sergeants Jas F. Copp, Jere S. Prescott, and privates Ira Bridgeford, Henry Fitch, Joseph Goyer, Co. F; musician Wm. Ferman, and privates John Herlick, David Kerr, Herman J. Rosenleaf, Wilfred H. Whitney, Robert Wilson, David E. Sprouse, C. F. Bainbridge, Co. G; privates Orton H. Barnes, James Snowball, Ole H. Johnson, F. W. Godard, Thos. N. Morley, Wm. J. Cooper, Co. H; musician A. W. Parker, and privates A. Bigley, Joseph Guthrie, Jos. J. Lloyd, Chas. Nelson, Henry Schecter, Co. I; privates Mich. Schabinger, Frank Diesel, John P. Adams, Fred. L. Phillips, John Reed, Co. K. Total, forty-five.

Missing.—Major Duncan J. Hall; Capt. Thomas Whiting, Co. G; Corporal J. K. Lowrey, and privates Robt. Armstrong, Roger Duffy, Charles Lord, Gardner Fuller, Jasper Luper, Philip Mulinix, Frank Russell, Henry Sterling, Enoch D. T. Sharp, Co. A; Corporal Richard M. Vaughan and private John C. Mercer, Co. B; Corporal Mathew W. Clepton, musician Marcus H. Perry, and privates Jacob Becker, Chas. Davis, Peter Hussey, Dan Nellis, Patrick H. McNamee, Thos. Maronie, Robt. Russell, Wesley Wilson, George M. Jones, Marvin J. Spoor, (two latter paroled prisoners,) Co. C; Sergeant Ed. Humphrey, Corporals David Labonty, David S. Allen, Oliver Bunker, and privates Joseph Zach, L. W. Beardsley, W. H. Milliam, Charles Fisher, Marion King, Mada Rubidi, Henry Tinsley, Co. D. The following additional in company B are paroled prisoners: privates Wm. Voerhees, John Miller, Wm. S. Rice, Jackson Arnold, W. D. Walker and Leo Lawrent; Corporals Geo. Shears, Andrew Golden and G. L. Richards; and privates H. G. Bramble, C. M. Bryant, Thos. Clark, S. G. Eggleston, F. W. La Compt, R. B. Mack, John Pinegan, Daniel Porter, Wm. Saddler, Wm. H. Simmons, Jubal Shaw, Co. E; Sergeant Joseph Cushman, Corporal Jason Wallace, musician Walter Huff, and privates Joseph Babbitt, James Perkins, Russell Huntley, Washington Cox, Curtis B. Knox, William Chamberlin, Addison Weaver, Reuben L. Kelly, Wm. Golden, Henry Couch, Co. F; Corporals Thomas H. Berry and George H. Wagoner, and privates Hiram Cole, Jas. Livingston, Wm. H. Nesbitt, Andrew Topper, Geo. Wells, Co. G; privates W. H. Delancy, Nels. Christianson, Jos. Haigh, John B. Smith, John Whitehead, Co. H; privates John K. Marmon, A. G. Rouse, Henry J. Lowe, Robert Smith, Wm. H. Bissell, John Cole, Wm. R. Purinton, Co. I; privates George Nugent, Thomas Creighton, William Reed, Thomas Rogers, James Nelson, Co. K. Total, ninety-four.

RECAPITULATION.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Field and Staff,.....	1	1	1
Co. A,.....	5	10	2
Co. B,.....	..	12	17
Co. C,.....	1	14	13
Co. D,.....	5	8	5
Co. E,.....	1	3	7
Co. F,.....	2	5	5
Co. G,.....	3	6	—
Co. H,.....	3	6	—
Co. I,.....	1	5	—
Co. K,.....	..	—	—
Total,.....	10	45	94

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
C. T. HOTCHKISS,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

REPORT OF COLONEL MILLER.

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH BRIGADE,
MURFREESBORO, TENN., January 6, 1863. }

Captain J. A. Lowrie, A. A. G. :

SIR: In compliance with your request, the following report of the operations of my command before Murfreesboro, is respectfully submitted:

On the evening of December twenty-ninth, my command took position in a field on the right of the Nashville pike, in the rear of General Palmer's line, and bivouacked for the night. At daylight, on the order of General Negley, I took position on the right of General Palmer's division, in the edge of a dense cedar wood, fronting to the south, and deployed skirmishers from the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania and Thirty-seventh Indiana, in front, across and to the left of the Six Mile pike, to act in conjunction with the skirmishers of Col. Stanley's brigade on my right. A brisk fire was kept up between the skirmishers and the enemy's sharpshooters in the open field to the left, and in the woods in front until the arrival of General Sheridan's division on the right, when our skirmishers were withdrawn for Colonel Roberts's command.

During the day, General McCook's forces advanced on the right, so that his left rested on our right flank, when a change of front to the left was made by General Negley's division. The enemy had remained quiet in the open field, (now almost directly in my front,) in his intrenchments, which were plainly visible, and had kept a battery of four pieces, in position at his works all day, without firing. Marshall's and Ellsworth's batteries, attached to my brigade, and posted in a small open field, fired an occasional shot at the enemy's works without eliciting reply. My command lost about twenty men killed and wounded, during the day. Skirmishers were kept out well to the front during the night, and two regiments of my command, with the batteries, were posted in the open field. On the morning of the thirty-first, skirmishing was resumed along our line, and heavy firing was heard on the right, along Gen. McCook's lines. The firing on our right gradually increased, and neared our position, until a continuous roar of artillery and musketry was heard

directly in our rear, and the advancing columns of the enemy were seen on our right and front.

Here I received orders to hold my position to the last extremity. For this purpose, I executed a partial change of front, and placed my troops in the convex order, as follows:

The Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Col. Sirwell, on the right, on the brow of a small hill, the right resting on Schultz's battery, of Colonel Stanley's brigade; the Thirty-seventh Indiana, Col. Hull, on the right centre; the Seventy-fourth Ohio, Colonel Moody, on the left centre, behind a rail fence; Marshall's battery, on a small hill, in the open field, to the left of the Seventy-fourth Ohio; the Twenty-first Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel Neibling, on the left, in a thicket fronting the enemy's works; and Ellsworth's battery near the log house, between Palmer's right and the Twenty-first Ohio. Simultaneously with the advance of the enemy from the right, a heavy force advanced from the enemy's works on my left wing. The batteries at the enemy's works were manned and opened fire over the heads of the enemy's infantry. Before my regiments were properly in position, a most terrific fire was opened upon every part of the line by infantry and artillery, but there was no wavering, and as the advancing columns of the enemy approached, they were met by a well directed and terribly destructive fire from our lines.

The batteries were worked with admirable skill, and the firing along our whole line was executed with creditable precision.

The enemy halted but did not abate his fire. The roar of musketry and artillery now became almost deafening, and as the unequal contest progressed it became more terrible. Once the strong force in the open field in front of my left wing attempted a bayonet charge upon the Twenty-first Ohio, but were gallantly met and repulsed with great slaughter. On one of the flags was inscribed the "Rock City Guards." The battle continued with unabating fierceness on both sides until the sixty rounds of ammunition with which my men were supplied was nearly exhausted. The Thirty-seventh Indiana was the first to report a want of ammunition and withdrew a short distance to the rear for a supply, the Seventy-fourth Ohio and Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania filling up the interval. The teamsters of the ammunition-wagons had moved to the rear, and when ammunition was being brought forward they turned and fled. Colonel Hull again led his regiment forward and fired the few remaining cartridges on the persons of the men, taking also such as could be had from the dead and wounded. At this juncture the troops on our right retired, and some unauthorized person ordered Colonel Sirwell to retire his regiment. This regiment was fighting gallantly and holding the position on the crest of the hill, but on receiving the order retired to the cedars in the rear. Seeing this, I immediately ordered Colonel Sirwell forward to the same position. This order was obeyed promptly, and the men again took position in admirable order. Soon after this, a heavy force was observed to ad-

vance on General Palmer's left, and a hard contest ensued. General Palmer's right brigade held their ground for a short time, and then began to retire. Just at this time I received orders from General Negley to retire slowly with my command into the woods. My troops were then nearly out of ammunition, the enemy were advancing on my right flank and on my left. The fire in front was no less destructive than it had been during the engagement.

The movement was made in good order by the infantry; but it was impossible for the artillery to obey. Nearly all the horses had been killed; the ground was soft and muddy, and the men had not the strength to haul away the pieces. Five guns were lost. Four were saved by the men of the batteries, assisted by the infantry. On reaching the wood, I halted the command and formed line of battle, faced by the rear rank, and delivered several well-directed volleys into the enemy's ranks, now crossing the open field over which we had retreated. This checked the advance of the enemy for a short time, strewing the ground with his dead. Being closely pressed on both flanks, and receiving fire from three directions, I again retired my command, the men loading while marching, and firing to the rear as rapidly as possible.

In this way my command retreated for the Nashville pike in a north-east direction. While in the forest, being closely pressed in the rear, the enemy, in strong force, was encountered on the line of retreat, when a destructive fire was opened upon my columns, which caused them to break to the right. My men did not run, but marched to the pike, carrying many of our wounded. When near the pike, and while rallying his men, Colonel Hull, of the Thirty-seventh Indiana, was severely wounded and disabled. He fought bravely and gallantly during the whole engagement. The Twenty-first Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Neibling, rallied near the pike, and, at the request of Gen. Rousseau, took position for the support of a battery, then at work near the road.

Ammunition was furnished, and this regiment fought with the battery over an hour, and then rejoined my command on the left of the road where I had organized and obtained ammunition.

During this entire engagement, and under all these terribly appalling circumstances, both officers and enlisted men of my command behaved with admirable coolness and bravery. Examples of heroic daring and gallantry were everywhere to be seen, but where all acted so well it is difficult to make special mention without doing injustice to many.

The cool courage and distinguished gallantry of Col. Wm. Sirwell, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Col. Granville Moody, Seventy-fourth Ohio, (who was wounded early in the engagement and had his horse shot under him, but refused to leave the field,) Col. J. S. Hull, Thirty-seventh Indiana, and Lieut.-Col. James M. Neibling, Twenty-first Ohio, regimental commanders, deserve the highest praise; and the skill and ability with which these brave officers performed their responsible

duties cannot be too highly applauded. The other field-officers and company-officers, and also Lieuts. Marshall and Ellsworth, of the artillery, displayed that high courage and determined bravery which makes the veteran soldier.

Too much cannot be said in praise of both officers and men. The losses in my brigade, killed and wounded in the action, amounted to over five hundred men. In the evening of the thirty-first I was ordered by Gen. Negley to take position on the centre front, across the Nashville road, for support to the batteries in position at that place. My command remained in this position until the next morning, when I was ordered to take position as a reserve for Gen. Hascall's division, to the left of the railroad. In the afternoon of the first of January, I received orders to march my command to the support of the right of General McCook's corps. I took position as directed, and remained there all night in the open field, and until about one o'clock P.M. on the second, when I was ordered to the support of Gen. Crittenden's corps, on the left.

I took position, as ordered by Gen. Negley, in an open field in rear of the battery on the left of the railroad, and near the bank of Stone River.

About four o'clock P.M., a furious attack was made by the enemy on Gen. Beatty's (or Van Cleve's) division, then across Stone River. The fire of the enemy was returned with spirit for a time, when that division retired across the river and retreated through my lines, which were then formed near the bank of the river, my men lying down, partly concealed behind the crest of a small hill in an open field. As soon as the men of Beatty's division had retired from our front, I ordered my command forward—the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania on the right, the Twenty-first Ohio on the left, to advance under cover of the hill along the river-bank, the Thirty-seventh Indiana and Seventy-fourth Ohio in the centre. The Twenty-ninth brigade moved forward in the same direction—the Eighteenth Ohio on the right, and formed partly in the intervals between the regiments of my right wing.

The enemy advanced rapidly, following Van Cleve's (Beatty's) division, and gained the river-bank, all the time firing rapidly across at my line. My troops opened fire from the crest of the hill. The enemy halted and began to waver. I then ordered the men forward to a rail-fence on the bank of the river.

Here a heavy fire was directed upon the enemy with fine effect; and, although in strong force, and supported by the fire of two batteries in their rear, they began to retreat. Deeming this an opportune moment for crossing the stream, I ordered the troops to cross rapidly, which they did with great gallantry, under fire from front and right flank. Here the Eighteenth Ohio, part of the Thirty-seventh Indiana, and part of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers were ordered by some one to proceed up the right bank, in a field, to repel an attack from a force there firing upon my right flank. The colors of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, and I think the

Nineteenth Illinois, were the first to cross the river. The men followed in as good order as possible. While my troops were crossing, a staff-officer informed me that it was Gen. Palmer's order that the troops should not cross. The enemy was then retreating, and many of my men were over the stream.

I crossed in person, and saw the enemy retiring. Taking cover behind a rail-fence, on the left bank, the men poured a heavy fire into the retreating force.

The Twenty-first Ohio had crossed the river on the left, and was ascending the bank, and was just going into the wood. When in this position, I received another order, purporting to come from Gen. Palmer, to recross the river and support the line on the hill. The force on the right of the river was then advancing in the corn-field and driving the enemy, thus protecting my right flank; and having no inclination to turn back, I ordered the troops forward.

Colonel Stoughton, of the Eleventh Michigan, formed his regiment and moved along the bank of the river, while the other troops moved forward to his left. The Twenty-first Ohio came in on the extreme left and advanced in splendid style. In crossing the river the men of the different regiments had, to some extent, become mixed together. Yet a tolerable line was kept on the colors of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Nineteenth Illinois, Sixty-ninth Ohio, and Seventy-fourth Ohio, and the men moved forward with spirit and determination.

The enemy's batteries were posted on an eminence, in the woods near a corn-field, in our front, and all this time kept up a brisk fire, but without much effect. His infantry retreated in great disorder, leaving the ground covered with his dead and wounded. When within about one hundred and fifty yards of the first battery, I ordered the Seventy-eighth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers to charge the battery, which was immediately done by the men of that regiment, and Nineteenth Illinois, Sixty-ninth Ohio, and perhaps others. The Twenty-first Ohio coming in opportunely on the left, the battery, consisting of four guns, was taken and hauled off by the men.

The colors of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee (rebel) at the time of the charge were in the rear of the battery, and were taken by the men of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, and brought to the rear.

Another battery, further to the front, all this time kept up a heavy fire of grape and canister upon our forces, but without much effect.

Seeing my troops in the disorder which follows such successes, and being nearly out of ammunition, I sent staff-officers back to Gen. Negley for reënforcements with which to pursue the enemy. I ordered the troops to halt and re-form, so as to hold the ground until relieved by other troops. This being done, a large body of troops were soon brought to our lines, when I withdrew my command to re-form and obtain ammunition.

At this time Col. Stanley crossed the river and took command of the regiments of his brigade on

that side of the river. I brought my troops across to the right bank of the river, by order of Gen. Negley, and re-formed them, supplied them with ammunition, and took position, as support for the batteries on the hill in front.

The troops in this action behaved most gallantly, and deserve the highest credit for their bravery.

Of the officers who participated in this engagement, honorable mention should be made of Col. Wm. Sirwell, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania; Col. Joseph R. Scott, Nineteenth Illinois, who was severely wounded while leading his regiment; Col. Stoughton, Eleventh Michigan; Col. Granville Moody, Seventy-fourth Ohio; Lieut.-Colonel Neibling, Twenty-first Ohio; Lieut.-Col. Elliott, commanding Sixty-ninth Ohio; Major T. C. Bell, Seventy-fourth Ohio; Lieut.-Colonel Ward and Major Kimble, Thirty-seventh Indiana; Captain R. Inness, Nineteenth Illinois; Captain Fisher and Lieut. McElravy, Seventy-fourth Ohio. The gallantry of these officers, and of many others, cannot be excelled.

To my staff-officers I am greatly indebted for their efficiency and their valuable services in both these engagements, as well as for their general efficiency and faithfulness. Major A. B. Bonaffon, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Topographical Engineers; First Lieut. Henry A. Cist, A. A. A. General; Lieutenant Alf. Ayers, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, A. D. C.; First Lieutenant S. F. Cheney, Twenty-first Ohio, A. D. C.; First Lieut. F. J. Tedford, Seventy-fourth Ohio, Brigade Inspector, all deserve the highest credit for the ability displayed in the discharge of their duties, and for distinguished gallantry and cool courage on the field.

I am also under many obligations to Lieutenant Robert Mungen, Brigade Quartermaster, and Lieutenant Frank Riddell, Brigade Commissary, for the able manner in which they discharged their duties.

Chaplain Lozier of the Thirty-seventh Indiana, rendered valuable service by his labor for the comfort of the men, and in taking care of the wounded. His bravery and kindness were conspicuous throughout. I am informed that Surgeon Anderson, Thirty-seventh Indiana, Brigade Surgeon, performed his duties in a highly satisfactory manner.

Privates Nicholas J. Vail, Nineteenth Illinois, and W. J. Vance, Twenty-first Ohio, acted as orderlies, and deserve honorable mention. They are both worthy of promotion to the rank of lieutenants.

I also recommend for promotion, Sergeant II. A. Miller, A. R. Weaver, F. Mechling, and Corporal W. Hughes, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers, and Sergeant P. A. Weaver, Seventy-fourth Ohio, for deeds of valor on the field.

There are many others, whose names have not been furnished.

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JNO. F. MILLER,

Col. Twenty-ninth Indiana Vols., Com'g Seventh Brigade.

COLONEL BERRY'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS LOUISVILLE LEGION,
FIFTH KENTUCKY VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, CAMP NEAR
MURFREESBORO, January 8, 1863. }

To Wm. Patterson, A. A. A. General Third Brigade.

SIR: Having been called upon to furnish a report of the operations of my command, from the twenty-sixth day of December, 1862, to the fourth day of January, 1863, inclusive, I have the honor to submit the following:

On the morning of the twenty-sixth of December, being then on picket with my regiment, I received orders to join the column marching southward on the Nolinsville road. We reached Nolinsville about three o'clock the next morning. At daylight of the twenty-seventh I was ordered forward; and marching three miles, we found the enemy with some artillery, prepared to obstruct our march. We were thrown out on the right of the road, and immediately pushed at them, but they fell back to a new position; and this was repeated time and again, throughout the day, till we reached a point one mile south of Triune. We traversed in line of battle, this day, some four or five miles of country, made up of corn and cotton-fields, thickets, swamps, and woods. I sustained no loss in this skirmish. Sunday morning, December twenty-eighth, I was ordered to support Gen. Willich in a reconnoissance. No enemy was found, and we returned to camp. On Monday, General McCook's command having moved off toward Murfreesboro, we were left near Triune to prevent the enemy intercepting the march of the main column. Here we remained till the morning of the thirtieth, when we marched off toward Murfreesboro, distant some fifteen miles, and rejoined the division, which was found moving into position beyond Wilkinson's cross-roads. In a short time orders came for us to support a cavalry reconnoissance of the country lying to the right of our front. No enemy was found in this direction, and we returned to the division. We were then placed in position as a reserve for the other two brigades of Gen. Johnson's command, occupying the extreme right of the army. Early next morning I received orders to form a line of battle one hundred and fifty paces in the rear of the First Ohio volunteers; this done, the command "forward" was given. In this advance Capt. A. H. Speed was struck in the abdomen with a spent ball and severely injured; but, like a true soldier, he retained the command of his company until late in the evening, when he was ordered to the hospital. When the First Ohio reached a fence on the crest of a hill it became hotly engaged; at the same time there was rapid firing from the Sixth Indiana on the left, and from some regiment to the right of the First Ohio. A section of Simonson's battery had been moved to the front, to the left and abreast with the First Ohio. A battery of the enemy's immediately opened upon it, and their shells killed and wounded many of my men. Presently I observed the reg-

ment to the right of the First Ohio in full retreat, and in a few moments I saw the First Ohio moving to the rear. I could see no enemy on account of the intervening ridge, and supposing that the First Ohio had exhausted its ammunition, I instantly prepared to take its place, but just before it reached my lines, to my utter amazement, a mass of the enemy appeared moving obliquely upon my right; a change of front was imperative. Whilst executing this movement, refusing my right to the enemy, the First Ohio passed through the right of my regiment and threw into great confusion my four right companies. Their officers promptly arrested this, and I here take occasion to thank Capt. John Lucas, commanding company F, First Lieut. Thomas Forman, commanding company A, First Lieutenant Joseph E. Miller, commanding company D, and Second Lieut. A. Sidney Smith, commanding company I, for their steadiness at this trying moment. In the mean time my left, getting into position, poured its fire into the steadily advancing columns of the enemy, but the troops to my left were giving way and the enemy, getting a battery into position, almost enfiladed me. The right of the division was completely crushed in, and I had no connection, consequently no protection here. It was soon manifest I must either fall back or be isolated. A new position was taken, some two hundred paces in rear of our first, and here I believe we could have successfully resisted the enemy; but some general, I don't know who, ordered the entire line to fall back still further, and those who like rapid movements would have been more than satisfied with the celerity with which some of the floating fragments of regiments obeyed him. Pending this movement, my attention was called by Col. Baldwin to a portion of a battery abandoned by those whose business it was to look after it. A full battery of the enemy was playing upon it at the time. I immediately yoked the Legion to it, and with Huston and Thomasson as the wheel-horses, it was dragged to the railroad, where the new line was forming. I was shortly ordered to move by the flank further up the railroad, where a position was taken that was not assailed on this day. I had gone into the fight with three hundred and twenty muskets, a portion of my command being on detached service. Nineteen men were killed, including Capt. Ferguson, of company I. He was one of our best officers. Eighty were wounded, among whom were seven commissioned officers, namely, Lieut.-Col. Wm. W. Berry, shot through the wrist; Major John L. Treanor, wounded by a shell in the thigh; Capt. A. H. Speed, in the abdomen; Capt. L. P. Lovett, slightly in the thigh; First Lieutenant Frank Dissell, mortally; First Lieutenant John D. Sheppard, seriously through the left lung; and First Lieut. Wm. H. Powell, slightly in the shoulder. Twenty-six are missing; some of these, I am mortified to say, ran away at the first fire. Their names shall be duly reported.

During the engagement my color-bearer was shot, and down went the flag; but like lightning

it gleamed aloft again, in the hands of three men, struggling who should have it; their names are John B. Schuble of company E, Charles Flickhammer of company H, and Sergeant John Baker of company D; the latter bore it throughout the remainder of the day. Private Wm. Shumaker of company G was badly shot through the thigh, but persisted in fighting with the regiment till he was forced to the rear by order of his captain; I commend him for his devotion. Sergeant-Major Willett departed himself most bravely, and deserves promotion. Adjutant Johnston rendered me every assistance in his power, and I especially thank him.

On the morning of the first of January, I received orders to move further to the front. There was no general advance of our lines, though constant skirmishing throughout the day. Captain Thomasson had command of the skirmish line, and by his adroitness was mainly instrumental in the capture of ninety-seven prisoners. The enemy held a dense wood about three hundred yards in front of us, on the edge of which were some cabins, occupied by sharpshooters. I proposed to push forward my skirmishers and dislodge them, provided those on my right and left were simultaneously advanced. This, though ordered, was not done, and I did not deem it safe to expose my flanks. But toward evening the fire of the riflemen became so annoying that it was determined to stop it at any cost. I ordered Captains Hurley and Lindenfelser to move with their companies directly upon the houses and burn them. Across the open fields they dashed, the enemy having every advantage in point of shelter. Capt. Huston was then ordered to their support, and the place was literally carried by assault, the houses burned, and five of the enemy left dead upon the spot. This was the last we heard of the sharpshooters. The daring displayed by both officers and men deserves especial consideration. But one of my men was hurt, Corporal Money-penny, shot through the leg. The skirmishing in which my command took part on the days succeeding this was of an uneventful character, and I forego the details.

WM. W. BERRY,
Lieut.-Col. Commanding L. L., Fifth Kentucky Vol. Infantry.

REPORT OF COLONEL ENYART.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS, }
CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN., JANUARY 8. }

GENERAL: I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of the first regiment Kentucky volunteer infantry, during the late engagement:

Pursuant to orders we left our camp near Nashville on the morning of the twenty-sixth ultimo, and proceeded toward Murfreesboro on the direct route. Arriving within one mile of La Vergne about four o'clock that evening, a considerable force of the enemy were discovered on the left of the road, and the First brigade, Second division, left wing, was ordered to operate against them. General Cruft ordered the First Kentucky to the front; and, after considerable skirmishing with the enemy, we charged and drove him across the

creek, into the woods near the town, with a loss on our side of two men wounded. The position thus gained was picketed, and held during the night by the First Kentucky. Soon after dark a force of the enemy's cavalry attacked the left of our picket-line, but were repulsed by companies I and C, losing one man wounded.

On the twenty-seventh ultimo the right marched with the division as far as Stewart's Creek, where we bivouacked until the morning of the twenty-ninth. We then moved forward slowly, and bivouacked about two and a half miles from Murfreesboro. On the thirtieth the regiment was assigned its position in line of battle, being on the right of the second line of brigade, the brigade (Gen. Cruft's) being on the right of the division (Gen. Palmer's) and of General Crittenden's command. The Ninetieth Ohio was on our left, and the Thirty-first Indiana in our front in the first line. We lay on our arms during the day. On the morning of the thirty-first ultimo, about eight o'clock, Gen. Negley's division took position on our right, and soon after the engagement commenced on our right wing. About nine o'clock our front was hard pressed, and the brigade moved forward, the first line to the edge of the woods, and the First Kentucky to support Standart's battery. The right of our army was now being driven back, and the engagement was getting warm in our front, when Gen. Cruft ordered the First Kentucky to move forward, and we marched over the Thirty-first Indiana into a corn-field, three hundred yards in front of them, where we were exposed to the fire of two pieces of artillery, supported by a regiment of infantry, about one hundred yards distant, and directly on our left flank.

Our position here was in advance of that held by any other regiment in the army. Being in danger of being cut off by a heavy column of infantry, advancing on our right, we retired in good order to the woods, where we took a new position behind a fence. We remained here but a short time, when the brigade fell back through the woods slowly, and re-formed on the road. About twelve o'clock we were ordered forward to the support of a battery, remaining there but half an hour. The brigade was then moved to the railroad, and in the evening formed a new line in the rear of the division, where we lay during the night. On the morning of the first we were again moved to the left to a new position, our left resting on the bank of Stone River. About noon we were ordered further to the left to the support of Capt. Swallow's battery, which was posted on an eminence. Here the regiment remained during the night.

On the second instant, we threw up breast-works of rails and stone, behind which we lay during the attempt of the enemy to turn the left of our line. After the signal defeat of the enemy at this point, we were ordered forward, led by Gen. Cruft, until coming in range of a battery of the enemy, we lay down until their fire had ceased. It being dark, and nothing further to do, we retired to our former position, where we remained

until the fourth instant. A fuller and more definite report of the operations of the regiment will be made hereafter.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. A. ENYART,
Colonel Com'g First Regiment Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.

REPORT OF COLONEL MINTY.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE,
CAMP BEFORE MURFREESBORO, JAN. 7, 1863. }

Lieutenant Chamberlain, A. A. A. G. First Cavalry Division:

SIR: I have the honor to hand you the following report of the part taken by the First brigade, First division cavalry reserve, in the operations from the advance of the army from Nashville to and including the battle before Murfreesboro.

I marched from Camp Rosecrans, near Nashville, on the morning of the twenty-sixth ultimo, with the Third Kentucky, Fourth Michigan, Seventh Pennsylvania, and one company of the Second Indiana, and reported to General Palmer on the Murfreesboro road. In accordance with orders received from him, through the Colonel commanding the division, I placed the Third Kentucky on the left, and the Seventh Pennsylvania on the right of the road, keeping the Fourth Michigan on the pike, with a strong advance-guard thrown out.

Ten miles from Nashville, I met the enemy's pickets, who, as they fell back before us, were continually reënforced, until arriving at La Vergne they disputed our progress with a force of two thousand five hundred cavalry and mounted infantry, with four pieces of artillery, under Gen. Wheeler. After some sharp skirmishing, in which we suffered some loss, and did the enemy considerable damage, I moved under cover of a slight eminence on which Lieut. Newell, of battery D, First Ohio, had his section planted, leaving two companies of the Fourth Michigan dismounted, and in ambush behind a fence to support the artillery. I must here mention that Lieut. Newell did splendid service with his two three-inch Rodmans. Every shot was well planted, and he nobly fought the four guns of the enemy for over half an hour, when a battery from Gen. Palmer's division came up to his assistance. One of the gunners was killed by a shell from the enemy while serving his gun.

Saturday, Dec. 27.—The Seventh Pennsylvania, under Major Wyncoop, made a reconnoissance in front of Gen. Palmer's division, which occupied a position on the left of the line. One battalion, Fourth Michigan, under Capt. Mix, was sent out on the Jefferson pike, and did not rejoin the brigade until the following day. I beg to refer you to the report of Capt. Mix for particulars.

The army advanced at about eleven o'clock A.M., the Third Kentucky and one company of the Second Indiana, under Colonel Murray, on the left flank, and the Fourth Michigan, under my immediate direction, covering the right flank.

Camped near Stewart's Creek this night.

Sunday, Dec. 28.—I sent one battalion Seventh Pennsylvania, under Capt. Jennings, to re-

lieve the battalion Fourth Michigan on Jefferson pike.

Monday, Dec. 29.—The army again advanced—the Seventh Pennsylvania, under Major Wyncoop, on the left flank; the Third Kentucky, under Col. Murray, on the right flank; the Fourth Michigan, under Lieut.-Col. Dickinson, in reserve; Second Indiana on courier duty. Light skirmishing with the enemy all day. Found the enemy in position in front of Murfreesboro at about three o'clock P.M. Bivouacked immediately in rear of our line of battle.

Tuesday, Dec. 30.—One battalion of the Seventh Pennsylvania, and one battalion of the Third Kentucky, formed a chain of videttes in rear of line of battle, with orders to drive up all stragglers.

Under orders from the Colonel commanding the division, I took the Fourth Michigan, and one battalion of the Seventh Pennsylvania, back on the Nashville road to operate against Wheeler's cavalry, who, a few hours before, had captured the train of the Twenty-eighth brigade on the Jefferson pike. Between Stewart's Creek and La Vergne, I met the enemy, who were chiefly dressed in our uniforms. The Seventh Pennsylvania drove them until after dark. I joined Col. Walker's brigade and camped with them near La Vergne for the night.

Wednesday, December 31.—Under orders from Gen. Rosecrans I reported to Brig.-Gen. Stanley, Chief of Cavalry, who came up the same morning with the First Middle Tennessee, and a part of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, and in accordance with his orders we moved rapidly across the country toward the right flank of Gen. McCook's position, leaving Lieut.-Col. Dickinson with one hundred and twenty men to protect Lieut. Newell's section of artillery at the cross-roads, northwest from Stewart's Creek. The enemy's cavalry fell back rapidly before us for some miles. When close to Overall's Creek our own artillery, in position to our left, opened on us with shell, and wounded severely one man of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania.

Crossing Overall's Creek, I took up position parallel to and about three quarters of a mile from the Murfreesboro and Nashville pike; the Fourth Michigan, under command of Capt. Mix, forming a line of dismounted skirmishers close to the edge of the woods, out of which they had driven a large force of the enemy's cavalry. They were supported by a portion of the First Middle Tennessee cavalry, also dismounted.

Capt. Jennings's battalion of the Seventh Pennsylvania, and two companies of Third Kentucky, under Capt. Davis, were posted in the woods near and to the right of the Fourth Michigan, with the Fifteenth Pennsylvania (the Anderson Troop) in their rear.

My entire force at this time numbered nine hundred and fifty men.

The enemy advanced rapidly with two thousand five hundred cavalry, mounted and dismounted, and three pieces of artillery, all under the command of Gens. Wheeler, Wharton, and

Buford. They drove back the Fourth Michigan to the line of the First Tennessee skirmishers, and then attacked the Seventh Pennsylvania with great fury, but met with a determined resistance. I went forward to the line of dismounted skirmishers, and endeavored to move them to the right to strengthen the Seventh Pennsylvania, but the moment the right of the line showed itself from behind the fence where they were posted, the whole of the enemy's fire was directed on it, turning it completely round.

At this moment the Fifteenth Pennsylvania gave way and retreated rapidly, leaving the battalion of the Seventh Pennsylvania and the dismounted men entirely unsupported, and leaving them no alternative but to retreat. I fell back a couple of fields and re-formed in the rear of a rising ground, which protected us from the enemy's artillery.

The rebel cavalry followed us up sharply into the open ground, and now menaced us with three strong lines, two directly in front of our position, and one opposite our left flank, with its right thrown well forward, and a strong body of skirmishers in the woods on our right, threatening that flank.

Gen. Stanley ordered a charge, and he himself led two companies of the Fourth Michigan, (H and K,) with about fifty men of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, against the line in front of our left—he routed the enemy and captured one stand of colors, which was brought in by a sergeant of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania.

Capt. Jennings, of the Seventh Pennsylvania, with his battalion, supported this movement. At the same time I charged the first line in our front with the Fourth Michigan and First Tennessee, and drove them from the field. The second line was formed on the far side of a lane, with a partially destroyed fence on each side, and still stood their ground. I re-formed my men and again charged. The enemy again broke, and were driven from the field in the wildest confusion.

I held the ground that night, with the First Tennessee, Fifteenth Pennsylvania, and Fourth Michigan, picketing the whole of my first position.

A sergeant of the Seventh Pennsylvania, who was taken prisoner by the enemy when we were driven back, states that before we charged we had killed twenty-seven, including many officers.

January 1, 2, and 3.—Had the brigade under arms all day, with two regiments on picket and skirmishing with the enemy's pickets.

Sunday, January 4.—I moved the brigade to Wilkinson's cross-roads, and bivouacked there for the night, with the Fourth cavalry.

Monday, January 5.—I marched through Murfreesboro and took the Manchester pike. One mile out I met the enemy's pickets, and reported the fact to Gen. Stanley, who ordered an advance, and took the lead with the Fourth cavalry.

After crossing a small creek about two miles from Murfreesboro, the bridge over which had

been destroyed, the rebels commenced shelling us.

I sent the Third Kentucky well to the right and front, and the Seventh Pennsylvania to the left, keeping the Fourth Michigan and First and Second Tennessee in reserve. After some little delay we again advanced. The Fourth Michigan, being next to and on the right of the road with one company advanced as skirmishers; the Third Kentucky on the right of the Fourth Michigan, the First Tennessee on the right of the Third Kentucky, and the Second Tennessee in reserve. In this formation we moved through a cedar thicket, with a dense undergrowth, rendering it almost impossible to force our way through. We had occasional heavy skirmishing with the enemy, who continued to shell us as we advanced.

About six miles out we met the enemy in force. A sharp skirmish ensued, the Fourth cavalry, First Tennessee infantry, and the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry, having to bear the brunt of the fight on our side.

The enemy were driven from the field with heavy loss, and we returned to within a mile and a half of Murfreesboro, and went into camp.

I beg to refer you to the reports of regimental commanders for the particulars of the operations of detached portions of the brigade.

I have to call your particular attention to the reports of Colonel Murray, Third Kentucky, and Captain Mix and Lieut. Eldridge, of the Fourth Michigan.

Col. Murray, with a handful of men, performed services that would do honor to a full regiment.

Capt. Mix, with about fifty men, not only drove two hundred of the enemy for over two miles, but he there held his position against an entire regiment of rebel cavalry.

Lieut. Eldridge, with eighteen men, dismounted, attacked the enemy, routed them, and recaptured a wagon full of ammunition.

In the engagement of Wednesday, the thirty-first, while leading his company in a charge, Capt. Mix's horse was shot under him, and in the same charge, Lieut. Woolley, his A.A.A.G., was thrown from his horse, severely hurting his leg, notwithstanding which he remounted and continued to perform all his duties.

Inclosed herewith I send you a report of such officers and men as deserve special mention; also a report of casualties.

In explanation of the large number of "missing" reported by the Seventh Pennsylvania, I would call your attention to the fact that the entire force of one battalion was deployed as a chain of videttes in rear of our line of battle, when the right wing was driven back, and many of the men must have been captured by the enemy while endeavoring to drive forward the straggling infantry.

The brigade has captured and turned over one hundred and ninety-two prisoners.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. H. G. MINTY,
Colonel Commanding First Cavalry Brigade.

REPORT OF CASUALTIES OF THE FIRST BRIGADE FIRST DIVISION CAVALRY RESERVE OF THE
FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS, FROM THE ADVANCE FROM NASHVILLE ON THE TWENTY-SIXTH
DECEMBER, 1862, INCLUDING THE BATTLES BEFORE MURFREESBORO :

Regiments.	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.		Horses.	
	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Killed.	Wounded.
2d Indiana Cavalry,		1		9	1	13	1	14		1
7th Penn.		2		7		50		61	9	13
3d Kentucky "		1		7		1	1	9	7	15
4th Michigan "		1		6		12	1	19	21	17
1st M. Tenn. "				5		8	2	13	19	8
2d E. Tenn. "		2		10		5	1	17	5	11
Totals,.....	1	7	3	37	2	89	6	133	61	65

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE,
January 8, 1863.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE, }
CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, January 7, 1863. }

Lieutenant Chamberlain, A.A.A.G., First Cavalry Division :

SIR: In handing in a report of such officers and men who deserve special mention, I must confine myself to those who came under my personal observation, as the regimental commanders decline mentioning any one in particular where undoubtedly all did their duty well.

First Sergeant Bedtelyon, of company K, Fourth Michigan cavalry, rode by my side during both charges against the enemy in the engagement of Wednesday evening, December thirty-first, and displayed great gallantry and coolness. I have recommended him to his Excellency, the Governor of Michigan, for promotion. Bugler Ben Depenbrock, Second Indiana cavalry, and Quartermaster Sergeant Edward Owen, Fourth Michigan cavalry—when we were driven back in the early part of the evening of December thirty-first, I was on foot and in rear of the dismounted skirmishers who were running for their horses—when these two gallant soldiers galloped to the front, bringing up my horse. Lieut. John Woolley, Second Indiana cavalry, A.A.A.G. First cavalry brigade, was thrown from

his horse and so severely hurt that he could not walk without great difficulty, continued to press to the front on foot until he got another horse, and remained on the field until long after the engagement was over. Capt. Frank W. Mix, Fourth Michigan cavalry, had his horse shot under him during the first charge; he pressed forward on foot, caught a stray horse, and led his company in the second charge. Many others undoubtedly did as well as those I have mentioned, but the above are the cases that came under my immediate notice.

Colonel Commanding First Cavalry Brigade.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN ELMER OTIS.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH U. S. CAVALRY, IN CAMP }
NEAR MURFREESBORO, JANUARY 7, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of the Fourth United States cavalry in the late battle in the front of Murfreesboro: On the thirtieth December, the Fourth U. S. cavalry left camp at Stewart's Creek, leaving the train and baggage under charge of a strong guard, commanded by Lieutenant Rendelbrook. The regiment proceeded to join General Rosecrans, on the field of battle, and was drawn up in line of battle in rear of the General's headquarters, but took no immediate part in the action that day. Co. L, commanded by Lieutenant Roys, was detached as General Rosecrans's immediate escort, (about ten o'clock in the morning,) and so remains at the present time. Company M, strengthened by fifty men, detailed from companies B, C, G, D, I, and K, commanded by Lieut. L'Hommedieu, proceeded to establish a courier line from Gen. Rosecrans's headquarters to La Vergne, and so remained, doing good service, until relieved, January fourth, 1863. These details left me with only six small companies, numbering, in aggregate, two hundred and sixty men, rank and file.

On the morning of the thirty-first, Colonel Garresche informed me that rebel cavalry was appearing on the right flank of the line of battle, and ordered me to proceed with the Fourth United States cavalry after them. This must have been between seven and eight o'clock in the morning.

I crossed the Murfreesboro pike, and drew up the six companies in line of battle, in the following way: each company was in a column of fours, led by the company commanders, the companies on a line parallel to each other, company distance apart, leading the centre myself. This was done owing to the wooded country and fences, that were obstructions to the ordinary line of battle. Proceeding to the right of the line, I found our entire right flank had given way. Learning from some men of General Davis's division the position of the enemy's cavalry, I made a turn to the right, moving about one fourth of a mile, and discovered the enemy. I came out of a piece of timber I was in, and getting over a fence, rapidly charged the enemy with my entire command, completely routing them, with the exception of two pieces of artillery supported by about one hundred and twenty-five cavalry, stationed be-

tween my right and the Murfreesboro and Nashville pike, who were not at first discovered. I rallied my men again, and while rallying, I saw about three hundred volunteer cavalry on my right. I rode over to them, and asked them to charge the artillery with me, and the few men I had rallied to take the pieces. The officer replied that he was placed there to protect a train, and would not charge with me. I have no doubt I could have taken the artillery. Before I could get my command rallied the artillery moved off. About the time I had got my men rallied, I received an order from General Rosecrans to proceed to the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike, as soon as possible. I did so immediately. I have since thought the General did not know my position, or he would have allowed me to follow up the enemy. I was much nearer the pike than I thought I was. I saw no more of the enemy's cavalry on the pike that morning. In this charge, I cannot speak in too high terms of the officers and men. Every man charged and kept in position, taking over a hundred prisoners of the enemy, and releasing a large number of our own captured men. More redounds to their credit, considering that a large majority are recruits from volunteer infantry, and only some five days mounted. Two companies of infantry were released in a body. The train on the pike, I have since learned, was in possession of the enemy, with a large number of stragglers who were being disarmed at the time. These stragglers did nothing at all to protect the wagons, scarcely firing a shot. From prisoners taken I have learned, that the Fourth United States cavalry charged at this time a whole brigade of cavalry, and routed them to such an extent, that they disappeared from the field at that point entirely.

Later in the day I sent seventy-nine prisoners in one body to the Tenth Ohio infantry, stationed in our rear at Stewart's Creek. Another body of about forty men started, but, I regret to say, were recaptured. Of the seventy-nine sent to the rear there was one captain and two lieutenants. I have no doubt there were other officers, but did not have an opportunity to examine them closely enough to find out.

Of the officers engaged it is almost impossible to particularize, they all did so well. Captain Eli Long led his company with the greatest gallantry, and was wounded by a ball through his left arm. Lieutenants Mouck, Kelly, Lee and Healey could not have done better. It was a matter of surprise to me, considering the ground passed over, to find Dr. Comfort so soon on the field with his ambulances, caring for the wounded. He was in time to capture a prisoner himself. First Sergeant Martin Murphy led company G, commanding it with great gallantry. He reports having counted eleven dead of the enemy on the ground over which his company charged. Sergeant-Major John G. Webster behaved gallantly, taking one lieutenant mounted on a fine mare. First Sergeant McAlpin led company K, after Capt. Long was wounded, and reports having killed two with two successive shots of his pistols. First Sergt.

John Dolan, company B, captured a captain and received his sword. No one could have acted more bravely than First Sergeant Charles McMaster, of company I. First Sergeant Christian Haefling, in charge of courier line near headquarters, proceeded in the thickest of the fire, and recovered the effects of Colonel Garesche on his body, killed in this day's fight. Our loss in this charge, was trifling — Captain Eli Long and six privates wounded.

Proceeding on the Nashville pike, I was ordered to escort a train to the rear. I afterward got orders to return to report to General Rosecrans. I returned, and for two hours looked for the General, with my command, but was unable to find him, although I found several of his staff. I then proceeded to the right flank and formed my regiment in front of some rebel cavalry, who showed themselves in the distance, in order to protect our train. I returned to General Rosecrans's headquarters that night, and bivouacked near him.

The next morning, January first, I was ordered to make a reconnoissance on the right flank, which I did, making my reports frequently to Major Goddard, A.A.A.G., that night bivouacking near Overall's Creek, where my command remained, watching the movements of the enemy as far as possible, and making reports thereon, until the fourth of January, when my command was moved to Wilkinson's cross-roads. On the fifth my command proceeded under command of General Stanley, to engage the enemy's rear-guard, on the Manchester pike, driving them some two or three miles.

Private Snow, of L company, orderly to Gen. Rosecrans, was ordered, on the second of January, to pick up fifteen stragglers, which he did, and was then ordered to take them to the front and turn them over to some commissioned officer. Failing to find one, he put them into line, and fought them himself, telling them the first one who attempted to run, he would shoot. Private Snow reports they fought bravely.

Inclosed I give a list of killed and wounded during the entire engagement. Twelve men were taken prisoners while doing courier duty. Lieut. Rendelbrook was exceedingly vigilant guarding the train, and of great service in sending forward supplies.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
ELMER OTIS,
Captain Commanding Fourth U. S. Cavalry.
Major C. GODDARD, A.A.A.G.

LIEUTENANT PARSONS'S REPORT.

CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN., Jan. 5, 1863.

Captain D. W. Norton, A.A.G. :

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report the part taken by batteries "H" and "M," Fourth United States artillery, under my command, in the recent operations against the enemy at this point. The batteries opened fire for the first time on the morning of December twenty-ninth, from a position commanding Stewart's Creek. After a few rounds of shell, the enemy's pickets were dislodged from their shelter in the opposite heights,

when upon receiving information from General Palmer that our own infantry had forded the creek, I returned to the pike, crossed the hedge, and moved forward with our first line of reserves.

About one mile from the creek, I observed indications that the enemy had taken position with his artillery, awaiting our approach. With General Palmer's permission we opened fire with our rifles, and again dislodged them, after which the advance was continued. We fired no more during the day, and at night moved into park, in rear of the line of battle, three miles from Murfreesboro.

On the morning of the thirtieth, the enemy's artillery opened upon Cox's battery to our left and front, and during a spirited cannonading one of his shells struck in battery H, killing one private, one horse, and wounding one sergeant. We moved at once into the position assigned us by Gen. Palmer, and formed the batteries in echelon, supported on the left by Col. Gross, and on the right by Gen. Cruft's brigade. I found no occasion, however, to open fire until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when, upon receiving information that an artillery demonstration from the left wing to support the right, then hotly pressed, was necessary, we commenced shelling the enemy's rifle-pits beyond the brick house, at the same time elevating the range of our rifles, in order, if possible, to awaken the enemy's batteries. The latter effort was successful, but after exchanging a few shots, during which but one of my men was wounded, the enemy's fire was silenced.

Satisfied that our position was an unfit one for artillery at night, I retired from the cedars after dark, and went into park in the open field behind them.

On the morning of the thirty-first, I thought it most in accordance with my instructions from Gen. Palmer to remain in the position where I then was, in order to check the advance of the enemy should he turn our right. At about eight A.M. our infantry came falling back from the pine wood in this direction, when our batteries were swung around and brought at once into action. The approach of the enemy was parallel instead of perpendicular to our front, and when he had arrived within about three hundred yards, we opened upon his first line and column of reserves an enfilade fire of canister. The attempt to advance was continued for a few moments, then an effort to change front was followed by a feeble charge upon the batteries, when, upon being repulsed, the enemy fell back beyond our view. He reappeared shortly afterward to our left, but again, upon receiving our fire, fell back, and a portion of our infantry occupied the woods.

I then took position upon the slight elevation nearer the pike in season to assist in checking the enemy's advance upon Gen. Rousseau's position, after which both batteries changed front and opened fire by order of General Palmer, upon the brick house, to cooperate with Colonel Hazen's brigade. So soon as I believed the enemy dislodged from this position, our pieces were moved

to the front and directed upon his infantry, advancing into the cedar woods formerly held by General Cruft's brigade. The enemy meanwhile directed one of his batteries upon us, but I did not think it proper to reply so long as our ammunition could be used with better effect upon his infantry. At about twelve m., just as I had nearly given out of ammunition, I received orders from Captain Mendenhall to retire.

At about four o'clock I moved to the front by order of General Palmer, and from the elevation on either side of the railroad opened upon the enemy's infantry. His advance was effectually checked, and at sunset I was ordered to retire and rest. At daylight of January first we moved to a position on Gen. Rousseau's front, where I was ordered by Gen. Rosecrans. Except for the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, whom we dispersed at intervals by firing spherical case, we were not actually engaged during the day, and at night retired to a position near the pike, where our horses were fed and watered. During the night and the next morning I was ordered by different officers to resume my previous position. I was obliged to decline obeying these orders, owing to those I had received from Captain Mendenhall directing me to await his own. The position in which I was placed from this conflict of orders, was exceedingly painful, but I found myself justified by subsequent events.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon of the second instant, after I had been placed in position by Capt. Mendenhall, on an elevation near Negley's division, two of the enemy's batteries opened upon us from our front, while a third gave signal for his last attack upon our left. I advanced the four rifles, holding my howitzers in reserve for the shortest range. The batteries around me were silenced far too soon, and when my rifle ammunition was exhausted, I found that some scoundrel had led off my caissons, and I was left with only the two howitzers to reply to the enemy's concentrated artillery-fire. Fortunately, Captain Swallow's battery came up beside us, and the crest of the hill was held until our reinforcements came up, when, with the assistance of the Board of Trade battery, the enemy's guns were silenced. We ceased firing when our last round was exhausted.

We have not again been engaged or under fire. I have to remark in this connection that if, through five consecutive days, during which we were thus more or less engaged, we expended an unusual amount of ammunition, it must be recognized that we have been longer, and in general more closely engaged than perhaps any other batteries of the army, and that nearly all our ammunition was expended at close-range.

The following are our list of casualties, etc. :

- Number of men killed, 2
- Number of men wounded, 14
- Number of men missing, 6
- Number of horses killed, 20
- Number of pieces disabled, 1
- Rounds of ammunition fired, 2299.

In place of the piece disabled, the Nineteenth Illinois gave me one captured by them from the enemy.

I do myself honor, sir, in asking your attention to the efficient and meritorious services of Lieut. Harry C. Cushing and Lieut. Henry A. Huntington, both of the Fourth United States artillery.

Disregarding all personal exposure, under all circumstances, and especially during the hottest fires of December thirty-first and second instant, the gallant officers discharged their duty with such coolness and fidelity that they deserve my most grateful mention.

My brave men look for their reward to the generous appreciation which has been freely offered them by the troops with whom they fought, and the General commanding the division in which they serve.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 CHAS. C. PARSONS,
 First Lieutenant Fourth United States Artillery,
 Commanding Artillery Battalion.

REPORT OF COLONEL MARSH.

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTY-FOURTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS, }
 IN CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, January 7, 1863. }

Colonel P. Sidney Post, Commanding First Brigade :

COLONEL: I have the honor to report that the Seventy-fourth Illinois volunteers, under my command, left camp, near Nashville, on the twenty-sixth ult., early in the morning, for Murfreesboro in the advance brigade, coming up in the afternoon near Nolinsville with the enemy apparently in considerable force, mainly of cavalry and artillery. My command was immediately formed in line of battle and advanced; a brisk cannonading was opened on both sides, the enemy's shot and shell frequently reaching within our lines, occupying an exposed position within short-range; but no damage was done. The enemy soon falling back, a brisk pursuit was kept up till night, when we bivouacked without fires, keeping up constant and thorough watch against surprise, through the night. The next day, being exceedingly rainy, we marched but about five miles without special incident, and bivouacked for the night, my regiment meeting the inclemency of the weather and discomforts of the march with the fortitude and cheerfulness of veteran soldiers. Resting in camp over the Sabbath, I resumed the march early Monday morning by a cross-road leading from the Nolinsville to the Murfreesboro turnpike, bivouacking at night in a drenching rain, on short rations, after an exceedingly toilsome day's march over an almost impassable road. The next morning I had my command in line at three o'clock, standing at their arms until daylight, when, resuming the march in the direction of Murfreesboro, we came up with the enemy about noon, and a slight fire was kept up between skirmishers during the day, our columns slowly and constantly advancing—the enemy retreating. Just at night, near the edge of a cedar thicket, as our line was advancing, the enemy

opened a brisk fire from a masked battery within short-range, making it necessary for the entire line to fall back a short distance to a line of battle selected for the operations of the day following. My regiment being directly in range of the enemy's fire, M. O. Felmy and Corporal Cook, were killed, and I. B. Caspares, Corporal of the same company, was seriously wounded. A strong picket-guard was thrown out about thirty rods in front, which occasionally drew fire from the enemy's pickets, and their camp-fires not being more than three quarters of a mile distant, extending along the further edge of a corn-field, a long distance beyond the extreme right of our division, indicated a strong force of the enemy massed on our front and right. My command was formed in line of battle close behind a narrow strip of cedar thicket, nearly covering our front and skirting a strip of open, level ground, about twenty rods wide, to the corn-field occupied by the enemy's pickets. Being thus satisfied of the close proximity of the enemy in strong force, and apprehending an attack at any moment, I deemed it necessary to use the utmost precaution against surprise, and accordingly, in addition to general instructions to bivouac without fires, and to maintain a cautious, quiet vigilance, I ordered my command to stack arms, and each man to rest at the butt of his musket, and without using his shelter-tent. Although the night was dark, chilly, and somewhat rainy, and the men cold, wet, weary, and hungry, I deemed it objectionable to use their shelter-tents, not only because of the hindrance in case of a sudden attack, but even in a dark night they would be some guide to the enemy to trace our line. At a little before four o'clock A.M., our men were quietly waked up, formed into line, and remained standing at their arms until moved by subsequent orders. As soon as it became sufficiently light to observe objects at a distance, I could plainly discern the enemy moving in three heavy columns across my front to the right, our column striking out of the corn-field and moving defiantly along the edge of the open ground, not more than sixty to eighty rods from, and about parallel with, my line. It was plainly to be seen that the fire of my skirmishers took effect in their ranks, and in emptying saddles; to which, however, the enemy seemed to pay no attention. This movement continued from a half to an hour, when a brisk discharge of musketry, at considerable distance to my right, indicated a rapid advance of the enemy on the right flank; at the same time their columns were advancing, in overwhelming force, directly in front, and extending to the left as far as could be seen. At this time my command was ordered to fall back and to change front to the rear, or nearly so, forming behind a fence. This movement was executed in good order, and without the least confusion or faltering. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes the enemy's line approached; but as previously instructed and ordered, my command reserved their fire until within short-range, when they opened with terrible effect upon the advancing

ranks, and holding them completely in check until they had delivered ten or fifteen rounds. I maintained this position until the regiments on the right and left of me had fallen back thirty to forty rods, and the enemy's line, directly in front, breaking and deploying right and left, and about to flank me, I ordered a retreat, which was effected in tolerable order—at least without the least appearance of a panic. From this point, having fallen back in a straight line between half and three quarters of a mile, I effected a stand with a considerable portion of my regiment, but could maintain it only long enough to deliver a few shots. I should here mention that early in the morning three companies of my command had been thrown out as skirmishers, who, in consequence of the first change of line, and of their fidelity and bravery in discharging their duty, had been cut off from the regiment and unable to rally upon it until at this point. First Lieutenant Leffingwell, in command of company A, came up with a few of his men and rendered most efficient aid in rallying the regiment. I commend his conduct, on this occasion, as indicating an efficient, faithful, and brave officer. Falling back from this line, a short distance, I succeeded in rallying about half of the regiment in rear of the reserve force, which was now driving the enemy back. When being ordered to form on the brigade, my command had no further part in the fighting of the day, except that two companies of my regiment were sent out, just at night, as skirmishers under command of First Lieutenant Blakesley, who rendered important service in a brilliant skirmish with a large cavalry force. The day following my regiment was put in line of battle at an early hour, and stood at their arms till near night, momentarily expecting to make or receive an attack. On Friday, just at night, my command was put in rapid march across Stone River, to the extreme left, where a fierce battle was raging; but was closed just before our arrival, by the retreat of the enemy. Later in the evening we bivouacked here without fires, in such close proximity to the enemy's line as to produce frequent skirmishing between the pickets during the night—which was very dark and stormy—remaining here through the following day and night, suffering the severities of an almost uninterrupted storm, without fires or shelter, until four o'clock. Sunday morning I returned with my command to the camp previously occupied. The hardships, privations, and exposure in the march from Louisville to Crab Orchard, and thence to Nashville, have been regarded nearly unendurable by new troops; and yet, while they sink into utter insignificance, compared with those of our march and engagements during these eight days, I have the gratification of knowing that my regiment has met and endured them with the utmost promptness, fortitude, and cheerfulness, facing the enemy in the heat of battle with the coolness, courage, and determination of experienced soldiers and true patriots, ready at every call to face new dangers without faltering; undergoing the most extraor-

dinary labors and exposures without murmuring, and evincing, under all circumstances, a spirit of subordination and discipline worthy of the highest commendation. I have also the pleasure to say that, during all these trying hardships, the general health of the men has been better than at any time since we left Louisville. While I have such occasion to commend the fidelity, bravery, and good conduct of all the officers of my command, (save one,) I should fail to do justice were I to omit to make special note of the cool, persistent courage of Captain J. H. Douglass, in remaining at his post under the fire of the enemy, and of his promptness and efficiency in forming and maintaining the lines during the day. It is not to be presumed that all the meritorious acts of privates will come within the personal observation of the commander of a regiment; but having been an eye-witness of the fearless bravery and enthusiastic zeal of private Charles A. Allen, of company E, during the operations of Wednesday, as well as at other times, I commend him as worthy of promotion. I desire, also, to acknowledge my obligations to Major Dutcher and Capt. Nieman, for their constant and able assistance during this awful period.

The casualties in my command are: killed, eight; wounded, thirty-five; missing, forty-two—making a total of eighty-five.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JASON MARSH.

Colonel Commanding Seventy-fourth Illinois Volunteers.

A. NIEMAN,
Adjutant.

MAJOR KIRBY'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST REGIMENT O. V. I., }
NEAR MURFREESBORO, January 5, 1863. }

Captain Samuel Voris, A. A. G. :

On the morning of December twenty-sixth, 1862, in our proper position in the brigade, the regiment (Col. Stem commanding) marched from our camp near Nashville, out on the Edmonson ton pike. Commissioned officers reported for duty: Colonel Leander Stem; Lieut.-Col. M. T. Wooster; Major J. M. Kirby; Adjt. Leonard P. Smith; First Surgeon T. M. Cook; Assistant Surgeon Caswell; Second Lieut. Fox, company A; First Lieutenant Beckwith, company B; Captain B. B. McDonald, and Second Lieut. Biddle, company C; Second Lieut. Latimer, company D; First Lieut. Parcher and Second Lieut. Lord, company E; First Lieut. Asa B. Hillyer, company F; Capt. John Messer, and First Lieut. Flemming, company G; Second Lieut. J. J. Neff, company H; Capt. N. M. Barnes, and Second Lieut. Faggett, company I; Second Lieut. Cline, company K, and four hundred and forty-one enlisted men. Early in the afternoon of the same day, the regiment formed line of battle to attack the enemy near Nolinsville. Deploying a line of skirmishers, we moved to the front about a half-mile, with some little firing on the part of our skirmishers, who succeeded in capturing two prisoners. While halting at this point, the enemy was discovered attempting to plant a battery on a hill one half or three quarters of a mile distant.

By order of Col. Carlin, the regiment was wheeled into line, bayonets fixed, and moved forward to "take that battery at all hazards." The enemy retired on our approach. We were again moved forward "by the right of companies to the front," on the enemy in their new position, a mile distant from this point. Forward we marched, under a heavy fire of shell. Arriving within a quarter of a mile of the enemy's battery, we formed into line, and led by Col. Stem, charged at double-quick, succeeding, together with the rest of the brigade, in taking one gun and four prisoners. We were again ordered forward a short distance, but soon called off to rest for the night. Our loss was three men wounded. Second Lieut. Cline fell from the ranks on the last charge—afterwards reported himself stunned by concussion of shell.

The next day, December twenty-seventh, we were marched out near Knob Gap, where we rested till Monday morning, December twenty-ninth, when we again took up our line of march on the Murfreesboro road, going into camp near this place, soon after dark.

At or near ten o'clock, Tuesday morning, December thirtieth, the regiment was moved forward in "double column at half-distance," supporting the Twenty-first regiment Illinois volunteers. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the Twenty-first became engaged with the enemy, the One Hundred and First lying a short distance to the rear, supporting the Second Minnesota battery, which was engaging a battery of the enemy. Just at dark the Twenty-first fell back through our lines, leaving us in front. This day our loss was two men wounded. Before moving forward, Second Lieut. Cline reported himself unfit for duty, and permission was granted him to go to the rear. Immediately upon taking the front for the night, we advanced a picket-line. The regiment was ordered to sleep on their arms. Ten men were kept on guard immediately in front of the regimental lines, and one field-officer constantly on the watch during the night.

At early daylight Wednesday morning, December thirty-first, the enemy was discovered moving in heavy force to our right. Soon after, their skirmishers opened fire on us from the front. By order of Col. Carlin, Col. Stem moved his line forward about a hundred yards, when the firing became quite brisk. Soon after, Colonel Stem was ordered to fall back to his former position, sling knapsacks, and form a new line a short distance to the rear, which he performed in good order. Here the firing was very severe. Our forces falling back on our right, without our knowledge, the enemy turned our right flank and poured a terrific cross-fire upon our lines, which we were unable to stand; consequently, the regiment fell back in some disorder. It was at this time Colonel Stem and Lieut.-Col. Moses T. Wooster fell, mortally wounded, while gallantly and nobly attempting to hold the regiment in line. Col. Stem fell just as he had called out: "Stand by your colors, boys, for the honor of the good old State of Ohio." We again succeeded in rallying the regiment at the fence just at the edge of the woods, where we

stood under a terrific fire until we had permission from Col. Carlin to retreat. Then the march became quite disorderly, through the corn-field and cotton-field to the edge of the timber, where we again rallied; were in turn driven from there, rallied again in the woods, marched in good order to a new line of battle, were finally ordered from that position, and formed in front of a dense cedar thicket, from which position we were soon driven in some confusion; but we rallied about thirty men on the colors, and led them back into the cedars, but were driven from that, and rallied for the last time on the railroad, from which position we were marched with the brigade a short distance to the rear, and rested till near three o'clock in the afternoon. At this time there were present Capt. McDonald, Capt. Messer, Capt. Barnes, Adj. Smith, Lieut. Fox, Lieut. Latimer, Lieutenant Neff, Lieut. Parcher, Lieut. Beckwith, all of whom performed their whole duty nobly during the entire day. We were moved from here to a position in front, west of the railroad, which we occupied till Friday afternoon, January second, about four o'clock, when we were taken on double-quick to the left of the lines, and lay in line of battle during the night and till the afternoon of Saturday, January third, at which time, being quite sick, Col. Carlin granted me permission to go to the fires in the rear. Captain McDonald assuming command, reports to me that the regiment was not actively engaged from that time till three o'clock A.M. Sunday, January fourth, when they were relieved and marched to this place, where I joined the regiment early Sunday morning, though not able for duty.

The loss in the regiment, so far as I have yet ascertained, is: Colonel Leander Stem, mortally wounded, died at six o'clock, January fifth, 1863; Lieut.-Col. Moses F. Wooster, mortally wounded, died January first, 1863; First Lieutenant Asa B. Hillyer, mortally wounded, died January fourth, 1863; Second Lieut. John B. Biddle, killed on the field; First Lieut. John P. Flemming, wounded in the arm, supposed to be a prisoner; Second Lieut. R. D. Lord, slightly wounded. Killed, fifteen; enlisted men, wounded, one hundred and twenty-two; missing, ninety-two.

Second Lieut. Henry C. Faggett I have not seen since early in the morning, December twenty-fifth, 1862, but think he has gone to Nashville. He was quite unwell, and excused by the surgeon, and may have been taken to Nashville on account of sickness. It is difficult to make selections of commanding officers for gallant conduct, when all who are now present performed their duty so gallantly, but cannot lose this opportunity to thank Capt. John Messer and First Lieutenant Lyman Parcher, for their determined efforts during the battle to serve their country and sustain the reputation of the regiment. To Adj. Leonard P. Smith I am particularly indebted for valuable assistance, and the heroic examples he gave others. Color-Sergeant James M. Roberts deserves mention here for gallant conduct. He never faltered; always planted the colors promptly where directed, and never moved them till ordered. My thanks

are due to Orderly Sergeant Samuel Strayer, commanding company K, for managing his company well till he fell, wounded, on the field; and to Orderly Sergeant Isaac Rule, for taking command of company I, from January first to January fifth, Capt. Barnes being sick and unfit for field-duty.

First Lieut. Asa B. Hillyer, and Second Lieut. John B. Biddle fell while heroically attempting to rally their men. The regiment has lost in them officers whose places cannot be filled, and the country patriots who served faithfully to the last.

The regiment is particularly indebted to Assistant Surgeon Walter Caswell, for gallantly staying by them under the heaviest fire.

We have now present for duty ten commissioned officers and one hundred and seventy-eight enlisted men. Present, on detached service, fifteen enlisted men, and report nineteen enlisted men known to have gone to Nashville.

Respectfully,
Major J. M. KIRBY,
Commanding One Hundred and First Regiment O. V. I.

CAPTAIN BUSH'S REPORT.

CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN., January 9, 1863.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my command in front of Murfreesboro from (and including) December thirtieth, 1862, to the morning of January fourth, 1863.

On the morning of December thirtieth, 1862, moved near the enemy's lines, and by order of Gen. Sheridan opened fire on a rebel battery at one thousand five hundred yards range, and drove it under cover.

About ten o'clock we moved across the open fields near the woods occupied by the enemy. A rebel battery opened on us from the woods, at about six hundred yards range, when Gen. Sill ordered us in position in the woods, pointing to them, and ordered me to silence that battery, which we did, after a sharp contest of about two hours, at four hundred and fifty yards' range. We killed about half their horses, disabled one gun-carriage, killed one of their lieutenants and twelve men, wounded several others, and killed and wounded several of their infantry support, which lay near. My loss in the contest was one sergeant and three privates killed, three privates wounded, five horses killed, two gun-carriage wheels disabled, and two limber-chests damaged. After dark, by command of General Sill, we took position about three hundred yards to the right, in open ground, where we remained till next morning, (December thirty-first.) About daylight we were attacked by the enemy. We replied with canister at short-range, until Gen. Sheridan's division was completely flanked by Gen. Davis's division retreating, and obliged to retire. We fixed prolonges and retired in rear of the brigade, firing canister. Made another short stand at the first position of December thirtieth, and fired canister from my howitzers and six-pound smooth-bores into the enemy in front, and with my rifles drove two of the enemy's pieces from position, which were firing on Gen. Davis's retreating lines. Lost one caisson in reaching this position, every

horse on it being shot down by the enemy's musketry. Here the understraps of one of my smooth-bore six-pounders were broken by firing double charges of canister, and I sent the piece to the rear.

From the above position I retired and took a position about eight hundred yards to the left, adjoining Gen. Negley's division, near which point I remained until my ammunition was expended, and then retired to the left. In crossing a dense cedar woods near the Murfreesboro pike the infantry were driven rapidly past us and my two rear pieces (one James and one six-pounder smooth bore) were captured by the enemy, after killing all the horses on them except one wheel-horse on one and one wheel and two swing horses on the other, and the latter piece fast among the trees and the enemy within forty yards of them. On reaching the pike I moved a short distance to the rear and got a supply of ammunition and reported myself to the front, with three pieces, for duty. By order of Gen. Rosecrans we went into park in front and on the left of the pike. The next morning Gen. Sheridan put us in position, where we remained until Sunday morning without further casualties. On Saturday, January third, I got the piece repaired which was disabled December thirty-first.

Some field-officer, on December thirty-first, forced my forge into the train which started for Nashville, and it was captured and burned.

During the above engagements my officers behaved nobly. I can scarcely mention one in particular without doing injustice to the rest.

I must, however, mention First Sergeant Willis H. Pettit, whose services in keeping my guns supplied with ammunition, and various duties, were invaluable.

Joseph E. De Wolfe, clerk and private orderly, as usual, showed a clear head and unsurpassed courage, and was always found where the fight was thickest, ready to carry orders, assist in taking out and putting in horses, etc.

I must also give great credit to private Frank Williams, who, with great courage and skill, saved my five remaining caissons, which were at one time cut off and in the rebel lines. My loss of men was six killed, seventeen wounded, two paroled and one missing.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
 Captain A. K. BUSH,
 Commander Fifth Indiana Battery.

To Captain HESCOCK,
 Chief of Artillery, Sheridan's Division.

MAJOR HAMRICK'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT KENTUCKY }
 INFANTRY, CAMP IN FRONT OF MURFREESBORO, TENN., }
 January 5, 1863. }

*Captain R. Southgate, A.A.G., Third Brigade,
 Second Division:*

SIR: I hereby beg leave to make my report of the part taken by the Twenty-third Kentucky infantry in the two battles before Murfreesboro, on thirty-first December, 1862, and second January, 1863.

On the twenty-sixth December, 1862, we left our camp near Nashville, with two hundred and eighty-two men, and took up our line of march with the brigade under command of Colonel W. Grose, in the rear of the Sixth Ohio, halted near La Vergne at dusk, where we bivouacked during the night. On the morning of the twenty-seventh we were detailed as guard to General Palmer's division train, and at night took position with the brigade. On the twenty-eighth (Sunday) we moved to the front with the brigade and were placed as reserve to the Eighty-fourth Illinois. On the twenty-ninth we moved forward, crossed Stewart's Creek, waist deep, and followed the Eighty-fourth Illinois in line of battle; remained in front all night with the brigade. On the thirtieth we were moved forward some four hundred yards to support Parsons's regular battery on the right, where we remained until dusk, when we were relieved and ordered some four hundred yards to the rear and in the timber for rest.

On the thirty-first (Wednesday) I was ordered to form line on the left of the Sixth Ohio, fronting the enemy's battery in front, when the fire becoming heavy upon our right and rear, Colonel Grose ordered me to change my front, which I immediately did, facing the direction of the enemy's fire, when I was ordered to unslung knapsacks.

I was then ordered to move forward and support the Sixth Ohio, which I did, moving as far as the skirts of the woods on my left, when Gen. Palmer rode up and ordered me to retire to the support of Parsons's battery.

At this time the stampede from the right became general from the woods in our front. I had some fear of being carried away with it, but found no difficulty in moving my men to the support of the battery, forming my right on the battery and my left resting on the woods; the enemy appeared in our front and poured in a galling fire upon us, with the intention, it seemed, to charge the battery. Some regiment formed upon my left resting in the woods. The battery opened a cross-fire upon the enemy, as did also my regiment and the one on my left, driving him back in great confusion and with heavy loss. The battery retired, when I was ordered to change my front and form behind a ledge of rocks and cause my men to lie down and await the approach of the enemy. The enemy's fire becoming very heavy, I was ordered to fall back with my regiment to the railroad in the rear of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, which I did slowly and in good order. After remaining there some thirty minutes, I was ordered to move forward and relieve the Twenty-fourth Ohio, whose ammunition was exhausted. This I did under a heavy fire from the enemy. That position I held for fifty-five minutes, driving the enemy back with my superior guns, under cover of the woods, when we were ordered to the rear for ammunition. At half-past five P.M., I was again ordered to the front, when I took the position in the woods, in front of the railroad occupied by me before I was ordered to the rear, which point I occupied until I was relieved at one

o'clock A.M., when I was again ordered to the rear for refreshments and rest.

On the first of January, 1863, I was ordered to the rear and centre of Van Cleve's and Wood's divisions, where I remained until twelve o'clock M., when I was ordered to cross the river to our left, where I remained until half-past two o'clock P.M., when I was ordered to recross the river and go into camp for a night's rest.

On January second, I was again ordered, with the brigade, to cross the river, when Col. Grose ordered me to take a position behind a fence, on the extreme front and left. I threw out three companies as skirmishers, and remained until half-past three o'clock P.M. when the enemy appeared, driving back the forces upon our right.

The Fifty-ninth Ohio broke and ran across my front, and some of them over my men, who were lying behind the fence. I saw that the enemy was driving back the forces upon my right, so I changed my front and opened upon them. I had no sooner done so than a battery opened upon my left with grape, and at the same time a fire of small arms was opened upon my left and rear, placing me within a cross-fire. I then attempted to move my men back to the bridge, when some stragglers raised the cry, "We are surrounded!" and I found it was impossible to keep my men in order. They then fell back in confusion. I succeeded in rallying most of them in the woods, on the left of the bridge. The balance, with a few exceptions, rallied and returned. The enemy was then driven back with heavy loss. I then moved forward beyond my original position, keeping open a heavy fire upon him. When we halted, we were five hundred yards in advance of our original position, and occupying the ground of our former picket-line, which position we held until dark, when, being relieved, we returned to our position occupied before the engagement, having lost, in the two days' engagement, eight killed, fifty wounded, and twenty-two missing — the names you will find attached.

Chaplain W. H. Black deserves especial praise for the manner in which he acted, being always at his post, and rendering aid and comfort to the wounded, both while the fight was going on and during the two succeeding nights. Dr. A. M. Morrison also deserves great praise for his kindness and attention to the wounded at all hours, day and night.

My officers, line and staff, acted with great coolness and bravery, with a few exceptions, which I cannot particularize in this report.

I have the honor to remain your most obedient servant,

THOMAS H. HAMRICK,
Major Commanding Regiment.

MAJOR JARVIS'S REPORT.

Colonel James B. Fyffe, Commanding Second Brigade, Third Division, Left Wing, Fourteenth Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland:

SIR: I have the honor to report the following as the part taken by the Thirteenth regiment,

Ohio volunteer infantry, in the series of battles before Murfreesboro, Tennessee, commencing December thirtieth, 1862, and ending January third, 1863. At eight o'clock A.M., Wednesday, December thirty-first, our regiment, under command of Colonel Joseph G. Hawkins, was ordered in from outpost duty, and we took our place in line and started soon after for the south side of Stone River, but only got a short distance when we were suddenly countermarched at double-quick time a distance of about one mile to a corn-field, on the right of the Murfreesboro road, to repel an attack upon our train by a large force of the enemy's cavalry. Our lines were formed preparatory for battle, my regiment occupying the right of the brigade. The enemy were repulsed by our cavalry and artillery, so that my regiment was not engaged; and at about ten o'clock A.M. we moved, by your orders, to a position in the woods south of the corn-field. My regiment was now ordered to cover the Fifty-ninth Ohio volunteers, which, with the Forty-fourth Indiana, formed the first line of attack. My regiment, with the Eighty-sixth Indiana volunteers, forming the second line. In consequence of the unevenness of the ground and the density of the thicket, it was difficult to keep our lines properly formed as we advanced, but on emerging from the woods into the open field beyond, we moved regularly forward to the edge of the second woods. The first line having now advanced some twenty yards, my regiment was ordered to lie down close to the fence. It now became evident that the enemy was attempting to outflank us upon the right, and this fact was reported to you by my Adjutant, but just at that moment the attack was made upon our first line, and it was compelled to fall back in some disorder, over my men, who were lying down by the fence, and at the same time our gallant Colonel fell mortally wounded, and the command devolved upon myself. I held the position until completely outflanked by the enemy, and was compelled to fall back in disorder to the line of reserves, when I rallied again, and this time with success, as the enemy were now in the open field, while I had the advantage of the cover of the woods. They suffered severely in killed and wounded, besides some thirty prisoners, which I captured. My loss in this engagement was quite severe, embracing three commissioned officers killed, and twenty-seven enlisted men; five commissioned officers wounded, and sixty-eight enlisted men, with thirty-nine missing in action. No other movement of importance, in which my regiment was engaged, took place until Friday, January second, 1863, when we occupied the extreme left of our lines on the south side of Stone River, having taken our position there the day previous, under your immediate supervision. My skirmishers were thrown forward on the morning of the second, and through their vigilance I was enabled to report to you important movements of the enemy. Their movement of a battery to my front, and the massing of infantry to my right, having been discovered, an attack was momentarily expected, and at about three o'clock P.M. the

firing of the skirmishers on my right plainly indicated an advance in that direction by the enemy, and in half an hour more their infantry in force attacked the brigade on our right. Their lines being formed diagonally to my front, I could not meet their infantry, and as their batteries opened upon me with grape and canister, I was compelled to order a retrograde movement, which was executed in as good order as possible, and at about three hundred yards distance I made a stand again, but by this time their battery occupied my late line of battle, and I was then ordered to fall back across the river, which was done in good order. My loss in this engagement was three enlisted men killed, ten wounded, and thirty missing.

The following exhibits the casualties in my regiment, in both engagements:

Commissioned officers killed,.....	3
Enlisted men killed,.....	30
Commissioned officers wounded,.....	5
Enlisted men wounded,.....	81
Missing,.....	57

Aggregate,.....176

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

DWIGHT JARVIS, Jr.,

Major Commanding Thirteenth Regiment Ohio Volunteers.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LIEBOLD'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, }
January 7, 1863. }

I have the honor to submit to you a report of the part taken by the brigade I have now the honor to command, in the battle before Murfreesboro. The brigade, then in command of the lamented Colonel Fred. Schaeffer, were assigned a position as a reserve of the Third division on the thirtieth of December, and took no part in the engagement on our left on that day.

Shortly after daybreak next morning, the thirty-first of December, Col. Schaeffer received orders to reënforce Gen. Sill's brigade with some regiments, and the Fifteenth Missouri volunteers and Forty-fourth Illinois volunteers, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Weber, of the Fifteenth Missouri volunteers, were accordingly sent to Gen. Sill, with orders to report for duty to him. The Second battalion of the Seventy-third Illinois volunteers, under command of Major Preston, was detached to protect Captain Hessecock's battery, while the other battalion of the Seventy-third Illinois volunteers and the Second Missouri volunteers were held in reserve. The Fifteenth Missouri volunteers and Forty-fourth Illinois volunteers had a position assigned to them about thirty yards in rear of Gen. Sill's brigade, when after a short interval Lieut.-Col. Weber received orders to advance in double-quick. The order was promptly executed, and Lieut.-Colonel Weber found himself in front of the enemy, our artillery having retreated, leaving one Parrott gun behind. The two mentioned regiments kept up a strong fire, and even when one regiment on their right broke and ran, they held their position until attacked from the flank and front at once. Lieut.-

Colonel Weber then retreated in good order, keeping up a constant firing, until he, being heavily pressed by the enemy, reached a corn-field, where he halted. Soon afterward our troops on the right advanced again on the enemy, when Lieut.-Colonel Weber also rapidly advanced again to a place about fifty yards in advance of his previous position, and formed in line of battle. He had the gun above referred to dragged by his men to the rear of his column, from where it afterward was removed to a safer place. Lieut.-Col. Weber contested his ground admirably until the enemy advanced six columns deep, and a number of the Fifteenth Missouri volunteers gave out, the Forty-fourth Illinois volunteers having previously withdrawn. Then the order to retreat was given and carried out without improper haste, until the edge of the timber was reached, when the pressure of the enemy was so hard that it was necessary to resort to the double-quick. At the time the Fifteenth Missouri volunteers and the Forty-fourth Illinois volunteers rejoined the brigade, orders were given to retreat across the — pike, toward a piece of cedar woods, and two companies of the Second Missouri volunteers were deployed as skirmishers to retard the rapid advance of the enemy. The whole brigade, with the exception of the First battalion of the Seventy-third Illinois volunteers, under command of Captain Bergan, which was a short distance from the main body, arrived at the woods above mentioned, at the edge of which the Second Missouri volunteers, behind natural and very favorable fortifications of huge and deeply-cut rocks, opened a brisk fire on the enemy, which kept him at bay for a considerable length of time. The First battalion of the Seventy-third Illinois volunteers was at the same time attacked by the enemy, but repulsed the attack, when in the attempt to join the brigade it was, by the advance of Gen. Rousseau's division separated, and keeping up a constant firing, crossed the pike and took a position in the cedar grove. Here Captain Bergan, commanding the battalion, withstood three different charges of a whole rebel cavalry brigade, and was shortly afterwards enabled to join the brigade. By this time the ammunition of the Second Missouri had given out, as well as that of the rest of this brigade, and they were ordered into the thicket of the cedar grove. After the lapse of about one hour the brigade was enabled to receive ammunition, and had a new position assigned them on the Chattanooga Railroad. Colonel Schaeffer ordered the Fifteenth Missouri volunteers to deploy in a corn-field, whilst the balance of the brigade held the railroad, and kept up such a galling and well aimed fire that the enemy, though of a strength to which our force was hardly comparable, and fighting with the utmost desperation, was again and again repulsed. The Fifteenth Missouri volunteers, being in danger of being outflanked, retreated towards the position of the brigade; and it was then, when about giving orders to said regiment, that the true soldier and brave man, my lamented predecessor, Col. Fred. Schaeffer, fell. By order of General Sheridan, I

assumed forthwith the command of the brigade. The Thirty-sixth Illinois volunteers, commanded by Captain Olson, having been detached to it, and after taking up another favorable position on the line of the railroad, I was enabled to hold the enemy, in spite of his desperate endeavors, in check until the night broke in, and the bloody drama of that day was ended.

On the first day of January, at two o'clock A. M., my brigade was ordered to take a position in front of an open field edged by heavy timber, and I had, as soon as daylight permitted, heavy breastworks erected along the whole front I was to protect; and, keeping a vigilant look-out, I held that position until, on the sixth of January, I was ordered to advance to the present camp. The officers and men of the brigade behaved as would be naturally expected from veteran soldiers who have heretofore earned the highest praise for their bravery and gallantry, and to enumerate one would be injustice to the whole. Among those who laid down their lives for our holy cause, I particularly lament Capt. Zimmerman and Lieutenants Koerner and Guinzius, of the Fifteenth Missouri volunteers. Capt. Alsop, of the Seventy-third Illinois volunteers, Captain Hosmer, of the Forty-fourth Illinois volunteers. May their relatives find a consolation, as their comrades do, in the thought that their death was on a battle-field, for the righteous cause wins immortal laurels for the slain. I cannot omit to mention Capt. Heseock, First Missouri battery, that on December thirty-first, as oftentimes before, did splendid execution. The skill and bravery of its officers are almost proverbial, and need not be further enumerated by me but to express my heartiest gratification that they stood by me, as formerly, with a right good will and telling courage.

Inclosed I have the honor to transmit to you a list of the casualties in my brigade.

Very respectfully, your obed't servant,

BERNARD LIEBOLD,

Lieut.-Colonel Second Infantry, Missouri Volunteers, Commanding Second Brigade, Third Division, Right Wing, Fourteenth Army Corps.

To His Excellency, HAMILTON R. GAMBLE,
Governor of the State of Missouri.

GENERAL ROSECRANS'S GREAT BATTLE.

The operations of Major-Gen. Rosecrans commenced on the twenty-sixth of December by the movement of his army from Nashville, culminated on Wednesday, the thirty-first, in the collision of his forces with those of the rebels, under Bragg, at Murfreesboro. The day will be always memorable, and its events are peculiarly interesting as affording the first test of the Federal commander in the new and onerous duties with which the country has intrusted him. The command of an army of one hundred thousand men is so vast an undertaking, compared with the operations of a force of ten thousand or fifteen thousand, that even the sanguine might well have misgivings as to the success of a general always fortunate in the latter, when he first attempts the former.

Without considering the strategic policy of the time and manner of the movement upon Murfreesboro, and looking only at the grand tactics of the battle-field, it is not difficult to perceive what measure of success attended General Rosecrans in the fight, when the information already at hand is divested of the mass of exaggeration and misconception with which it has been given to the public. To what extent he was indebted to his subordinate commanders for the result may also be readily seen. For if a subordinate during a battle seizes opportune moments, and renders services not expected of him, or in the performance of a specified duty, by skilful manœuvres, he gives his command a power not calculated upon, yet needed; the general is plainly indebted to him in a degree corresponding with the importance of the subordinate position on the field. But if the commander of a reserve, having his position designated, checks with the fire of his fresh troops the enemy, more or less exhausted by the contest with the first line, he does no more than was expected—he meets the foreseen emergency just as the general ordered, and it is simple absurdity to say that such a commander won the battle. If he did, Kellerman, not Napoleon, won Marengo. Yet scarcely a battle is fought that precisely such a claim is not made in behalf of some commander, itching, perhaps, to double his stars, who may or may not have been used by the general at the decisive moment. The thing has become chronic, and he must “save the day” whether there is danger of losing it or not. He cannot wait for the necessity; it would be like Don Quixote awaiting an attack from the wind-mills—the affair would go by default. Therefore, as soon as the enemy approaches, he “casts an eagle glance” over the ground the general has carefully selected, posts his troops “as if by inspiration,” upon the favorable points the general has indicated, and with “heroic gallantry” orders his men to fire when the enemy comes up, and he has “saved the day.” “Our special correspondent” gives these facts to the people. This “S. C.” knows the commander; has he not eaten at his table, drank from his flask, ridden his horse, and been generally upon the most agreeably easy terms with all the dignities of shoulder-straps? And who should know better than he that the commander would not be in any fight without “saving the day”? Having this fact for the burden of his narrative, he takes the “camp talk” of the next few days for his details, (his own mind was fully occupied during the battle in counting the stray bullets that got as far to the rear as he was,) and astonishes his readers with graphic portrayals of what he “saw” on the battle-field. To the blackness of oblivion with these prostituted scribblers and their patrons, who rob alike the sacred dead and the worthy living of their honors to grace the heads of men unable to earn their own! The “charges” these fellows make are with the pen, not the sword, and their spoils come not from the enemy but from fellow-soldiers.

On the night of December thirtieth, General Rosecrans found his army, about forty thousand

strong, drawn up before Murfreesboro, facing the rebels in heavy force. The ground was favorable for manœuvre—large open fields, densely wooded tracts of cedar, and thinner ones of oak; the gentle swells of the land scarcely increased by the banks of Stone River, which ran through the lines of both armies, and was practicable for all arms at numerous places. The Federal force included the splendid army organized and led for nearly a year by Major-Gen. Buell, with their first glorious prestige of Shiloh yet undimmed by a reverse, some small force from the old army of the Mississippi, and the reënforcements received at Louisville in September, new troops in their first campaign. The general organization was by wings; the right, three divisions, under Major-General McCook; the left, three divisions, under Major-Gen. Crittenden; and centre, two divisions present, under Major-General Thomas. Divisions, three brigades, brigades, (not uniform,) four or five regiments.

In the line of battle a division had a front of two brigades, (each in two deployed lines,) and one brigade in reserve, a great change from the strong, mobile, easily controlled line of Buell, in which a brigade had two regiments deployed in the first line, one deployed in the second, (brigade reserve,) and one in double column in the third line, the three latter forming the division reserve. To the left of the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike, one brigade of Wood's division formed the left of the Federal line; Palmer's division was deployed to the right of the pike, leaving two brigades of Wood's and the whole of Van Cleve's division as the reserve of the left wing. Then the centre, with Negley's division deployed and Rousseau's in reserve, but so located as to be available at the extreme left as well as the centre.

The three divisions of the right wing were deployed, extending the line beyond the Nolinsville pike a considerable distance. The cavalry, two brigades, were equally divided upon the flanks.

This disposition was made for an attack, and the concentration of troops at the left indicated that the design was upon the enemy's right. The left was certainly strong enough to justify the most sanguine hopes of success, but the undue weakness of the long line of the right wing, which also lost something in advantage of position by being too far advanced, made it liable to overthrow by a sudden concentration of the enemy upon its flank. The enemy resisted with some pertinacity the centre and right in taking position, while upon the left comparatively little demonstration was made.

At daylight of the thirty-first, Gen. Rosecrans's order announcing the intended attack, was communicated to the troops of the left and centre, who had moved out from their bivouacs, in readiness to advance. At about the same time, however, the enemy, who had thrown heavy forces to his left, attacked with great vigor the extreme right of McCook. Pressing rapidly forward, the enemy, though losing heavily at every step, succeeded in forcing back the two right divisions of General McCook. The attack, indeed, was a sur-

prise to at least a portion of Johnson's division. One battery, with horses unhitched, had barely time to put them in harness to be shot down, and fell into the enemy's hands after firing a dozen shots. McCook's left division (Sheridan's) sustained the assault with success, but the line on its right having given way, it was exposed in front, flank, and rear. Twice this heroic division changed front and hurled back the overwhelming mass of foes, and when outflanked and nearly encircled, with every brigade commander killed or wounded, was retired in good order. The centre division (Negley's) was also unable to hold its position, and fell back.

The events narrated above occupied scarcely two hours, so energetic and persistent was the assault, and so rapid the pursuit of the enemy. A forward movement of Palmer's division to occupy a favorable crest, preliminary to the grand assault by the left wing, was already in progress when it was prevented by intelligence of the disaster to the right. While Negley's division was engaged, the reserve of the centre (lying behind the right brigade of the left wing) was ordered forward to his support. Had this force (Rousseau's) gone forward in time to support the brave division of Sheridan in its desperate attempts to check the enemy, the three divisions which would then have occupied the centre of the original line (Negley's, Sheridan's, and Rousseau's) would probably have held the ground, the left wing would still have been strong enough to attack with good prospect of success, and the original order of battle would not have been lost, while the enemy's position would have been more favorable to assault in this direction than could have been reasonably calculated upon had the battle opened with our left. Why this reserve did not go at the time mentioned, is unknown to the writer. Possibly Gen. Rosecrans, confident of the ability of McCook to recover himself, and unaware of the disaster, was willing he should yield some ground to the enemy. The formation of the right wing was far too weak, however, its line much too extended to render such a course safe, and from the moment it gave ground, it was in disaster. Finally Rousseau's reserve moved into the dense cedars in rear of Negley, and its deployment was commenced. It was discovered at this critical moment that it was difficult, if not impossible to move the artillery from the narrow roads which had been cut through the thicket, into positions where it could be used to advantage.

The deployment of the infantry was effected, but without engaging, (saving a battalion on the right, which was suddenly assailed in flank by the enemy, and partially confused,) the entire division was moved a considerable distance to the rear, and finally formed upon favorable ground directly in rear of the right of Crittenden's wing. Negley, of course, could do nothing less than fall back then; his line had in fact already yielded for want of support. Sheridan's glorious resistance and the firmness of Negley's men had, however, covered the perambulations of the reserve, and that force was in readiness to receive the

enemy. The failure of the right wing changed the whole order of battle. It was not in the power of the Federals to assume the offensive, for all available forces were needed to sustain the new line hastily chosen and posted by General Rosecrans in person, Rousseau's reserve being the nucleus upon which such troops as were at hand were formed. Palmer's division, the right of Crittenden's line, was the only one still remaining in the original position.

The other divisions of Crittenden were hurried to the new line to resist the enemy's attack. The position of Gen. Rosecrans was now in the form of a crotchet, the shorter line being Palmer's division, still in the original line. The left of this division, now the left of the army, was to the left, and at right angles with the Nashville pike, in a scanty grove of oaks covering an inconsiderable crest between the pike and the railroad, which intersected at an acute angle about four hundred yards in front; Stone River, crossing the pike some distance further to the front, ran nearly parallel, and very near to it until within three hundred and fifty yards of Palmer's position, where it turned squarely to the left, and continuing this course for several hundred yards, again turned and swept around toward the rear. The portion of the stream in front of Palmer's left was deep, with but one narrow ford, thus forming an excellent flank defence. Between Palmer's two brigades in the first line was an open field of three hundred yards, (the left brigade had occupied this field, but its commander, seeing the impossibility of sustaining an attack in low, open ground, within musket-range of the enemy's cover, had moved to occupy the favorable crest mentioned,) the right brigade lying in the skirt of a cedar wood. Palmer's division had sustained an attack successfully, and while Gen. Rosecrans was forming his new line, was assailed with extreme ferocity in front and upon the right flank, then exposed by the falling back of Negley. The right brigade was forced back in turn, exposing the left brigade to a flank attack and rendering the whole position critical. The force that followed to engage Rosecrans's rear line, when Negley fell back, was undoubtedly designed to operate in conjunction with one now endeavoring to crush the shorter arm (Palmer's division) of the crotchet line, and the two would then take the main Federal line in front, flank, and rear, before its formation was complete. The plan was well devised; with the division protecting the flank of his army removed, Gen. Rosecrans would have had nothing to hope for. The persistence and desperate energy with which the enemy pressed this point indicate that they were fully aware of the advantage success here would give them. Certainly it was an ill turn of rebel fortune that allowed a single brigade of one thousand two hundred men to fail the efforts of their thousands at this vital point. Less skilfully manœuvred, these one thousand two hundred men would have been an obstacle almost insignificant. This brigade (Hazen's) maintained its position with unflinching courage and good success, until the

forces on its right were overpowered and driven back. When this occurred, it was exposed to fire in flank and rear, and the attempts of the enemy to charge in front. Its commander had but one regiment to protect his flank, but was furnished with two battalions from the division reserve. It was terrible fighting to beat back the enemy's double lines in front and flank; it cost a third of the brave brigade, but every moment the enemy was held back was worth a thousand men to the main line. General Rosecrans improved the time so well in hurrying troops to the new position, that when the enemy assailed that line, the fresh divisions of Van Cleve, Wood and Rousseau, and the artillery, massed on a commanding point, not only repulsed them, but they were charged while retiring by one of Crittenden's brigades. The enemy had also miscalculated the temper of Hazen's brigade, and Bragg was obliged to report, as he did in his first despatch, that he "had driven the whole Federal line, except his left, which stubbornly resisted." When they withdrew, the right of the brigade was swung to the rear, bringing it behind an embankment of the railroad, which formed a good breastwork, and enabled it to successfully withstand subsequent flank attacks. In the temporary cessation of fighting which ensued, Gen. Rosecrans strengthened this point with infantry and artillery.

The enemy, evidently unwilling to see his advantage on the right melt away in a single attack, came forward again. McCook's troops and Negley's division had been re-formed in the new position. The enemy, though inflicting severe losses, was unable to force the line again, and was driven back with great slaughter. The right of his line, when it came up to assault for the fourth and last time Hazen's position on the left, was shattered and broken by a single volley. Such a change had repeated repulses made in the *morale* of the troops that fought with such determination in the morning.

The enemy's great superiority in cavalry availed him little or nothing. Its operations in rear of the Federal army amounted only to the capture of an inconsiderable quantity of stores, which Gen. Rosecrans had not the power to efficiently protect. Their loss occasioned no serious inconvenience, and the enemy did not carry them away. No panic or confusion in the movements of troops rewarded their efforts.

The battle was substantially ended on Wednesday night. Gen. Rosecrans was not idle, however, and at daylight on Thursday, had his army in a position the enemy might have hurled his masses upon in vain. During the day, both parties refrained from offensive movements; probably the enemy, convinced of the unprofitableness of further attack on the Federal right, shortened his lines and moved to his own right. A demonstration he made with artillery indicated a desire to develop the position of the Federal left, and showed his attention to be mainly directed to that point. Stone River ran across the front half a mile in advance, around the left, within two hundred yards of the line, and close in the rear of

this wing, and the artillery occupied strong, commanding positions. On Friday, Van Cleve's division was thrown across the river to the left, and formed there on the prolongation of the general line, with its left considerably retired. One additional brigade was also sent as a support. At three o'clock, Friday afternoon, a furious attack was made by the enemy upon this division. Their assault had all the vigor and rapidity that characterized the grand operation of Wednesday upon McCook. Van Cleve's division (without artillery) was driven from its position, its fire scarcely lessening the speed of the enemy's advance. This success was insignificant in comparison with the extent of the enemy's preparations; without further action, it was valueless. But when it was gained, his movements appeared without further plan. His impetuous charge was not sustained by troops to occupy the ground taken, or to press on across the river to the flank and rear of the left wing. A considerable force which advanced on the left of the assaulting lines failed to cooperate efficiently, and no advantage was taken of the diversion to attempt another part of the line. General Rosecrans, having his entire army well in hand for rapid movement in any direction, quickly reënforced his left, and reoccupied the ground from which Van Cleve had been driven. The approach of night prevented further operations.

During the interval between Wednesday's battle, and the retreat of the rebels, on Sunday, both parties were engaged in strengthening their positions by lines of rifle-pits, earthwork epaulements for batteries, etc. Both parties had failed in their tactical plans, but if the point was of strategic importance, that, and the moral advantage, would obviously rest with the one that longest maintained his position, whether there should be further fighting or not. This advantage was finally surrendered to Gen. Rosecrans by the withdrawal of the enemy.

The error that was fatal to Gen. Rosecrans's order of battle was in the right wing, the weakness of that portion of the line resulting in its rout, and the diversion of the other forces from the projected attack, by putting and holding them upon the defensive. The successful formation of a new line in presence of an enemy, and under his attacks, is a manœuvre requiring high qualities of generalship. General Rosecrans did this, and the extraordinary exertions required to accomplish it, show him to be possessed of great power in handling troops, and of an undaunted spirit that will compel the enemy to wrest from him, inch by inch, each successive advantage, the last as firmly held as the first. For the grand result, he is not free from indebtedness to subordinates. The rapidity with which the right wing was driven back, and followed, and the evident fact that the first intelligence from it, or the absence of any, left Gen. Rosecrans ignorant of the disaster there, made every moment of infinite importance when he learned the truth and began the formation of his new line. Sheridan, by his desperate fighting and repeated changes of position under rebel attacks, gained for the General

most valuable time, and finally brought off his division in good order for further service. These services were extraordinary under the circumstances, and no general would trust to their being rendered by any division; neither would the General have confided the defence of his left flank to so small a force as Hazen's brigade, had he foreseen what constant presence of mind, obstinacy, and rapid and difficult changes of position were required to enable its commander to hold his ground against four or five times his number, during the entire day.

The battle was like most engagements of the war — there was nothing decisive in the result, and the enemy carrying what he would, withdrew unmolested; but there is certainly much cause for congratulation in the fact that fortune has not allowed similar circumstances (the change of commanders) in the Eastern and Western armies to produce similar results, and that at the West we have a "Stone River," not a "Fredericksburgh."

LOUISVILLE "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

BATTLE-FIELD OF STONE RIVER, January 5, 1863.

I propose to give the readers of the *Journal* an account of the events which have rendered this blood-stained field forever memorable; and, as in the case of the battle of Shiloh, I shall describe only what passed under my own eyes, leaving others to narrate what they themselves witnessed.

On the morning of December twenty-sixth, Gen. Rousseau's division of Thomas's corps marched from its camp on the Franklin road, four miles from Nashville, it being the same spot whence we marched last spring to leave our share of blood and dead on the field of Shiloh. This time the hand of fate has brought the sacrifice to a different altar, but it has been offered to the god of battles with not less awful rites than rocked the hills of Shiloh to their base, and lighted its forests with lurid flames. On the night of the twenty-sixth we bivouacked on the Wilson pike, a branch from the Franklin, thirteen miles from Nashville. On the twenty-seventh we moved across by a country road to the Nolinsville pike. When the head of the column arrived at Nolinsville, we found that Gen. McCook's corps, which was just passing, was meeting with stubborn resistance from the enemy. As there was room to apprehend that the enemy intended to attempt a repetition of Chaplin Hills by falling on one of our wings in overwhelming force while on the march, Gen. Rousseau moved all of his division that had got up rapidly to the front, in a most terrible rain-storm, to support Gen. McCook in case of need; but the enemy retired, and the danger passed. At four o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, Gen. Rousseau received notice from Gen. Rosecrans that it was of the utmost importance that his division should be at Stewart's Creek, on the Murfreesboro road, that night. Moving by a cross-road, the division reached the point designated by midnight. In all of these marches we had been preceded by the divisions of Davis and Negley, and perhaps by others belonging to Thomas's or the centre corps. The result was to trans-

fer Thomas's entire corps from the extreme right of the army on the Franklin road, to the Murfreesboro road. Crittenden's corps, constituting the left wing of the army, had moved down the Murfreesboro road from Nashville, and we came upon it at Stewart's Creek. Gen. McCook's corps, constituting the right wing of the army, had, as already stated, moved down the Nolinsville pike. So that, on the morning of the twenty-ninth, the left and centre were united at Stewart's Creek, while the right was moving cautiously down a converging road to meet the left and centre at Stone River. Such were the movements by which Gen. Rosecrans concentrated his army, scattered on the various roads leading into Nashville, into a solid mass in front of Murfreesboro. On the twenty-ninth, the enemy, in considerable force, disputed the ground with the head of our column. There was artillery skirmishing in the morning and throughout the day, but the advance of the column was not seriously obstructed. General Rousseau's division remained at Stewart's Creek throughout the twenty-ninth, and that night one of his brigades, with Stone's battery and two companies of the Second Kentucky cavalry, was detached to the left to guard a bridge on the Jefferson road, where they subsequently had a smart engagement with the enemy. On the morning of the thirtieth the remaining three brigades moved forward seven miles, to this ground, destined soon to be baptized historical in their blood and that of their brave comrades. We bivouacked on the night of the thirtieth in the woods on both sides of the road, on the crest of a hill, just three miles and a half from Murfreesboro.

An account of what followed, in order to be intelligible, must be preceded by a description of the field.

As the road from Nashville to Murfreesboro approaches the latter place, it suddenly finds itself parallel with Stone River. The stream flowing east crosses the road a mile this side of Murfreesboro. Abruptly changing its course, it flows north along the road, and not more than four hundred yards distant, for more than two miles. It is a considerable stream, but fordable in many places at low water. The narrow tongue of land between the turnpike road and the river is divided by the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, which, running down the centre of the wedge-like tract, bisects the turnpike half a mile this side of where the latter crosses the river. Just in rear of the spot where the third mile-stone from Murfreesboro stands, the turnpike and railroad, at that point about fifty yards apart, run through a slight cut, and this a few rods further on is succeeded by a slight fill. The result is to convert both railroad and turnpike, for a distance of two or three hundred yards, into a natural rifle-pit. The account to which the genius of Rousseau turned this will be seen after a while. On each side of the road at this point there are open fields. That on the left extends to the curtain of timber which fringes the river, and also half a mile to the front along the road, when it gives place to an oak woods of no great density or extent. To the left

and front, however, it opens out into a large open plain, which flanks the woods just mentioned, and extends on up the river in the direction of Murfreesboro for a mile or so. In the field on the left of the railroad there is a rise or bill of no great height, sloping down to the railroad and commanding all the ground to the front and right. It was here that Guenther's and Loomis's batteries were posted in the terrible conflict of Wednesday. The open field on the right of the turnpike road is perhaps three hundred yards wide, and is bounded on the west by an almost impenetrable cedar forest. It extends indefinitely to the front, and beyond the extreme southern line of the cedars, which is half a mile to the point, sweeps away into broad, open fields, constituting a large plantation. Just in rear of the cedar forest, and marking its extreme northern limit, is a long, narrow opening, containing about ten acres. There is a swell in the field on the right of the road, corresponding with the one on the left, but it is a hundred yards further to the rear, and slopes to the front instead of to the right. The crest of this hill on the right is curiously concave. Taking its origin precisely at the point where the oblong opening marks the northern limit of the cedar forest, it bends around towards the enemy and gradually slopes down to the front until it loses itself in the level ground just where the slight fill in the turnpike and railroad mentioned above begins. From its beginning point at the corner of the cedars, the northern end of the crest curves back upon itself and around the eastern mouth of the oblong opening heretofore described, so that after fortifying the front of the position, it returns upon itself in such a manner as to render the right flank well-nigh impregnable. In what manner Rousseau, by one of those sudden inspirations which come only to the greatest minds, availed himself of the advantages of this position to save the centre and turn the tide of battle, we shall presently see.

On the morning of the thirty-first, Rousseau's division, being a portion of the reserve of the army, was formed in line in the field on the right of the turnpike, with its left resting on the road and its right on the cedar forest. Eight o'clock came, and the battle had not yet begun on the left and in the centre, but the note of conflict came booming ominously from the right and growing rapidly nearer and nearer. Presently an aid to General Thomas came dashing up in hot haste with orders for Rousseau to move his division quietly into the cedar forest and form in Gen. Negley's rear. The necessary orders were quickly given. Two narrow roads were found leading into the cedars, and the heads of the columns were conducted along those as rapidly as possible. We made our way half a mile through the forest to the crest of a slope, whence we looked out across a depression through some new corn-fields in which dead trees were still standing thick. The brigades were filed to the right through the dense cedar growth and formed in line of battle as far as possible. The right succeeded in getting into line in pretty good order,

but it was apparent that the left could not be formed there before the tide of battle would strike us. The batteries still stood in the narrow roads utterly unable to move one step through the thicket. It was an awful and perilous moment. No language can convey the faintest idea of that scene. To see it was to feel it become a part of yourself. You bore away not a copy, not a picture, but a living and constituent perception never subsiding into a recollection. The broken and dispirited battalions of our right wing, retreating by the flank, were pouring out of the corn-fields and through the skirts of the woods, while from the far end of the field rose the indescribable crackle and slowly curling smoke of the enemy's fire. The line of fire now grew rapidly nearer and nearer, seeming to close in slowly but with fatal certainty around our front and flank, and presently the long gray lines of the enemy, three or four deep, could be seen through the corn-stalks vomiting flame on the retreating host. The right of Rousseau's division opened its lines and let our brave but unfortunate columns pass through. The gallant and invincible legion came through in this way with fearfully decimated ranks, drawing away by hand two pieces of our artillery. When all the horses belonging to the battery and all the other guns had been disabled, the brave boys refused to leave these two behind, and drew them two miles through fields and thickets to a place of safety. It was a most touching sight to see these brave men, in that perilous hour, flocking around Rousseau like children, with acclamations of delight and every token of love, as soon as they recognized him, embracing his horse, his legs, his clothes. As soon as it was known to the retreating column that Rousseau was there, such a shout of joy and relief went up from column after column as has rarely welcomed the hero to the work of saving an army. You could see new-born joy dancing in eyes where a moment before despair had lowered, and inexpressible relief dawning over the darkness of every face. But there was no time to indulge in these redeeming flashes of good feelings which gleamed out for an instant through the dark and fearful passions of the battle-field. The enemy were already upon us, pouring a withering fire into our front and right flank. The left of the division was still unformed, the batteries were still standing idle, and worse than idle, an obstruction to ourselves and an easy prey to the enemy in the narrow roads. It was the turning-point of the day, one of those critical moments which are constantly occurring in battle when the rapid decision of an instant makes disaster a victory. If we should be overwhelmed there in the woods, the centre too would be lost, the left taken in flank and rear and completely cut off from our line of retreat, and the whole army destroyed or captured. Then, could we hold our ground there, and roll back the fearful tide of blood and fire that was rolling slowly on to overwhelm the army? No, it was evident that we could not. Rousseau was equal to the emergency. Galloping to where General Thomas sat

upon his horse, the image of determination and immovable courage, he represented the impossibility of getting his division into position in the cedar thicket, and asked permission to fall back to the open ground heretofore described. The permission was at once granted, the batteries were wheeled about and sent off at a fast trot; the left brigade, being still in column, was moved rapidly to the rear, and the other brigades, being in line, were ordered to fall back in good order. It was just as the movement began that the Fifteenth Kentucky, which formed the extreme right of the division, was furiously assailed in front and flank, and its young hero-colonel slain. He fell at the extreme right of his regiment, whither he had gone to take measures to defend that flank. Had the retrograde movement been delayed a few seconds longer, the regiment must have been destroyed.

Flying back to the open ground which was now to be the scene of so terrific a conflict, Rousseau galloped rapidly across it, and read with a single eagle glance all of its advantages. Guenther's and Loomis's batteries were ordered to take position on the hill on the left of the railroad, and Stokes's Chicago battery, which had got with our division, was placed there also. The brigade of regulars, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Shepherd, and consisting of two battalions of the Eighteenth infantry, one battalion of the Fifteenth, one of the Sixteenth, and one of the Nineteenth, was ordered to support the batteries. The Ninth brigade, commanded by Col. Scribner, formed the left of the line, and was posted principally along the natural rifle-pit of the turnpike and railroad. The Seventeenth brigade, commanded by Colonel Beatty, formed the right of the line, and was posted along the crest of the concave hill on the right of the road. These dispositions were made with the rapidity of lightning, and scarcely were they completed when the storm burst upon us.

History furnishes but few spectacles to be compared with that which now ensued. The rebels pressed up to the edge of the cedar forest and swarmed out into the open field. I saw the first few gray suits that dotted the dark green line of the cedars with their contrasted color thicken into a line of battle, and the bright glitter of their steel flashed like an endless chain of lightning amid the thick and heavy green of the thicket. This I saw before our fire, opening on them around the whole extent of our line, engirdled them with a belt of flame and smoke. After that I saw them no more, nor will any human eye ever see them more. Guenther, Loomis, and Stokes, with peal after peal, too rapid to be counted, mowed them down with double-shotted canister, the left of our line of infantry poured a continuous sheet of flame into their front, while the right of our line, posted in its remarkable position by the genius of Rousseau, enveloped their left flank and swept their entire line with an enflaming fire. Thick smoke settled down upon the scene; the rim of the hill on which our batteries stood seemed to be surrounded by a wall of living fire; the turnpike road and the crest of the hill on the right were

wrapped in an unending blaze; flames seemed to leap out of the earth and dance through the air. No troops on earth could withstand such a fire as that. One regiment of rebels, the boldest of their line, advanced to within seventy-five yards of our line, but there it was blown out of existence. It was utterly destroyed, and the rest of the rebel line, broken and decimated, fled like sheep into the depths of the woods. Our centre still stood immovable as a rock, and the army was saved. The terrific firing ceased, the smoke quickly rolled away, and the sun shone out bright and clear on the scene that was lately so shrouded in smoke and moral gloom. How still every thing was! Every body seemed to be holding his breath. As soon as the firing ceased General Rousseau and his staff galloped forward to the ground the rebels had advanced over. Their dead lay there in frightful heaps, some with the life-blood not yet all flowed from their mortal wounds, some propped upon their elbows and gasping their last. The flag of the Arkansas regiment lay there on the ground beside its dead bearer. Every depression in the field was full of wounded, who had crawled thither to screen themselves from the fire, and a large number of prisoners came out of a little copse in the middle of the field and surrendered themselves to Gen. Rousseau in person. Among them was one captain. They were all that were left alive of the bold Arkansas regiment that had undertaken to charge our line. As the rebel line rolled back through the woods, Gen. Rousseau ordered his right wing to charge their left flank through the cedars. The regulars advanced gallantly into the cedars again and inflicted heavy loss on the retreating foe, but they also suffered greatly. Here Major Carpenter of the Nineteenth infantry, Captains Bell and Wise of the Fifteenth, and Captain Kneass of the Eighteenth, were killed, and Major King of the Fifteenth and Major Slemmer of the Sixteenth wounded. The rebels continued their flight until they were beyond our fire on the right; our troops were recalled into the field and placed along the crest of the hill on the right and around the retroversion of the hill which fortified the right flank, in readiness to meet another assault should the enemy feel inclined to make it. But for a long time the enemy showed no disposition to renew the attack. No pen can describe a pause in battle. There is no other stillness like it. It is at once life and death, the stillest repose and the most active preparation. For more than two hours this lull, to which the epithet awful might be applied, continued. Every sense was on the strain, every nerve tightened with extreme tension. What were the enemy doing, and where would they fall next? Were they massing against our right again? Would they again attempt the centre? Had they retired within their works, satisfied with having overwhelmed our right? A dropping fire of skirmishers still continued all around the line, but the enemy nowhere showed himself in force. Finally, about three o'clock, this suspense was ended by one of the grandest spectacles to which war ever gave origin.

A long dark line with banners flying and artillery in the intervals advanced over the crest of a hill a mile to our front in the open fields of the plantation heretofore spoken of, and moved in common time down the long slope toward our position. It seemed, then, the question was at last decided, and that they were going to storm us in the centre. Every man was in his place, and every hand in readiness to work death. But after advancing in this magnificent array for several hundred yards down the slope, the rebel line suddenly faced to the left, and doubled-quickened off behind the screen of the cedar forest. As they passed over the open space our batteries opened on them with shells and carried havoc into their ranks. Their feint cost them dear. Thus matters stood when the night of December thirty-first closed over us.

During the night of the thirty-first Gen. Rosecrans made those admirable defensive dispositions which deserve a place in the record of undying deeds. A strong line was posted along the entire front, the right was drawn back to the turnpike road, so that the enemy to reach it would have to cross large open fields; the cavalry was placed on the extreme right to beat off the enemy's horse from our line of communications, and full half the infantry and artillery were held in reserve behind the knolls and woods, in columns doubled on the centre, ready to be moved at a moment's notice to any point that might be assailed. The line was so formed that the reserves for any part were within a few hundred yards of every other part. Early in the morning of January first the enemy advanced through the cedars on the right with loud cheers, and immediately heavy skirmishing, almost equal to a regular engagement, began along the entire line. This continued throughout the day, the enemy doubling their skirmishers first at this point and then at that, pressing us first here and then there. So they continued to feel all around our line throughout the entire day, their object evidently being to find a weak place, or create a panic somewhere, and then launch their whole force on that point. But, thanks to our General, they found no weak spot, and, thanks to his soldiers, they created no panic. So closed the second day of this bloody drama.

On the morning of the second, the rebels opened a terrific fire with cannon on the centre. A large number were killed and wounded in Rousseau's division by this fire. Rousseau ordered Guenther and Loomis to reply to the rebel batteries, which they did with such effect as to soon silence them. Stone's battery and Col. Starkweather's brigade, which had, meanwhile, come up, were posted around the mouth of the opening in rear of the cedar forest. But it was soon known that the enemy was massing against Van Cleve's division, which had been thrown across Stone River on the extreme left. Skirmishing still continued along the right and centre, but heavy masses of infantry and artillery could be seen moving across the open fields beyond Stone River, and concentrating on the left flank of our extreme left. The enemy evidently afraid that, if repulsed,

he would be pursued and destroyed, delayed the attack until four o'clock in the afternoon. Then suddenly little gray dots could be seen to emerge from the ground held by the enemy and to advance in the direction in which their skirmishers had been deployed. The enemy were doubling their skirmishers. The line of skirmishers thus doubled advanced in quick time but without firing a shot. Suddenly up rose behind them the whole rebel line with vast masses in columns doubled on the centre in rear of the wings. A fence ran across the field in front of our position. The rebel line reached it, coolly laid it down to the ground throughout its whole extent, and then marched on. Our skirmishers fired at them, but they paid no heed to them. Their skirmishers pressed on without firing a gun until they were almost upon our line, then opened a galling and murderous fire to stagger our line, so that the rebel avalanche might the more utterly overwhelm it, then at a command from their officers rallied on the rebel line and became a part of it. Our front line was overwhelmed and swept away. The second, fighting bravely as the first had done, was dashed to pieces in like manner. Large masses of our troops detached from the right wing were hurried across the river. Batteries posted on the right ploughed down the rebel ranks as they pressed up to the ford. Still they rushed up to the very edge of the stream and shot down our men in the water. But their doom was sealed and their destruction certain. A force attacked them in their right flank as they pressed up to the stream, our fresh troops crossed over and charged them in front, while our batteries on their left enfiladed their whole line and swept whole ranks at every discharge. Driven from the bank in disorder, they fled across the field in the wildest confusion, our batteries mowing them down and our infantry pursuing them a mile and a half. The enemy had calculated well. It was now too dark to continue the pursuit, and the rebels had time to recover from their panic. At the time that the enemy were being hardest pressed on the left, they began a furious assault on our right centre to create a diversion in favor of their shattered right, but they were soon repulsed, and accomplished nothing.

Saturday the third, passed much as Thursday the first had done, except that the rebel fire was visibly feebler and less in both volume and extent. The day was spent principally in rationing our suffering troops. After this had been done, Gen. Rousseau obtained leave from Gen. Thomas and Gen. Rosecrans to drive the rebels from the woods in our front on the left of the road. Just before dark, Loomis and Guenther were ordered to open on the woods with shells. Two regiments of Col. Beatty's brigade were advanced to the extreme front to charge into the woods at double-quick time at the proper moment. The rest of the division was held in readiness to support them as circumstances might require. Guenther and Loomis opened a terrific fire on the woods. Nothing in this whole bloody drama was more sublime than this terrific fire just as the

cloudy night was closing in. Their guns seemed to vomit flame and death upon the rebels in a continuous stream. At a signal, the cannonading ceased, skirmishers were deployed at double-quick, and both skirmishers and the line dashed forward at double-quick into the woods. The enemy were taken by surprise, and one regiment captured or destroyed entirely. Our men carried the first line of the rebel works. Sixty yards beyond was a second line. From behind these the enemy poured a fearful stream of fire into our troops through the darkness, but could not dislodge them. The firing gradually subsided as the night deepened, and we awaited the dawn of Monday morning to drive the rebels from their second line; for Gen. Rosecrans felt too sacred a regard for the Sabbath to attack on that day. But when Monday came, the rebels were gone, and we were undisputed possessors of the bloody field.

Such was the battle of Stone River, a name at which a thousand hearts will ache and floods of sorrow flow, but which to others is the thrilling sound, the prophet's word, which delivers their own names to fame and history forever. The name of Rosecrans, already famous, has now become immortal. Even when worsted, he clung to the ground and his purpose with a tenacity which wrung victory from the hands of unwilling fate. Of all our commanding generals, he is the only one that knows how to fight a battle. Gen. Thomas too deserves a large meed of praise. In every quality that constitutes the perfect soldier and then adorns him, he is without a superior. Of the heroism and capacity displayed by Rousseau, language is powerless to convey an adequate idea. Not Ney himself, the bravest of the brave, ever bore himself more nobly. Important as was the service he rendered at Chaplin Hills, I think it trifling by the side of what he has done here. With a single eagle glance he detected the key to the position, and then with the contagion of his heroism inspired his men to hold it. As he rode along the line, after getting it posted, and just as the tempest of death burst upon us, repeating to his men the words, "I am going to stay here, right here—will you stay with me through death or life?" and was answered with a cheer, I thought I had seen the culminating point of the magnanimous sublime. The most stolid face in all that line was lighted up with a radiant enthusiasm caught from their heroic General. His manner of posting the centre entitled him to a place among the best military minds of the age; his manner of maintaining the position placed him forever by the side of Ney, Bozzaris, and Leonidas. Lieut.-Col. Berry, of the Louisville Legion, acquitted himself nobly, as all who know him always knew he would. Major King, of the Fifteenth infantry, won the admiration of all who saw the grand and perilous movement, by his manner of handling his battalion in the terrible fight in the cedars. He fell severely wounded. It is to be hoped that the Government will, after a while, open its eyes to his rare qualifications for a high commander. A soldier of twenty-five

years' experience, and with no superior as an administrative officer, it is an outrage — nay, it is a pitiful meanness—to send him into battle with a little battalion, simply because he has too much noble pride to seek promotion by the means that alone succeed nowadays. I would speak of others, but my letter is already too long. Perhaps I may write again.

WAPELLO.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

BATTLE-FIELD OF STONE RIVER, TENN., }
Saturday, Jan. 3, 1863. }

A week of horrors, a week of carnage, a week of tremendous conflict — and battle still raging! At this moment there is angry rattle of musketry and deep, sullen roar of cannon, echoing in the forest within Minie range of our marquee. My God, when will it end! A thousand gallant dead slumber in their bloody graves; four thousand wounded and mangled patriots are moaning on this sanguinary field. God knows how many rebel lives have spent during this fearful week, or how many desperate traitors suffer the agony of dreadful wounds.

In the rage of conflict the human heart expresses little sympathy with human suffering. Your best friend is lifted from the saddle by the fatal shaft, and plunges wildly to the earth — a corpse. One convulsive leap of your heart, you dash onward in the stormy field, and the dead is forgotten until the furious frenzy of battle is spent. "Never mind," said our great-hearted General, when the death of the noble Sill was announced; "brave men must die in battle! We must seek results." When Gares he's headless trunk fell at his feet, a shock thrilled him, and he dashed again into the fray. He was told that McCook was killed. "We cannot help it; men who fight must be killed. Never mind; let us fight this battle."

On Friday, December twenty-sixth, the army advanced in three columns, Major-General McCook's corps down the Nolinsville pike, driving Hardee before him a mile and a half beyond Nolinsville. Major-General Thomas's corps, from its encampment on the Franklin pike *via* the Wilson pike; Crittenden on the Murfreesboro pike. The right and left met with considerable resistance in a rolling and hilly country, with rocky bluffs and dense cedar thickets, affording cover for the enemy's skirmishers. Crittenden moved to a point within a mile and a half of La Vergne, skirmishing with the enemy sharply. Gen. Thomas met with but little opposition.

On the twenty-seventh McCook drove Hardee from a point beyond Nolinsville, and pushed a reconnoitring division six miles toward Shelbyville, discovering that Hardee had retreated to Murfreesboro. This indicated intention on the part of the enemy to make a stand; otherwise, Hardee would have fallen back upon Shelbyville. General Crittenden fought all the way to Stewart's Creek, with small loss, and rested on its banks, rebel pickets appearing on the opposite banks. General Rosecrans's headquarters were then at a point twelve miles from Nashville. It

seemed that the enemy would make a stand on Stewart's Creek, that being a good line of defence. That night General Thomas, with the divisions of Rousseau and Negley, occupied Nolinsville.

On the twenty-eighth General McCook completed his reconnoissance of Hardee's movements, and General Crittenden awaited results, while General Thomas moved his corps across to Stewart's Creek, executing a fatiguing march with great energy, General Rosecrans deeming his junction with the left of great importance at that time.

On the twenty-ninth, General McCook moved to Wilkinson's cross-roads, within seven miles of Murfreesboro, at the end of a short road through a rough, rolling country, skirted by bluffs and dense cedar thickets. General Crittenden moved forward with some resistance to a point within three miles of Murfreesboro, and found the enemy in force. General Negley was moved forward to the centre, Rousseau's division in reserve on the right of Crittenden's corps. General Rosecrans's headquarters advanced to the east side of Stewart's Creek, and after a hasty supper he proceeded to the front and remained on the field all night. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Garesche, his Chief of Staff; Colonel Barnett, Chief of Artillery, Major Goddard, A.A.G.; Major Skinner, Lieutenant Byron Kirby, Lieutenant Bond, and Father Tracy, who remained faithfully with him, and at no time, from the beginning of the action, deserted him.

On the thirtieth, General McCook advanced on the Wilkinson pike, through heavy thickets, stubbornly resisted by the enemy, General Sheridan's division being in advance, General Sill's brigade constituting his right. The enemy developed such strength that Gen. McCook directed Sheridan to form in line of battle, and the division of Gen. Jeff. C. Davis was thrown out upon his right. It was now discovered that Hardee's corps was in front, on the west side of the river, in line of battle, his front crossing our right obliquely, in position, if extended, to flank us. Our left stood fast, in line corresponding with the course of Stone River, mainly upon undulating fields. The centre under Negley, slightly advanced into a cedar thicket, and was engaged, with great difficulty, in reconnoitring, under sharp resistance, and in cutting roads through the almost impenetrable forest, to open communication with the right. The contest had brought forward McCook's right division, facing strongly south-east, with the reserve division between the centre and right, and sufficiently far in the rear to support, and if necessary, to extend it — the consequences which were developed next day. Two brigades of Johnson's division — Kirk's and Willich's — were ultimately thrown out on the extreme right, facing south, and somewhat in reserve, to make every thing secure.

We were as confident that day that there would be battle on the next, as we were conscious of existence. A good many men indeed had already fallen. Rebels in considerable numbers were already visible across the plains, on the

opposite side of the river. We watched them through our glasses with excited interest. Reports of menacing movements came in constantly. At last heavy guns were heard on the left, away in the distance, and two hours later the General was annoyed by official report that rebel cavalry had captured some of our wagons on the Jefferson pike. Still later the daring rascals captured another train directly in our rear, on the Murfreesboro pike. A strong cavalry force was despatched after them, but gallant Colonel Burke, posted at Stonard Creek with his Thirteenth Ohio, had already sent one hundred and fifty of his men to intercept the marauders, and he recaptured most of the property.

Night was approaching without battle, when Captain Fisher, of General McCook's staff, dashed up on a foaming steed, bearing information that Kirby Smith, supported by Breckinridge, had concentrated on our left. "Tell Gen. McCook," said General Rosecrans, "that if he is assured that such is the fact, he may drive Hardee sharply if he is ready. At all events, tell him to prepare for battle to-morrow morning. Tell him to fight as if the fate of a great battle depended upon him. While he holds Hardee, the left, under Crittenden, will swing around and take Murfreesboro. Let Hardee attack, if he desires. It will suit us exactly."

Just now a report came in that the rebel cavalry had captured a little squad of thirty men at La Vergne, with the telegraph operator, besides wounding Mr. Todd, the telegraph reporter. The rascals were at their old tricks, and we had no cavalry to spare to attend to them.

At seven o'clock I started through the woods to watch the progress of the engagement. A mile from quarters I met a stream of stragglers pouring through the thickets, reporting disaster—"General Sill is killed—General Johnson had lost three batteries—McCook's line is broken—the enemy is driving us—rebel cavalry is in the rear capturing our trains." The stragglers generally were not panic-stricken. Most of them had their arms; but the negroes, servants and teamsters were frantic.

The report being made to the General, he dismissed it summarily, remarking: "All right—we will rectify it." Soon after, official reports were received confirming the tidings of disaster. The prospect was gloomy but the cheering demeanor of the General restored confidence.

The roar of battle approached alarmingly near and rapidly. It was now ascertained that the enemy had massed on our right and attacked along its entire line. Hardee and McCook had formed their lines on opposite sides of a valley, which narrowed toward McCook's left.

The enemy advanced upon him in columns of regiments massed six lines deep—sufficient to break any ordinary line; but Sill gallantly received the shock and drove the foe clear back to his original position, where they re-formed. Schaeffer and Roberts were equally successful. But Johnson's division, taken somewhat by surprise, was swung back like a gate, and began to

crumble at the flanks. Two of his batteries—Edgerton's and Goodspeed's—were taken before a gun was fired; the horses had not been harnessed, and some were even then going to water. This, I understand, was not the fault of Johnson, who, I am told, had issued prudent orders.

The enemy's line, obliquely to ours originally, had worked around until it flanked us almost transversely, giving them a direct, enfilading and rear fire. Johnson's division melted away like a snowbank in spring-time—thus imperilling Davis's division, which was also obliged to break. Sheridan immediately changed front to the rear, and his left, adjoining Negley, was forced into an angle, which gave the enemy the decisive advantage of a cross-fire. Sill rallied his men again most gallantly, and while leading them in a charge was fatally struck, and died at the head of his line, a musket-ball entering his upper lip and ranging upward through his brain. General Willich, at about the same time, was captured. Brigadier-General Kirk was seriously wounded, and the gallant Colonel Roberts, of the Forty-second Illinois, while repulsing a fierce attack at the angle, was killed at the head of his brigade. Sheridan had thus lost two brigade commanders and Hotelling's battery. His almost orphaned division was left to protect Negley's left, in the centre, both Davis and Johnson being sent off from him. But Sheridan, by his own noble exertions, held his division firmly, and the Eighth division, under Negley, by desperate valor, checked the powerful masses of the enemy until succor could be thrown in from the left and the reserves. Sheridan having repulsed the enemy four times, and changed his front completely in face of the enemy, retired toward the Murfreesboro pike, bringing back his gallant command in perfect order. There has been no time to inquire into the causes of the disaster on the right, but obviously there was something wrong.

Meantime, while this losing battle was going on, the General Commanding had galloped into the field, followed by his staff and escort. He had sent a reply to McCook's application for aid: "Tell General McCook I will help him." In an instant he galloped to the left and sent forward Beatty's brigade. Moving down to the extreme left, he was discovered by the enemy, and a full battery opened upon him. Solid shot and shell stormed about us furiously. The General himself was unmoved by it, but his staff generally were more sensitive. The inclination to dodge was irresistible. Directly one poor fellow of the escort was dismounted, and his horse galloped frantically over the fields. The General directed Col. Barnett, his chief of artillery, to post a battery to shell the enemy, waiting to see it done. The Colonel galloped forward coolly under fire, and soon had Cox's Tenth Indiana battery lumbering away toward a commanding point. The officer in command wheeled into position at a point apparently unfavorable for sharp work. The General shouted: "On the crest; on the crest of the hill." On the crest it went, and in five minutes the rebels closed their music. Beatty's brigade

was now double-quickening under fire obliquely from left to right, as coolly as if on parade. Inquiring who held the extreme left, the General was answered, Colonel Wagner's brigade. "Tell Wagner to hold his position at all hazards." Soon after Colonel Wagner replied, laconically: "Say to the General I will." Down at the toll-gate, on the pike, we got another "blizzard," with an interlude of Minies, which whistled about with an admonitory slit. The shifting scene of the battle now carried the General back to the centre of the field. The enemy were streaming through the woods a few hundred yards in front. The forest was populous with them. Our batteries were dashing across the plain with frightful vehemence, wheeling into position and firing with terrific rapidity. The rebel artillery played upon us remorselessly, tearing men and horses to pieces. The sharpshooters were still more vicious. A flight of bullets passed through the staff. I heard an insinuating thud! and saw a poor orderly within sabre distance topple from his saddle and tumble headlong to mother earth. One convulsive shudder, and he was no more. His bridle-hand clutched the reins in death. A comrade loosened his grasp, and his faithful gray stood quietly beside the corps. Another bullet went through the jaw of Lieut. Benton's beautiful chestnut. Smarting with pain, he struck violently with his hoofs at the invisible tormentor. Benton dismounted and awaited the anticipated catastrophe—but he rode his horse again, all through that fiery day. One or two other horses were hit, and the cavalcade rushed from that line fire to another, just in time to be splashed with mud from the spat of a six-pound shot. It seemed that there was not a square yard on the field free from fire. The rattle of musketry and roar of artillery was deafening. Still the General charged through it as if it had been harmless rain. It was wonderful that he escaped—fortunate that his uniform was covered by an overcoat. Galloping down again to the extreme front, an officer in range with the General was suddenly dismounted. A round-shot struck his horse squarely on the thigh, knocking him a rod, and tumbling the rider all in a heap over the soil. Pushing out to the cedar forest, where Negley's gallant division was struggling against great odds, trusty Sheridan was met, bringing out his tried division in superb order. Negley was still fighting desperately, against odds. Johnson, too, appeared soon after, but his command was temporarily shattered.

During all this period Negley's two gallant brigades, under valiant old Stanley, (of the Eighteenth Ohio,) and brave John F. Miller, were holding their line against fearful odds. When the right broke, Negley had pushed in clean ahead of the left of the right wing, and was driving the enemy. The Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Thirty-seventh Indiana, Twenty-first, Seventy-fourth, Eighteenth, and Sixty-ninth Ohio, the famous Nineteenth Illinois, and Eleventh Michigan, with Knell's, Marshall's, Shultz's, and Busli's batteries, sustained one of the fiercest assaults of the

day, and the enemy was dreadfully punished. Still they came on like famished wolves, in columns, by divisions, sweeping over skirmishers, disregarding them utterly. The Nineteenth Illinois, under gallant young Scott, and the Eleventh Michigan, led by brave Stoughton, charged in advance, and drove back a division. The enemy, far outnumbering the splendid Eighth, swarmed in front, on both flanks, and finally burst upon its rear, reaching a point within fifty yards of Negley's quarters before they were discovered, Negley being unaware of the extent of the disaster on the right. Rousseau's division had been sent into the woods to support the Eighth, but was withdrawn before the Eighth got out. Negley had found his brigades in *echelon*, and seeing the critical nature of his position, he was obliged to order a retrograde movement. But even after that the Nineteenth Illinois and Eleventh Michigan made another dash to the front, driving the enemy again, then wheeling abruptly, pushed steadily out of the cedars.

Rousseau, one of the most magnificent men on the field, with the port of Ajax and the fire of Achilles—no wonder his gallant lads adore him—did not fancy this retrograde movement. The regulars, Twenty-fifth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth, under Col. Shepherd, on his right, liked it no better. Youthful Beatty, Third Ohio, commanding the Seventeenth brigade, and Scribner with the Ninth, were also in ill-humor about it, but there was no help for it. After debouching from the cedars, Loomis and Guenther could find no good position at hand for their batteries, and the whole line fell back under severe fighting, the left lying flat upon the ground, the right covered by a crest. The two batteries now swiftly wheeled into favorable positions and poured double-shotted canister into the enemy. The Twenty-third Arkansas was literally swept away by their devouring fire. Loomis and Guenther were wild with delight at their success. The baffled enemy came no further. The field was red with the blood of their slain. Rousseau had sent word that he had fallen back to the position he then occupied. "Tell the General," said he, "I'll stay right here, right here; I won't budge an inch." He did stay "right" there.

The enemy had compelled us to change front completely. Gen. Rosecrans himself executed it at awful personal hazard. There was not a point in the very front of battle, which he did not visit. Taking advantage of a commanding crest, on the left of the pike, he posted the batteries, and some twenty or thirty guns opened with prodigious volume. Solid shot and shell crashed through the populous forest in a tumult of destructive fury. The cloud of smoke for some minutes completely enveloped the gunners, and obscured them from view. Now, then, we charge. Down through the field and across the road, the General in the lead. Bitterly whistled the leaden hail. A soldier falls dead under the very hoofs of the Commander's horse. "Advance the line—charge them," and our gallant lads, fired with the wild enthusiasm of the moment, madly push up the

hill. The forests are splintered with the furious volumes of fire. On they go. Yon line of gray and steel halts, staggers, reels. "There they go," shouts the gallant leader. "Now drive them home!" Great God, what tumult in the brain. Sense reels with the intoxicating frenzy. There was a line of dead blue coats where the charge was so gallantly made; but the corpses of the foe were scattered thickly through those woods. Beatty's brigade—Old Rich Mountain Beatty—made that glorious charge. It was the first encouraging event of that gloomy morn.

Sweeping rapidly from that point to our left, the whole line was put in motion, and the batteries advanced. A few hundred yards on left of Beatty's line the enemy were still advancing, boldly driving a small brigade down a little valley before them. As the head of the retreating column debouched from a thicket, it was interrupted by the General, and re-formed by members of his staff. Stokes's battery advanced rapidly across the road, supported by Capt. St. Clair Morton's battalions of pioneers—men selected from all regiments for their vigor and mechanical skill. The fire was desperately hot, but the General saw only a broken line which he determined to rally. The battery was planted on a little knoll, with its flanks protected by thickets, and Morton deployed his pioneers on either side. The battery opened briskly, and Morton led his battalion beautifully to the front. The enemy, suddenly checked by the murderous fire, staggered and fell back swiftly, sheltering themselves in friendly forests. And so, along the whole line, the enemy was pressed backward. The day was saved. No man disputes that the personal exertions of General Rosecrans retrieved the fortunes of the morning.

At about two o'clock the enemy were discovered right and left of the Murfreesboro pike, advancing in heavy masses to attack our left wing. Such a field of battle is rarely witnessed. It was a scene of appalling grandeur. Every feature was keenly cut and clearly defined. The day was one of surprising beauty. The blazing sun shone kindly through the canopy of smoke which expanded over the dreadful combat. The pomp of battalions in martial panoply, loomed up grandly in their staunch array. At regular intervals there were bold figures of solitary horsemen standing out in sharp relief, faithful guardians of our brave soldiers and shining targets for the infernal marksmen of the foe. Gallant officers, defiantly inviting the murderous skill of sharpshooters ambushed behind every covert on the plains. Oh! vain, sad sacrifice! It thrills the soul with anguish to scan the bloody record of that gory day. Behind them, crowning commanding crests, our own fine batteries distributed over the field in unstudied picturesqueness, were clothed in thunder and robed in sheets of smoke and flame. Horses, frantic with anguish of wounds, and wild with the furious tumult, were bounding in their leashes with desperate energy, seeking to fly the field. Dozens of them were torn to shreds. A single shell crashed through

three noble beasts, and piled them, in dreadful confusion, under a shattered limber. A solid shot crashed against a gun-carriage and glanced off the head of another horse. One battery lost twenty-eight horses, another thirty-two. Hundreds of their carcasses are strewn upon the field. Gen. McCook's horse was killed under him; Major Caleb Bates lost his also. Negley's staff lost three or four. Every staff suffered in some degree.

The hostile array on the other side imparted an awful sublimity to the spectacle. Great masses of rebel troops moved steadily over the field, careless of our battery play, which tore upon their ranks and scattered them bleeding upon the soil. But they marched up through the destroying storm dauntlessly. Their batteries wheeled into position splendidly, and were worked with telling effect. There was a point, however, beyond which even their desperadoes could not be urged. Battle raged two hours with horrid slaughter, and neither side receded until nearly five o'clock, when the nearly exhausted armies suspended operations for the night, excepting the play of a few batteries.

It was a most desperate contest and undecided. The advantage was with the enemy. He had driven our right almost upon our left, compelling us to change front under fire, and he occupied that part of the field. He also held territory occupied that morning by our pickets on the left, but we had receded from that ground to draw him out. No battle was ever more fiercely fought. Desperate valor had been displayed on either side. Victory had been promised to the foe, but the tenacity of our General, the skill with which he turned the tide of battle, his cheerfulness in the midst of adversity; the steadiness of Gens. Thomas's and Crittenden's corps, the dauntless courage of Rousseau's and Negley's glorious divisions gave promise of triumph in the end. But the situation was extremely critical. The enemy still evinced determination to turn our right and cut us off from Nashville.

The carnage of that day was terrible. It was underrated that night. Our killed and wounded on the first day reached three thousand. The enemy confessed a loss of five thousand. But they captured about twenty-five pieces of artillery from us and a large number of prisoners. We captured, probably, four hundred prisoners, and no guns. The Murfreesboro *Rebel Banner* of yesterday estimates our casualties at twenty thousand! and claims that they captured three thousand five hundred prisoners up to Saturday morning.

At dawn Thursday morning we renewed the battle, but the enemy were not disposed to accept the challenge, and they were posted in such a manner that a general attack was not deemed prudent. An hour or two later, they moved out of position and assaulted us furiously on the left of the centre, and right of the left wing. After a severe engagement they were handsomely repulsed. That evening Van Cleve's division, then under the command of Col. Beatty, of the Nine-

teenth Ohio, was thrown across Stone River, on our extreme left, without serious resistance.

The same day the rebel cavalry appeared at various points on the Murfreesboro pike, and cut up some of our trains. Colonel Innes, with the Ninth Michigan engineers, posted at La Vergne to protect the road, had just been reënforced by several companies of the Tenth Ohio, under Lieutenant-Colonel Burke, when Wheeler's cavalry brigade made a strong dash at his position. Colonel Innes had protected himself by a stockade of brush, and fought securely. The enemy charged several times with great fury, but were murderously repulsed. About fifty rebels were dismounted, and nearly a hundred of the horses were killed. Wheeler finally withdrew, and sent in a flag of truce demanding surrender. Colonel Innes replied: "We don't surrender much." Wheeler then asked permission to bury his dead, which was granted. Travelling on the road, however, was extremely dangerous. Many of our stragglers and wounded were captured and paroled. Among the latter, Col. Blake and Lieut.-Colonel Neff, of the Fortieth Indiana.

By Friday the prospect was very cheering. Excepting the reverse of Wednesday morning, the enemy had been driven in every engagement. The ball was opened early in the morning, the enemy taking the initiative. Sharp demonstrations were made along the whole line, but nothing decisive was attempted until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels suddenly burst upon Battery Six (late Van Cleve's) in small divisions on the other side of Stone River, and drove it pell-mell with considerable loss to this side. The enemy, as usual, had massed its army and advanced in great strength. Negley's division, supported by that of Davis, and St. Clair Morton's pioneer battalion, were immediately sent forward to retrieve the disaster. A sanguinary conflict ensued, perhaps the most bitter of the whole battle. Davis also went up in gallant array. Both sides massed their batteries, and plied them with desperate energy. The infantry of either side displayed great valor, but Negley's unconquerable Eighth division resolved to win. The fury of the conflict now threatened mutual annihilation, but Stanley and Miller, with the Nineteenth Illinois, Eighteenth, Twenty-first and Seventy-fourth Ohio, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Eleventh Michigan, and Thirty-seventh Indiana, charged simultaneously, and drove the enemy rapidly before them, capturing a battery and taking the flag of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee, the color-sergeant being killed with a bayonet. The banner is the trophy of the Seventy-Eighth Pennsylvania. The fire of our batteries exceeded in vigor even the cannonading of Wednesday. At about sunset the whole rebel line receded, leaving about four hundred prisoners in our custody.

Gen. Rosecrans, as usual, was in the midst of the fray, directing the movement of troops and the range of batteries. Our victory was clean and destructive. The enemy lost over a thousand men, including, it is said, Brigadier-General

Roger Hanson, of Kentucky. Again our brave lads shouted peans. The woods sounded with the joyful acclaim. Officers of Negley's division galloped swiftly across the field, trailing the captured flag; a thousand willing hands seized the captured guns and dragged them into camp. But this was the glorification. The Commander sought the real results. Masses of troops were ordered to follow the sullen enemy, and the yell of pursuers and clatter of musketry resounded far into night. The darkness, however, caused suspension of the pursuit.

Friday night it rained heavily, and Saturday a storm raged all day. Early in the morning a brigade of rebels made a sudden dash upon the Forty-second Indiana, and cut it up seriously. After that, the day was quiet, saving a persecution of our pickets by sharpshooters, who took shelter in a residence on the pike. Gen. Rousseau, dissatisfied with such proceedings, directed the batteries of Loomis and Guenther to batter down the house, and in fifteen minutes nothing was left of it. A number of rebels were killed, including the Colonel of the First Louisiana regiment. At dark Rousseau determined to carry the war a little further into Dixie. A rebel breastwork in his front, occupied by a brigade during the day, had covered troublesome marksmen. Col. Beatty was ordered to carry the work with the Third Ohio and Sixty-eighth Indiana. The lads went in gallantly, and a sharp night engagement ensued, resulting in the complete rout of the enemy, and the capture of a number of prisoners. Our troops held the work, and this morning the enemy were not at Murfreesboro. They had skedaddled.

The battle of Stone River will ever be distinguished as one of the most obstinately contested of the war. The strength of the hostile armies was about equal. There may have been a slight disparity of numbers in our favor, but this is doubtful. We have prisoners representing about eighty regiments, from all the rebellious States. But whatever disparity — if any — of numbers there was in our favor, was more than equalized by choice of position.

REBEL REPORTS AND NARRATIVES.

GEN. BRAGG'S OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

MURFREESBORO, Dec. 31, 1862.

General S. Cooper:

We assailed the enemy at seven o'clock this morning, and after ten hours' hard fighting have driven him from every position except his extreme left, where he has successfully resisted us. With the exception of this point, we occupy the whole field. We captured four thousand prisoners, including two brigadier-generals, thirty-one pieces of artillery, and some two hundred wagons and teams. Our loss is heavy; that of the enemy much greater.

BRAXTON BRAGG,
General Commanding.

MURFREESBORO, January 1, 1863.

General S. Cooper:

The expedition under General Forrest has fully accomplished its object. The railroads are bro-

ken in various places. A large amount of stores has been destroyed, many arms captured, and one thousand two hundred prisoners paroled. Gen. Morgan has done his work, but the full effect is not known. The enemy in Tennessee and Mississippi are without railroad and telegraphic communication with their rear. **BRAXTON BRAGG.**

MURFREESBORO, January 1, 1863.

The enemy has yielded his strong point and is falling back. We occupy the whole field and shall follow. General Wheeler, with his cavalry, made a complete circuit of their army on the thirtieth and thirty-first. He captured and destroyed three hundred wagons loaded with baggage and commissary stores, and paroled seven hundred prisoners. He is again behind them, and has captured an ordnance train. To-day he secured several thousand stand of small arms. The body of Brigadier-Gen. Sill was left on the field, and three others are reported to have been killed. God has granted us a happy New Year. **BRAXTON BRAGG.**

MURFREESBORO, January 2, 1863.

The enemy retired last night but a short distance in rear of his former position. We had a short and sharp contest this evening. We drove his left flank from its position, but an attacking party again returned, with considerable loss to both sides.

Gens. Wheeler and Wharton were again in their rear yesterday, and captured two hundred prisoners, one piece of artillery, and destroyed two hundred loaded wagons. **BRAXTON BRAGG.**

TULLAHOMA, January 5, 1863.

Unable to dislodge the enemy from his intrenchments, and hearing of reinforcements to him, I withdrew from his front night before last. He has not followed. My cavalry are close on his front. **BRAXTON BRAGG.**

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., January 5, 1863.

To General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-General, C. S. A.:

SIR: We have retired from Murfreesboro in perfect order. All the stores are saved. About four thousand Federal prisoners, five thousand stand of small arms, and twenty-four pieces of cannon, brass and steel, have already been received here. **B. S. EWELL, A. A. G.**

REBEL PLAN OF THE BATTLE.

The following instructions were issued by Gen. Bragg to his army before the battle:

1. The "line of battle" will be in front of Murfreesboro—half of the army, left wing in front of Stone River; right wing in rear of the river.
2. Polk's corps will form left wing; Hardee's corps right wing.
3. Withers's division will form first line on Polk's corps; Cheatham's the second; Breckinridge's division forms first line in Hardee's corps; Cleburne's division the second line.
4. McCown's division to form reserve opposite

centre, on high ground, in rear of Cheatham's present quarters.

5. Jackson's brigade in reserve to the right flank to report to Lieut.-Gen. Hardee.

6. The two lines to be from eight hundred to one thousand yards apart, according to the ground.

7. Chiefs of artillery to pay special attention to the posting of batteries, seeing that they do not carelessly waste ammunition.

8. Cavalry to fall back gradually before the enemy, reporting by courier every hour. When near our line, Wheeler will move to the right and Wharton to the left, to cover and protect our flanks and report movements of enemy. Pegram to fall in the rear and report to Commanding General as a reserve.

9. To-night, if the enemy has gained his position in front ready for action, Wheeler and Wharton, with their whole commands, will make a night march to the right and left, turn the enemy's flank, gain his rear, and vigorously assail his trains and rear-guard, blocking the road and impeding his movements in every way, holding themselves ready to assail his retreating forces.

10. All quartermasters, commissaries, and ordnance-officers will remain at their proper posts, discharging their appropriate duties. Supplies and baggage should be ready packed for a move forward or backward, as the result of the day may require, and the trains should be in position out of danger, teamsters all present, and quartermasters in charge.

11. Should we be compelled to retire, Polk's corps will move on Shelbyville, and Hardee's on the Manchester pike—trains in front, cavalry in rear.

BRAXTON BRAGG,

General Commanding.

GEORGE G. GARNER.

A. A. General.

GENERAL BRAGG'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, }
TULLAHOMA, 23d Feb. 1863. }

SIR: On the twenty-sixth of December last, the enemy advanced in force from Nashville to attack us at Murfreesboro. It had been well ascertained that his strength was over sixty thousand effective men. Before night on that day the object of the movement was developed by our dispositions in front, and orders were given for the necessary concentration of our forces there distributed as follows:

Polk's corps and three brigades of Breckinridge's division, Hardee's corps at Murfreesboro. The balance of Hardee's corps were at Eagleville, about twenty miles west from Murfreesboro; McCown's division, (which with Stevenson's division, removed, constituted Smith's corps,) at Readville, twelve miles east of Murfreesboro.

The three cavalry brigades of Wheeler, Wharton, and Pegram, occupying the entire front of our infantry and covering all approaches within ten miles of Nashville. Buford's small cavalry brigade of about six hundred at McMinnville. The brigades of Forrest and Wagoner, about five thousand effective cavalry, were absent on special service in West-Tennessee and Northern Ken-

tucky, as will be more fully noticed hereafter. Jackson's small infantry brigade was in the rear guarding the railroad from Bridgeport, Alabama, to the mountains.

On Sunday, the twenty-eighth, our main force of infantry and artillery was concentrated in front of Murfreesboro, whilst the cavalry, supported by three brigades of infantry and three batteries of artillery, impeded the advance of the enemy by constant skirmishing and sudden, unexpected attacks. To the skilful manner in which the cavalry thus ably supported were handled, and to the exceeding gallantry of its officers and men, must be attributed the four days' time consumed by the enemy in reaching the battle-field, a distance of only twenty miles from his encampment, over fine macadamized roads.

Fully aware of the greatly superior numbers of the enemy, as indicated in my early reports from this quarter, it was our policy to await attack. The position was selected and line developed with this intention, owing to the convergence upon our dépôt of so many fine roads by which the enemy could approach, as will appear from the inclosed map marked "I." We were confined in our selection to a line near enough the point of junction to enable us to successfully cover them all until the real point of attack should be developed.

On Monday, the twenty-ninth, it was reported that heavy columns moved on both direct roads from La Vergne and the one leading into the Lebanon road by way of Jefferson. But the Jefferson pike was abandoned by a counter-march, and the whole force of the enemy were concentrated on and near the direct road on the west of Stone River. The disposition made for the unequal contest will appear from the inclosed map marked "two," and a copy of memoranda to General and staff-officers marked "three." These arrangements were all completed before the enemy crossed Stewart's Creek, nine miles out, and the infantry brigades were at once called in, and the cavalry was ordered to fall back more rapidly—having most gallantly discharged its duty, and fully accomplished the objects desired. Late on Monday it became apparent the enemy was extending to the right, to flank us on the left. McCown's division in reserve was promptly thrown to that flank, and added to the command of Lieut.-Gen. Polk. The enemy not meeting our expectations of making an attack on Tuesday, which was consumed in artillery-firing and heavy skirmishing, with the exception of a dash late in the evening on the left of Withers's division, which was repulsed and severely punished, it was determined to assail him on Wednesday morning, the thirty-first.

For this purpose, Cleburn's division, Hardee's corps, was moved from the second line on the right, to the corresponding position on the left, and Lieut.-Gen. Hardee was ordered to that point and assigned to the command of that and McCown's division.

This disposition—the result of necessity—left me no reserve; but Breckinridge's command on

the right, not now threatened, was regarded as a source of supply for any reënforcements absolutely necessary to other parts of the field. Stone River at its low stage was fordable at almost every point for infantry, and at short intervals perfectly practicable for artillery.

This disposition completed, Lieut.-Gen. Hardee was ordered to assail the enemy at daylight on Wednesday, the thirty-first, the attack to be taken up by Gen. Polk's command in succession to the right flank, the move to be made by a constant wheel to the right on Polk's right flank as a pivot; the object being to force the enemy back on Stone River, and, if practicable, by the aid of cavalry cut him off from his base of operations and supplies by the Nashville pike. The lines were now bivouacked at a distance in places of not more than five hundred yards, the camp-fires of the two being within distinct view. Wharton's cavalry brigade had been held on our left to watch and check the movements of the enemy in that direction, and to prevent his cavalry from gaining the railroad in our rear, the preservation of which was of vital importance. In this he was aided by Brig.-Gen. A. Buford, who had a small command of six hundred new cavalry. The duty was most ably, gallantly, and successfully performed.

On Monday night, Brig.-Gen. Wheeler proceeded with his cavalry brigade and one regiment from Pegram's, as ordered, to gain the enemy's rear. By Tuesday morning, moving on the Jefferson pike around the enemy's left flank, he had gained the rear of the whole army, and soon attacked the trains, their guards, and the numerous stragglers. He succeeded in capturing several hundreds of wagons loaded with supplies and baggage. After clearing the road, he made his way entirely around and joined the cavalry on our left.

The failure of Gen. McCown to execute, during the night, an order for a slight change in the line of his division, and which had to be done the next morning, caused some delay in the general and vigorous assault by Lieut.-General Hardee. But about seven o'clock, the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery announced the beginning of the conflict. The enemy was taken completely by surprise; general and staff-officers were not mounted; artillery horses not hitched and infantry not formed; a hot and inviting breakfast of coffee and other luxuries, to which our gallant and hardy men had long been strangers, was found upon the fire unserved, and was left whilst we pushed on to the enjoyment of a more inviting feast, that of captured artillery, flying battalions, and hosts of craven prisoners begging for the lives they had forfeited by their acts of brutality and atrocity.

Whilst thus routing and pushing the enemy on his front, Lieut.-General Hardee announced to me by a messenger that the movement was not being as promptly executed by Major-Gen. Cheatham's command on his right, the left of General Polk's corps, as he expected, and that his line was completely exposed to an enfilade fire from the ene-

my's artillery in that point. The necessary instructions for prompt movement at that point were immediately despatched, and in a short time our whole line except Breckinridge's command was warmly engaged. From this time we continued to drive the enemy more or less rapidly until his line was thrown entirely back at right angles to his first position, and occupied the cut of the railroad along which he had massed his reserves and posted very strong batteries. (A reference to the map Number Two will show the second and strong positions.)

The enemy's loss was very heavy in killed and wounded, far exceeding our own, as appeared from a critical examination of the field, now almost entirely in our possession. Of artillery alone we had secured more than twenty-five pieces.

Whilst the infantry and artillery were yet engaged in this successful work, Brig.-Gen. Wharton with his cavalry command was most actively and gallantly engaged on the enemy's right and rear, where he inflicted a heavy loss in killed and wounded, captured a full battery of artillery endeavoring to escape, and secured and sent in near two thousand prisoners.

These important successes and results had not been achieved without heavy sacrifices on our part, as the resistance of the enemy, after the first surprise, was most gallant and obstinate.

Finding Lieut.-Gen. Hardee so formidably opposed by the movements of the enemy to his front, reënforcements for him were ordered from Major-General Breckinridge, but the orders were countermanded, as will hereafter appear, and Polk's corps was pressed forward with vigor, hoping to draw the enemy back or rout him on the right, as he had already been on the left.

We succeeded in driving from every position except the strong one held by his extreme left flank, resting on Stone River, and carried by a concentration of artillery of superior range and calibre, which seemed to bid us defiance. The difficulty of our general advance had been greatly enhanced by the topography of the country. All parts of our line had to pass in their progress over grounds of the roughest character, covered with huge stones and studded with the densest growth of cedar, the branches reaching the ground and forming an almost impassable "brake." Our artillery could rarely be used, while the enemy, holding defensive lines, had selected formidable positions for his batteries, and the dense cover for his infantry, from both of which he had to be dislodged by our infantry alone.

The determined and unwavering gallantry of our troops, and the uninterrupted success which attend their repeated charges against their stronghold, defended by double their numbers, fully justified the unbounded confidence I have ever reposed in them and had so often expressed. To meet our successful advance and retrieve his losses in the front of his left, the enemy early transferred a portion of his reserve from his left to that flank, and by two o'clock had succeeded in concentrating such a force on Lieut.-Gen. Har-

dee's front as to check his further progress. Our two lines had by this time become almost blended, so weakened were they by losses, exhaustion, and extension to cover the enemy's whole front. As early as ten o'clock A.M. Major-Gen. Breckinridge was called on for one brigade, and soon after a second, to reënforce or act as a reserve to Lieut.-Gen. Hardee. His reply to the first call represented the enemy crossing Stone River in heavy force in his immediate front, and on receiving the second order, he informed me that they had already crossed in heavy force, and were advancing to attack his lines. He was immediately ordered not to await attack, but to advance and meet them. About this same time a report reached me that a heavy force of the enemy's infantry was advancing on the Lebanon road, about five miles on Breckinridge's front. Brig.-Gen. Pegram, who had been sent to that road to cover the flank of the infantry with his cavalry brigade, two regiments detached with Wheeler and Wharton was ordered forward immediately to develop any such movement. The orders from the two brigades of Breckinridge were countermanded, whilst dispositions were made at his request to reënforce him. Before this could be carried out, the move ordered disclosed the fact that no force had crossed Stone River; that the only enemy in our immediate front then was a small body of sharpshooters, and that there was no advance on the Lebanon road. These unfortunate misrepresentations on that part of the field which, with proper caution, could not have existed, withheld from active operations three fine brigades until the enemy had succeeded in checking our progress, had re-established his lines, and had collected many of his broken battalions. Having now settled the question that no movement was being made against our right, and none to be apprehended, Breckinridge was ordered to leave two brigades to support the battery at "A," on his side of Stone River — and with the balance of the force to cross to the left and report to Lieut.-General Polk. By the time this could be accomplished it was too late to send this force to Lieut.-Gen. Hardee's support, who was unable to make further progress, and he was directed to maintain his position. Lieut.-General Polk was directed with these reënforcements to throw all the force he could collect upon the enemy's extreme left, and thereby either carry that strong point which had so far resisted us so successfully — or failing in that, at least to draw off from Hardee's front the formidable opposition there concentrated. The three brigades of Jackson, Preston, and Adams were successively reported for their work.

How gallantly they moved to their task, and how much they suffered in the determined effort to accomplish it, will better appear from reports of subordinate commanders, and the statement of the losses therewith.

Upon this flank, their strongest defensive position resting on the river-bank, the enemy had concentrated not less than twenty pieces of artillery, masked almost from view, but covering an

open space in front of several hundred yards, supported right and left and rear by heavy masses of infantry. This position proved impracticable, and after two unsuccessful efforts, the attempt to carry it by infantry was abandoned. Our heaviest batteries of artillery and rifled guns of long range were now concentrated in front, and their fires opened upon this position. After a cannonade of some time, the enemy's fire slackened, and finally ceased near nightfall. Lieut.-Gen. Hardee had slightly retired his line from the farthest point he had attained, for better position and cover, without molestation from the enemy. Lieut.-Gen. Polk's infantry, including the three reënforcing brigades, uniting their front with Hardee's right, and extending to our extreme right flank, formed a continuous line, very nearly perpendicular to the original line of both—then leaving nearly the whole field with all its trophies, the enemy's dead and many of his wounded, his hospitals and stores in our full possession. The body of Brig.-Gen. Sill, one of their division commanders, was found where he had fallen, and was sent to town and decently interred, though he had forfeited all claim to such consideration by the acts of cruelty, barbarity and atrocity, but a few days before committed under his authority on the women and children and old men living near the road on which he had made a reconnoissance.

During the afternoon, Brig.-Gen. Pegram, discovering a hospital and large numbers of stragglers in the rear of the enemy's lines and across Stone River, charged them with his cavalry and captured about one hundred and seventy prisoners.

Both armies, exhausted by a conflict of full ten hours' duration, rarely surpassed for its continued intensity and heavy losses sustained, sunk to rest with the sun, and perfect quiet prevailed for the night.

At dawn on Thursday morning, the first of January, orders were sent to the several commanders to press forward their skirmishers, feel the enemy, and report any change in his position. Major-Gen. Breckinridge had been transferred to the right of Stone River to resume the command of that position, now held by two of his brigades. It was soon reported that no change had occurred, except the withdrawal of the enemy from the advanced position occupied by his left flank. Finding, upon further examination, that this was the case, the right flank of Lieut.-Gen. Polk's corps was thrown forward to occupy the ground for which we had so obstinately contended the evening before. This shortened our lines considerably, and gave us possession of the centre battle-field, from which we gleaned the spoils and trophies throughout the day, and transferred them rapidly to the rear.

A careful reconnoissance of the enemy's position was ordered, and the most of the cavalry was put in motion for the roads in his rear, to cut off his trains and develop any movement. It was soon ascertained that he was still in very heavy force all along our front, occupying a posi-

tion strong by nature, and improved by such work as could be done at night by his reserves.

In a short time reports from the cavalry informed me that heavy trains were moving toward Nashville, some of the wagons loaded, and all the ambulances filled with wounded. These were attacked at different places; many wagons were destroyed, and hundreds of prisoners paroled. No doubt this induced the enemy to send large escorts of cavalry, artillery, and infantry with later trains, and then the impression was made on our ablest commanders that a retrograde movement was going on.

Our forces, greatly wearied and much reduced by heavy losses, were held ready to avail themselves of any change in the enemy's position; but it was deemed unadvisable to assail him as there established. The whole day after these dispositions was passed without an important movement on either side, and was consumed by us in gleaning the battle-field, burying the dead and replenishing ammunition.

At daylight on Friday, the second, orders to feel the enemy and ascertain his position were repeated, with the same result. The cavalry brigades of Wheeler and Wharton had returned during the night, greatly exhausted from long continued service, with but little rest or food to either man or horse. Both commanders reported the indications, from the enemy's movements, the same. Allowing them only a few hours to feed and rest, and sending the two detached regiments back to Pegram's brigade, Wharton was ordered to the right flank, across Stone River, to assume command in that quarter, and keep me advised of any change. Wheeler, with his brigade, was ordered to gain the enemy's rear again, and remain until he could definitely report whether any retrograde movement was being made.

Before Wharton had taken his position, observation excited my suspicions in regard to a movement having been made by the enemy across Stone River, immediately in Breckinridge's front. Reconnoissance by several staff-officers soon developed the fact that a division had quietly crossed, unopposed, and established themselves on and under cover of an eminence, marked "B" on the map Number Two, from which Lieut.-Gen. Polk's line was commanded and enfiladed. The dislodgment of this force or the withdrawal of Polk's line was an evident necessity. The latter involved consequences not to be entertained. Orders were accordingly given for the concentration of the whole of Major-Gen. Breckinridge's division in front of the position to be taken. The addition to his command of the ten Napoleon guns (twelve-pounders) under Capt. F. H. Robertson, an able and accomplished artillery officer, and for the cavalry forces of Wharton and Pegram, about two thousand men, to join in the attack on his right. Major-Gen. Breckinridge was sent for, and advised of the movement and its objects, the securing and holding the position which protected Polk's flank, and gave us command of the enemy's by which to enfilade him. He was informed of the forces

placed at his disposal, and instructed, with them, to drive the enemy back, crown the hill, intrench his artillery, and hold the position.

To distract their attention from our real object, a heavy artillery-fire was ordered to be opened from Polk's front, at the exact hour at which the movement was to begin; at other points throughout both lines, all was quiet. Gen. Breckinridge, at half-past three P.M., reported he would advance at four. Polk's batteries promptly opened fire, and were soon answered by the enemy. A heavy cannonade of some fifteen minutes was succeeded by the musketry, which soon became general. The contest was short and severe; the enemy was driven back and the eminence gained; but the movement as a whole was a failure, and the position was again yielded. Our forces were moved, unfortunately, so far to the left as to throw a portion of them into and over Stone River, where they encountered heavy masses of the enemy, whilst those against whom they were intended to operate on our side of the river, had a destructive enfilade on our whole line. Our second line was so close to the first as to receive the enemy's fire, and returning it took their friends in the rear. The cavalry force was left entirely out of the action. Learning from my own staff-officers, sent to the scene, of the disorderly retreat being made by Gen. Breckinridge's division, Brig.-General Patton Anderson's fine brigade of Mississippians, the nearest body of troops, was promptly ordered to his relief. On reaching the field and moving forward, Anderson found himself in front of Breckinridge's infantry, and soon encountered the enemy's light troops, close upon our artillery, which had been left without support. This noble brigade, under its cool and gallant chief, drove the enemy back and saved all the guns not captured before its arrival. Capt. F. H. Robertson, after the disabling wound received by Major Graves, chief of artillery, took the entire charge of the artillery of the division, in addition to his own. To his gallantry, energy, and fearlessness, is due the smallness of our loss sustained before the arrival of support, only three guns. His report herewith, marked "Four," will show the important part he played in this attack and repulse. Before the end of the whole movement it was quite dark. Anderson's command held a position next the enemy, corresponding nearly with our original line, whilst Breckinridge's brigade commanders collected their scattered men as far as practicable in the darkness, and took irregular positions on Anderson's left and rear. At daylight in the morning, they were moved forward to the front, and the whole line was established without opposition. During the night Gen. Cleburn's division was re-transferred to its original position on the right, and Lieut.-Gen. Hardee directed to resume command there and restore our line.

On Saturday morning, the third, our forces had been in line of battle five days and nights, with but little rest, having no reserves; their baggage and tents had been loaded and the wagons were four miles off; their provisions, if cooked at all,

were most imperfectly prepared with scanty means; the weather had been severe from cold and almost constant rain, and we had no change of clothing, and in many places could not have fire.

The necessary consequence was the great exhaustion of both officers and men, many having to be sent to the hospitals in the rear, and more still were beginning to straggle from their commands, an evil from which we had so far suffered but little. During the whole of the day the rain continued to fall with little intermission, and the rapid rise in Stone River indicated that it would soon be unfordable. Late on Friday night I had received the captured papers of Major-General McCook, commanding one *corps d'armée* of the enemy, showing their effective strength to have been very nearly if not quite seventy thousand men. Before noon reports from Brig.-General Wheeler satisfied me that the enemy, instead of retiring, was receiving reinforcements.

Common prudence and the safety of my army, upon which even the safety of our cause depended, left no doubt in my mind as to the necessity for my withdrawal from so unequal a contest. My orders were accordingly given about noon for the movement of the train and for the necessary preparations of troops.

Under the efficient management of the different staff departments every thing had been secured and transferred to the rear, including prisoners captured, artillery and small arms, subsistence, means of transportation, and nearly all of our wounded able to bear moving. No movement of any kind was made by the troops on either side during this most inclement day, until just at night, when a sharp skirmish occurred between Polk's right and the enemy's left flank, resulting in nothing decisive. The only question with me was, whether the movements should be made at once or delayed twenty-four hours to save a few of our wounded. As it was possible that we should lose by exhaustion as many as we should remove of the wounded, my inclination to remain was yielded. The whole force, except the cavalry, was put in motion at eleven o'clock P.M., and the army returned in perfect order to its present position beyond Duck River, without receiving a single shot. Our cavalry held the position before Murfreesboro until Monday morning, the fifth, when it quietly retired, as ordered, to cover our front.

We left one thousand two hundred badly wounded, one half of whom we have since heard have died from the severity of their wounds; about three hundred sick, too feeble to bear transportation, and about two hundred well men and officers as medical attendants. In addition to this, the enemy had captured about eight hundred prisoners from us. As the one thousand two hundred wounded are counted once under that head among our losses, they should be expunged from the general total. As our offset to this loss, we had received, as will appear from the report of my Inspector-General herewith marked "5," considerably over six thousand prisoners, had captured over thirty pieces of cannon, six thousand stand

of small arms, ambulances, mules and horses, with a large amount of other valuable property, all of which was secured and appropriated to proper uses. Besides all this secured, we destroyed not less than eight hundred wagons, mostly laden with various articles, such as arms, ammunition, provisions, baggage, clothing, medicine and hospital stores. We had lost, only three pieces of artillery, all in Breckinridge's repulse. A number of stands of colors, nine of which are forwarded with this report, were also captured on the field. Others known to have been taken have not been sent in. The list, marked "6," is herewith transmitted.

A tabular statement of our forces, marked "7," is herewith transmitted, showing the number of fighting men we had in the field on the morning of the thirty-first of December, to have been less than thirty-five thousand, of which thirty thousand were infantry and artillery. Our losses are also reported in this same comprehensive table, so as to show how much each corps, division and brigade suffered, and in case of Breckinridge's division, the losses are reported separately for Wednesday and Friday. These reports are minute and suggestive, showing the severity of the conflict, as well as where, when, and by whom sustained.

Among the gallant dead the nation is called to mourn, none could have fallen more honored or regarded than Brig.-Gen. Jas. E. Rains and R. M. Hanson. They yielded their lives in the heroic discharge of their duties, and leave their honored names as a rich legacy to their descendants. Brig.-Gen. J. R. Chalmers and D. W. Adams received disabling wounds on Monday—I am happy to say not serious, but which deprived us of their valuable services. Having been under my immediate command since the beginning of the war, I can bear evidence to their devotion and to the conspicuous gallantry which has marked their services on every field.

For the sacred names of the heroes and patriots of lower grades that gave their lives, illustrating the character of the confederate soldiers on this bloody field, I must refer to the reports of subordinate commanders and to the list which will be submitted. Our losses, it will be seen, exceeded ten thousand, nine thousand of whom were killed or wounded.

The enemy's loss we have no means of knowing with certainty. One corps commanded by Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden, which was least exposed in the engagement, report over five thousand killed and wounded. As they had two other corps, and a separate division, third of a corps, and their cavalry, it is safely estimated at three thousand killed and sixteen thousand wounded. Adding the six thousand two hundred and seventy-three prisoners, and we have a total of twenty-five thousand two hundred and seventy-three.

Lieut.-Gen. L. Polk and W. J. Hardee, commanding corps, Major-Gens. J. M. Withers and P. R. Cleburn, commanding divisions, are specially commended to their government for their

valor, skill, and ability displayed by them throughout the engagement. Brig.-General J. Patton Anderson for his coolness, judgment, and courage with which he interposed his brigade between our retreating forces and the enemy, largely superior in numbers, on Friday evening, and saved our artillery, is justly entitled to special mention.

Brig.-Generals Joseph Wheeler and John A. Wharton, commanding cavalry brigades, were preëminently distinguished throughout the engagement, as they had been for a month previous in many successive conflicts with the enemy. Under their skilful and gallant lead, the reputation of our cavalry has been justly enhanced. For the just commendation of the officers, many of whom were preëminently distinguished, I must refer their more immediate commendation.

To the private soldier a fair word of praise is due, and though it is so seldom given, and so rarely expected, that it may be considered out of place. I cannot, in justice to myself, withhold the opinion ever entertained, and so often expressed during our struggle for independence.

In the absence of instructions and discipline of our armies, and of the confidence which long associations produce between veterans, we have in a great measure to trust to the individuality and self-reliance of the private soldiers, without the incentive or the motive which controls the officer who hopes to live in history, without the hope of reward, actuated only by a sense of duty and patriotism, he has in this great contest justly judged that the cause was his own, and gone into it with a determination to conquer or die, to be free or not to be at all; no encomium is too high, no honor too great for such a soldier. However much of credit and glory may be given, and probably justly given, to the leaders in the struggle, history will yet award the main honor, when it is due to the private soldier, who, without hope of reward, and with no other incentive than a conscientiousness of rectitude has encountered all the hardships, and has suffered all the privations.

Well has it been said: The first monument our confederacy raises, when our independence shall have been won, should be a lofty shaft, pure and spotless, bearing this inscription: "To the unknown and unrecorded dead." The members of my staff arduously engaged in their several duties before, during and since the prolonged engagement, are deserving of mention in this report. Lieut.-Colonels George Garner and G. W. Brent, and Captain P. H. Thompson, Adjutant-General's Department; First Lieutenants Towson, Ellis, and S. Parker, regular Aids-de-Camp; Lieut.-Colonel Baird, Inspector-General; Lieut.-Col. A. J. Hays, P. A. Major; Major James Stainbridge, Louisiana Infantry, and Major Clarelate, Seventh Alabama volunteers; Acting Assistant Inspector-General; Lieut.-Colonel L. W. P. Bannon, Chief Quartermaster; Major J. J. Walker, Chief Commissary; Major F. Mallory and G. M. Hillyer, Assistants; Lieutenant-Colonel H. Alidouskin, Chief of Ordnance; Captains W. H. Warren and O. T. Gibbs, and Lieutenant W. F. Johnson, Assistants; Cap-

tain S. W. Steele, Acting Chief of Artillery, and Lieutenants H. C. Forney and H. H. Buchanan, and J. R. P. McFair; Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Hollingquist, Acting Chief of Artillery; First Lieutenant R. H. T. Thompson, Assistant Surgeon; A. J. Foard, Medical Director; Surgeon G. A. Llewellyn, Assistant Medical Director; Acting Surgeon T. G. Richardson, attendant on myself, staff and escort; Colonel David Urquhard, of Louisiana, J. Stoddard Johnson, of Kentucky, and Lieut. St. Leger Grenfel, of England, the two former volunteer aids, long on my staff, served me most effectively; Major E. M. Baylor, Assistant Quartermaster; Major B. C. Kennedy, Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, and Lieut. W. M. Bridges, aid-de-camp to the late Brigadier-General Duncan, reported just before the engagement, and joined my staff, on which they served through the battle. Col. M. L. Clark, of the artillery, P. A., living in Murfreesboro on temporary service, did me the honor to join and serve on my staff during the engagement. His Excellency, Isham G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee, and the Hon. Andrew Ewing, member of the Military Court, volunteered their services, and rendered efficient aid, especially with the Tennessee troops, largely in the ascendant in the army. It is but due to the zealous and efficient laborer of our cause that I here bear testimony to the cordial support given me at all times since meeting him a year ago in West-Tennessee, by his Excellency Governor Harris. From the field of Shiloh, where he received in his arms the dying form of the lamented Johnson, to the last struggle of Murfreesboro, he has been one of us, and has shared all our privations and dangers, whilst giving us his personal and political influence with all the power he possessed at the head of the State government.

To the medical department of the army, under the able administration of Surgeon Foard, great credit is due for the success which attended their labors. Sharing none of the excitement and glory of the field, these officers in their labor of love, devoted themselves assiduously in attending the sufferings of their brother soldiers at home, when others are seeking repose. The reports of subordinate commanders have been specially called for, and are soon expected, when they will be promptly forwarded.

During the time the operations at Murfreesboro were being conducted, important expeditions under Brig.-Gens. Forrest and Morgan, were absent in West-Tennessee and Northern Kentucky. The reports already forwarded, show the complete success which attended the gallant brigadiers, and I commend them to the confidence of the government and gratitude of the country.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

BRAXTON BRAGG,
General Commanding.

Gen. S. COOPER,
Adjutant-General, Richmond, Va.

CHATTANOOGA "DAILY REBEL" ACCOUNT.

MURFREESBORO, January 2, 1863.

In the mad whirl of Wednesday's battle, yes-

terday's intense expectancy, and to-day's uncertainty, a great deal was heard, felt, said, believed, hoped. I will tell you how it happened.

The Yankees came out from Nashville a week ago yesterday, with baggage marked to Bridgeport and Chattanooga.

A column confronted General Hardee's *corps d'armée*, say at Triune—another General Polk's advance at La Vergne. Heavy skirmishing Friday and Saturday last week, on both lines. Result found, on Sunday morning, a confederate battle-line, say six miles long, three to four miles in front of Murfreesboro, Yankees at Stewart's Creek, ten miles from there advancing upon Bridgeport and Chattanooga. That day and Monday we intrenched and got otherwise ready. Yankees approached slowly, getting ready too. They say fifty thousand strong—we "ragged rebels," about thirty thousand.

Tuesday morning the artillery on both sides exchanged cold, distant guns of recognition; they then greeted, then, I may say, shook hands, and then got very warm generally, and kept up a most confoundedly brisk and noisy series of demonstrations till night. General Bragg calls it, I learn, an artillery duel. At about ten A.M., or sooner, both parties threw forward skirmishers, and they popped away at each other with what a beginner would call amazing resolution. At eleven and twelve o'clock it rained smartly, but the skirmishers kept on; when the clouds broke away, a brisk west wind, changing around to the north-west, made it cool, and the skirmishers became still more resolute. This occurred chiefly on our left, and indicated that the enemy was going to throw most of his weight in that direction, and so turn our position on that wing. Gen. Bragg, therefore, transferred Gen. Cleburn's division from our right to the left about sundown. Our forces at the close were disposed thus: the divisions of Gens. McCown and Cleburn on our left, Withers and Cheatham in the centre, and Breckinridge on the right.

A notable instance of Yankee impudence on this day must not be omitted. One of their regiments undertook to charge one of our batteries, Robertson's. They came up bravely and were nearly all shot down, and the remaining few ejaculated "river" and retired.

On Wednesday morning, at half-past six, according to previous arrangement, the attack was brought on by a vigorous advance of our left. It was a surprise to the enemy, who was eating his breakfast. He flew to arms, and as best he could, formed his lines to receive us. Under the circumstances, he did it well, but our columns moved with so much precision and celerity that he was driven from point to point with most astonishing rapidity. Very soon McCown, Cleburn, Withers, and Cheatham were bearing down with an impetuosity and power utterly resistless. Battery after battery was charged, taken, and left behind the advancing legions. Through field and wood, over rocks and fences they swept with the fury of a whirlwind, pausing at nothing, but overcoming every thing that lay in their way with the

most unyielding courage and determination. It required such heroic pluck to do it, for the enemy generally maintained his order and poured torrents of lead and iron into our ranks. But at every stand and at every volley from him, our men compounded the interest with the loan, driving them still on and back. By one o'clock we had forced their entire right wing back upon their centre, and their centre back upon the right extremity of their left, doubling their lines up themselves, and in some measure massing them in a new position.

It must be remembered that all this fighting and driving was from their right to their left. The battle-line extending in a general direction from north to south, the pathway of the battle lay in the same direction. The enemy was, therefore, not a great way further from Bridgeport and Chattanooga at this point of time than in the morning when the battle opened. That is to say, he was not driven back westwardly upon Nashville. We seemed to have made a pivot of the right of our centre, and turned our line upon it, and by the fighting and driving, changed it from a north and south to a nearly east and west direction. The battle opened to the right and near the Murfreesboro and Salem turnpike, and at this period had passed across the Triune dirt road, the Wilkinson and Nolinsville turnpike, and approached the Nashville turnpike and the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. Up to this time and this point our victory was complete and overwhelming. We had driven the foe some five or six miles, captured about four thousand prisoners, (including three generals,) some thirty or thirty-five pieces of artillery, and inflicted a loss upon the enemy treble our own, to say nothing of the small arms and personal equipage, strewn from Dan to Beersheba.

Here, however, the enemy rallied all his energies for a desperate struggle. Fortune favored him, and the wily Rosecrans availed himself of the favor. In front of our right centre, say a mile distant, rose a naked oval hill, commanding in all directions—not very high, but exceedingly available. Upon this hill he placed a crown of twenty guns, more or less, immediately supporting them by a brigade of regulars, and holding an infinite number as a secondary support. In addition to this he had ranged other batteries on the slopes near the foot of the hill, raking the surrounding plain. Brig.-Gen. Chalmers, supported by Brig.-Gen. Donelson, was ordered to take the position. You can easily imagine the infinite danger of the charge, but you can scarcely imagine the steady heroism with which these devoted men advanced to it, and made it. The storm which poured upon them, including all the short-range missiles was incredibly severe. Our shattered columns stood in the midst of that tempest long enough to bring off two of the batteries. It is not for me to say that Chalmers broke or that Donelson stood fearlessly immovable. The whole, for my purpose, did admirably. Gen. Breckinridge, who held our right, north of Stone River, and who had not been previously engaged, was now ordered across, with

a view of relieving our wearied columns and taking the hill. The brigades of Gens. Adams and Jackson were formed and sent forward. They imitated the coolness and courage of their predecessors, going forward with the utmost alacrity and firmness. They met the same tempest of shell, grape, canister, and musketry, and recoiled. They again rallied, and rushing with almost superhuman devotion, completely enveloped by the tornado, reached within, perhaps, an hundred paces of the coveted object, but were again repulsed. The batteries of Cobb and Byrne, I believe, aided these charges by a simultaneous bombardment of the hill. Night was now closing in, and we were compelled to relinquish the attempt to take this stronghold, and darkness closed that day, and gave to history one of the bloodiest chapters of the war.

Such was the battle of Wednesday—such the triumph of confederate arms, a victory glorious and complete as far as it went, but it was not consummate. We thought at one time that the Yankees were as good as routed, but it appears they were not. We thought they would skedad-dle that night, but they did not. But they did one thing that night, and that was to leave the hill for which we had so hard a struggle, and retired their line from that point some half a mile back. This fact suggests that it was really untenable by reason of some weakness somewhere, and this suggestion may in turn suggest the inquiry, why was not this weakness discovered by us. I will not make the inquiry.

Now, will you take my arm and walk over the battle-field, and have me point you the devastation, the stark dead, the suffering stricken, the storm-swept forests and fields, and all that? Excuse me. There are those taking notes of all that, to print. But I will go with you to give sepulture to our blessed, our heroic dead; in sadness and silence we go, however. We will bind up the wounds and minister to the wants of those noble men who suffer and are patient for their dear country's sake. But let us also do that softly and in whispers.

Thursday was a bright day. The lines still confronted. Rosecrans had formed his lines a little south of the Nashville turnpike, gradually diverging from it, still holding his right where it rested on Wednesday, and making nearly a right angle. He is sullen and morose; he speaks occasionally in the tones of artillery, in reply to some promptings from us. In the evening the pickets exchanged compliments. He intrenches; the blue-coats work like beavers. They are great on trenches, and great in fortifications. I suppose you have observed as much.

Friday—the same as Thursday, with an exception. Rosecrans advances his left across Stone River, where it runs northwardly. In the afternoon, say three o'clock, Gen. Breckinridge, with our right, advances also. Till dark they fought with very great desperation and very close. It was exceedingly bloody. We drove them across the river, but encountered so vast a body, so securely posted, that we retired to our position

again. Our loss, for numbers engaged, was very heavy. It was here General Hanson received his almost fatal wound.

Since Wednesday morning, our cavalry, under Generals Wheeler and Wharton, have been very active. They have made a complete circuit of the enemy twice, capturing and destroying several hundred wagons loaded with munitions and supplies, the enemy's stores at La Vergne and Nolinsville, about a thousand head of horses and mules, besides killing a number of the Yankees, including a brigadier-general, and taking several hundred prisoners. On Wednesday, they rendered great service in picking up and securing prisoners, and the captures of artillery, etc., then made. Bravo for Wheeler and Wharton, and their gallant cavaliers. They reported yesterday and this evening that the movements of the enemy in the rear, his trains, etc., were indicative of a speedy retreat; but no such indications appear on his front lines. On the contrary, his intrenching goes on, and his advance across the river to-day might be construed into a purpose to stay where he is until rested, preparatory to continuing his journey to Bridgeport and Chattanooga.

As *addendum* I must mention an incident of Wednesday's battle. Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook's headquarters were at the chateau of a gentleman resident in the rear of their lines. He commanded the enemy's right wing. When he heard the first sound of our attack, he was engaged in shaving. He instantly rose, saying, without addressing any body, in a confused and excited manner: "That is contrary to orders!" He ordered his horse to be brought without delay, and turning to the gentleman in whose house he was, hurriedly asked: "Who is opposing me to-day?" "Major-General Cheatham." General McCook, turning ashy pale and trembling from some nameless emotion, rejoined: "Is it possible that I have to meet Cheatham again!" He mounted his horse and rode away, without finishing the interesting operation in which he was engaged at the battle's alarm. That day General Wharton came along with his cavalry, and took charge of all Gen. McCook's baggage, and I really haven't heard whether he is done shaving yet. He had met Cheatham at Perryville, and it is possible he foresaw what was in store for the right wing that day.

P.

Doc. 27.

BATTLE NEAR BRASHEAR CITY, LA.

NEW-ORLEANS "DELTA" NARRATIVE.

OFF BRASHEAR CITY, November 4, 1862.

DEAR DELTA: We arrived off here on the night of the first, but unfortunately too late to stop the rebels from crossing. There was a great deal of difficulty in getting over the bay, and we felt the want of light-draught vessels very much. The day the Kinsman arrived, Lieut. Buchanan crossed in her, and tried to get the Estrella over, but she

grounded. He came up to the mouth of the river, but saw nothing but the Hart, which he chased but could not catch. They got the Estrella and the St. Mary's over the next day, and the following day the Calhoun came up with the Diana.

The night of our arrival here, we chased the rebel gunboat Cotten, but she got away from us by her superior speed. The same night was captured the rebel steamer A. B. Sigur. She is a small boat, about the size of the Fancy Natchez, and is very useful.

Yesterday all the gunboats went up Bayou Teche, found the enemy about fourteen miles from here, and passed above the obstructions they had sunk in the Teche.

The boats engaged them for two hours, and drove them off, including the Cotten. The Kinsman bore the brunt of it, and received fifty-four shots in her upper works and hull, and had one man killed (a soldier of the Twenty-first Indiana) and five wounded.

The pilot, John Bellino, had his leg badly shattered, and died to-day from the effects of amputation. Captain Cook, on the Estrella, received three shots, and had two soldiers of the Twenty-first Indiana killed while working the guns, and one man badly wounded.

The Diana received three shots, but had no person hurt. She will have to be hauled out, as her stem is shot away. The Calhoun received eight shots, but fortunately they did no material damage.

Capt. Wiggins fought his ship nobly. He was in such a position that he received all the fire from the artillery on shore, and at the same time had the Cotten playing upon him. He, however, drove the artillery away, and put several shots into the Cotten.

The whole rebel force was there, numbering between three and four thousand men, with (it is said) seventy field-pieces. It is reported to-day that we did them a great deal of damage, and that the Cotten is sunk. They had thrown up a mud fort on this side, but evacuated it on our arrival. An attempt was made to remove the obstructions, but without success; but I think that when Gen. Weitzel arrives, so as to afford protection from the sharp-shooters on the banks, we can do so.

The enemy destroyed about one thousand hogs-heads sugar, a lot of molasses, and also burnt ninety-eight cars and steam-engines.

The Cotten is iron-cased, and did some excellent shooting. She mounts one long thirty-two-pounder, four twenty-four-pounders, and two six-pounders, rifled guns. The iron casing on the Kinsman and Diana turned the shot beautifully.

Capt. McLoefflin, who was on board of the Calhoun, with his company, went ashore with his men and tried to get opposite the Cotten, but before he got up to her she had left. If she has not been sunk we will get her yet.

November 5.—Lieutenant Buchanan has just returned from another trip up the Teche, with the Estrella. He had three men killed by a shot. The Cotten was there. They had a battery on each bank, but he succeeded in driving them all

off. I think the Cotten is easemated, as our shell glanced off. She was on fire once. We could plainly see our shot strike her, but she fights bows on.

Doc. 28.

BATTLE OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

REPORT OF GENERAL NEGLEY.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
CAMP NASHVILLE, TENN., November 5, 1862. }

SIR: This morning at two o'clock Forrest's rebel cavalry, numbering about three thousand, with artillery, made an attack on our picket-line on the south, between the Franklin and Lebanon pikes. The picket-line on the Murfreesboro road gradually withdrew, with the purpose of bringing the enemy under the guns of Fort Negley, two of which were opened upon the enemy, and speedily drove him beyond the range.

Almost simultaneously with the attack on the south, John Morgan's forces, twenty-five hundred strong, with a piece of artillery, made a dash on Col. Smith's command on the north side of the river, with the evident intention of destroying the railroad and pontoon-bridges. After a sharp contest, in which several companies of Illinois troops behaved with great gallantry, Morgan was repulsed, leaving a stand of regimental colors in our hands, five killed, and nineteen wounded. He then burnt an old railroad building in Edgefield, and retreated to Gallatin.

Finding the enemy on the south taking a position beyond our picket-lines, Col. Roberts, with two regiments of infantry and one section of artillery, was ordered to advance on the Murfreesboro road, while I took the Sixty-ninth Ohio infantry, with parts of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Fourteenth Michigan, Colonel Stokes's and Wynkoop's cavalry, and two sections of artillery, numbering in all about one thousand four hundred, and pursued that portion of the enemy on the Franklin pike. They were speedily driven from every position by our artillery, until we reached a distance of seven miles from the city. Col. Stokes's cavalry was here ordered to charge upon the enemy's rear, and then retreat with the view of bringing him to a stand. But the main body of the enemy, with their artillery, had suddenly turned into a lane to the left; while our cavalry, in the excitement of the chase, pursued a small portion of the enemy within five miles of Franklin, capturing some prisoners, killing several, and taking a drove of cattle. Previous to the return of Stokes's cavalry the enemy appeared in considerable force upon our left, in front, and rear, with the evident intention of cutting off the cavalry and our retreat.

The infantry and artillery were immediately moved forward a mile to the support of our cavalry, which was ordered to rejoin the column immediately.

Upon receiving intelligence from my videttes that the enemy were in force a mile to our rear, masking a battery close to the road, the head of

our column was immediately faced to the rear and hastened forward to the position occupied by the enemy, fortunately getting our artillery into position and action, forcing the enemy to retire, which he did in great confusion and with considerable loss; after which he succeeded in getting his artillery into position, and a brisk firing ensued for about half an hour, during which time our forces had to be frequently shifted to avoid their range.

Ascertaining that the enemy greatly outnumbered our forces, and were aiming to make a charge on both our flanks, the troops were slowly retired upon favorable grounds toward the city; at the same time the cavalry were so disposed as to divert the coming charge of the enemy on our rear, and lead them upon the Fourteenth Michigan infantry. The object succeeded admirably, an entire regiment of cavalry making the charge, receiving a fire so destructive as to drive them back in great disorder. The enemy then planted several guns on the turnpike, which were driven off before they could load their pieces.

Our forces were retired in good order toward the city, the enemy making one more attempt to get in our rear nearer the city, but were immediately driven off by a regiment of infantry and a section of artillery which had been ordered forward as a reserve.

The concerted plans of the enemy, who had Hanson's brigade of four Kentucky regiments and two Tennessee regiments of infantry and five batteries of artillery, were defeated, and our troops enabled to give additional proof of their efficiency and valor.

As we did not reoccupy the field of action, the enemy's total loss is unknown, but is represented by prisoners to have been large. Twenty-three prisoners were captured, including two captains of Morgan's artillery. Our casualties of the day were — killed, twenty-six wounded, and nineteen missing.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

JAS. S. NEGLEY,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

To Lieut.-Col. DUCAT,
Chief of Staff.

PHILADELPHIA "PRESS" ACCOUNT.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov. 6, 1862.

The rebels have at last made a demonstration upon this city. For the past three or four days the secessionists here have been exceedingly hilarious, and some of the more bold of that class have made bets that Nashville would fall before the arrival of Rosecrans. I heard a man say, on Sunday night last, that the immense railroad bridge which spans the Cumberland would suffer the same fate that the same structure did in February, before another Sabbath came around.

We are so used to rebel bombast, however, that as far as I am concerned no serious attention was paid to the stereotyped rumors.

But, notwithstanding, a *bona-fide* attack was made upon us yesterday morning. About two o'clock A.M., our pickets were driven in upon the Murfreesboro, Franklin, and Nolinsville pikes, and

more or less skirmishing ensued, until our men arrived under cover of our forts.

Hardly had they effected their escape, when the enemy brought out two twelve-pounders upon the Murfreesboro pike, in full view of our gunners upon St. Cloud Hill, and commenced firing away, the first shot striking at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the base of the elevation.

At the same time, two guns, which were not visible, opened upon us from the Franklin pike. The guns upon the Murfreesboro road, after the first two shots, directed their fire toward General Palmer's camp, occasionally kicking up quite a dust within musket-shot of the General's headquarters.

Finding that they could accomplish nothing in that location, and fearing to advance closer, the rebels directed their fire toward Mr. John Trimble's residence; and, after several shots, succeeded in unroofing the smoke-house upon his grounds, and producing quite a commotion among his stock and negroes.

Simultaneously with these demonstrations of the rebels upon the pike leading from South-Nashville, Morgan, at the head of about two thousand five hundred cavalry, came dashing down the Gallatin pike, and through Edgefield, capturing all of our pickets across the river, consisting of companies D, F, and G of the Fifty-first Illinois regiment, and sending them to the rear. It was the intention of Morgan, no doubt, to destroy the railroad bridge, at least, thinking that our attention was wholly absorbed by the events which were transpiring in South-Nashville. But, before the rebels arrived within gunshot, Colonel Smith's regiment, which is encamped in Edgefield, was in line of battle, most of his men having but little clothing on. Morgan, however, persisted in his attempt to obtain possession of the bridge. Seeing this, Col. Smith ordered his men to fire, an act which was quickly returned by the rebels, a portion of whom dismounted, and assisted in placing a howitzer in position, which had just arrived. At this juncture, Colonel Wood, with his regiment, arrived, and formed in line of battle, and Lieut. Beech, who has charge of the guns near the bridge upon this side of the river, brought his pieces to bear upon Morgan, who, perceiving it, beat a retreat, leaving six killed and nineteen wounded. Our loss was one killed and eleven wounded—two severely. Lieut. Frazer, of company F, Fifty-first Illinois, lost his right arm. Morgan destroyed an old building near the Edgefield dépôt, and several broken-down cars which were standing upon the track, as an evidence, I suppose, that he had been around.

During all this time, the rebels upon the Southern pikes were still firing at our forts, but as yet had been unanswered. Gen. Negley hoping that the artillery, with adequate support, might be induced to advance. After a reasonable time, however, he gave Capt. White orders to discharge a few shells in that direction from his thirty-two-pounders, and almost immediately three of the Rodman guns opened, and at the fourth fire dismounted one of the enemy's pieces, the other

being taken to the woods. The guns were then turned in the direction of the Franklin pike, and quite a brisk cannonading took place between the rebels at that and the guns of Fort Negley. By this time General Palmer advanced about a mile upon the Murfreesboro pike, with two regiments of infantry and two pieces of artillery, and after forming his column into line of battle, commenced shelling the woods upon both sides of the road, and advanced slowly up the pike, marching a regiment upon each side of the road, Col. Wood taking the left and advance. This was the last I saw of the doings in that direction, as General Negley ordered three regiments of infantry—the Sixty-ninth Ohio, Colonel Cassilly; Fourteenth Michigan, Col. Wood, and the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Col. Sirwell—Stokes's cavalry, Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry, Colonel Wynkoop, and portions of two batteries of artillery, under Capts. Houghtaling and Marshall, the General taking command in person. The whole force moved with alacrity upon the pike toward Franklin; the batteries shelling the woods upon both sides of the line of march, Col. Wynkoop's battalion acting as skirmishers.

After proceeding about two miles the General ordered two pieces of artillery to be placed upon a hill of fine command, and masked. As no enemy was seen, they were subsequently removed, and shortly afterward arrived with the column.

About five miles from the city is the residence of Mr. John Overton, a wealthy rebel, who, in a speech delivered in this city a year ago last June, said he was worth five millions of dollars, all of which should be sacrificed in the establishment of a Southern Confederacy. As the column approached the house of this rebel a large body of the enemy's cavalry were seen resting upon a hill a short distance off, who were charged by Stokes's cavalry. Col. Stokes was absent about an hour, during which time the main body moved slowly and rested at intervals, making a final halt about eight miles from the city, when they were soon joined by Stokes, who had captured eleven prisoners and ninety head of cattle.

Gen. Negley immediately gave orders to return, Stokes's cavalry taking the right, and Col. Cassilly the rear.

We had proceeded but a short distance when an orderly dashed among the General's staff-officers, informing Negley that a large force of the enemy were about a mile distant, on our right and front, resting in a ravine.

The whole body moved at double-quick, and in a moment the entire fence upon the right, for a quarter of a mile, came down with a crash, by the Fourteenth Michigan. Marshall's battery got a position first, but as the view was obstructed by a dense clump of trees, it was limbered up and moved to a better location. In the mean time Col. Sirwell skirmished to the right, and received a volley from the enemy, but not until Houghtaling's battery had thrown four shells, the first piece being discharged exactly seven minutes after the General received the news of the rebel situation. But a few moments elapsed before the

Ward guns, which did such good service at Shiloh, under Captain Marshall, got to work, and both batteries threw at least forty shells before the enemy made any artillery demonstration; but when they got at it they worked lively, throwing solid shot, which fell fast among our men, causing many a head to dodge as they went whirling, whizzing, cracking, and humming through the air. They threw solid shot mostly, their design being to dismount our guns, knowing that our defences in the city would be injured by the loss of even one gun.

The cannonading was very brisk for about an hour. At the expiration of that time the rebels threw a few shells, one of which burst over a tree in front of where the General and his staff were standing, fragments of which dropped among the party, one piece tearing a hole in the General's pants, and another piece actually taking off a shoulder-strap from the coat of one of his staff-officers.

During the firing Col. Wynkoop's men acted as skirmishers upon the left, their experience all over the State making them proficient in that critical duty.

Col. Stokes's whole force occupied a position across a field, about a sixth of a mile in the rear of our batteries; Colonel Sirwell's regiment skirmished upon the right, while the Sixty-ninth Ohio supported Capt. Marshall's guns, and the Fourteenth Michigan the battery of Capt. Houghtaling. Although the enemy's shots were rather distasteful, as far as I saw, every body behaved well.

I saw General Negley, and conversed with him several times during the fight, and he expressed his delight and satisfaction at the behavior of his troops, speaking very highly of the captains of the two batteries, upon the manner in which they changed positions.

The veteran Colonel Wynkoop has got used to the roaring of gunpowder, and exhibited the coolness which is his second nature. I saw a ball strike about five yards in front of him, ricochet, and pass over his head, leaving dust on his cap.

Col. Cassilly, of the Sixty-ninth Ohio, and his adjutant, (Boynton,) formerly an actor attached to the Boston theatre, behaved excellently.

At least a dozen balls struck in front of Stokes's cavalry, some bounding over them, and others rolling under the legs of their horses, but no man left his position or exhibited perceptible uneasiness.

The movements of the enemy and the progress of the battle showed conclusively that the rebels were in large force, and had at least twice the number of guns we had. The general shifted his position, after an hour's fighting, every five minutes, fighting his way till under cover of our fortifications, when the enemy retired.

All of our first half-dozen shells exploded in the midst of the enemy, and their loss must have been at least two hundred killed and wounded. Our prisoners say twenty-five or thirty were killed and wounded at our first fire, which took them unawares. We lost three killed, eleven

wounded, none missing, and took upwards of a hundred prisoners, among whom seven officers.
B. C. T.

Doc. 29.

FIGHT AT BARBEES CROSS ROADS, VA.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from the Barbees Cross-Roads, near Chester Gap, under date of November fifth, says:

At Linden Stuart was joined by three thousand fresh cavalry, which came through from Edgeville, and by Hampton's brigade, which fell back after engaging Averill.

This morning Gen. Pleasanton led the advance again, Averill following in the rear. He pushed on from Piedmont, passed Markham, and on here to Barbees Cross-Roads, near Chester Gap, where he had a very exciting skirmish with the enemy. Stuart's command bivouacked in this vicinity last night, and from the preparations visible in the fields—as, for instance, the fact of fences having been carefully pulled down, and from the statements of some of the residents—it is evident that this place was selected by him for a fight to-day. Stuart and Hampton both slept last night in the house in which Pleasanton has his headquarters this evening. Stuart had made his arrangements and awaited our advance. The position is a magnificent one for a fight. The Blue Ridge, varied at this point with peaks and notches and the rich autumnal foliage, runs along close to the right. Approaching the position, a little hollow intervenes between the base of the mountain and a smooth cleared hill which rises from the right, and forms part of the high ground, interspersed with fields and woods that stretch away on the left towards Warrenton, while in front a small belt of wood is seen, and the hill slopes down into a basin, with the bottom of rolling land, where the road leading to Chester Gap runs off to the right. It was on this cleared hill the rebel guns were planted.

As our cavalry came in sight the enemy opened on them. General Pleasanton, at the head of the column, speedily made his dispositions for the fight. Colonel Gregg, with the Eighth Pennsylvania, and the Sixth regulars, Captain Sanders commanding, were sent away to the left. Colonel Davis, of the Eighth New-York, went to the right, and Colonel Farnsworth, with the Third Illinois, and the Third Indiana, Major Chapman commanding, operated on the centre. Pennington's battery was placed in position by sections, and, after the rebel guns had been driven from the hill, Lieut. Pennington himself commanded the section in a field to the right, Lieut. Chapin the one on the hill, in the centre, and Lieutenant Hamilton that on the high ground to the left.

This was the position of the brigade when one of the most magnificent cavalry engagements of the whole war took place. Mounted and dismounted men were deployed in front as skir-

mishers on the right, left, and centre. General Pleasanton, with his aids, and a number of other officers, including Captain Custer, of McClellan's staff, were on the hill, close by Lieut. Chapin's section. At that moment columns of rebel cavalry came sweeping down the roads to the right and left, and formed in the fields, while other forces were already formed, hidden from our view behind a number of knolls. "General, they are making preparations to charge upon us." "Very well," he said, "let them come on; we are prepared to meet them on any ground they choose." The interest of every one was instantly awakened to the highest point, and the blood coursed quickly through all our veins.

A rebel regiment was soon seen rising from a hollow. Up it rose, and in a moment appeared in full view to the right, on the knoll behind which it had been concealed; instantly, as if in obedience to the flourish of a magician's wand, thousands of swords and sabres flashed in the sunlight as they were unsheathed. "Ah! oh! there they are at close artillery range—now give it to them, boys!" and officers dashed about the hill, flourishing their swords and cheering to the utmost limits of their voices. General Pleasanton himself, who naturally displays an enthusiastic temperament when it is aroused, flourished his sword and inspired increased enthusiasm in every one around. "Ah! there they are, the rascals; now give it to them with your guns." The artillerymen appreciated the inspiring scene, pointed their pieces at the rebel regiment, and out flew case-shot and shell. The fire of the six pieces was concentrated on them, while at the same time the rebel artillery, at short-range, was pouring shot and shell at us, and deadly missiles of different descriptions were flying and falling in all directions about the hill.

Under our artillery-fire the North-Carolinians halted in the field, and paused a moment to form the regiment in solid column previous to the grand assault. Colonel Davis had taken his regiment on the right, and placing two squadrons in a hollow, concealed from sight, had dismounted one squadron and placed the men behind a stone wall, where there was a small detachment of the Sixth regulars, which had worked round from left to right, while he deployed the other squadron as skirmishers near a piece of woods. Captain Houston led the charge of the North-Carolina regiment. It appears from his own statement, for he is our prisoner, that he obeyed his orders, but charged against his judgment. But when he halted to form his regiment, seeing the squadron deployed, he shouted, "Only one squadron," and then gave the command to charge. With a fearful yell the rebels in a solid column, with sabres flourishing, and pistols and carbines cocked, dashed at the squadron of Col. Davis's regiment, expecting its speedy annihilation.

The squadron rallied in a moment. Colonel Davis, who was watching the operations of the rebels from the knoll, behind which his two squadrons were formed, dashed into the hollow, and, bringing them around to the right, first

awaited the assault for a moment. At the same instant the dismounted men from behind the wall, and the rallied skirmishers on the left, opened fire as the North-Carolinians came near. Then Colonel Davis, with his two squadrons, dashed at them. Sabres glistened, carbines cracked, our men rent the air with cheers. The rebel regiment, in a solid body still, but more scattered than at first, wheeled about and fled away as fast as their horses could carry them, and screaming like a troop of wild Indians, Colonel Davis, with his squadrons, chasing them, and shouting and cheering as they went. It was the most exciting scene that has been witnessed since the commencement of the war. From the hill in the centre we distinctly saw the movements of every man. Several horses and men were soon seen falling on the field, the rebels still flying off and our men still closely pursuing them. "Away they go. They're off. They're off. Now give it to them again, boys, as they go," and the artillery poured a fresh fire into them as they fled.

Colonel Davis pursued them across the field, until he came within sight of another rebel regiment which had been ordered to support them, when, his command being so small, he prudently gave up the chase and retired to his original position. He re-formed his squadron behind the belt of woods, and the Third Indiana was immediately sent down to his support, in case the other rebel regiment should dash out, as was for a time anticipated. He took sixteen prisoners, including the leader of the charge. A large number of the enemy were killed and wounded, most of whom are in our hands. Our loss in the charge was about half a dozen wounded; one has since died from the effects of a fearful sabre-cut in the head. Colonel Davis had his own horse shot.

While this brilliant cavalry encounter was taking place on the right, Colonel Gregg, with the Eighth Pennsylvania, and Captain Sanders, with the Sixth regulars, were briskly engaged with the enemy on the left, and Colonel Farnsworth, with the Eighth Illinois, charged down the Warrenton road on a body of rebel cavalry beyond; but when he had proceeded a few hundred yards his command was brought to a halt by the road being barricaded. The rebels stationed behind opened fire, and a skirmish ensued, during which a few of his men were wounded. The Third Indiana then went down the road to the right, under a sharp artillery-fire, while Colonel Davis worked around on the other side of the belt of woods. A rebel force, drawn up at the base of a picturesque elevation, called Oventop Mountain, then moved off, and after a little more slight skirmishing the enemy fled in hot haste toward Chester Gap, in the mountain.

Among the prisoners taken by Colonel Gregg on the left was Lieut. Taliaferro, Adjutant of the Ninth Virginia regiment, a personal friend of the Colonel, and several other officers. He was severely wounded in both legs, one of which has been amputated. Immediately after these brilliant encounters, General Pleasanton pushed a body of cavalry down to Sandy Hook near the

mouth of the gap, and ascertained that Stuart passed down to either Flint Hill or Warrenton. Four guns, supported by infantry, were found in position in the gap. It was also ascertained that Longstreet, with his corps, passed Flint Hill on Thursday last on his way to Culpeper, and that one of the Hills, with his command, was to have passed to-day from Front Royal.

Doc. 30.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S FAREWELL.

THE following farewell address was read to the forces composing the army of the Potomac:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
CAMP NEAR RECTORTOWN, November 7, 1862. }

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

An order of the President devolves upon Major-General Burnside the command of this army. In parting from you I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear you. As an army you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our nation's history. The glory you have achieved, our mutual perils and fatigues, the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled—the strongest associations which can exist among men—unite us still by an indissoluble tie. We shall ever be comrades in supporting the constitution of our country and the nationality of its people.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General U.S.A.

Doc. 31.

DAHLGREN'S RECONNOISSANCE

INTO FREDERICKSBURGH, VA., NOV. 9.

HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
GAINESVILLE, VA., November 10. }

Major-General F. Sigel, commanding Eleventh Army Corps:

GENERAL: Agreeably to your orders, I started from Gainesville on the morning of the eighth instant, to Fredericksburgh, to ascertain the force of the enemy at that place, and then to examine the Aquia Creek and Fredericksburgh Railroad on the return. I left Gainesville with sixty men of the First Indiana cavalry—Gen. Sigel's body-guard—and went to Bristow Station to obtain an additional force of one hundred men from the Sixth Ohio cavalry; but, finding they had moved to Catlett's Station, I went to that point, where we found them. After a slight delay in preparing, we moved and travelled all night, stopping once, an hour or so, to feed and water our horses. We arrived at Fredericksburgh at half-past seven A.M. Although our object was to be there before daylight, it was impossible to do so, the distance being too great, and the roads and weather un-

favorable. At Fredericksburgh I found the river too high to ford at the regular fording-places, and not wishing to expose my men by crossing them in small detachments in a ferry-boat, I sent —, your scout, to find some place where we could cross, which he soon discovered above the bridge among the rocks, to all appearances impassable, but at which place we managed to cross—one man at a time. My intention was to send the first Indiana cavalry through the town, while the Sixth Ohio would guard the crossing-place and secure the retreat. After crossing with the Indiana cavalry, under Capt. Sharra, I could plainly see the rebels gathering together in great haste to meet us, and not wishing to give them time to collect, started after them before the Sixth Ohio were over, leaving directions for them, and supposing that they would be over by the time I would fall back, if necessary. We found the city full of soldiers, who were almost entirely surprised, and made many prisoners, whom we sent to the ford, where I supposed the Sixth Ohio to be. It being nearly a mile from Falmouth through Fredericksburgh, and not wishing to run my horses so far, I sent Lieut. Carr, with a detachment ahead, to dash through the town and see where the enemy were concentrated. Lieut. Carr gallantly drove several detachments before him until they reached the main body. Having now found where the enemy were posted, I ordered Capt. Sharra to drive them away, which he did in the most effectual and gallant manner, charging a much larger force, and driving them wherever they stood. The fighting was of the most desperate nature, our men using their sabres, and the enemy in several instances clubbing our men with their carbines. While the fight was going on, it was reported to me that the enemy had possession of the ford, the Sixth Ohio not having crossed to hold it. On hearing this, I ordered our men to fall back, and after a few moments' consultation with Capt. Sharra, decided to force a passage, but upon reaching the ford I found they had also left, not wishing to stand another charge. After seeing the command all over and on the road home, I started with twelve men for Aquia Creek to examine the railroad to that point, which we found in tolerable condition, excepting the bridge over the Potomac and Oceahe Creeks, which we burned. At Oceahe Creek we captured the enemy's pickets of four men, our surprise having been so effectually accomplished that not one of the pickets was aware of our entering Fredericksburgh. The enemy's loss was considerable; but it is impossible to state the exact number. I know of three being killed, several wounded, and thirty-nine prisoners. Our loss, one killed and four missing. We also captured two wagon-loads of gray cloth about to be sent South. The enemy's forces consisted of five companies of the Fifteenth Virginia, and three companies of the Ninth Virginia.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, General, your most obedient servant,

ULRIC DAHLGREN,
Captain and Aid-de-Camp.

"CARLETON'S" DESCRIPTION.

GAINESVILLE, November 11, 1862.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

The charge of Zagonyi at Springfield has been made a theme for an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was a desperate exploit, an exhibition of courage, bravery, rashness unparalleled, because it was an emergency requiring an exhibition of such qualities. But that affair, although so brilliant, is hardly equal to the charge made on Sunday last at Fredericksburgh by a squadron of the First Indiana cavalry, commanded by Capt. Dahlgren.

I am sitting in Col. Asboth's tent, at General Sigel's headquarters, listening to a plain statement of what occurred, narrated by a modest, unassuming sergeant. I will give it briefly.

Gen. Burnside requested Gen. Sigel to make a cavalry reconnoissance of Fredericksburgh. General Sigel selected his body-guard, commanded by Captain Dahlgren, with sixty men of the First Indiana cavalry and a portion of the Sixth Ohio. It was no light task to ride forty miles, keep the movement concealed from the enemy, cross the river and dash through the town, especially as it was known the rebels occupied it in force; it was an enterprise calculated to dampen the ardor of most men, but which was hailed almost as a holiday excursion by the Indianians. They left Gainesville Saturday morning, took a circuitous route, rode till night, rested awhile, and then under the light of the full moon rode rapidly over the worn-out fields of the Old Dominion, through by-roads, intending to dash into the town at day-break. They arrived opposite the place at dawn, and found to their chagrin that one element in their calculation had been omitted—the tide. The bridge had been burned when we evacuated the place last summer, and they had nothing to do but wait till the water ebbed. Concealing themselves in the woods they waited impatiently. Meanwhile two of the Indianians rode along the river-bank below the town to the ferry. They hailed the ferryman, who was on the opposite shore, representing themselves to be rebel officers. The ferryman pulled to the northern bank and was detained till he gave information of the rebel force, which he said numbered eight companies—five or six hundred men all told.

The tide ebbed and Captain Dahlgren left his hiding-place with the Indianians—sixty—leaving the Ohioans on the northern shore. They crossed the river in single file at a slow walk, the bottom being exceedingly rocky. Reaching the opposite shore, he started at a slow trot toward the town, hoping to take the enemy by surprise. But his advance had been discovered. The enemy was partly in saddle. There was a hurrying to and fro—mounting of steeds—confusion and fright among the people. The rebel cavalry were in every street. Captain Dahlgren resolved to fall upon them like a thunderbolt. Increasing his trot to a gallop, the sixty dauntless men dashed into town, cheering, with sabres glittering in the sun—riding recklessly upon the enemy,

who waited but a moment in the main street, then ignominiously fled. Having cleared the main thoroughfare, Captain Dahlgren swept through a cross-street upon another squadron with the same success. There was a trampling of hoofs, a clattering of scabbards, and the sharp ringing out of the sabres, the pistol-flash—the going down of horsemen and rider—the gory gashes of the sabre-stroke—a cheering and hurraing, and screaming of frightened women and children—a short, sharp, decisive contest, and the town was in the possession of the gallant men. Once the rebels attempted to recover what they had lost, but a second impetuous charge drove them back again, and Captain Dahlgren gathered the fruits of the victory, thirty-one prisoners, horses, accoutrements, sabres—held possession of the town for three hours, and retired, losing but one of his glorious band killed and two wounded, leaving a dozen of the enemy killed and wounded. I would like to give the names of these heroes if I had them. The one brave fellow who lost his life had fought through all the conflict, but seeing a large rebel flag waving from a building, he secured it, wrapped it around his body, and was returning to his command, when a fatal shot was fired from a window, probably by a citizen. He was brought to the northern shore and there buried by his fellow-soldiers beneath the forest pines. Captain Carr, of company B, encountered a rebel officer and ran his sabre through the body of his enemy. Orderly Fitter had a hand-to-hand struggle with a rebel soldier, and by a dexterous blow, struck him from his horse, inflicting a severe wound upon the head. He seized the fellow's horse—a splendid animal—his carbine and sabre. His own sabre still bears the blood-stains—not a pleasant sight—but yet in keeping with war.

It thrills one to look at it—to hear the story—to picture the encounter—the wild dash, the sweep like a whirlwind—the cheers—the rout of the enemy, their confusion—the victory! Victory, not for personal glory, nor for ambition, but for a beloved country—for that which is dearer than life, the thanks of the living, the gratitude of unnumbered millions yet to be! Brave sons of the West, this is your glory; this your reward! No exploit of the war equals it. It will go down to history as one of the bravest achievements on record. Gen. Sigel is in ecstasies to-night. He is writing an order of thanks. The prisoners were brought in an hour ago by a squad, and here come the remainder of the troop, welcomed with wild hurrahs. The South will learn by and by that there are bold riders and brave men who were born in the cold regions of the North as well as in the sunny South—men who have not been gentlemen all their lives, brought up to the chase; but who have tilled the soil, wielded the hammer, held the plough, the spade—free men, who believe in free labor. The fabulous glory of the Black Horse cavalry is fading. Stuart has his compeers—Pleasanton and Dahlgren. We are beginning to learn war. We have had Southern dash and valor against inexperience, in horseman-

ship; but the cool intrepidity, determination and bravery of the Northern soldier is beginning to be felt. We shall hear more from Captain Dahlgren and his men.

Doc. 32.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ORDER.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, November 16, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER RESPECTING THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH-DAY IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

THE President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the Army and Navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity.

The discipline and character of the National forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperilled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. "At this time of public distress," adopting the words of Washington in 1776, "men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality." The first general order issued by the Father of his Country after the Declaration of Independence indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended: "The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Doc. 33.

EXPEDITION UP NEW RIVER, N. C.

LIEUTENANT CUSHING'S REPORT.

U. S. STEAMER HETZEL, NOV. 26, 1862.

SIR: I have the honor to report that I entered New River Inlet on the twenty-third of this month, with the United States steamer *Ellis* under my command, succeeded in passing the narrow and shallow place called the Rocks, and started up the river. My object was to sweep the river, capture any vessels there, capture the town of Jacksonville, or Onslow Court-House, take the Wilmington mail, and destroy any salt-works that I might find on the banks. I expected to surprise the enemy in going up, and then to fight my way out. Five miles from the mouth I came in sight of a vessel bound outward with a load of cotton and turpentine. The enemy fired her to prevent her falling into our hands. I ran

alongside; made sure that they could not extinguish the flames, and again steamed up the river.

At one P.M. I reached the town of Jacksonville, landed, threw out my pickets, and placed guards over the public buildings. This place is the county seat of Onslow County, and is quite an important town. It is situated on the right bank of the river going up, and is thirty-five or forty miles from the mouth. I captured twenty-five stand of public arms in the court-house and post-office, quite a large mail, and two schooners. I also confiscated the negroes of the confederate post-master. I forgot to mention that the town is situated on the main direct road to Wilmington. Several rebel officers escaped as I neared the place, and carried the news to that city.

At half-past two P.M. I started down the river, and at five P.M. came in sight of a camp on the banks, which I thoroughly shelled. At the point where the schooner captured in the morning was still burning, the enemy opened fire on the *Ellis* with rifles, but were soon silenced by our guns. I had two pilots on board, both of whom informed me that it would be impossible to take the steamer from the river that night. High water and daylight were two things absolutely essential in order to take her out. I therefore came to anchor about five miles from the outer bar, took my prizes alongside, and made every preparation to repel an attack. All night long the signal-fires of the enemy could be seen on the banks. At daylight I got under way, and had nearly reached the worst place in the channel when the enemy opened on us with two pieces of artillery. I placed my vessel in position, at once hoisted the battle-flag at the fore; the crew gave it three cheers, and we went into action. In one hour I had driven the enemy from his guns and from the bluff, and passed within a hundred yards of their position without receiving fire.

Up to this time I had been in every way successful; but was here destined to meet with an accident that changed the fortune of the day, and resulted in the destruction of my vessel. About five hundred yards from the bluffs the pilots, mistaking the channel, ran the *Ellis* hard and fast aground. All hands went to work at once to lighten her, and anchors and steam used to get her afloat; but without success. The headway of the steamer had forced her over a shoal and into a position where, as the centre of a circle, we had a circumference of shoal all around. When the tide fell I sent a party ashore to take possession of the artillery abandoned in the morning; but when they reached the field it was discovered that it had been removed while we were at work on the vessel. If I had secured this I proposed to construct a shore battery to assist in the defence of my vessel by keeping the rebels from placing their batteries in position. At dark I took one of my prize schooners alongside, and proceeded to take every thing out of the *Ellis*, excepting the pivot-gun, some ammunition, two tons of coal, and a few small arms. Steam and anchor again failed to get my vessel

afoat. I felt confident that the confederates would come on me in overwhelming force, and it now became my duty to save my men. So all hands were called to muster, and the crew told that they could go aboard the schooner. I called for six volunteers to remain with me on board and fight the remaining gun. Knowing that it was almost certain death, the men came forward, and two masters' mates—Valentine and Barton—were amongst the number; these gentlemen subsequently behaved with coolness and bravery. I ordered the schooner to drop down the channel out of range from the bluffs, and there to wait for the termination of the impending engagement, and if we were destroyed to proceed to sea.

Early in the morning the enemy opened on us from four points, with heavy rifled guns, (one a Whitworth.) It was a cross-fire and very destructive. I replied as best I could, but in a short time the engine was disabled, and she was much cut up in every part, and the only alternatives left were surrender or a pull of one and a half miles, under their fire, in my small boat. The first of these was not, of course, to be thought of; the second I resolved to attempt. I fired the *Ellis* in five places, and having seen that the battle-flag was still flying, trained the gun on the enemy so that the vessel might fight herself after we had left her, and started down the river, reached the schooner, and made sail for sea. It was low water on the bar and a heavy surf was rolling in; but the wind forced us through after striking several times.

We were just in time, for about six hundred yards down the beach were several companies of cavalry trying to reach the mouth of the inlet in time to cut us off. We hoisted our flag and gave three cheers and were off.

In four hours I reached Beaufort. I brought away all my men, my rifled howitzer, and ammunition, the ship stores and clothing, the men's bags and hammocks, and a portion of the small arms. I retained aboard a few muskets, pikes, and pistols to repel boarders.

I neglected to state that when I took possession of the enemy's ground, on the twenty-fourth, a salt-work was destroyed and ten boats rendered useless that were to have been used for boarding. At nine A.M., the United States steamer *Ellis* was blown in pieces by the explosion of the magazine. Officers and men behaved nobly, obeying orders strictly under the most trying circumstances.

I respectfully request that a court of inquiry may be ordered to investigate the facts of the case, and to see if the honor of the flag has suffered in my hands.

I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,

WM. B. CUSHING,

Lieutenant.

To Commander H. K. DAVENPORT,
Senior Officer Commanding in Sounds of North-Carolina.

Doc. 34.

THE BATTLE OF CANE HILL, ARK.

GENERAL BLUNT'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, ARMY FRONTIER, }
CANE HILL, ARK., December 3, 1862. }

Major-General S. R. Curtis, Commanding the Department of Missouri:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that on the twenty-sixth of November, while encamped at Lindsay's Prairie, fifteen miles south of Maysville, I received reliable information that General Marmaduke, with a force estimated at eight thousand men, was at Cane Hill. I further learned that Marmaduke's command was the advance of Hindman's army, the remainder of which was expected to arrive at Cane Hill on the evening of the twenty-eighth. I immediately determined to attack Marmaduke, and, if possible, defeat him before the arrival of General Hindman with reinforcements. Early on the morning of the twenty-seventh I ordered all my transportation and commissary trains parked on Lindsay's Prairie, and after detailing a sufficient guard for its protection, I commenced my march with about five thousand men and thirty pieces of artillery, the men taking with them four days' rations of hard bread and salt.

The distance to be travelled to reach the enemy was thirty-five miles, twenty-five of which was made by seven o'clock P.M., of the twenty-seventh, when the command bivouacked for the night. From that point I sent spies into the enemy's camp, and learned that their pickets were strongly posted upon the main road, (on which I was advancing,) and that it could be easily defended. I marched at five o'clock A.M., of the twenty-eighth, leaving that road and making a detour to the left by a blind track; struck one that was obscure and unfrequented, and entered Cane Hill directly from the north. As I had anticipated, they had no pickets on this road, and I met no resistance until within half a mile of their camp. The enemy had learned, however, the night previous, that I was moving upon them, and was prepared for our reception.

About two hundred of the Kansas Second, (cavalry,) under Col. Cloud, with two mountain howitzers, under Lieutenant Stover, were in the advance, which, with Rabb's battery and my staff and body-guard, constituted the only force upon the ground, the main column having been delayed in ascending a mountain about seven miles back to the rear. Of this fact I was not apprised until my advance was engaged. In passing down a gorge between two abrupt hills, their grand guard was encountered in considerable force; dashing on and driving them before us a few hundred yards, brought us to where the bluff, on the right, terminated, and in full view of the enemy, who were posted on the right of the road on elevated ground, with timber in the rear, their guns "in battery," bearing upon the road which I was approaching, and from which they immediately opened a brisk fire.

I at once ordered Rabb's battery into position, and also the two howitzers under Lieut. Stover, when a fierce cannonading ensued, which lasted for the space of nearly an hour. My column not being up, I could do nothing more than engage in this "artillery duel" until it arrived, and the enemy thinking, no doubt, that I had a large force in hand, did not venture from under cover of their guns. Reconnoitring upon their left, I discovered an approach by which a force could be brought on their left flank and do them great damage, and perhaps capture their artillery. I ordered Major Van Antwerp, of my staff, back to meet the Kansas Eleventh and Hopkins's battery, who were in the advance of the column, to bring them up on the double-quick, and send the battery with six companies of the Eleventh to follow me with the object above named, and to take the other four companies to the support of Rabb's battery, but they were too far in the rear, and the men too much fatigued by the march to reach me in time.

Major Van Antwerp took four companies down the road to Rabb's battery, the fire from which, as afterward appeared, although laboring under great disadvantage from the nature of the ground, had been very destructive on the enemy, compelling them to abandon their position and seek another on a high ridge three fourths of a mile further south, where their reserve had been posted. To this point access was very difficult, as rugged ravines intervened, and it could only be approached by the road. Taking a position on high ground facing them from the north, I opened upon them a destructive fire with my artillery, dismounting one of their guns and compelling them again to retire. For the third time they made a stand in the town, or rather on the south side of it, upon a commanding eminence running east and west, and a most admirable position for defence. Having now concentrated their entire force and selected this strong position, I felt assured that they had resolved on a desperate resistance and made my arrangements accordingly; but, after getting my forces across a deep and rugged ravine and deploying them into position ready to advance upon their long and well-formed lines, I discovered, much to my disappointment, that they had again retired and were in full retreat to the mountains, Tenney's battery coming upon the ground they had abandoned just in time to send a few shells in the rear of their retreating column as they escaped under cover of the wood. As the men and horses of the enemy were fresh, and mine were worn down and exhausted by hard marching, it was difficult to follow them in their flight, yet the men, eager for the fray, strained every nerve. For nearly three miles from the town, in the direction of Van Buren, the road runs through a valley, in which are a few farms, alternating with low hills and ravines, covered with thick woods and brush.

Over this road a running fight with small arms took place without much damage occurring to either party. Reaching a large mound at the base of the first mountain—the commencement of the

Boston Mountains proper—the enemy placed his artillery upon it in position covering the road. From this position he sought to prevent my force from proceeding up the valley and approaching the mountains. Directing two howitzers under Lieut. Updyke to the right upon a by-road, they quickly obtained a good position on the enemy's flank, while Rabb's battery opened upon them in front. They were soon forced to abandon the high mound and seek the side and top of the mountain, where they made a determined resistance. Their artillery was posted on the crest of the mountain, while their mounted riflemen were dismounted and their whole force massed on the sides and top of the mountain, which were covered with scattered timber and but little underbrush.

The nature of the ground was such that I could not use my artillery to any advantage, and the mountain could not be taken in any other way except by storm. I accordingly ordered up the the Kansas Second and dismounted them; they charged up the steep acclivity in the advance, under the command of Capt. S. J. Crawford and Captain A. P. Russell—Major Fisk having been wounded by a piece of shell early in the day; next followed the Third Indian regiment, (Cherokees) under the command of Col. Phillips and its other field-officers, Lieutenant-Col. Downing and Major Foreman, voluntarily assisted by Major Van Antwerp, of my staff, and the Eleventh Kansas, under the command of its field-officers, Colonel Ewing, Lieut.-Col. Moonlight, and Major Plumb. The resistance of the rebels was stubborn and determined. The storm of lead and iron hail that came down the side of the mountain, both from their small arms and artillery, was terrific, yet most of it went over our heads without doing us much damage.

The regiments just named, with a wild shout, rushed up the steep acclivity, contesting every inch of ground and steadily pushing the enemy before them until the crest was reached, when the rebels again fled in disorder. Four howitzers and Rabb's battery were now brought up the mountain and the pursuit renewed; the Third Indian and Eleventh Kansas regiments on the right and left of the road, advancing in line through the woods, while the four howitzers occupied the road in front, with the Kansas Second and Sixth and Rabb's battery in the rear. About every half-mile the enemy made a stand, when the four howitzers and the Eleventh Kansas and Third Indian would as often put them to flight, leaving more or less of their dead and wounded behind them. Thus the fight continued for some three miles, until, on descending partially from the mountain into a valley, the Cove Creek road, leading from Fayetteville to Van Buren, was reached at the point where it intersects the road from Cane Hill to the last-named place. At this point the enemy again brought his artillery into requisition. It was now near sundown and darkness must soon put an end to the pursuit.

Down the valley in front of us the ground appeared adapted to the use of cavalry to good ad-

vantage, and I determined to make an effort to capture their artillery, of which they had six pieces. A large force of their best cavalry was acting as a rear-guard, with a portion of their artillery just in front of them waiting for my cavalry to come up. I called for volunteers to make a charge. Three companies of the Kansas Sixth, nearest at hand, responded promptly to the call, and under command of their three field-officers, Col. Judson, Lieut.-Col. Jewett, and Major Campbell, dashed on to the rear of the rebel column, cutting and shooting them down with sabres, carbines, and revolvers.

The charge continued for about half a mile down the valley to a point where it converged in a funnel-shape, terminating in a narrow defile. At this point a large body of rebels were in ambush in front and upon the flanks where cavalry could not approach, with their battery also masked in front. As soon as the party we were pursuing passed through the defile, they opened on us a most destructive fire, which, for a moment, caused my men to recoil and give back, in spite of my own efforts and those of other officers to rally them. Whereas, if they had, after receiving the enemy's fire, pressed on two or three hundred yards, we could have secured in a moment more what we so much coveted, the enemy's artillery. Emboldened by their success in defending the defile and checking our advance, they raised a wild yell and advanced toward us.

With the aid of Colonel Judson, Major Campbell, and Captains Green and Mcfford, I succeeded in rallying the three companies of the Sixth Kansas, who had suffered severely in the charge, and formed them across the valley; and the four howitzers coming up at the same time, and opening on the enemy with shell, soon forced them to retire, yet they seemed determined to dispute the passage of the defile to which I have referred, a position admirably adapted for defence, and beyond which, as I afterward learned, there was a wide open valley; hence their obstinate resistance at this point, in order to save their guns. I resolved, however, at all hazards to force my way through this gorge, and as darkness was approaching, and I had no time to get up infantry and send them out upon the flank, I prepared to make an assault in front. Loading the four howitzers and one section of Rabb's battery with double canister, I ordered them up by hand, in battery, with the three companies of the Kansas Sixth, with Sharp's carbines, advancing in line in rear. I had directed that not a gun should be fired until I gave the word.

When within about four hundred yards of the enemy, who were defending the gorge, and as I was about to give the word to fire, an officer from Gen. Marmaduke came galloping up with a white flag. On sending an officer to receive it, they requested the privilege of taking off their dead and wounded: Consideration for the fate of Colonel Jewett and others, who had fallen upon the ground they then occupied, and whom I feared they might brutally murder, induced me to respect their flag of truce, convinced though I was

that it was a cowardly trick resorted to to enable them to make good their retreat and save their guns. It being now dark, and my men entirely exhausted and without food, I considered further pursuit useless, and returned with my command to Cane Hill. The casualties in my command were four killed and thirty-six wounded, four of them mortally, since dead.

Among the latter was Lieut.-Colonel Jewett, of the Sixth Kansas. He was a brave and gallant officer, whose noble example is worthy of emulation. Lieutenant J. A. Johnson, of the same regiment, a daring and excellent young officer, received a desperate wound from a musket-ball, which passed entirely through his body; yet it is hoped he will recover. The enemy's loss is seventy-five killed; wounded not known, as they took a large portion of them away. The officers and men of my command who took part in the engagement, behaved, without exception, nobly. To the following members of my staff—Major V. P. Van Antwerp, Inspector-General; Captain Lyman Scott, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant J. Fin. Hill, Aid-de-Camp, and Lieutenant D. Whittaker, Acting Aid-de-Camp, I am indebted for efficient and valuable services during the day.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 JAMES G. BLUNT,
 Brig.-General Commanding First Division Army of Frontier.

CHICAGO "EVENING JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

CANE HILL, (OR BOONEVILLE,) ARKANSAS, }
 HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, FIRST DIVISION, }
 December 1, 1862. }

Again we have put the enemy to flight. I will briefly give you the particulars of the battle of Cane Hill, or Boonsboro.

Gen. Blunt's division of the army, consisting of three brigades, four batteries, and six mountain howitzers, under the command of General Solomon, First brigade, Col. Ware, Second brigade, Col. Cloud, Third brigade, were in camp near Lindsey's Prairie on the evening of the twenty-sixth. Orders were issued for detachments from each regiment to move at daylight on the morning of the twenty-seventh, with three days' rations of hard bread and salt in their haversacks. Most of the artillery was ordered to move, and all the ambulances accompanied the column.

Promptly at daylight the column was put in motion, General Blunt commanding in person. The country over which we passed (south-east) was extremely rugged, rendering the passage of our artillery and ambulances slow and tedious. Nine o'clock in the evening, however, found us within ten miles of our enemy, who were camped in a force of from seven to eight thousand strong at Boonsboro. From our scouts we learned that they were determined to fight at this point. The rebel forces were under the command of Major-General Marmaduke, Brig.-General Shelby, and other lesser confederate lights, such as McDonald, Quantrel, Livingston, etc. It was a concentration of all the "bushwhacking" gangs, united to Marmaduke's forces. It was evident that they

were driven by necessity to hold, if possible, the section of the country comprising Boonsboro, Cane Hill, Roy's Mills, and Dutch Mills, all within a radius of fifteen miles, and comprising the greatest wheat-growing and flouring section in Arkansas.

At four o'clock on the morning of the twenty-eighth the column was put in motion, the Third brigade in the advance, under Col. Cloud, in the following order: The Kansas Second cavalry, Colonel Basset, Captain Rabb's Indiana battery, the Kansas Eleventh infantry, Colonel Ewing, the rebel taken at Fort Wayne, the Third Indian regiment, commanded by Major Elithorpe; next Colonel Weer's brigade, and the rear brought up General Salomon with his brigade. The column moved as rapidly as possible over the mountain roads; indeed one of the mountains was so precipitous that the men had to lay hold of the guns and assist the jaded animals to make the ascent. These difficulties did not deter the men or officers; silently as possible we pressed forward, hoping to get in sight of the enemy's camp without alarming them. The advance scout ascertained the position of the enemy's pickets, and "took them in," killing one and capturing the rest. This alarmed their grand guard, although but a few shots were fired.

Immediately the whole camp was aroused and quickly formed in position, planting two batteries of four guns each, intending to rake us as we filed through the narrow ravine that led to the town. General Blunt was not to be caught in this kind of a trap. The column was at once moved from the main road up the steep hillside and through the thick brush, completely out of sight of the enemy. A position was gained upon the top of a hill, overlooking the town and the enemy. Three mountain howitzers, put in position, at once commenced the battle; some twenty shells were dropped amongst them before they could reply. While they were engaged in changing position, Capt. Rabb, with his battery, gained a favorable site, and opened with four twelve-pound guns, with terrible effect, dismounting one of their guns and disabling another. By this time the enemy had located two of their guns, and paid their compliments to Captain Rabb, by way of killing and wounding five of his men, and killing six horses.

Now the battle became general, and the artillery duel continued some fifty minutes, when the enemy withdrew their batteries and commenced to fall back to a new position. The regiments comprising the First brigade rapidly advanced, covered by the artillery. Deafening shouts went up from our lines as they pressed forward. The rebels could stand it no longer, and now the skeddaddle commenced. From one hill to another, through every deep ravine, up and down mountains, and through the woods they fled, occasionally making a stand in some masked place, until charged and shelled out. Thus the battle continued, the retreat and pursuit, from ten in the morning until dark.

Almost every rod of ground was fought over

for a distance of ten miles. Both armies were exhausted. Cavalry regiments dismounted and fought through the brush; artillery-horses dropped in their harness, and the men would seize the ropes and drag the guns forward. The closing scene was between sunset and dark. The enemy made a stand in a deep ravine. Our howitzers had not yet come up; our men, impatient, made a charge—cavalry men on foot, with sabres and pistols, infantry with bayonets, and Indians with rifles, in the very thickest of the woods. The cheering of the white man, the shrill war-whoops of the Indians, the clashing of sabres, and the incessant roar of small arms, converted this remote mountain gorge into a perfect Pandemonium. The enemy gave way, and darkness prevented further pursuit. This ended the battle of Cane Hill.

At this writing I have no idea of the loss of either side, and it would be but guesswork to estimate it. Yet it is evidently much smaller than if the battle had been in an open country. The trees would stop the shot and shell frequently before they reached half-way to the enemy. The firing of the enemy was very wild, as is evident from the marks upon the trees, the balls lodging from four to ten feet over our heads.

The whole force of the enemy have retreated to Van Buren, and will probably cross the river near there, as they have no forage in that vicinity. We have taken their last hope of subsistence in getting possession of the five flouring mills. This is a greater loss to the rebels than a dozen batteries.

BOONEVILLE.

Doc. 35.

RETALIATION OF THE REBELS.

RICHMOND, October 15, 1862.

THE following preamble and resolutions, submitted to the House of Representatives by Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, were adopted on the eleventh instant, by a vote of thirty-five yeas to twenty-two nays.

Three propositions were before the House—one of Mr. Russell, from the Judiciary Committee; another from Mr. Foote, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and a third by Mr. Barksdale, in behalf of a minority of the last-named Committee.

The measure which was adopted recites the atrocities of the Lincoln Government—declares that justice and humanity alike demand that they should be met by retaliatory measures, and that the President will be sustained by the legislative department of the Government in whatever course he may deem it proper to pursue. There was no division of sentiment in the House upon the question or policy of retaliation, and the difference existed only as to the manner:

Whereas, the Northern States, now represented by the Federal Government of the late Union, commenced the present war of invasion to enforce an unfounded and tyrannical claim of dominion over sovereign States which had withdrawn from the Union; and, pretending that these States are in rebellion, have sought to deny to them, from

the beginning of the war, the rights accorded to belligerents by the usages of nations; and, after prosecuting this war, without success, more than a year since this government was recognized by European nations as a belligerent power, have continued, under the same pretext, to inflict upon the good people of these States inhuman injuries in contemptuous disregard of the usages of civilized warfare, exacting from them treasonable oaths and service, and, upon refusal, subjecting unarmed citizens, women and children to banishment, imprisonment, and death; wantonly burning their dwelling houses, ravaging the land, murdering men for pretended or trivial offences; making rapine of private property a systematic object of the war; organizing the abduction of slaves by armies and agents of Government; endeavoring to foment servile insurrection by tampering with slaves, by proclaiming schemes for emancipating them, by passing laws to equalize the races; by protecting slaves in resisting their masters, and by preparing armed bands of negroes to fight in the presence of negro slaves for the subjugation of the white race; permitting outrages on women to be committed by a licentious soldiery, encouraged, in a memorable instance, by the order of a major-general and the acquiescence of his government; attempting, until restrained by a threat of retaliation, to murder privateersmen for engaging in a mode of warfare expressly sanctioned by the Constitution of the United States and the confederate States, and by the laws of nations; refusing, with double inhumanity, to exchange prisoners, until constrained by the long duration and adverse fortune of the war; attempting to ruin our cities by filling up the entrances to their harbors with stone and diverting the ancient channels of great rivers; cutting off our supplies of medicines, needed as well for suffering women, children, and captive enemies, as for the sick of our armies, and perpetrating other atrocities, which would be disgraceful to savages. And, whereas, the said Government of the United States, in the same spirit of barbarous ferocity, has recently enacted a law entitled, "An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes;" and has announced by a proclamation issued by Abraham Lincoln, the President thereof, that, in pursuance of said law, on the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforward and forever free; and has thereby made manifest that the vast war of invasion which it wages with such lawless cruelty is conducted with a view, by judicial murders, banishments, and otherwise, to exterminate the loyal population of these States; to transfer their property to their enemies; to emancipate their slaves; to destroy their labor system; to subvert their institutions, human and divine, upon which it is founded, employing slaves and other negroes for these purposes, with an atrocious design of adding servile insurrection

and the massacre of families to the calamities of war; and, whereas, since the passage of said act executive and military orders have evinced a determined purpose of the enemy to carry out this policy of rapine and extermination with brutal and surprising severity; and whereas, justice and humanity require the government of the confederate States to endeavor to punish and repress the atrocious practices and designs of the enemy by inflicting severe retribution; therefore,

Resolved, by the Congress of the confederate States, that the President will be sustained in resorting to such measures of retaliation as in his judgment may be demanded by the above-recited lawless and barbarous conduct and designs of the enemy.

Doc. 36.

EXPEDITION TO APALACHICOLA, FLA.

A LETTER from Apalachicola, Florida, gives the following particulars of the naval expedition to that place:

An expedition was formed on the morning of the fifteenth of October, to proceed several miles up Apalachicola River, in order to cut out a cotton sloop that was reported ready to run the blockade. The expedition was made up of boats from the United States steam gunboat Sagamore and the United States gunboat Fort Henry. The boats were armed, each having a twelve-pounder boat-howitzer, and rifles for the crew and the officers. Two boats started up the river before break of day, and after rowing four miles they discovered the cotton-sloop in a small bay or inlet on the eastern bank of the river. Before the sloop could be reached by our sailors the rebels at Apalachicola City had gained a knowledge of our intentions, and the result was that shortly after a troop of cavalry came down from an adjoining town to protect the sloop, with her load of cotton.

Our men were obliged to seek a place of greater safety by moving out into the river, and sent a boat down to the Sagamore and Fort Henry for help. Two more boats were sent up the river as soon as possible, also an additional boat from the storeship J. L. Davis, and still another from the United States steamer Somerset—a steamer that had just arrived from Cedar Keys, Fla. As soon as all the boats had collected up the river, two of them were sent to capture the sloop. The rebels were secreted in ambush, and taking deliberate aim, fired upon our advance, wounding three of our men. The fire was immediately returned from the howitzer in the Sagamore's launch, in the direction from which the rebel bullets had come. The canister must have had some effect upon the rebels, for that and the shrapnel were distributed pretty freely into the ambush.

The guerrilla bands here in Florida seem to have adopted the mode of warfare practised by the Indians in these swamps not many years ago.

The rebels were quickly driven from the sloop, which was then unfastened from its moorings and

towed down Apalachicola River, though it was necessarily slow work, as the rebels had scuttled the sloop on leaving her, and now she was slowly filling with water. Before arriving at the mouth of the river it was found necessary to take off about thirty bales of the cotton and tow them or raft them down the river to the gunboats. The rebel company had gone in advance of the sloop and our boats, and had secreted themselves behind an embankment and in the storehouses along the wharves in the city of Apalachicola. The rebels now fired another volley into our boats, slightly wounding several men, but killing none, although our enemies were but a short distance off and fired a number of times. Our howitzers were immediately turned upon our enemies, and whenever one of them was seen attempting to fire from behind a storehouse or fence, a discharge of canister and shrapnel was fired into their midst. A shell was fired which exploded in one of the buildings, blowing the roof from it and setting it on fire. Two or three more shells were fired, which set other buildings on fire, and by this time the rebels, having some killed and several wounded, concluded they were getting the worst of it, and stopped firing into the boats, and went to work extinguishing the conflagration which our exploding shells had enkindled.

Our men finally arrived safely on their respective ships, having captured a sloop with eighty bales of cotton and two prisoners. It was supposed that the rebel ram *Chattahoochee*, which is reported to be ready to come down to demolish the ships on the blockade here, would have appeared the same day. She would have had the advantage if she had attacked our boats when in the river. The *Chattahoochee* is commanded by Ap. Catesby Jones, who was second in command of the *Merrimac* at the time of the fight with the *Monitor* last spring. The crew of this rebel ram also belonged in part to the *Merrimac*. The gunboats are expecting this rebel steamer as soon as there are seven feet of water at the mouth of the river. She is said to have a heavy armament and to be partially iron-clad; but the gunboats *Sagamore* and *Fort Henry* are prepared to meet her. The rebel steamer will have to do some hard fighting when she comes down, and will find it a very difficult matter to run the blockade and get into the port of Nassau, N. P.

The United States steamer *Somerset* reports that they were fired into at Cedar Keys, Florida, and eight of their crew wounded, some of them severely. It seems that a guerrilla band enticed a boat ashore by displaying three white flags from the houses on shore. As soon as the men had landed they were fired upon from the windows of the houses—the flags of truce were flying all the time. The sailors got off in their boats with their wounded, and soon returned with a larger force and burned the town. It is reported that the *Sagamore* will be obliged to go to Key West in a few days. Her officers and crew hope the rebel ram will come down before they are obliged to leave this station. Lieut. Commander Bigelow has been detached from the *Sagamore*, and our

Lieut. Commander (English) has been ordered to the command.

A flag of truce arrived from Apalachicola with a request that our naval surgeons should go up to the town and dress the stumps of some of the rebels who had their limbs blown off by the fragments from our shells. Drs. Stevens, Scofield, and Draper have volunteered their services as an act of kindness to our enemies.

Apalachicola was once the largest commercial town in Florida; but now every thing looks desolate. A small rebel steamer comes down the river from Columbus, Ga., about once a week, and supplies the inhabitants with corn-meal, as this is about the only food they have to keep them from starvation. The rebels in this State have supplied the rebel army in Virginia largely with salt beef, so that the cattle of nearly all the planters have been killed and packed in salt for the government. Large quantities of salt were of course required, and the rebels had erected salt-works all along the bays on the Gulf coast of Florida. The gunboat *Sagamore* demolished thirty-six of these salt-works in St. Andrew's Bay, about a month ago. We have demolished the works here in Apalachicola Bay, and the works at St. Mark's, Cedar Key, and at Tampa, have also been broken up. Should the rebels again fire upon our boats when they approach Apalachicola, it is the determination of our commanders to lay the city in ashes.

Doc. 37.

THE AFFAIR AT HAYMARKET, VA.
MEMPHIS "APPEAL" ACCOUNT.

WE are indebted to a friend for the particulars of a skirmish at the town of Haymarket, Va., in which our cavalry, the Second North-Carolina, two hundred strong, supported by two pieces of artillery, advanced within two miles of Sigel's command, numbering ——— thousands—passed the enemy's outposts near Manassas Junction, pushed to Haymarket, captured thirty prisoners and twelve or fifteen thousand dollars' worth of property, and returned to Warrenton in time to repulse the advance of one thousand five hundred cavalry and one battery of artillery, and that without the loss of a single man killed or wounded.

On Friday morning, seventeenth October, Major C. M. Andrews, commanding seven companies of the Second North-Carolina cavalry, and two pieces of artillery, which have been recently attached to the regiment, left this place for the purpose of reconnoitring in the vicinity of Manassas and Centreville. Having marched without opposition till late in the night, a halt was made when within three miles of Centreville, and the whole command slept on their arms. At three o'clock the next morning a countermarch was ordered, leading *via* Manassas and on to Gainesville. At the latter place information was obtained that a Yankee train of wagons, with a cavalry escort, had passed there during the night, going in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap.

Our cavalry immediately started in pursuit, and

had proceeded not more than a mile when the "blue coats" were discovered at a small village known as Haymarket. Not waiting to ascertain their strength or position, the commanding officer ordered companies D, G, and H to charge upon the town, while he held companies A, B, F, and I, with the artillery, in reserve.

Regardless of the numbers that might oppose them, our boys raised a yell and dashed off at full speed—Capt. Randolph, of company H, leading the column in the most gallant style. After a slight resistance, the enemy commenced a precipitate flight, when the remaining companies were ordered to charge. The work was short and quick—the whole party being "bagged" in a few moments. One lieutenant and twenty-six privates were made prisoners, and three killed; seven wagons, loaded with quartermaster and commissary stores, were taken; also, two contrabands, (runaways,) twenty splendid horses, twenty-four mules, twenty-five sabres, twenty-seven army repeaters, and the same number of breech-loading rifles. Our loss was none killed or wounded.

Having learned that a large force was advancing on our rear from Centreville, we then commenced a forced march for Warrenton, in order to save the spoils, and had been in camp not more than an hour, when a courier arrived, stating that the enemy were advancing upon Warrenton. Posting the different squadrons in the most advantageous positions beyond the town, with two pieces, (twelve-pounders,) under command of Lieut. Betts, drawn up on a hill, to the extreme left, a determined stand was resolved upon. Scarcely had these dispositions been made when a small body of cavalry, supposed to be the advance-guard, was discovered advancing up to the turnpike, about three quarters of a mile distant.

Lieut. Betts was ordered to open on them; and, after several rounds were fired, they concluded to advance no further, but retreated. The cavalry were then ordered to charge, but night coming on they were prevented from following up the retreat to a very great distance. Their force is reported by citizens who saw them, at fifteen hundred cavalry and six pieces of artillery. Their loss in the skirmish beyond the town was one killed and six wounded. Our loss none.

Captain Randolph of company H, also Lieut. Tidwell, of company A, Lieut. Baker, of company D, and Lieut. Betts, of the artillery, conducted themselves most gallantly throughout the whole affair.

Doc. 38.

FIGHT AT WAVERLY, TENN.

MONMOUTH "ATLAS" ACCOUNT.

FORT DONELSON, October 23.

MR. CLARK: The Eighty-third are all together once more. Companies C and H were ordered here, bag and baggage, on Tuesday of last week. The Seventy-first Ohio, or what is left of it—four companies—took our places at Fort Heiman. The same thing might, and should have been done long ago. It would have been done, had

our officers had it in their power. But Colonel Lowe, of the Fifth Iowa cavalry, was in command of these three posts—Donelson, Henry and Heiman, and for some reason—known only to himself—chose to divide us. But he has lately been ordered to Washington; leaving Col. Harding in command here. As soon as he could do so, he got us together. We earnestly hope that we may not again be separated. I like the location much better than that at Fort Heiman.

On our arrival here, we learned that five companies of the Eighty-third, with one field-piece of Flood's battery, had gone out on a scout, in the direction of Waverly, a small town about thirty-five miles south-west from here, where a rebel regiment was said to be encamped. The place is called by the rebels "secesh heaven," from the fact that no Union soldiers have ever been there. But, if reports are true, our boys made them think it was nearly—something else. On Thursday afternoon three runners came back, and reported that we were hotly engaged with the enemy a few miles from Waverly; but could give no particulars, more than that we had lost one man killed and several wounded. All was excitement in camp. All kinds of rumors were afloat; some saying that our boys had been surrounded by the rebels, and all killed and captured.

The long roll was beaten, and we were called into line of battle. Orders were given for us to repair to our quarters and remain there, ready to turn out at a moment's warning, and to sleep on our arms at night. About eight o'clock two messengers arrived with despatches to the effect that we had had a fight, scattered them, captured several prisoners, and were retreating back. It was thought best not to follow them up, with the force they had, as it was said there was a strong rebel force encamped about ten miles beyond. As soon as this report came in, a few, who happened to be at headquarters, heard it, and gave a shout. All made a rush to hear the news, knowing that some good news had come. As soon as the facts were made known to us, oh! what long and loud cheers were given for the Eighty-third. I don't think as many of us slept on our arms that night, as would, had we not heard the true state of things. We also learned from these messengers, that the men that came in in the afternoon, had thrown away their guns, etc., and run at the first fire. What will be done with them, I do not know; but they certainly should be punished.

On Friday morning, four companies more were ordered out, with five days' rations. The cause of which I could not learn; for they, with the five first sent out, all returned in the afternoon. The victors brought in eleven prisoners, taken in the fight. One or two of them are said to have been taken in the fight at this place in February last, and but lately exchanged.

George Cox, company A, of Ellison, was shot through the heart, and died instantly. Dick Wagstaff, company A, was slightly wounded. A spent ball struck a leather strap across his breast, slightly bruising, but not breaking, the

skin. A buckshot passed through the side of his knee, and another lodged in the butt of his gun at the same time. Two in company E were slightly wounded — one through the thigh, the other getting a bullet-hole through his ear.

All but the few who ran at the first fire, are said to have acted nobly, and fought bravely while they had a chance. Great praise is given to Major Brott, who was in command, for his coolness and bravery. Adjutant Casey is said to have showed coolness and good judgment in the fight. Dan. Eilenberger, who had lately been removed from the position of wagon-master, and put into the ranks, for some imaginary misconduct, when our teams had got into a close place and were about to be captured, rushed forward, took charge of them, and drove them to a place of safety. He has since been reinstated, which speaks well for his conduct on that occasion.

Doc. 39.

COLONEL LEE'S RECONNOISSANCE.

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

SOUTH OF GRAND JUNCTION, Monday, November 10, 1862.

I WRITE in great haste to give you an account of the reconnoissance just completed, to Coldwater, Miss. On the eighth instant, Gen. Grant ordered a strong force upon this errand, consisting of part of the cavalry division and two divisions of infantry and artillery. The cavalry, about one thousand five hundred strong, was under command of Col. Lee, of the Seventh Kansas, who now leads the division during Colonel Mizner's absence, and the infantry, numbering some ten thousand, was commanded by Major-General McPherson, and Brig.-Generals Quimby and Sullivan. The object of the expedition was, of course, to harry and observe the enemy; but the directions were positive not to bring on a general engagement.

Colonel Lee started on the advance from this point at seven o'clock on the eighth, and soon drove in the enemy's pickets just this side of Lamar, a little village which lies about twelve miles south of La Grange. Three miles further on we encountered a force of rebel cavalry, perhaps five hundred strong, whom, after a short skirmish, we scattered and drove into the hills. Rushing on about three miles more, down the same main road, we learned that the enemy's cavalry and artillery were hurrying up past us on a parallel road lying to the west, in such a way as to throw themselves in our rear, and between us and our infantry support. Col. Lee immediately divided his column, ordering Col Hatch to keep on down toward Hudsonville, while he himself, with about seven hundred troopers, turned back and across to attack the hostile column on the flank. He hurried through the woods by a blind by-road, and fairly surprised the enemy. They were three regiments of rebel cavalry, and numbered about one thousand seven hundred; but our approach was masked by a grove, and we had the vast advantage of a sudden, sharp, and stunning

attack. While they were filing through a long lane, the Kansas boys, shouting like devils, rushed right up to the fence on one side, and poured in a torrent of lead from their revolving rifles and navy pistols. Volleys of buckshot were returned — indeed, a horse was shot within a few feet of the Colonel—but in a few moments the rebels broke and fled, and we pursued them till their retreat became a rout. They left sixteen dead, and we captured one hundred and seventy-five prisoners, one hundred horses, and a stack of shot-guns. Among the prisoners were nine commissioned officers. The enemy had with them two field-pieces, and not a shot was fired from them. With all the agility of the most flying artillery, they were whisked away in the retreat.

We then hastened back to the road whence we had thus been diverted, and advanced to Hudsonville about nine p.m., when we came up with Col. Hatch, who had finished a considerable skirmish, and captured thirty-five prisoners. Falling back a mile, we camped for the night, and next morning, with three hundred men, dismounted, we crossed the Coldwater, and soon found the enemy drawn up in line of battle, on a range of hills, and apparently about ten thousand strong. As they very rudely opened upon us a fire of canister and shell, we concluded to retire.

And so ended what seemed to me one of the most dashing and successful reconnoissances of the war—especially if you remember that it was mainly achieved by our cavalry division, our infantry force remaining near Lamar. The information we obtained may be briefly summed up. On November second, Gen. Mansfield Lovell, in command at Coldwater, fell back through Holly Springs. Gen. Pemberton coming up from the capital of Mississippi, on the fifth, stopped him, and ordered that Coldwater should be again occupied. Since then Lovell has been there with his division; and also Tilghman, with a division composed chiefly of exchanged prisoners from Island No. Ten and Donelson. Attached to this force are six four-gun batteries. Price lay with twelve thousand men seven miles below Holly Springs, on the Salem road, while twenty-two miles further south, at Abbeysville, were some thirteen thousand militia, or conscripts. This constitutes all the rebel force in this vicinity at the date of this letter, though others may be crossing at Vicksburgh, thanks to those who permit crossing to be done at that point.

Three weeks ago Gen. Armstrong left Holly Springs with seven thousand men on his way to Port Hudson, a point above Baton Rouge, which is being strongly fortified. He has since resigned. Van Dorn is now at Holly Springs under arrest, and is succeeded, as you know, by Pemberton.

Doc. 40.

SKIRMISH AT SOUTH-FORK, VIRGINIA.

HEADQUARTERS, CINCINNATI, NOV. 12, 1862.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:
GENERAL KELLEY, on the tenth, attacked Im-

boden's camp, eighteen miles south of Moorefield, Hardy County, Virginia, routing him completely, killing and wounding many, and capturing his camps, fifty prisoners, a quantity of arms, and a large number of horses, cattle, hogs, wagons, etc. The enemy was entirely dispersed, and fled to the mountains.

H. G. WRIGHT,
Major-General Commanding.

DESPATCH FROM GENERAL KELLEY.

MOOREFIELD, HARDY COUNTY, NOV. 10, 1862.

To Governor Pierpont :

I left New-Creek on Saturday morning, the eighth instant, and after a continuous march of twenty-four hours, a distance of about sixty miles, reached Imboden's camp on the South-Fork, eighteen miles south of this place, at half-past six o'clock yesterday morning.

We attacked him at once and routed him completely, killing and wounding many of the enemy; also capturing his camp, fifty prisoners, a quantity of arms, three hundred and fifty fat hogs, a large number of horses, cattle, wagons, etc. The infantry were routed and entirely dispirited, fleeing to the mountains. Their cavalry were, unfortunately for us, away on an expedition, or our success would have been complete. We burnt their camp and returned to this place this evening.

I had with me a detachment of the First New-York cavalry, under the command of Colonel McReynolds, the Ringgold cavalry, under the command of Captain Keys, the Washington cavalry, commanded by Captain Greenfield, Rourk's battery, and three companies of the Twenty-third Illinois infantry, under the command of Major Moore.

The infantry companies were carried in wagons. My troops cannot be surpassed for patient endurance on the march or for gallant bearing when in action. Our attack was so unexpected and impetuous that our loss is trifling, three or four men slightly and one severely wounded; none killed.

B. F. KELLEY,
Brigadier-General.

Doc. 41.

GENERAL BUTLER'S ORDER,

ENFORCING THE CONFISCATION ACT.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
NEW-ORLEANS, November 9, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER No. 91.

THE Commanding General being informed, and believing, that the district west of the Mississippi River, lately taken possession of by the United States troops, is most largely occupied by persons disloyal to the United States, and whose property has become liable to confiscation under the acts of Congress and the proclamation of the President, and that sales and transfers of said property are being made for the purpose of depriving the Government of the same, has determined, in order to secure the rights of all persons as well as those of the Government, and for the purpose of enabling the crops now growing

to be taken care of and secured, and the unemployed laborers to be set at work and provision made for payment for their labor :

To order, as follows :

1. That all the property within the district to be known as the "District of Lafourche," be and hereby is sequestered, and all sales or transfers thereof are forbidden, and will be held invalid.

2. The district of Lafourche will comprise all the territory in the State of Louisiana lying west of the Mississippi River, except the parishes of Plaquemines and Jefferson.

3. That

Major Jos. M. Bell, Provost-Judge, President,
Lieut.-Col. J. B. Kinsman, A.D.C.,

Capt. Fuller, (Seventy-fifth New-York volunteers,) Provost-Marshal of the district, be a commission to take possession of the property in said district, to make an accurate inventory of the same, and to gather up and collect all such personal property, and to turn over to the proper officers, upon their receipts, such of said property as may be required for the use of the United States army, to collect together all the other personal property, and to bring the same to New-Orleans, and cause it to be sold at public auction to the highest bidders, and after deducting the necessary expenses of care, collection, and transportation, to hold the proceeds thereof subject to the just claims of loyal citizens and those neutral foreigners who, in good faith, shall appear to be the owners of the same.

4. Every loyal citizen or neutral foreigner who shall be found in actual possession and ownership of any property in said district, not having acquired the same by any title since the eighteenth day of September last, may have his property returned or delivered to him without sale, upon establishing his condition to the judgment of the commission.

5. All sales made by any person not a loyal citizen or foreign neutral, since the eighteenth day of September, shall be held void, and all sales whatever, made with the intent to deprive the Government of its rights of confiscation, will be held void, at what time soever made.

6. The commission is authorized to employ in working the plantation of any person who has remained quietly at his home, whether he be loyal or disloyal, the negroes who may be found in said district, or who have, or may hereafter claim the protection of the United States, upon the terms set forth in a memorandum of a contract heretofore offered to the planters of the parishes of Plaquemines and St. Bernard, or white labor may be employed at the election of the commission.

7. The commissioners will cause to be purchased such supplies as may be necessary, and convey them to such convenient dépôts as to supply the planters in the making of the crop, which supplies will be charged against the crop manufactured, and shall constitute a lien thereon.

8. The commissioners are authorized to work for the account of the United States such plantations as are deserted by their owners, or are held

by disloyal owners, as may seem to them expedient, for the purpose of saving the crops.

9. Any persons who have not actually been in arms against the United States since the occupation of New-Orleans by its forces, and who shall remain peaceably upon their plantations, affording no aid or comfort to the enemies of the United States, and who shall return to their allegiance, and who shall, by all reasonable methods, aid the United States when called upon, may be empowered by the commission to work their own plantations, make their own crop, and to retain possession of their own property, except such as is necessary for the military uses of the United States. And to all such persons the commission are authorized to furnish means of transportation for their crops and supplies, at just and equitable prices.

10. The commissioners are empowered and authorized to hear, determine, and definitely report upon all questions of the loyalty, disloyalty, or neutrality of the various claimants of property within said district; and further, to report such persons as in their judgment ought to be recommended by the Commanding General to the President for amnesty and pardon, so that they may have their property returned; to the end that all persons that are loyal may suffer as little injury as possible, and that all persons who have been heretofore disloyal, may have opportunity now to prove their loyalty and to return to their allegiance, and save their property from confiscation, if such shall be the determination of the Government of the United States. By command of

Major-General BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG,

A. A. General, Chief of Staff.

Doc. 42.

GENERAL FOSTER'S EXPEDITION

THROUGH EASTERN NORTH-CAROLINA.

GENERAL FOSTER'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-
CAROLINA, NEWBERN, NOV. 12, 1862. }

Major-Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief, U.S.A. :

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, agreeable to my letter of the thirtieth ultimo, informing you of my intention to make an expedition through the eastern counties of this State, and stating the object of the move, I left this post on the thirty-first ultimo, and have just arrived here on my return.

I am happy to inform you that although the original plan for the capture of the three regiments foraging in that section was, owing to the condition of the roads, frustrated, the expedition will be of great service to our cause in this department.

The First brigade, under command of Colonel T. J. C. Amory, together with the artillery, cavalry and wagon-train, were marched from this point across the country to Washington; the balance of my forces, including the Second brigade, Colonel Stevenson, and the Third brigade,

Colonel Lee, were embarked on transports, and landed at Washington, where they were joined by Colonel Amory's command on Saturday evening, the second instant.

On Sunday, the third, all the forces, including artillery, left Washington, under my command, for Williamston. On the evening of the same day we encountered the enemy, posted in a strong position at a small creek called Little Creek. I immediately ordered Col. Stevenson, commanding the Second brigade, who was then in the advance, to make all haste in driving them from the opposite side of the creek, and push on at once. The engagement lasted one hour, when the enemy being driven from their rifle-pits by the effective fire of Belger's Rhode Island battery, retired to Rawls's Mills, one mile further on, where they made another stand in a recently constructed field-work. Belger's battery and two batteries of the Third New-York artillery, were immediately ordered into position, and after a spirited engagement of half an hour, succeeded in driving the enemy from their works, and across a bridge, which they burned. That night, while the pioneers built the burnt bridge, the forces bivouacked on the field, and proceeded next morning to Williamston, where we arrived about noon. We started from there after a short rest, in pursuit of the enemy, bivouacking about five miles from that place. On the following day we reached and occupied the fortifications at Rainbow Banks, three miles below Hamilton, and then pushed on to Hamilton. There we expected to find some iron-clad boats said to be in the process of construction at Hamilton, but discovered nothing of the kind. On the sixth, we left Hamilton, in pursuit of the enemy toward Tarboro, and encamped on the same night within ten miles of that place. It was my intention to pursue the enemy toward Tarboro, but the exhausted condition of my men, most of whom had been sick during the last two months and had not yet recovered their strength, and the provisions being entirely exhausted, so that I had to subsist the command by foraging, as well as the fact that the enemy were being largely reënforced by rail, changed my plans, and on the following morning, the seventh instant, I countermarched the column, making Hamilton the same night, where we remained till the next morning, when we marched for Williamston in the midst of a severe snow-storm. At Williamston we remained a day, in order to give the men an opportunity to rest. At daylight the next day, the tenth instant, we started for Plymouth, where we arrived that night. The following day the troops were all reëmbarked at Newbern.

During the engagement at Rawls's Mills and at Hamilton, we captured five prisoners, who were paroled at Williamston. The loss on our side consisted in six killed and eight wounded.

The expedition was instrumental in saving the town and forces at Plymouth from destruction and capture, as I found upon my arrival at the place that the enemy's forces, while lying in the vicinity, besides being engaged in foraging, had

reconstructed a bridge over the creek, three miles outside the town, for the transportation of their artillery to the opposite bank. I also learned, from information gathered on the spot, that an immediate attack was to have been made on the place; but upon hearing of my advance from Washington, and seeing the danger of their capture, they beat a precipitate and hasty retreat.

The navy under command of Com. Davenport, senior officer, coöperated heartily with me during the whole time, by sending five gunboats to Hamilton, and their placing four boat-howitzers, with their crews, at my disposal.

I desire to mention particularly the efficient conduct of Colonel Stevenson, commanding the Second brigade, and Colonel Potter, of the First North-Carolina Union volunteers.

I recommend that Colonel Stevenson, for his efficient services on this march, and in the affair at Little Creek and Rawls's Mills, as well as previous services at the battles of Roanoke and Newbern, be promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, to date from November third, 1862. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

J. G. FOSTER,

Major-General Commanding.

BOSTON "TRANSCRIPT" ACCOUNT.

CAMP OF THE FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, }
NEWBERN, N. C., Nov. 13, 1862. }

The Fifth Massachusetts regiment, since it left Boston on the twenty second of October, has endured a greater share of the hardships of war than usually falls to the lot of new regiments. During the brief time which it has been absent from Massachusetts, it has sailed over one thousand miles in crowded transports, marched one hundred and seven miles over wretched roads and in all varieties of weather, from burning heat to extreme cold and snow, camping without tents for more than a week; has five times taken three days' rations in their haversacks, and has smelt the smoke of battle, though not brought immediately under the enemy's fire.

The regiment had been but two days in camp here, and was still subsisting on the rations served out on board the steamer Mississippi, when orders were received from Major-General Foster to prepare to depart immediately upon an important expedition. Many of the necessary equipments had not yet been distributed to the men, nor had the arrangements for cooking been perfected; but within twelve hours from the time of receiving the order, guns, ammunition, and three days' rations had been supplied to the troops, and they were ready to leave camp at four o'clock on the morning of Thursday, October thirtieth. Twenty-five men of each company were detailed to remain at Newbern as a camp-guard.

On reaching the wharf where we were to embark, it became evident that the expedition was one of considerable magnitude, and that about six thousand troops of all arms were to take part in it, the greater part of whom were of Massachusetts regiments. The Forty-fourth and Seven-

teenth Massachusetts regiments, the Third New-York cavalry and twenty-three pieces of artillery, had already left by land for Washington, N. C. and two gunboats and seven transports were waiting to take the balance of the expedition to the same place. The troops taken by the fleet were the Fifth Massachusetts, five companies of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, eight of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, six of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, eight of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, Fifth Rhode Island, eight companies of the Twenty-fifth New-Jersey, and the Tenth Connecticut.

The fleet sailed at nine o'clock on the morning of the thirtieth October, and passing down the river Neuse into Pamlico Sound, arrived at Washington, at the entrance of Tar River, on the afternoon of the thirty-first, after a pleasant passage. Here a marine battery of four pieces were added to the artillery force.

The departure of the army from Washington was delayed twenty-four hours by the non-arrival of the force marching overland, and it was not until the morning of November second that the whole expedition set out for the interior, in three brigades, under Colonels Amory, Stevenson and Lee. The Fifth Massachusetts was in Col. Lee's brigade, the Forty-fourth was in that of Colonel Stevenson. The Twenty-third Massachusetts was commanded by Major Chambers. Major-General Foster commanded the expedition in person.

The column took up the march toward Williamston, twenty-five miles distant, Gen. Stevenson's brigade at the head, and the New-York cavalry thrown out in advance. Skirmishers were sent out to the right and left, as the army proceeded. When nine miles from Washington a small rebel camp was found, from which the enemy had hastily fled, after burning such of their equipments as they could not conveniently take with them.

Our route lay through a level country, the soil sandy, intermixed with a light loam, extremely difficult to march on. An unbroken forest of pines, seeming almost interminable, lay on either side. In some places the road was covered with water a foot deep, for a great distance. The day was extremely warm, and our progress was necessarily slow, many of the troops, both of the old and new regiments, falling out of the ranks from exhaustion.

At four P.M., when within six miles of Williamston, cannonading and musket-firing was heard in the advance, and it was soon ascertained that a body of seven hundred rebels, with two artillery pieces, had made a stand in a very commanding position on the opposite bank of a small creek, at a place called Old Ford. The marine battery and the New-York battery opened upon them, and the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, supported by the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, charged across the stream, and the rebel position was speedily carried, the marine battery losing one man killed, James King, of Chicago; and the Forty-fourth Massachusetts two men, Charles Morse and — Rollins. The rebel loss could

not be ascertained, as they removed all the bodies of their dead except one.

The rebels retreated to rifle-pits at Rawls's Mills, one mile distant, from which they were speedily driven out—our troops losing but one man, Thomas Peterson, of the Twenty-fourth—when the main body of our army crossed the stream on a foot-bridge, constructed for the purpose, and encamped for the night in a corn-field, near the deserted rifle-pits, without tents (having brought none with them) at two o'clock on the morning of the third, after a march of twenty miles and a tedious service of twenty-two hours.

The army resumed its march after five hours' rest, the weather being extremely hot and trying to the troops. The country through which we passed was more undulating and diversified than on the first day, and large fields of cotton, corn, and sweet potatoes were seen along the route. Our brigade, composed of the Fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and the Ninth New-Jersey, led the advance. A fight was expected at Williamston, but when the army approached the town it was found to be evacuated by the rebel forces and deserted by most of its inhabitants. Five Federal gunboats were lying in front of the town, ready to cooperate with the army in the reduction of a strong rebel fort at Rainbow Bluff, on the Roanoke River, near Hamilton, twelve miles farther on. Guards were stationed at the tenanted houses, and our troops were quartered in the deserted dwellings for rest and refreshment.

Resuming its march in the afternoon, our army encamped for the night in a field five miles beyond Williamston, and on moving again on the morning of the fourth, proceeded without opposition to within two miles of Hamilton, when it was obliged to halt two hours to repair a bridge destroyed by the retreating foe. This being done, the army entered Hamilton, finding the town almost entirely deserted, the rebels having evacuated it and removed their cannon from the fort at Rainbow Bluff. Our army camped in the rear of the town, and foragers were sent into the place to procure supplies. Some of the troops, in violation of the orders of General Foster, wantonly destroyed property which they could not use or carry away, and many of the deserted houses were set on fire and destroyed, presenting a sad spectacle of the ravages of war, as our army marched out of the town during the evening, its way lighted by the glare of the conflagration. This destruction of property would not have occurred had the inhabitants remained, for no occupied houses were damaged; but the fears of the citizens were aroused by the retreating rebels, who, as they passed through the town, reported that our army would shell it, and thus induced the unfortunate people to leave it, taking their valuable movable goods, and leaving their dwellings exposed to the torches of soldiers who treat as rebels all those who will not remain in their homes and accept Federal protection.

Three miles beyond Hamilton our army encamped on a large plantation owned by a rebel, where an abundance of pigs, poultry, corn and

sweet potatoes was found for the subsistence of the troops and horses. Here the whole encampment could be taken in at one view, and the scene at night, when more than one hundred camp-fires were lighted, over an area of several hundred acres, was brilliantly grand.

The next day, November fifth, our advanced guard came up with the enemy's cavalry, when within seven miles of Tarboro, and a small force of cavalry and infantry were stationed for the purpose of deceiving the enemy, while the main body of our troops, taking another and more circuitous route, marched within four miles of Tarboro, with the view of capturing three rebel regiments known to have been stationed there, and of cutting the important railroad connections, at that place. But our delay at Washington had given the enemy time to concentrate his troops, and the whistles of reënforcing rebel trains were heard through the night, while our scouts came in on the morning of the sixth and reported the confederates fifteen thousand to twenty thousand strong at Tarboro. They had skirmished with the enemy's advanced guard during the night, and lost one man of the New-York cavalry.

Under these circumstances, and in view of the effect of an impending rain-storm on the roads, our army commenced retiring toward Hamilton, which we reached at five P.M. on the sixth, after a laborious march of fifteen miles, through almost constant rain, and over roads in a condition utterly inconceivable to those unacquainted with the wretchedness of Southern thoroughfares in rainy weather. For a great part of the distance the road had the appearance of an immense mortar-bed, through which our troops waded, sometimes knee-deep, and the artillery and cavalry horses wallowed and floundered as in a sea. Sometimes the mud had the adhesiveness of wax, and acted on our boots with the effect of a bootjack.

After a night's rest and abundant meals from the supplies brought in by our foragers, we resumed our march on the morning of the seventh, amid snow and sleet, over roads yet unsettled, toward Williamston, thirteen miles distant, which we reached at four P.M., quartering as before in the deserted houses, and remaining till the morning of the ninth for much needed rest. While remaining at Williamston our troops cut down the whipping-post, and burned the jail, in which over thirty Union prisoners had been confined until the arrival of our troops, when they were tied to the rear of baggage-wagons, and compelled to follow the retreating rebels.

On the ninth we marched eighteen miles from Williamston to within four miles of Plymouth, on the Roanoke River, at the head of Albemarle Sound. On the tenth our camp was moved to within one mile of Plymouth, and on the eleventh the troops commenced embarking for Newbern, *via* Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds and the river Neuse, arriving at this place late last evening.

The results of the expedition are the opening of the Roanoke River for gunboats beyond Hamilton; an important diversion in favor of other Federal projects, by compelling the enemy to

concentrate troops at Tarboro; the capture of several prisoners, a large number of horses and supplies; and the release from bondage of several hundred slaves, whose masters ran away from them at our approach, leaving the dusky contrabands to welcome us with fervent gratitude, and to join us at our departure.

Too much praise cannot be given to the new troops who courageously endured the tedious marches of the expedition, through sultry heats as well as cold and sleet, camping under inclement skies without shelter, and bravely undergoing all the hardships of forced marches and short rations. Old troops, who have served through this and former wars, declare that they have never before had so rough and tedious a campaign, and you will not be surprised to learn that the army reached Plymouth on its return with greatly diminished numbers. As a specimen of the whole, (for new and old regiments suffered nearly alike,) I will cite the Fifth Massachusetts regiment, which left Newbern with seven hundred and sixty-eight men, and after leaving fifty in garrison at Washington, returned to Plymouth with less than four hundred and seventy-five men.

The Forty-fourth Massachusetts was called to endure even more than the Fifth, they having marched from Newbern to Washington while our regiment was proceeding to the same destination by water. Two companies of the Forty-fourth were also engaged in the night scouting and skirmishing near Tarboro. The regiment acquitted itself creditably in the actions at Old Ford and Rawls's Mills.

The troops who fell out on the march were left on board the gunboats at Williamston and Hamilton. Two deaths from exhaustion occurred on board the boats, but I have not been able to learn the names of the deceased. Surgeon Ingalls and Assistant-Surgeon Hoyt, of the Fifth, were untiring in their exertions to promote the comfort of the troops, and have won the grateful esteem of the men by their kind attentions during the long march.

The expedition was a bold movement on the part of Gen. Foster, and will convince the enemy that they have a foe in this quarter who is not disposed to remain inactive while they are carrying out their plans, and that it will not be safe for them to send their forces north if they desire to retain their hold on North-Carolina.

PRESCOTT.

Doc. 43.

EXPEDITION TO GREENBRIAR, VA.

CAPTAIN GILMORE'S REPORT.

CAMP SOMERVILLE, VA., November 12, 1862.

Brigadier-General Crook, Commanding Kanawha Division:

SIR: I herewith submit a report of my expedition into Greenbriar County.

On the ninth instant, proceeding agreeably to orders, I bivouacked three miles beyond Gauley River; on the morning I marched all day with-

out interruption, but learned that Gen. Jenkins with two thousand five hundred men, in addition to Col. Dunn's force, occupied the country before me, stationed as follows: Col. Dunn's command between Lewisburgh and Frankfort; the Fourteenth regular Virginia cavalry at Williamsburgh; one regiment cavalry at Meadow Bluffs, pasturing horses, with a battalion of four hundred cavalry on the wilderness road as guard; a small force at White Sulphur, and Gen. Jenkins with the remainder of his command on Muddy Creek, eight miles from Lewisburgh.

I, however, pushed forward until within three miles of Williamsburgh, where I came upon a wagon train belonging to General Jenkins's command. They were encamped for the night, intending to load with wheat the following day. I surrounded and captured the whole, consisting of prisoners and property as follows: Nine prisoners, namely, J. L. Evans, captain and acting assistant commissary; Wm. L. Evans, wagon-master; two wagoners, (enlisted men;) three wagoners, (citizens;) two negro wagoners, and two citizens who were pressed and interested with the grain.

The property taken was as follows: Seven wagons, twenty-three horses, four mules, and twenty-four set of harness. After setting fire to and destroying the wagons and the grain, with the building it was stored in, I set out on my return, meeting Capt. Smith with his command on Cherry River, ten miles from Gauley River ford.

I arrived in this camp with the above prisoners and property at five o'clock P.M. on the eleventh instant. I found the roads very bad, impassable for wagons. Grain was very scarce; could procure but two feeds for my horse while I was gone. The grain destroyed was about two hundred and fifty-six bushels of wheat.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
G. W. GILMORE,
Captain Commanding Kanawha Division.

P.S.—One of the citizens taken, Thomas C. McClintock, has heretofore taken the oath, and is the man who bought up the wheat. G. W. G.

Doc. 44.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR BROWN.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 13, 1862.

To the General Assembly:

I COMMUNICATE herewith a copy of a letter received on yesterday, from Col. Henry H. Floyd, commanding the militia of Camden County, informing me that on the fourth day of this month three companies of negroes were landed in St. Mary's, who, after insulting the few ladies remaining there, and taking every thing they could lay their hands upon, retired to their gunboats without the slightest molestation. On the same day, all the salt-works in the county were destroyed, except two, which, by this time, have capacity to turn out twenty-five or thirty bushels per day. Unless protection is afforded, these

must soon share the same fate. The people on the coast possess large numbers of cattle, hogs, and other stock. The enemy leave their gunboats, kill and carry off stock without opposition. The colonel asks for an order to call out the militia for three to six months, and says he can muster about thirty or forty.

Adjoining counties upon the coast could add to the number enough to make a considerable force, who are well acquainted with all the localities, and could, on that account, act more effectively against the enemy than the like number of men taken from any other part of the State. It cannot be denied that the State owes it to her citizens, so long as she claims their allegiance, to afford them all the protection in her power.

The Constitution of this State having invested me for the time with the chief command of her militia, I should, under ordinary circumstances, have had no hesitation in issuing an order calling out the whole militia of the county, and of the adjoining counties if necessary, to protect our citizens, and especially the women, against the outrages of invasion, robbery, and insult by negroes.

Under the acts of the confederate Congress and the late decision of our Supreme Court, the authority to command the militia of the State, even for the protection of our mothers and wives, our sisters and daughters, against the brutality of our own slaves in a state of insurrection, seems to be denied to the Governor; as each man composing the militia of the State, except the officers, is declared to be subject to the command of the President without the consent of the Executive of the State. It follows, therefore, that if the Governor should order out the militia in this pressing emergency, which admits of no delay, to protect those citizens of Georgia to whom no protection is afforded by the Confederacy, the President may countermand the order, and compel each person so called out to leave the State and go to the utmost part of the Confederacy, to protect those who are not citizens of this State. The State has reserved to herself the right under the Constitution to "engage in war" when "actually invaded," and to "keep troops" while she is invaded. That authority which has the right to take from her this power, without which no State can exist, has the power to destroy her.

I believe it is admitted, however, by high authority in this State, that the creature has no power to destroy the creator, the child no power to destroy the parent, and the parent no right to commit suicide. If this be true, the confederate government, which is admitted to be the creature of the States, can certainly have no power to deny to the States, which are the creators, the use of their own militia to protect their own inhabitants against the invasions of the enemy, and the unbridled, savage cruelty of their slaves, in actual insurrection; nor can that government, as the child, destroy the parent by paralyzing her right arm when raised to ward off a blow struck at her very vitals; nor, indeed, can the parent, which is the State, commit suicide by surrender-

ing the command of her entire militia when she is invaded, and her people are left without other sufficient protection, nor by removing her obligation to protect her citizens, and thereby forfeiting their allegiance.

Placed as I am in this embarrassing condition, when helpless innocence calls upon this State for protection, and when the Constitution of this State and the confederate States seem to point clearly to the path of duty upon the one hand, but when the acts of Congress and the decision of our own Supreme Court, rendered under heavy outside pressure, and, if not *ex parte*, under the most peculiar circumstances; when the counsel on both sides, who had brought the case before the Court, agreed that in their individual opinions the decision should be as it was made, I deem it my duty to submit the question to the General Assembly, who, as a coördinate branch of the government, represent the sovereign people of the State, and to ask your advice and direction in the premises.

If you should hold that the Governor no longer has the right to command the militia of the State for the protection of her people, it only remains for me to inform the people of Camden and the ladies of St. Mary's that, while the State collects taxes and requires them to bear other public burdens, she withdraws her protection from them, and leaves them to the mercy of negro invaders, who may insult and plunder them at pleasure. Should you hold, on the contrary, that the Governor still has the command of the militia of the State, and that she has the right to use her own militia for the protection of our homes, I shall not hesitate to call them forth and so hold them in service as long as the coast is invaded and our people are subject to the insult, robbery, and merciless cruelty of the enemy.

JOSEPH E. BROWN.

Mr. King offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Governor be, and he is hereby authorized to call out such parts of the militia as he may think necessary to protect the citizens of Camden County, and other counties on the coast similarly exposed, against the invasion being made by companies of negroes, sent by the abolitionists to make raids upon our citizens, and to continue them in service as long as the emergency may require.

Doc. 45.

FIGHT NEAR FAYETTEVILLE, VA.

NEW-YORK "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

ON THE FRONT, NEAR WARRENTON JUNCTION, }
November 16, 1862. }

ONWARD is still the order of the day, we having, as our part of the great movement now going forward, come to this place to-day, from our last night's camp near Fayetteville. (In speaking of "we" and "our," I refer to the movements of the Ninth army corps, under General Wilcox, to which I am, *pro tem.*, attached.)

An attack of the enemy upon the baggage-train of the First and Second brigades (Generals Naglee and Ferrero) of Sturgis's division, yesterday forenoon, which resulted in the death of Lieutenant Howard McIlvain, of Durell's battery, and which came very near resulting in the destruction or capture of a portion of the train, has been already partially described to you by another correspondent. Being personally in the midst of the engagement, from its commencement to its close, I have waited till now to gather together all the particulars of a rather warm skirmish, which at one time threatened to become a really serious affair.

The First and Second brigades broke camp at about seven o'clock A.M. yesterday, to move from the camp at White Sulphur Springs to the neighborhood of Fayetteville, then and still occupied by General Doubleday, of Franklin's corps. There was a choice of two roads, one of which led back from the Rappahannock, and was therefore safe from the shot and shell of the enemy, while the other — the most direct route and considerably more convenient for the transportation of the wagon-trains — passed the Spring and the ruined hotel mentioned in my last letter, and, approaching the river, turned to the left at a sharp angle in plain view of, and but a trifling distance from the large mansion upon a hillside on the other bank of the stream, now rendered somewhat famous as the scene of the capture of Lieutenant-Colonel Carruth and Adjutant Wales, of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts regiment, an account of which I have already sent you.

The road as it approaches the river exposes a column of troops or trains of wagons passing over it to a dangerous enfilading fire from the hill, where the house is situated, and after the turn is made, troops and trains moving away to the left, are in range from the hill for some distance, till they are finally protected by hills, rising upon either side of the river, behind which the road winds.

The two brigades had been for some time in motion, and a portion of the train, under charge of Captain Plato, Division Quartermaster, had passed the dangerous turn in the road, when our cavalry were seen skirmishing with the rebels in the neighborhood of the house on the opposite hill.

Finally, our cavalry seeing the departure of the troops, formed in a solid square, and retired toward the river at the point where the ruins of the bridge crossing the stream was guarded by the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts regiment.

At the same moment the rebel cavalry emerged from the wood in the rear of the house, formed in a hollow square, protecting two pieces of artillery, which were planted by the house. A moment more, and a twenty-pound rifled shell from a Parrott gun came whizzing along over the line of wagons approaching the river, exploding in unpleasant proximity to the train.

Captain Durell, battery A, One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania artillery, immediately took up position, and opened as soon as possible, be-

ing assisted toward the close of the engagement by two or more guns of Captain Romer's battery, L, Second New-York artillery.

The rebels now got five guns in position, three of them being twenty-pound Parrotts, and a hail of shot and shell flew over the heads of the train, the troops having got beyond range.

Captain Plato, seeing the danger to which his wagons were exposed, many of them containing ammunition, turned back that portion which had not reached the turn, and they moved to their destination over the more difficult but less dangerous road.

Captain Durell's battery, occupying an exceedingly exposed position, withstood for something like an hour the fire from the heavy twenty-pound guns. Early in the fight Lieutenant Howard Mellvain was struck by a shell, which carried away his arm, side, thigh, and his hip, laying open his entrails, and causing one of the most fearful wounds ever recorded.

The brave and unfortunate young man lay in most horrible agony, raving from pain a great portion of the time, from the moment of receiving his wound till eight o'clock this morning, when he was relieved from his sufferings by death. He said to a friend, as he lay writhing in agony, that he was not afraid to die; he only wished that death might come soon to rid him of the dreadful pain he suffered.

The deceased was from Reading, Pennsylvania, and had been in service since the opening of the war, having served with Captain Durell in the three months' volunteers. In September, 1861, the present Durell's battery was sworn into the service of the United States, and has since been constantly employed. All who have come in contact with Lieutenant McIlvain pronounce him a young man of remarkable promise and most excellent qualities, social and otherwise, and one who would have made a noteworthy mark in the world had he been spared. He is universally lamented in this corps, with which he had been connected since the eleventh of last August, and Captain Durell mourns in him his best and most trustworthy officer, which is saying nothing derogatory to the other brave men in his command.

While Captain Plato—to return to the attack—was turning back that portion of his train which had not yet reached the turn in the road, he observed a squadron of our cavalry crossing the river in retreat, leaving the bridge to be defended only by the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts regiment, in case of an attempt on the part of the enemy to cross and attack us in the rear. He immediately rode up to the officer in command and ordered him back. "By whose authority?" inquired the officer. "By authority of General Sturgis," replied Captain Plato. "But there will be a shell here in a moment!" said the officer. "I know that," replied Captain Plato, "and it's for that reason you are wanted here!"

The cavalry turned back. The next moment the expected shell — the first one of the fight — passed over the train, and a short time afterward occurred the very charge anticipated by Captain

Plato, which was successfully met and repulsed by our infantry and cavalry at the bridge.

The long string of heavy wagons—many of them filled with ammunition—which had passed the turn, now found themselves slowly and toilsomely crossing a boggy meadow filled with mud-holes and ditches.

Over their heads—the hill upon which our batteries were planted partially protecting them—flew the rebel missiles, many of them bursting directly over the train. Some wagons were struck, though generally the enemy fired too high. One driver was hit by a shell, which fractured his right leg and disabled two mules. One ammunition wagon had the tail-board knocked out by a shell, which fortunately did not explode.

Two wagons laden with oats were disabled, their contents being saved and the wagons burned, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. A horse was left behind, used up and worthless for the time, which I had the “melancholy pleasure” of shooting for the same purpose. With these exceptions the entire train was got off in safety, having been extricated from an exceedingly unpleasant predicament.

The Second brigade, General Ferrero, being nearest the train, had meanwhile been ordered back to its protection. General Getty, of the Third division, followed closely by Gen. Burns, of the First, arrived on the ground about half-past nine o'clock, and by ten o'clock, Benjamin's famous battery E, Second United States artillery, took up a commanding position on the hill above the ruined hotel, and opened on the enemy with his six twenty-pound Parrotts, silencing their guns in about half an hour. One of his shells, I am glad to say, entered the house where Carruth had been betrayed, and beside which the rebel battery was planted. It is singular that last August he occupied the same position with his battery and fought the rebels over the same ground. At the last accounts we heard from the Springs, General Burns still occupied them, and there was no enemy in sight.

It was a little singular that General Sturgis had not been informed that General Doubleday was at Fayetteville, and, upon our hearing drums in that direction, we marched in some expectation of meeting the enemy in our front.

Below are the casualties in the fight of Saturday:

KILLED.—Junior First Lieutenant Howard McIlvain, Durell's battery A, One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania artillery.

WOUNDED.—Henry Ives, of the same battery, arm badly shattered, amputated on the field; private Amidon, same battery, contusion of face by piece of shell; Charles K. Darling, Sixth New-Hampshire volunteers, wagoner, leg fractured below the knee by a shell.

I should have stated earlier in this letter, that the conduct of the drivers in the wagon-train, when exposed to a very hot fire, was most excellent. They were aware of an order to shoot any man who abandoned his saddle or seat. They all kept their places.

Doc. 46.

SKIRMISH AT RURAL HILLS, TENN.

LOUISVILLE “JOURNAL” ACCOUNT.

CAMP OF TWENTY-THIRD BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION, }
NEAR STONE RIVER, TENN., November 22. }

THE following little affair is probably worth writing you about. On last Monday two hundred men and officers of the Eighth Kentucky regiment, under Lieut. Col. May, were detached to guard a train of supplies to Col. Hawkins's (Fourteenth) brigade, then stationed some seventeen miles to the south-east of Nashville, at a point called Rural Hills, and fortunately reached there without casualty or molestation. It had rained all day, and Col. Hawkins did us the favor to give us the use of an old shed and buildings, constructed for camp-meeting purposes, situated about one hundred and seventy-five yards in front of his right, for our quarters for the night, assuring us that his picket-lines were strong. The night passed, and Tuesday morning dawned with favorable auspices for a rencounter with the rebels—wet and misty. And sure enough, just as we were breakfasting, the crack of several rifles on the lines warned us of an attack. Our men sprang to their guns, and had not time to load before the enemy appeared in one column dashing down an opening leading out from our left front, and in another column protruding from a wood into a field to our right, and stretching along the front of Col. H.'s brigade. A dense cedar thicket extends out from the old camp-ground, the two columns coming in on opposite sides of it, the force in the field to engage the brigade in front, while that before our left was to dash past the camp-ground down a short lane to where a section of artillery lay, and take possession of it, was obviously the programme. The rebels were mounted on magnificent chargers—of Kentucky's best breeds, doubtless—and came dashing on like thunderbolts, evidently unsuspecting any thing from the “ancient sanctuary,” where we were enseoined.

Our boys rushing out at all sides, poured a galling fire into them, mowing down some of the best models of rebel chivalry, and completely frustrating them in their well-concerted movements. They faltered for a moment, then discovering our position, opened a sharp cross-fire upon us, and made the bullets whiz above our heads for a minute, and then commenced a stampede in their regular style.

Meanwhile the section of artillery opened upon them, their main force being discovered about one and a quarter miles to our front under cover of the edge of the woods, which was responded to briskly by two or three pieces, throwing their missiles very scatteringly, and without effect. This was continued for half an hour, when the rebels withdrew, leaving from twelve to sixteen men and a horse or two dead, and the usual articles, such as guns, hats, old clothes, etc. On our side not a drop of blood was spilled.

OMELET.

Doc. 47.

OCCUPATION OF FALMOUTH, VA.

PHILADELPHIA "INQUIRER" ACCOUNT.

FALMOUTH, VA., November 18, 1862.

THE Federal army, under the immediate command of Gen. Sumner, arrived within a mile of this place about noon yesterday, having made the march from Warrenton, some forty miles, in two days and a half. This may be set down as very good marching, as the corps was encumbered with a very heavy train of baggage-wagons.

Shortly after the army got in motion yesterday morning, cannonading was heard some four miles in our advance. No one seemed to understand it, as we had no forces in the direction of the sound. Parties were sent ahead to ascertain what it meant, when it was ascertained that a body of the enemy had crossed the Rappahannock as a reconnoitring party, and while marching down towards Falmouth, the rebels opened on them, causing some considerable consternation in their ranks. About a dozen rounds were fired before it was ascertained that they were firing "on our own troops."

The fact of the rebels firing on their own troops proved to us that they had one or more batteries planted on the opposite shore, for the purpose of sweeping the road as we advanced. Gens. Sumner and Couch soon came to a conclusion that these batteries must be at once silenced, so that we might have free access along the river road.

The Fifty-seventh New-York, Lieut.-Col. Chapman commanding, and the Fifty-third Pennsylvania, Col. Brooks, advanced as skirmishers along the Falmouth road, until within a mile of the town. These two regiments were followed by the remainder of the brigade to which they belong, consisting of the Second Delaware, Col. Bailey; Sixty-sixth New-York, Colonel Pinkney, and the Fifty-second New-York, Col. Frank—the whole brigade commanded by Col. Zook, of the Fifty-seventh New-York. Capt. Pettit's battery, the First New-York artillery, and Owens's and Tompkins's two Rhode Island batteries followed.

Instead of taking the main road, as the enemy thought the Federals would, that they might have a chance to pepper them, the commanding officer ordered them to make a detour around some high wooded hills into a valley, where a branch runs into the river; across this, and up on a very high and commanding elevation, directly in the rear of Falmouth.

Captain Pettit's battery was at once placed in position on the brow of this high hill, with Zook's brigade directly in the rear, completely secured by the natural position of the hill. At about half-past three the first gun was sighted and brought to bear upon the enemy, which at once brought on a rejoinder. The first shot from the rebels burst directly over our battery. The firing from our battery became very rapid and precise, which had the effect of driving the rebels from their guns, thus completely silencing them. Once in a while one more bold than the rest would attempt to drag a gun away, when a shot from our

guns would drive him away. What firing the enemy did do was first-class—every shot being a line shot—yet too high to do the slightest damage, as not a man was injured on our part. Owens's battery also opened and fired a few rounds.

Just after the rebel guns were silenced, two trains of cars were observed leaving Fredericksburgh; our batteries opened on them, hurrying them away under a full head of steam.

Col. Zook's brigade belongs to Gen. Hancock's division, and they seemed very anxious to distinguish themselves. Last evening they took a position at the ford opposite Fredericksburgh, to check the enemy attempting to cross over to Falmouth.

Our cannonading was immense; the enemy could not stand its precision. Every shot fired went directly over the houses in this town, frightening the residents very much, as it came so unexpectedly. They had no idea of a "Yankee" army ever coming down here again. They presumed that if we attempted to go to Richmond it would be by the way of Gordonsville. This movement of General Burnside has completely taken them by surprise.

As we stated in a previous despatch, our forces passed through Warrenton in three columns, Gen. Hancock on the right, General French the centre, and Gen. Howard on the left. This constitutes General Couch's corps. The Ninth army corps, commanded by General —, and Couch's corps, are under the command of General Sumner. The troops took the direct road to Warrenton Junction, early on Saturday morning, and encamped on the evening of that day in the vicinity of the Junction, and again started early on Sunday morning, making the next camp near the Spotted Tavern, in Stafford County, Fauquier being the county we had been passing through.

Nothing of any great moment occurred during the march, except that it was conducted with great order—few or no stragglers to be seen—and such was the rapidity of the march that the citizens of the very few houses to be found were taken by surprise, not dreaming of an advance of our forces. The countenances of all whom we came across, plainly told of their astonishment.

The first place of any name, after leaving the Junction, was Elk Run, a village consisting of two or three houses, with the usual outbuildings. A great majority of the dwellings in this county are built of logs, and are very uncomfortable within, invariably being heated by fires on the hearth—not the large fire-places where a quarter of a cord of wood can be used at once, but miserable little fire-places, narrow and contracted, of just sufficient size to freeze one to death at the opposite side of the room, away from the fire. The inhabitants of this region are indeed a "shiftless" set. The Spotted Tavern is about fifteen miles from Fredericksburgh, and consists of one house with a large barn. The original tavern was burned some time ago.

Just previous to reaching this place, where the troops encamped, the marks of a former invading army can easily be traced, by fences being down,

roads through ploughed fields, no signs of husbandry, no shocks of corn fodder standing—all is gone. First came our forces, then came the confederates; away they go, and then our forces again. All these troops must be fed, and the consequence is, the whole country is skinned completely out. As most of the other armies passed in the summer, very little fire was used by the troops, consequently very few rail fences were destroyed. Now it is quite different; the cold snap has made a fire very agreeable; and as the rails make a quick and hot fire, they are used by thousands, much to the chagrin and discomfiture of the secesh farmers. Last night bright lights could be seen for miles, looking not unlike to a large city with all the street-lamps and stores lit up.

The day opened on Sunday morning with a dull and heavy sky, giving evidence that a storm was brewing. By noon it cleared up somewhat, and the sun came out, warming the chilled atmosphere. Late in the afternoon it again clouded up, the weather becoming quite cold and raw.

The weather all day yesterday was threatening, and quite cool. In the morning a very heavy fog impeded observation, and drops of it fell like rain. Once or twice during the morning it attempted to rain, but did not succeed. Late in the afternoon, the sun partially made his appearance. We all hope there will be no rain until the whole army is *en route* for its destination. Up to today the roads have been very good for the passage of an army, but one severe rain of a day or two will make them impassable. The soil is clayey in some places, while in many others it is very sandy and gravelly.

The road here and from the Junction runs on a ridge, and is almost a desert, so far as water is concerned. What few streams there are running seem to be nothing but muddy pools. Water is very scarce, and the troops, after the long march, were suffering for the want of it. At the headquarters of Gen. Sumner there is a well of good water. The advance-guard placed a sentry over this well, ordering him to allow no one to get water from it except an officer from headquarters. When Gen. Sumner heard of this order he went to the sentry at the well, in person, and gave him instructions to let *all* get water who wanted it, at the same time stating that he would rather go without water himself than to let his men go thirsty.

Some of the inhabitants of this almost deserted region have been in mortal fear of the "Yankees" for some time past, as they had been told our troops kill women and children, and burn all dwellings. A female at the house used as headquarters, near the Spotted Tavern, implored us not to kill her or the children, and was most agreeably surprised when she learned that that was not our line of business. She had heard we had been burning and destroying all within our reach.

A number of our troops, while overhauling a wheelwright shop, some miles from the tavern, found an Alabama ambulance, and some twenty-

five shot-guns, with patterns for gun-stocks, etc. The guns were rather roughly handled, and the remnants left as mementoes of the past.

It is said upon good authority that there are five Mississippi regiments and Major Crutch's rebel cavalry brigade in Fredericksburgh to dispute our crossing. The Thirtieth Virginia, Col. Carey, is also supposed to be there, or ready to come, as houses have been cleared to be used as barracks for them. This regiment has lost a great many men by desertion, as the mass of them are conscripts, who invariably leave at the first opportunity—preferring to live in the bush rather than be soldiers. The mass of the Virginia troops say they will not go out of Virginia to go into winter quarters.

Falmouth is a very old town, some of the houses dating as far back as 1717, and some claim a greater antiquity. A portion of the town has a neat air about it, while the mass of the houses are old and ill-shaped. There is not a public house in the whole town, or any place for strangers to stop. The best houses are white frames, while the old antiquities are the old-fashioned bricks, with heavy garret-windows. Very few men are to be seen, but there are an abundance of women and children.

During the silencing of the batteries across the river the utmost consternation prevailed among the inhabitants. The children seemed very much frightened.

During the early part of yesterday morning a ferry-scow, belonging to Mr. Fichler of Falmouth, was destroyed by the rebels to prevent our crossing. The river is fordable in many places, and this will have very little effect in keeping back the troops of Gen. Hancock's division, and the remainder of the column.

This morning has opened again threatening rain, but our army is safe, the mass of it having got over the roads; in fact, the roads have been first-rate for the artillery and teams.

During the march to this point our troops were in the very best spirits; their merry, echoing voices rang through the forests, raising the spirits of the weary ones in the rear, all hurrying on toward this point. The "Philadelphia brigade," known as Burns's, now commanded by Colonel Josh. Owens, of the gallant Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, were in the left column during the march. They are in General Howard's division.

Col. Baxter's regiment of Fire Zouaves have been consolidated, and now have ten companies instead of fifteen, as formerly.

Yesterday morning one of the teams belonging to one of our batteries was out foraging for fodder, and got within a hundred yards of the enemy's cavalry pickets, they not observing the rebels. The teamster drove into a corn-field, the enemy not interfering in the least. The only reason we can give why they did not capture the whole party is, they feared it was a trap set to catch them.

Our army has made a very sudden change of base. But the other day Harper's Ferry was the centre of attraction, then Warrenton, and now Fredericksburgh. In one of our letters we dated

"Head-waters of the Rappahannock"—now we are within a short distance of its mouth. What a transition—from the Blue Ridge mountains almost to the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, and in so short a time.

The two trains of cars that were observed leaving Fredericksburgh last evening carried away with them, no doubt, many a guilty head whose cowardly consciences feared to let them meet the Union forces. Each discharge of our battery at them, as they hurried away, must have caused their cheeks to blanch at the prospect of receiving a shell in the trains.

The enemy succeeded, last night, in getting their battery away. About dusk they brought a limber over a bridge that spans a branch stream, and our battery gave them a parting shot just as night came on.

The Harris Light cavalry arrived in town this morning, and it is presumed they will cross over the river and examine the country. The First New-Jersey cavalry is also on the scout in this neighborhood. No sign of an enemy is visible on the opposite shore.

Gen. Lee telegraphed to the citizens of Fredericksburgh, yesterday, that we were coming in two columns. He was mistaken, as we came in three, with the artillery on the road, making the fourth.

Doc. 48.

EXPEDITION TO DOBOY RIVER, S. C.

REPORT OF GENERAL SAXTON.

BEAUFORT, S. C., November 25, 1862.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

SIR: I have the honor to inclose for your information the report of the expedition to Doboy River, Ga. The expedition was composed of three companies First South-Carolina volunteers, (colored,) under command of Lieut.-Col. Oliver T. Beard, Forty-eighth New-York volunteers, and was in every respect a success. It gives me pleasure to bear witness to the good conduct of the negro troops. They fought with most determined bravery. Although scarcely one month since the organization of this regiment was commenced, in this short period these untrained, lowly soldiers have captured from the enemy an amount of property equal in value to the cost of the regiment for a year. They have driven back equal numbers of rebel troops, and have destroyed the salt-works along the whole line of this coast. Great credit is due to Lieut.-Col. Beard for his energy and skill in the management of this expedition.

I am, Sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

RUFUS SAXTON,
Brigadier-General and Military Governor.

COLONEL BEARD'S REPORT.

BEAUFORT, S. C., November 22, 1862.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, as directed by you, I proceeded, on the thirteenth instant, on the United States steamer Darlington,

with one hundred and sixty of the First South-Carolina volunteers, (colored regiment,) in quest of lumber and other articles needed for the department. The steamer Ben Deford, ordered by you to report to me at Doboy Sound, did not, owing to heavy fogs and adverse winds, reach that point until the seventeenth instant. On the eighteenth, accompanied by the United States gunboat Madgie, I proceeded to the mills located on Doboy River, Georgia. On reaching the mill, I found it necessary to reconnoitre the land adjacent thereto. To do this it was needful to cross a narrow causeway leading from the mill through a swamp to the main land—a distance of about four hundred and fifty yards. This high land was heavily wooded, except on the summit, which was cleared and occupied with houses. My men—thirty-four in number—had no sooner passed across the causeway, and through the woods to the clearing beyond, than they were fired on by the enemy, who were posted in the thicket in front and on both sides. On the first fire one man was dangerously wounded, and a momentary panic seized the men, but it was only momentary. They speedily rallied and opened a brisk fire on the places occupied by the concealed enemy. This fire they kept up with great regularity and coolness until ordered by me to retire to the end of the causeway. They retired, firing as they went, with a slowness and deliberateness that could not have been surpassed by veteran troops. Three others were severely wounded while they were retiring. When my men reached the end of the causeway, I had the bow-gun of the Darlington directed on the woods, after which the fire of the enemy ceased, though numbers of them were seen through the days and nights we remained. I succeeded in loading the steamers Ben Deford and Darlington with from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand feet of superior boards and planks, besides securing a number of circular and other saws, belting, corn-mills, and other property, which I was directed by you to obtain for the use of your department.

When it is remembered that these men never had arms in their hands until four days before they started for the expedition, I think you cannot fail to give them great praise for standing a galling fire from a concealed enemy so bravely; for holding the causeways referred to during the two days and nights required for loading two large steamers, with valuable property, in the face of an enemy. To do this, my men worked day and night without intermission; and though short of provisions, I heard not a murmur. On the last expedition the fact was developed that colored men would fight behind barricades; this time they have proved by their heroism that they will fight in the open field. Captain Trowbridge aided me greatly. Captain Crandell, of the Darlington, I found a trifling, childish pest. Capt. Meriam, of the Madgie, rendered me valuable assistance. I cannot forbear to make honorable mention of Capt. Hallet, of the steamer Ben Deford. With a man of less nerve and less capacity

I would not have dared to take so large a steamer to such a place. Hence, I could not have obtained so valuable a cargo.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

OLIVER T. BEARD,

Lieut.-Colonel Forty-eighth New-York State Volunteers.

Brig.-Gen. RUFUS SAXTON,
U. S. Volunteers, Military Governor Department of the South.

Doc. 49.

EXPEDITION TO COLD KNOB, VA.

COLONEL PAXTON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND VIRGINIA VOLUNTEER CAVALRY, }
CAMP PIATT, December 2, 1862. }

Captain R. P. Kennedy, Asst. Adjt.-Gen., First Division Kanawha, George Cook, Brig.-General Commanding:

SIR: In obedience to your orders, I marched my command, consisting of companies G, I, F, A, K, D, E, and H, Second Virginia volunteer cavalry, in all four hundred and seventy-five men rank and file, in good order, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of November, for Summerville, arriving there at ten P.M. the same day; distance fifty-three miles. Left Summerville next morning at seven o'clock, and arrived at the "Hinkle Farm" at four P.M.—thirty-five miles—and being able to obtain some hay there, remained until four o'clock A.M., twenty-sixth, when we took up the line of march, in a blinding snow-storm, for Greenbrier, *via* Cold Knob Mountain, where we arrived at ten o'clock A.M., same day—distance twenty miles. Met Col. Lane's Eleventh O. V. I., who was to assist us in breaking up a camp of rebels at the foot of the mountain, but on account of the severity of the weather and hard marching, he wished to return to his camp at Summerville. I asked him to take the advance until we met the enemy's pickets, which he did, and in about one mile exchanged shots with the enemy's scouts, wounding one. Colonel Lane at once opened his ranks and gave us the road. We pushed rapidly into the enemy's camp, a distance of some miles, effecting a complete surprise at twelve o'clock M., the enemy scattering in all directions. We killed two, wounded two, paroled one, captured two commissioned officers, (one captain and one second lieutenant,) one hundred and eleven non-commissioned officers and privates, one hundred and six horses, five mules, burned and destroyed by fire about two hundred Enfield and Mississippi rifles, fifty sabres, with other accoutrements, five wagons, also, blankets, clothing, harness, saddles, bridles, and other stores and supplies, and their camp-tents, etc.

I had two horses killed in the attack on the enemy's camp, and lost ten on the march, from fatigue and exhaustion. The enemy was found three miles from the foot of Cold Knob Mountain, on Sinking Creek, Greenbrier County, Va., at Levis's Mill, and consisted of a part of five companies of cavalry, namely, Rockbridge cavalry, Braxton dragoons, Churchville cavalry, and Nighthawk Rangers. They were men who had

been in service fifteen months, and were located at that point to guard the mountain pass, and to organize the Fourteenth Virginia cavalry, to be commanded by Major Bailey, and constituted a part of A. G. Jenkins's brigade. Our success was complete. We never lost a drop of blood.

After securing prisoners and horses, destroying camp, etc., we marched at four P.M. on the twenty-sixth for Summerville, where we arrived on the twenty-seventh, at noon, making one hundred and twenty miles for men and horses, without food or rest, except one feed of hay for the horses, over the most mountainous and rugged part of Western Virginia. We remained in Summerville until the twenty-ninth; left for Camp Piatt, and arrived in camp on the thirtieth, at noon. My men suffered severely from frost. I left two men in hospital at Summerville, whose boots were cut from their feet; other were more or less frozen. My horses were very much cut down.

I cannot close this report without deservedly complimenting officers and men; but where all behaved so gallantly it is impossible to particularize. But all honor is due Major Powell, who led the charge, and company G, Capt. McMahon, who led the column.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

J. C. PAXTON,

Colonel Commanding Second Virginia Volunteer Cavalry.

E. F. GILLEN,
Adjutant.

Doc. 50.

GENERAL STAHEL'S RECONNOISSANCE.

GENERAL SIGEL'S DESPATCH.

CHANTILLY, VA., November 30, 7 o'clock P.M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL STAHEL has just returned. He attacked the enemy at Snicker's Ferry, and followed them, with three hundred cavalry, into their camps on the other side of the river, and near to Berryville.

Our men charged splendidly whenever they met the enemy.

White's cavalry was driven in all directions. Nearly all their officers were captured and their colors taken. White himself fled and hid himself at a house in Berryville.

The Third, Seventh, and Twelfth Virginia cavalry were also attacked and routed. Forty of their men, with horses, were taken prisoners, fifty killed and wounded, and two colors taken. One wagon-load of pistols and carbines was picked up on the road, having been thrown away by the flying enemy. Eighty cattle and eighty horses were also brought in. Our loss in killed and wounded is about fifteen.

Gen. Stahel reports that his officers and men behaved excellently, and used only their swords, no fire-arms being brought into use. He also reports that there is a brigade, under Gen. Jones, at Winchester; but that Jackson's main force was at New-Market last Wednesday, as reported previously.

F. SIGEL,

Major-General Commanding.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL CESNOLA.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE, }
 CHANTILLY, December 1, 1862. }

Brig.-Gen. Stahel, Commanding First Division :

GENERAL: I have the honor of transmitting the following report of the reconnoissance in which my brigade took part.

The first day my brigade was in advance with one hundred and fifty men as advance-guard, under command of Major Knox, Ninth New-York cavalry, who proceeded to Upperville, rather as a scouting than a reconnoitring party, and performed his duty well.

The second day my brigade was in the order of march in the rear, and such it remained until we reached Snicker's Ferry. During that march small camps found in the woods, and fires whose ashes were still warm, cautioned me that the enemy was perhaps not very far distant, so I redoubled my vigilance, sending out on my rear scouts to the right and left, and arrested several civilians, whom I questioned. By threatening to send them under escort to Fairfax Court-House, I obtained some useful information as to the whereabouts of the enemy, their strength, and where last seen. Some had seen them that very morning. Being in the rear, I did not consider it necessary to communicate these facts, as Col. Wyndham in the advance had doubtless possessed himself of the same information.

In crossing the Shenandoah River, I took the main road and continued to advance carefully, leaving at short distances small pickets, whose duty it was to keep communications open with the strong picket I had left at Snicker's Ferry, to be informed immediately if the enemy were to make his appearance at any point between the ferry and my command.

Thinking that my chance for this time was not that of fighting, but only to act as a support, I detailed several small detachments, mostly taken from the First Virginia and the balance of the Sixth Ohio, to act as flankers, and other small ones to scour the road and search all the houses within a mile on both flanks. Then escorts arrived bringing me orders from you to take charge of prisoners and send them to the rear. I then detailed Lieut. Wight, of the Fourth New-York cavalry, my acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and ordered him at once to take charge of the prisoners, to take from them their papers, arms and horses, if any, and gave him sufficient force to keep in check the prisoners, who were becoming every moment more numerous. Lieut. Wight acted very wisely in making his headquarters on the other side of the Shenandoah River, and I have been quite satisfied with the manner in which he carried out and even anticipated my orders.

With my command, which by detachments was decimated so much as to represent scarcely one hundred men, I met you, who ordered me to take the town of Berryville by assault, and with yourself at our head we charged through the main street of Berryville, scattering in every direction whatever we met with. When arrived at

the outskirts of the town I formed line of battle, and then yourself took the command of a portion of the Ninth New-York cavalry and charged to ward the right side of the wood, and I, with the balance of my command, charged to the left, on the road which leads to Winchester. I met three squadrons of the enemy drawn up in line of battle, covering a large building containing commissary stores, as if awaiting my arrival. I did not give them time to see the difference in numbers, but charged upon them. They broke and ran, not liking our sabres. I pursued the enemy to within five miles of Winchester, but the horses gave way, and I was obliged to leave them behind; so when I returned to Berryville I had with me but one officer and nine men.

When I charged on the left I passed through a small camp and discovered a large building containing commissary stores. I succeeded in capturing it; but the small force I had did not permit me to detail any more men from it; so I continued to charge on the flying squadrons. Seeing that the enemy did not want to have a hand-to-hand fight with us, and, having better horses than ours, I would not be able to capture them, I contented myself with firing at them, dismounting about a dozen of them, wounding some, and the balance keeping the open field. Halting my command, I immediately detached a squad of men, under Capt. B. F. Coffin, to take possession of the commissary stores.

During the halt, to give my horses a short rest, orders came from yourself to re-form at once, as my rear was menaced. . . .

I beg leave to state that all the officers and men of the different regiments under my command have proved themselves zealous in the discharge of their duty, and I have no word of reproach to address to any body.

The Ninth New-York cavalry fought with bravery, and if they had more drill and discipline the men would have certainly been worthy of the name of veteran soldiers.

I recommend Captain F. Coffin, of the Ninth New-York cavalry, as a good and brave officer, and also Lieut. Herrick for his bravery. More knowledge of the art of war would make him a splendid officer.

I have a word of praise, also, for Major Knox, who commanded the Ninth New-York cavalry. He has done as much as could be done by a citizen-soldier.

On the third day of the expedition, by the strategical march through Leesburgh, instead of Aldie, my command arrived safely in camp at Chantilly.

L. P. DI CESNOLA,

Colonel Fourth New-York Cavalry, commanding First Cavalry Brigade, Gen. Stahel's Division, Eleventh Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

GENERAL STAHEL'S HEADQUARTERS, CHANTILLY, Dec. 1, 1862.

A brief account of the recent reconnoissance by General Stahel, who returned to this place last evening, I have already telegraphed you. As this was one of the most important movements of the kind that has recently been made — both

in regard to its influence upon our own men and the enemy—a detailed statement of the affair, by an eye-witness, cannot be otherwise than interesting. The expedition was planned with the utmost secrecy and carried out with despatch, and in the most successful manner—reflecting credit alike upon those who planned it, the general who commanded, and the officers and men under him.

The force placed at the disposal of Gen. Stahel was well under way by four o'clock A.M., Friday, November twenty-eighth. Though there was a cold, drizzling rain falling, and the roads were not in the most desirable condition, the troops moved on with alacrity and were in good spirits at the prospect of having a brush with the enemy. Aldie—sixteen miles—was reached soon after sunrise, where a short halt was made. Leaving the command of Colonel Von Gilsa at this place, General Stahel moved on through Middlebury to Rector's Four Corners—ten miles—where the column again came to a halt.

From this point two detachments were sent out to reconnoitre—one commanded by Major Knox, of the Ninth New-York cavalry, proceeded to Upperville, where the pickets of White's rebel battalion were encountered and driven through Paris and Ashby's Gap to the Shenandoah River, notwithstanding they had a force far outnumbering the one commanded by Major Knox. The resistance offered was trifling, and as a consequence but little damage was done on either side.

Capt. Dahlgren, of Gen. Sigel's staff, who had volunteered for the expedition, was sent with a detachment to Salem—ten miles—but found no enemy. Returning in advance of his command with two men, one of our own pickets mistaking them for the enemy, fell back upon the main command. The man finally discovered his mistake and rushed back to his post.

On the road to Salem a farmer was overtaken with a load of corn. Our horses were in need of rations, and the men were directed each to take a few ears; the owner protested, and finding such a course would not save his corn, finally declared that several of his horses had the black tongue, and had been eating from the corn. "Oh!" says Dahlgren, "all of our animals have that disease—so there is no risk to run." Mr. Secesh then became alarmed, and begged to be let off because he feared his horses might catch the distemper. But it was of no use. He was a rank secessionist, our horses were hungry, there was the corn, and a reasonable quantity of the cereal was appropriated.

The movement in this direction was undoubtedly a piece of strategy, as the sequel will show. One would have supposed that the troops had done enough for one day—but not so with their commander. He had a plan to carry out, and when Gen. Stahel once sets out to perform a task, it is completed, if within the range of possibilities. Knowing this, I was not surprised to hear, late in the afternoon, an order given to march.

The whole command took a retrograde move

to a point one and a half miles east of Middleburgh, where a halt was made for the night, and this ended Friday, the first day of the reconnoissance.

Saturday morning early, the whole command proceeded rapidly, by the shortest route, to the Winchester pike, and by sunrise the advance-guard had entered Snickersville without having met an armed rebel. In place of rain, this morning we had a fall of snow. The air was cold and bracing, the men in good spirits, and riding over the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, was one of the real attractions before us. No formal halt was made at Snickersville, but Gen. Stahel pushed on with rapidity over the mountain to the Shenandoah River, capturing a few stray scouts, belonging to White's battalion, on the way, without firing a shot.

Descending the mountain, the road, within one hundred rods of the river, inclines to the right. As the advance-guard turned this bend, the little village on the opposite bank—one hundred yards distant—known as Snicker's Ferry, was brought into full view, and with it a patrolling picket of White's cavalry, numbering fifty men. It was quite evident they did not expect Union troops to appear to them just at that moment. They did not seem to be surprised, for only about twenty-five of our men were in sight; they had on blue overcoats—so had many of the rebels. Not expecting to see Union troops there, and at that early hour in the morning, the rebels across the river naturally concluded—as some of the prisoners subsequently stated—that it was a part of their own battalion; it was not until after a random series of questions had been asked and answered across the river that they discovered their grave mistake, and then it was done by an injudicious new-comer, who called out: "How are you, Secesh?" The query was instantly made: "Who are you, Yanks?" The truth of the matter was, we learn from prisoners, that they had heard of the advance to Ashby's Gap, and had arranged for serious opposition in that quarter; but, as their scouts in Snicker's Gap were fortunately captured, they had no intimation whatever of the force advancing from that direction. One of the scouts taken was much chopfallen, particularly because he had a good horse, two Colt's revolvers, a carbine, and sword. He came up to a squad of men, and asked if they were "confeds." They beckoned for him to come in, and he did so, under the supposition that they belonged to White's battalion. When told that he was a prisoner, he said they had deceived him, and declared that he had been swindled.

The advance upon arriving near the ferry, was commanded by Col. Wyndham, of the First New-Jersey cavalry. Gen. Stahel directed a detail of dismounted carbineers to advance to the bank of river. Lieut. Sutherland, of the Second Pennsylvania cavalry, with a mixed detachment, numbering fifty, went forward and delivered the first fire. The enemy, concealed behind houses, fences, and trees, fired a few shots, but upon seeing a

body of horsemen under Captain Duggan, of the First Michigan, fording the river and not heeding their fire, mounted their horses and fled precipitately.

In the movement across the river, Capt. Heintz, of Gen. Stahel's staff, had an opportunity of displaying a quality that characterizes all good and experienced soldiers, that is, doing the right thing at the right time and in the right place. None of the men with the advance knew any thing about the ford, and nearly all had horses new to the service. The horses for a moment hesitated about going into the water. Capt. Heintz, who was close at hand, seeing apparent hesitation from some cause or other, and realizing that time just then was all-important, dashed forward into the river. The movement thus inaugurated was speedily executed, and had it not been for an unfortunate accident, Capt. Heintz would have been the first on the opposite shore. Just as he had nearly reached the opposite bank his horse fell, and horse and rider went under. The water and atmosphere were both frosty, and the mishap caused only a temporary delay, but Capt. Heintz that night and the following day suffered severely from his mishap. Gen. Stahel, Capt. Theilkuhl, of his staff, Col. Wyndham, Capt. Middleton, of the Second Pennsylvania cavalry, Capts. Duggan, Crumb, Lieutenant Sutherland and other officers, whose names I do not know, shared the dangers encountered by the first detachment that crossed the river. The balance of the command followed as speedily as possible.

The advance force, under Colonel Wyndham, as soon as the river had been forded, dashed forward in pursuit of the retreating enemy; flankers were thrown out, and at about three miles from the ford the advance came suddenly upon the camp of White's battalion.

The men, pretty well excited by what they had already experienced, now pressed on the harder, and dashed into the camp, yelling like so many demons. The commander of the camp had just received information that there were twenty-five Yanks across the ford; he supposed that was all the force there, and he was concocting a plan to capture it, as the balance of his guard at the Ferry—those who had not been captured or escaped by disappearing at the roadside—came in upon the run with the Yanks at their heels.

I have heard of scenes of confusion that "beggars all description," but never had the pleasure of witnessing such a perfect bedlam of excitement before. The rebels ran from their tents in utter dismay, and each acted upon the impulse of the moment. Some mounted the nearest horse at hand, and dashed off without regard to direction or order; the command was, if they received any, "to stand not upon the order of going, but go at once," and they obeyed it to the letter; two or three, who were so fortunate as to secure horses, leaped a fence that seemed to be too high for any animal to clear; one poor horse lodged upon the fence, his rider falling head foremost over it, and the animal falling the other side. Lieut. Barrett, who was on duty, owes his capture to the fact

that just as he got the alarm, a private, having no respect for rank, mounted his horse and dashed off. Not a few had the shakes very bad, and begged for mercy—they had begun to think the Yanks were terrible fellows. "Gray-backs" could be seen skedaddling in every direction, at a rate of speed which would have been creditable to professional runners. One tent, containing three men, was prostrated by each of the inmates attempting to get out first. The tent fell so that the men were caught under it, when a Union soldier, seeing their position, ran up and slapped them with the flat of his sword. They cried out in great trepidation: "We surrender, we surrender!" Lieut. Penn Gaskell, Adjutant of Col. Wyndham, unearthed a man who had rolled himself into a blanket, mummy fashion, and had managed to cover his head and body with leaves; unfortunately for himself, his legs were too long for the occasion. He acted in his fright upon the instinct of the ostrich, by concealing his head, supposing that if he could not see, the enemy could not see him. When unrolled and brought to light, he shook like an aspen-leaf in a thunder-storm. He denied being an officer, and when the discovery was made that he was a no less important personage than a captain, he was suddenly seized with the small-pox, and warned those around him of the danger of exposing themselves to such a disgusting disease. Lieut. Penn Gaskell finally told him that dissembling would be of no avail; he must go along with him. The man then acknowledged that he was Capt. Grubb, of White's cavalry, but that he had the "rheumatics," and could not walk. Two men carried him to the rear a short distance, when the officer in charge concluded that he would waste no more time upon so worthless a fellow, and paroled him on the spot. Tents, arms, provisions, ammunition, horses, cattle, personal property and three flags were abandoned in the panic. Our men hastily picked up revolvers and other articles that struck their fancy, exchanged poor horses for good ones, and for once, at least, the Union soldiers experienced the pleasure of sacking an enemy's camp.

The camp was well supplied with every thing, for this regiment, although now receiving regular pay from the confederate government, is an independent command, and authorized to appropriate any thing they seize to their own use, without any red-tapeism intervening, or responsibility whatever. They have recently robbed two stores in Poolesville, and supplied themselves with boots, shoes, and clothing, and many other similar articles, such as could not be obtained at farm-houses. It seems that the battalion was about moving its camp, and just before our troops entered it, had sent off several wagon-loads of clothing and camp equipage—otherwise, the whole of the property lately taken by White from Poolesville would have been recaptured. At this point the bulk of Col. Wyndham's command was sent off by Gen. Stahel, on picket and scouting duties—particularly for the purpose of sweeping in the retreating and scattered rebels. Beside some twenty odd prisoners, twenty head

of cattle, and as many horses, (beside those impressed by the soldiers,) one ambulance filled with chickens, and a four-horse wagon, loaded with tents and camp equipage, were captured by Col. Wyndham and sent to the rear. The standing tents and all other property not carried away were destroyed.

While Col. Wyndham was engaged at White's camp, Col. Cesnola, of the Fourth New-York cavalry, advanced with his command, consisting mainly of the Ninth New-York cavalry, under the immediate command of Major Knox, to Berryville, accompanied, as the previous advance had been, by Gen. Stahel, and followed closely by Col. Wyndham, with a small portion of his command not otherwise engaged, as a reserve force. The town was found to be occupied by a part of White's command, the Fourth, Seventh, Twelfth, and part of the Seventeenth Virginia cavalry.

By direction of Gen. Stahel, Major Knox, at the head of two hundred men, charged through the principal street of the town, driving a superior force before him. In this affair, Gen. Stahel and Col. Cesnola participated, and were in the advance with Major Knox. Arriving at the westerly outskirt of the town, Col. Cesnola, with a portion of the Ninth New-York, pushed forward in pursuit of the Seventh Virginia cavalry, which had opposed his entrance into town, and drove them, pell-mell, to a point within four and a half miles of Winchester. As there was a respectable force, including infantry, artillery, and cavalry—at Winchester, Col. Cesnola concluded that the country beyond might be unhealthy for his men, and, with several prisoners captured, fell back to the main body. While this movement was being executed, another portion of our men were briskly engaged in Berryville. Soon after Col. Cesnola advanced, the rear of Major Knox's command was attacked by the Thirteenth Virginia cavalry, coming down a road leading into the village from a northerly direction. Gen. Stahel directed Major Knox to wheel to the right and charge upon the rear of the Thirteenth, which movement was executed promptly and successfully. At the same time, the rear company faced about and resisted the attack in that direction with their sabres, carbines, and pistols. Just at the opportune moment, Capt. Heintz, of Gen. Stahel's staff, appears upon the scene of action again. He saw the hazardous position in which the detachments in the village were placed, and with twenty-five or thirty scattered men he had collected, charged upon the Thirteenth regiment at about the same time Major Knox executed his second movement upon its rear. The men under Captain Heintz put their horses upon the full gallop, and went into the fight with a yell. The rebels were so situated as not to be able to see the exact force coming upon them—a panic seized them, and they fled out of town and scattered in every direction. While this was transpiring in town, squads of rebel cavalry made their appearance in the rear and on the northerly side of the road leading to Snicker's Ferry. Most of them wore blue overcoats, and for nearly an hour one squad was within long

rifle-range of a squad of Union troops, and each supposed that the other belonged to the same army, until a member of the First Virginia cavalry, (Union,) named Reid, rode up to the other squad, when, after a few words, they ordered him to surrender. This he refused to do, and wheeled his horse to escape. A volley was fired at him, but he escaped uninjured. As soon as the volley had been fired, he raised himself from the leaning posture he had assumed alongside of the horse to avoid the shots, made several gestures of contempt toward the rebels, and joined his comrades. The horse was badly wounded, but was brought back.

A sergeant of company F, Ninth New-York cavalry, at about this time, through the agency of an intelligent negro, discovered where Major White, of the rebel battalion, had been an hour before. He got together half a dozen men and proceeded to the place indicated—the house of a Mr. Shepherd. He was about thirty minutes too late—the bird had flown. The house and premises were thoroughly searched, and nearly an hour's time was consumed in the performance of this task. All this time a rebel squad of twenty-five men was within two hundred rods of the house, but for some reason, best known to themselves, they did not attempt to cross three stone walls and a ditch that intervened.

Toward night Gen. Stahel, having accomplished the special object of the reconnoissance, ordered his command to fall back, which was done in good order—the rebel scouts following closely the rear-guard. As the expediency of returning to Chantilly by the way of Aldie—the infantry, under Col. Von Gilsa, left at that point, having gone back to Chantilly, and the place being convenient for a rebel force from the Valley to concentrate—Gen. Stahel decided to move in a north-easterly direction as far as Leesburgh. Encamping at Mount Gilead Saturday night, on Sunday morning early he moved on to Leesburgh, and crossing Goose Creek, after a long and fatiguing march, arrived in Chantilly the same night. Just before Gen. Stahel crossed the Shenandoah, Captain Dahlgren, of Gen. Sigel's staff, with twenty-five men, was sent off to the right from Middleburgh. He went to Mount Gilead, Circleville, Goose Creek Church, and the Leesburgh pike, and arrived at Snicker's Ford at about three o'clock P.M., bringing three of White's scouts and two other men. Hearing that there were scattered squads of rebels hanging upon the flanks and rear of the force in front, he got together all the men who could be spared from the command, guarding the river at the ford, and crossed over in pursuit. While thus engaged he met the returning column and fell back with it.

As compared with the number of shots fired, and the important results attained, the losses of the day were trifling. Only one Union soldier was killed, and, so far as is known, fifteen were wounded. A number of men are missing, but it is supposed they were taken prisoners. Four of the enemy—one an officer—are known to have been killed, and not less than thirty were wound-

ed in the different skirmishes. The names of the killed and wounded, so far as ascertained, are as follows :

Private George Bradley, Co. G, Ninth New-York cavalry, killed; Lieut. John T. Rutherford, Co. L, Ninth New-York cavalry, wounded in left shoulder; private John Phillips, Co. A, Ninth New-York cavalry, left arm, slightly; private John L. Brewster, Co. C, Ninth New-York cavalry, slightly; Lieut. Marvin, First Michigan cavalry, slightly; Lieut. N. Herrick, Co. A, Ninth New-York cavalry, was wounded, and is supposed to be a prisoner.

Corporal S. A. Pitcher, First Michigan cavalry; Sergt.-Major Smith, of Ninth New-York; Corp. Batten, of the Second Pennsylvania cavalry; private Gatten, Ninth New-York cavalry, and several others, were captured, but succeeded in making their escape. When Corporal Pitcher was captured, his horse and every thing, of course, were taken away from him. When he returned to his company he had a better horse and accoutrements than before.

Sergeant-Major Smith was captured in Berryville. He was in the charge made by Major Knox, to the north of the main street, upon the rear of the Seventh Virginia cavalry. While his horse was at a full gallop through a burying-ground, he found that he would have to run against a gravestone or jump his horse over it. He attempted to do the latter, when the animal got caught upon the stone, and horse and rider fell over together. Sergeant Smith regained his feet, and being, between two lines of cavalry, he was rolled first one way and then the other by the horses rubbing against him on either side, until he was badly bruised, and fell to the ground again. After our cavalry had passed, he got upon his feet, and was immediately surrounded by a portion of White's cavalry, to whom he surrendered, and remained with them during the rest of the fight in the town. He escaped with a rebel's horse, all accoutrements, and subsequently his own horse was recaptured. Sergeant Smith says that White's cavalry is mainly composed of boys, many of them not more than fourteen or fifteen years old. While a prisoner, one of these boys came up to him in a blustering manner and said, with an oath, "I suppose you are a Yankee, and I will finish you;" and, as if to carry his threat into execution, he drew a revolver, but just at this moment an officer interfered, and thereby probably saved the life of Sergeant Smith.

Another man escaped by killing a soldier who had him in charge.

Among the prisoners captured was Lieutenant Barret, Dr. Wottem, Lieutenant Stevens, private Stephenson, and "Bob" White, a native of Washington, D. C., and who was clerk in one of the departments under Buchanan.

At the fight at Berryville, women, it is believed, fired from several houses. It is quite certain that Lieut. Rutherford was wounded by a shot fired from a window. His wound is quite severe, but he refused to retire until the rebels had been dispersed. The rebel lieutenant was killed on

the main street. His horse was shot almost at the same instant, and both fell together.

Gen. Stahel evinced throughout the entire reconnaissance, great prudence in the disposition of his forces, and in every fight that took place, he was at the most exposed point, giving directions. He was one of the first to cross the river at Snicker's Ford, and was with the advance in several charges. A number of shots were evidently directed to him individually, but he escaped uninjured.

Many of the prisoners captured, did not hesitate to express their satisfaction at the change in their prospects, as they were tired of the war, and wanted to get home. "Once at home, you don't catch me out here again, fighting for nothing," was the frank acknowledgment of at least one prisoner.

It is very generally believed that many of the Southern troops taken do not respect their paroles. The prisoner Stevens, named above, has been captured at least four times, almost within as many months, and the last time previous to this, was only a few days ago, and by the same men who took him on this occasion.

At Rector's Cross-Roads, and at various points, the people fairly begged for Uncle Sam's "greenbacks," and offered to give any thing in return they had. These people were well supplied with confederate money, and at some places it passes at par between neighbors; but for the purpose of clothing, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., it is not worth the original cost of the paper. The storekeepers who have any thing to sell now refuse to receive confederate notes in payment for goods. Virginia money they take at from forty to fifty per cent discount, and Uncle Sam's money at par generally. Some of the sharpers, who know full well the value and necessities of the people, charge a small discount upon Union money, because they know their customers cannot do otherwise than submit to the shave. As there is but little good paper-money afloat, all the people purchase in these parts is paid for in promises, in grain, or something raised upon their farms. Promises to pay are by far the most commonly used, and I have conversed with many men who have disposed of whole stocks of goods, receiving in pay this commodity.

The distress to which the people of this region have been reduced by the rebellion is, in some instances, heartrending to behold. First they were robbed by those who professed to be their friends—the rebel soldiers; and next the Union troops appropriate whatever their necessities require at the moment. This has been repeated over and over again, in hundreds of places, until at last commanders, in selecting a route to march, find it positively necessary that some attention be paid to the chances for obtaining forage and provisions. The distress is not alone the cause of the want of provisions. The people have to resort to every means to cover their nakedness. I have seen young ladies who were brought up in opulence, and with every thing at their command the heart could wish or a cultivated taste desire,

before the war, but who now are experiencing all the pangs incident to a state of poverty. The skins of animals, cast-away grain-sacks, and other articles heretofore never used for such purposes, I have seen worn by both men and women, made into articles of clothing. The suffering is not alone confined to the poor, ("white trash,") but, to a greater or less extent, is shared by all. The effect of all this is, that, while the people talk as secessionists, they at the same time express themselves as being sorely tired of the war, and heap curses upon those who inaugurated it.

When this expedition started, a company of the Second Pennsylvania cavalry was sent to Leesburgh for the purpose of looking after any stray rebels that might be hovering upon our right flank. No sooner had the company entered the town than the people attempted to inform a rebel force, within reach, of their hated presence. The commanding officer quietly informed the people, that if attacked, he should destroy the town, and by this means doubtless saved his whole command from capture. Leesburgh is one of the most hostile towns in the whole State of Virginia. Our soldiers have frequently been shot at from houses while passing through the streets, and it is with the greatest difficulty the men can be restrained within the inhospitable place.

Since writing the above, I learn from a prisoner that Major White was wounded twice—but not dangerously—at Perryville. He was before suffering from two wounds received in skirmishes.

The moral effect of this reconnoissance will work to a good purpose in two ways. It was a complete success from beginning to end, and while it will have a tendency to elevate the character of our cavalry as soldiers, it has also taught the rebels that their cavalry is no match for ours. He was shown at several points where the contest might have been an equal one, had the rebels stood their ground.

The object of the expedition was to ascertain the whereabouts of any of the large rebel force reported to be near at hand by different scouts, and particularly the whereabouts of Jackson. It was ascertained, upon authority deemed reliable, that Jackson, with both Hills, passed through New-Market last Sunday in a southerly direction. The report that there is any considerable force at Winchester is doubted by those in authority.

Major-Gen. Burnside, upon learning the result of the expedition, at once sent an order by telegraph, thanking the Commanding General, and, through him, the officers and men under his command, for the public service rendered.

Doc. 51.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was

issued by the President of the United States containing among other things the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforth and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people therein respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto, at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such States shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, and designate, as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the City of New-Orleans. Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South-Carolina, North-Carolina, and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West-Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence, and I recommend to them, that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President—WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

Doc. 52.

MORGAN'S REBEL RAID.

COLONEL HOSKINS'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS POST LEBANON, KY., }
January 6, 1863. }

Brigadier-General C. C. Gilbert, Commanding Tenth Division Army of the Cumberland.

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit the following report of operations before Lebanon, commencing on the twenty-sixth of December, 1862, at which time I was notified by Brig.-Gen. Boyle by telegram that the rebel Morgan was again in our State, and ending on the second of January, 1863, at which time the pursuit of him was abandoned by order of Brig.-Gen. Speed S. Fry three miles beyond Columbia. At the time I received notice of Morgan's invasion of the State and movements in the direction of Bardstown or Lebanon, I had under my command the Seventh Tennessee, consisting of two hundred and fifty-eight men; Twelfth Kentucky infantry, consisting of four hundred and twenty-five men; and Sixteenth Kentucky infantry, six hundred and fifty. I was informed by the Post-Quartermaster that he had at this post near three thousand head of loose stock, mules and horses, about three hundred wagons and stock for same, some two hundred thousand rations, a quantity of ammunition, and one thousand six hundred stand of small arms. I did not know how soon Morgan would be upon us, and having no fortifications, as an only means of defence I ordered all the wagons to be placed in corral. I also ordered guns to be distributed to all the convalescents

capable of using them, as also to the teamsters whom I placed under competent commanders. I ordered an increase of our picket-guards and a thorough inspection of arms, ammunition, etc. Knowing that a force of some ten or eleven regiments were at Danville, I then telegraphed to Brig.-General Baird for reënforcements of infantry and a battery of artillery. In reply he notified me on the twenty-sixth December that he had ordered to my support a battery of Napoleon guns and (2) two regiments of infantry. From my observation I know of no place so vulnerable as Lebanon, lying as it were in a basin surrounded by commanding positions, as also with approaches from almost every direction, and I was therefore satisfied that a fight with equal numbers could not be successfully made within or very near the town, and I accordingly determined, should he move upon the place, to meet him from one to two miles from the dépôt. On the twenty-eighth I was notified by despatch from General Boyle that reënforcements from Danville, which I knew were within four or five miles of me, were recalled. During the day, cannonading was distinctly audible in the direction of Elizabethtown or the tunnel. I again urged upon Gen. Baird the necessity of sending forward reënforcements, and was by him notified that (2) two strong regiments of infantry had been ordered under command of Col. Henderson to join me, and would be at Lebanon on the third. I then despatched Gen. Boyle, in anticipation of such reënforcements, suggesting the propriety of halting the Thirty-fourth brigade, which had been ordered to Lebanon, at Muldrow's Hill. Receiving no answer to this despatch, in consequence, I presume, of an interruption in telegraphic communication between this place and Louisville, the brigade joined me on the morning of the twenty-ninth. On that morning I sent out a scouting-party of twenty-five men under command of Lieut. Porter, of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry, with orders to proceed in the direction of New-Haven and Bardstown until he could learn something definite of Morgan's force and movements. I had also sent out a single and reliable citizen scout with similar instructions. On the morning of the third the citizen returned to camp with intelligence that he had that morning breakfasted with fifteen of Morgan's men at Fredericksburgh, distant from us nineteen miles. About three o'clock of the same day Lieutenant Porter also returned, confirming the report of the first scout, and stating that the cannonading heard by us was at Rolling Fork, and that at the point from which he had returned he could distinctly hear musketry. Morgan's force was variously estimated at from seven thousand to eleven thousand. I had been notified by General Boyle that Colonel Harlan, with a brigade of infantry, a battery of artillery, and two regiments of cavalry, was pressing upon his rear from the direction of Elizabethtown. So soon as the above information was received by scouts, I ordered strong detachments from the Sixth and Ninth Kentucky cavalry, under command of Colonel Halis and

Lieutenant-Colonel Boyle to make a reconnoissance with a view of ascertaining whether Morgan would pass out by Raywick and to our right, or whether he was yet upon the Springfield and direct road to us. About nightfall this party returned and reported that the enemy had been found encamped on the Springfield road, distant from us seven miles. Shortly afterwards I received information that Morgan had divided his force and sent two thousand in the direction of Haysville. To ascertain the truth of this statement I ordered out detachments from the Sixth and Ninth Kentucky cavalry, under command of Majors Fidler and Farris, to reconnoitre in the direction of Barber's Mills, with instructions, that if the enemy had not passed that point, to take the Springfield road and reconnoitre in their rear. In the execution of this order, Major Fidler performed a feat of daring which is worthy of the highest praise, and which, as well as his subsequent conduct, has proven him one of the most fearless and energetic officers in the service.

On arriving at Barber's Mills, and learning that the enemy had not passed up in that direction, he pursued the Springfield road until he came upon one of the enemy's pickets in the streets of that town, whom he captured without attracting notice. He and his men then advanced to within a few yards of a battery planted in the streets, fired a volley into the midst of the enemy, killing two of their number, and then retreated to camp with their prisoner. I have omitted to state in the proper order that, after the return of Colonels Halisy and Boyle, and following immediately on their heels, the rebels came up and captured one of our vidette pickets only a short distance from his post.

After receiving information that Morgan had divided his forces, knowing that Colonel Henderson with his command, consisting of two strong regiments, was within two miles of the intersection of the road leading from Springfield to Haysville, I sent by courier an order to halt his command near Bethel Church, ambuscade, and await the arrival of the enemy, when he should engage him. After learning through Majors Fidler and Farris that the enemy had sent no force upon that road, I despatched to Colonel Henderson to join me with all possible speed, having the evening previous sent up fifty wagons to aid in transporting his command. Judge of my surprise, when the courier returned and reported that Colonel Henderson had fallen back in the direction of Danville, taking with him my wagons. All my plans were now disconcerted. With the force at my command, I did not think that I would be justifiable in attacking Morgan in his chosen position, and more particularly when I had no definite idea of his real strength, which was variously estimated at from three to eleven thousand, and I was induced to act even more cautiously than I would otherwise have done, from the fact, that I could hear nothing of Col. Harlan's command. As I knew that he had engaged Morgan at Rolling Fork, and as he did not follow up the pursuit and press him down upon

either Gen. Baird or myself, the inference drawn by me was that Morgan had sufficient force to repulse Col. Harlan, or he would have followed up any advantage that might have been gained by him. Believing that Morgan's command was suffering for rest, at three o'clock on the morning of the thirty-first December, I ordered out another reconnoitring party under command of Major Gratz, of the Sixth Kentucky cavalry, with instructions to press upon the enemy, cut off and capture his pickets, if possible, fire into his camp, and retire, after ascertaining whether he had changed position. This order was executed, and Major Gratz returned with the report that the enemy had advanced two miles in our direction. I have omitted to state that my chosen position for action was on the Springfield road, and I had, on the evening of the thirtieth December, selected a position for one section of the battery, which was placed and masked, supported by company A, Sixteenth Kentucky. The position chosen was in the angle formed by the Springfield road and Cartwright's Creek. This position commanded the Springfield road for a mile and a half, and was strengthened by a precipitous bluff on the right flank. At this point, I felt we must meet the enemy; for if they were permitted to pass it, and gain possession of a copse of timber and the commanding position on the hill, they could shell us in the town, while their riflemen could advance under cover of the timber until they would be in range of any line of battle formed north of town, and which would of necessity leave us fully exposed, as the ground was entirely open. These arrangements having been made after the report of Major Gratz, I ordered Colonel Halisy to make another reconnoissance upon the Springfield road, to ascertain whether the enemy was really advancing with a view of attacking us. Colonel Halisy left camp about seven o'clock A.M. on the thirty-first December, and at eleven o'clock A.M. sent back a courier with the information that he had proceeded as far as their camp of the night previous, which they had abandoned. Colonel Halisy was then directed that, in the event they should have moved with a view of passing either to the right or left of us, to pursue, hang upon their rear, and, if possible, harass them to a stand. Finding they had left, he pressed on to Springfield and in the direction of Muldrow's Hill. About noon citizens came rushing into town with the most extravagant reports regarding Morgan's force, and assuring us that he was advancing on the place, with his right column moving from the direction of St. Mary's Church, on the Lebanon Branch Railroad. To ascertain the truth of this statement, I ordered another reconnoissance to be made in that direction by Lieut.-Col. Boyle, of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry, who set out to execute the order in command of a detachment of three hundred men from his regiment.

In anticipation of pursuing Morgan in case he should give us the go-by, I had also ordered the commanders of different regiments to draw five days' rations, and be in readiness to move with-

out camp or garrison equipage at a moment's warning; and I also ordered all the teams at the post to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice. In the mean time I had heard nothing from Colonel Halisy since eleven o'clock A.M., and already felt considerable anxiety in regard to his safety. At five o'clock P.M., I received information that Colonel Halisy was still in pursuit, who was moving in the direction of Muldrow's Hill, and from their rear-guard he had succeeded in capturing fifteen prisoners, whom he sent into camp. About the same time Colonel Boyle returned, bringing into camp some prisoners, with the assurance that Morgan's main body had passed St. Mary's Church. I knew we had a force at Glasgow, and had been informed that we had a force at or near Greensburgh, under command of Colonel Wolford, to whom I had on the thirtieth started a courier notifying him that I would pursue Morgan should he pass west of us, and suggesting the propriety of his moving his command to Pinchem or Muldrow's Hill. Unfortunately, however, this courier was captured and paroled before he reached Colonel Wolford. At six o'clock P.M., December thirty-first, my command, consisting of a squadron of the Sixth Kentucky cavalry, under Major Gratz, a squadron of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry, under command of Major Rue, the Twelfth Kentucky infantry, the Sixteenth Kentucky infantry, (which two regiments, together with the Seventh Tennessee, had been temporarily brigaded and placed under command of Colonel Craddock, of the Sixteenth Kentucky,) the battery of artillery, and the Thirty-fourth brigade, commanded by Colonel Reed, moved in pursuit. The order of the march was as follows: first, the squadron of cavalry under Major Gratz; second, one section of the battery; third, the Ninth Kentucky cavalry; fourth, section of the battery, supported by company A of the Sixteenth Kentucky; fifth, the Sixteenth Kentucky infantry; sixth, section of the battery, supported by company I of the Sixteenth Kentucky; seventh, Twelfth Kentucky infantry, mounted in wagons; eighth, the brigade of Colonel Reed unbroken. In the above order, we moved on the Campbellsville road until we reached a point near New-Market. Here we were informed by a citizen of the death of the gallant, accomplished, and lamented Colonel Halisy, whom I could but admire for his great zeal in the cause of our Union, and the energy and promptness with which he executed every order confided to him. By his death the service has lost one of its most accomplished and chivalrous officers, and the community one of its most useful and honorable citizens. We were also informed by the same person that the rebels were then encamped two miles to our right on the Rolling Fork.

A halt of the column was ordered. Major Rue, of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry, was ordered forward to guard the bridge over Rolling Fork. A strong cavalry picket was sent back upon the road leading from St. Mary's to Lebanon, and which intersects the Campbellsville road

one and a half miles in our rear. This I thought necessary to prevent their passing to our rear upon Lebanon, and thence through Bradfordville and Somerset, in the event they should discover our movement toward Muldrow's Hill. I also ordered a reconnoissance of their position, which duty was assigned to Major Rue, his men being familiar with the locality in which they were said to be camped. I ordered the remaining force to form in line of battle, with the artillery in position, and each section supported by a select company of riflemen from the Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky. In this position they were required to bivouac on their arms and without fires.

Near daylight on the morning of the first instant, the reconnoitring party returned with the report that the rebels had left camp. I immediately ordered the column to be in readiness to move, and the march was resumed in the order of the previous night, except the transportation, which was turned over to the Thirty-fourth brigade, the Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky marching. On arriving at the summit of Muldrow's Hill, I learned that the enemy's rear-guard had passed about twelve o'clock the night previous. From citizens I learned that they had passed up the old Dug road which intersects the Campbellsville road on the summit of Muldrow's Hill. We now forwarded with all possible celerity, in the hope that we might come upon them at Campbellsville, or at all events be in supporting distance should Colonel Wolford's or any other force attack them in front or on the flank. Our cavalry was much worn down by scouting both at Lebanon and on the border. They were also in bad condition to attack a superior force, inasmuch as they were poorly armed, the Sixth Kentucky having no arms but pistols and sabres. Notwithstanding they were thus poorly armed, they manifested a disposition to press forward, which they were allowed to do with as much speed as I deemed consistent with prudence, I endeavoring to keep the infantry within quick supporting distance. On arriving within two miles of Campbellsville I was informed by citizens and paroled soldiers that the rebel rear-guard was still at that place engaged in destroying commissary goods abandoned by the Thirty-fourth brigade. The column being well closed up, I ordered the cavalry to charge upon the town, which they did in handsome style, resulting, however, in the capture of but a few prisoners, the main force having left some five hours previous. Knowing that a considerable quantity of forage had been collected at Green River bridge, and believing that the enemy would halt there to feed and rest his stock, I ordered Majors Gratz and Rue, with one section of artillery, to press forward, hoping to prevent, by rapid pursuit, the destruction of forage and bridge; also directing the shelling of their rear at every available point, with the further view of attracting the attention of any force that might be to our right, and thus defining to them the route pursued by us. At two o'clock our advance came in sight of the ruins of Green River bridge, when, believing that farther pursuit

was cut off, the section of the battery was placed in position and opened fire, not so much with a view of damaging the enemy as signal-guns to any force which might be in reach of Columbia, trusting to thus give them a cue to the route pursued by the rebels. I ordered the troops to go immediately into camp, feed stock, and make details for cooking, while the men could get that rest they so much needed after the forty-eight hours' heavy duty they had undergone. I also ordered the company of pioneers attached to the Thirty-fourth brigade to be immediately set to work in clearing the obstructions from a dirt road that crossed the river but a few hundred yards below the bridge. In the mean time the whole column closed up, the Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky having marched twenty-two miles in seven consecutive hours. I had not yet abandoned the hope of overtaking the enemy at Cumberland River. I also learned that Colonel Wofford was certainly at Greensburgh in command of four regiments of cavalry. I immediately despatched to him, notifying him of our pursuit, and suggesting that he should press on to Columbia—in the event that he should find Morgan in camp at the latter place to quietly await our arrival, which would be some time during the night. By ten o'clock p.m., of the first instant, the obstructions in the road were removed. I then directed that the whole cavalry force under my command should move forward, accompanied by one section of the battery, with instructions to Colonel Boyle that if he should find Morgan in camp at Columbia not to disturb him, unless he should attempt to move off, until he was supported by my infantry or Colonel Wofford's cavalry. Following immediately in the rear of the cavalry was the remainder of the force under my command. As soon as I saw the principal part of the Thirty-fourth brigade across the river I pressed forward to the front, and to my surprise found the whole column halted at six o'clock a.m., six miles from the bridge which they had left at eleven o'clock the previous night. The apology for such a direct violation of orders by the cavalry was that a citizen had told them that Morgan had left Columbia at eight o'clock the previous night, and that their horses were worn down. The infantry and artillery were moved forward and reached Columbia about noon on the second instant, when, learning that the Cumberland was certainly fordable, I abandoned the pursuit and ordered my men into camp. Soon after going into camp General Fry arrived and assumed command of all the troops in the vicinity of Columbia, and ordered the pursuit to be resumed, which order was countermanded at a point three miles beyond Columbia. The result of these operations was the capture of about one hundred and fifty prisoners, a number of horses and trappings, some arms, two caissons, and a quantity of ammunition for artillery and small arms. It is also reported by a citizen that one of our shells exploded among the rebel rear-guard at Green River and killed three of their number. I regret that there could not be more concerted action between Colonel Harlan and my-

self, for, had he pressed upon and followed Morgan to Springfield, I could have attacked him in front while he engaged his rear, or we could have attacked him unitedly. I also regret that the reënforcements from Danville never reached me. My determination was to attack Morgan at Springfield had they come up.

To Colonel Reid, and the officers and men of his brigade, I take pleasure in expressing my thanks for the promptness and alacrity with which they executed orders confided to them. It may be proper to state that the aggregate force of this brigade did not exceed one thousand eight hundred men, and my whole effective force did not exceed three thousand three hundred men.

To Captain Miller, of company M, First Illinois battery, thanks are due for his efficient services as an artillery officer. My thanks are due to Colonel Craddock for his energy and valuable suggestions, as well as to all the officers on the expedition; but, above all, the gallant soldiers composing the command deserve especial notice for the cheerfulness with which they endured the privations to which they were necessarily subjected, and the alacrity with which they obeyed all orders. To my aids, Captain Letcher, of the Twelfth, Captain Help, of the Tenth, Lieutenant Mannen, of the Sixteenth Kentucky, and Lieutenant Nell, of the First Kentucky battery, my thanks are due for the efficient manner in which they discharged their duties. Captain Gaubert, Post-Quartermaster, displayed great energy and efficiency in getting up on short notice transportation and rations for the expedition. And while it may seem invidious to make distinctions where all deserve commendation, yet especial thanks are due to Lieut.-Col. Gantt and Major Harbeson, of the Sixteenth Kentucky, Majors Farris, Rue, and Fidler, of the cavalry, and Dr. S. M. Cartmell, Medical Director of the Expedition; nor should I forget Captains John S. and Carr B. White, of the Sixteenth Kentucky, and Lieutenant Crozier, of the Twelfth, who, with their companies, supported sections of battery, and were always in place and ready for duty. I ought perhaps to state that I labored under great disadvantage from the fact that I could get no definite information of Morgan's force. I had been officially notified that Morgan, at the time of his attack on Elizabethtown, had less than three thousand men, and certainly but two pieces of artillery. I had also been officially notified that simultaneously with his attack on that place, an attack was made on Munfordville, supposed to be led by Kirby Smith, whose force was unknown. When I learned that the force advancing on Lebanon certainly had ten pieces of artillery, I inferred that a junction of the two forces had been effected—the whole force being reported by citizens and scouts at eleven thousand.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. A. HOSKINS,
Colonel Commanding Expedition.

Doc. 53.

PROCLAMATION BY GOV. LETCHER.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

A PROCLAMATION.

HAVING reason to believe that the volunteers from this State in the army are not provided with the necessary supply of shirts, drawers, shoes, stockings, and gloves, I have deemed it proper to appeal to the good people of the Commonwealth to furnish such of these articles as they may be able to spare for the use of our troops. The heavier articles of clothing will, no doubt, be provided by the confederate government.

Few of us, while seated around our own fires in winter, well supplied with comfortable clothing, can realize the situation of those who are exposed to the inclemency of the weather, without sufficient covering, without change of apparel, or with tattered and unclean under-clothing.

The inability in an army to procure necessary washing, makes it imperative that they should be furnished with a larger supply of clothing. The loss of clothing, which is inevitable to those who are making long and hurried marches, renders it proper that they should be supplied more frequently than the army regulations allow. The articles of shoes and stockings are most needed, because the wear and tear upon them from frequent and rough usage is incessant. Shoes especially have become so exorbitantly high that the pay of the soldier is not sufficient to enable him to procure them. From such causes, and from inattention on the part of subordinate officers, the men are too frequently unprovided with these indispensable requisites. Who can see the soldiers of Virginia marching with naked feet, in weather such as we have lately experienced, without feeling his cheek flushing with sensations of shame and mortification? Who can contemplate the prospect for the soldiers in the future, as winter advances, while the slaves on our farms and in our streets are comfortably clad, without emotions calculated to open his purse and his heart to remedy the evil?

The man who, amid rain and snow, is compelled, in mud up to his knees, to put his shoulder to a cannon-wheel when stalled, and drag it out by his bodily exertion, will properly enjoy the comfort of a clean and dry pair of stockings when he returns to his tent. The man who has been standing on guard on a stormy night, until thoroughly drenched, can comprehend the pleasure of a dry and clean shirt, and a comfortable pair of flannel or cotton drawers. The man who, in bitter cold weather, with fingers nearly frosted, has to clench a frozen musket or rifle-barrel, will appreciate the kindness of one who will furnish him with a pair of woollen gloves. He will feel that he is not forgotten by his country, and his heart will overflow as he silently vows to peril his life in defence of her honor and for her glory.

I feel confident it will be enough for me to state the necessity that exists to insure a supply of the article named.

Let the people in each county and corporation in the State set to work immediately to procure whatever may be necessary for the soldiers from their immediate neighborhoods. Let them appoint a trusted agent to collect the articles that may be contributed, to carry them in person to the encampments, and to see to their proper distribution. These contributions will cheer and comfort thousands, and call down the blessings of heaven upon yourselves and families.

The unusually early appearance of winter induces me to make the appeal now, and admonishes me to urge upon you to expedite your offerings.

Given under my hand at Richmond, and under the seal of the Commonwealth, this [L.S.] thirteenth day of November, 1862, and in the eighty-seventh year of the Commonwealth.

JOHN LETCHER.

By the Governor:

GEO. W. MUNFORD,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Doc. 54.

OPERATIONS AT FREDERICKSBURGH, VA.

SURRENDER OF THE CITY DEMANDED.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
Friday, November 21—11 P.M. }

GEN. PATRICK, Provost-Marshal General of the army, this morning crossed the river to Fredericksburgh, under a flag of truce, conveying to the rebel authorities of that city the following letter, demanding its surrender:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
November 21. }

To the Mayor and Common Council of Fredericksburgh:

GENTLEMEN: Under cover of the houses of your city, shots have been fired at the troops of my command. Your mills and manufactories are furnishing provisions and the materials for clothing for armed bodies in rebellion against the Government of the United States. Your railroads and other means of transportation are removing supplies to the dépôts of such troops. This condition of things must terminate, and by direction of Gen. Burnside, I accordingly demand the surrender of the city into my hands, as the representative of the United States, at or before five o'clock this afternoon. Failing an affirmative reply to this demand, by the hour indicated, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the city of women and children, the sick and wounded and aged, etc., which period having expired, I shall proceed to shell the town. Upon obtaining possession of the city, every necessary means will be taken to preserve order and secure the protective operation of the laws and policy of the United States Government.

I am very respectfully your obedient servant,
E. V. SUMNER,
Brevet Major-Gen. U.S.A., Commanding Right Grand Division.

On his arrival on the opposite side of the river, Gen. Patrick was conveyed to the guard-house by

the military, where he was detained until the reply was ready. In the mean time his communication was conveyed to Gen. Longstreet, whose troops were encamped a short distance outside of the city. The following is the reply of the Mayor:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, FREDERICKSBURGH, }
November 21, 1862. }

Brevet Major-General E. V. Sumner, Commanding U.S.A.

SIR: I have received at twenty minutes before five o'clock this afternoon, your communication of this date, in which you state that under cover of the houses of this town, shots have been fired upon the troops of your command; that our mills and manufactories are furnishing provisions and the materials for clothing for armed bodies in rebellion against the Government of the United States; that our railroads and other means of transportation are removing supplies to the dépôts of such troops; that this condition of things must terminate; that by command of Major-Gen. Burnside, you demand the surrender of this town into your hands as the representative of the Government of the United States, at or before five o'clock this afternoon; that failing an affirmative reply to this demand by the time indicated, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the town of women and children, the sick and wounded, and aged, which period having elapsed, you will proceed to shell the town.

In reply, I have to say, that this communication did not reach me in time to convene the council for its consideration and furnish a reply by the hour indicated, five P.M. It was sent to me through the hands of the commanding officer of the army of the confederate States, near this town, to whom it was first delivered by consent of Gen. Patrick, who brought it from you, as I am informed, and I am authorized by the commander of the confederate army to say that there was no delay in passing it through his hands to me.

In regard to the matter complained of by you, the firing of shots upon your troops occurred upon the northern suburbs of the town, and was the act of the military officer commanding the confederate forces near here, for which matter neither the citizens nor the civil authorities of this town are responsible. In regard to the other matters of complaint, I am authorized by the latter officer to state that the condition of things therein complained of shall no longer exist; that your troops shall not be fired on from this town; that the mills and manufactories here will not furnish any further supplies, provisions, or material for clothing for the confederate troops; nor will the railroads or other means of transportation here convey supplies from the town to the dépôt of said troops outside of the town. The civil authorities of Fredericksburgh have no control; but I am assured by the military authorities of the confederate army near here that nothing will be done by them to infringe the conditions herein named as to matters within the town; but the latter authorities inform us that while their troops will not occupy the town, they will not permit yourself to do so.

You must be aware that there will not be more than three or four hours of daylight within the sixteen hours given by you for the removal of the sick and wounded, the women and children, and the aged and infirm from this place; and I have to inform you that while there is no railroad transportation accessible to the town, because of the interruption thereof by your batteries, all other means of transportation within the town are so limited as to render the removal of the classes of persons spoken of within the time indicated an utter impossibility. I have convened the council, which will remain in session awaiting any further communication you may have to make.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
M. SLAUGHTER,
Mayor.*

The following are the concluding letters of the correspondence between Gen. Sumner and the authorities of Fredericksburgh, which show why the threat to shell the city was not executed. The following is Gen. Sumner's reply to the Mayor's letter refusing to surrender the town:

HEADQUARTERS RIGHT GRAND DIVISION, }
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, November 21, 1862. }

To the Mayor and Common Council, Fredericksburgh, Va.:

Your letter of this afternoon is at hand, and in consideration of your pledge that the acts complained of shall cease, and that your town shall not be occupied by any of the enemy's forces, and your assertions that a lack of transportation renders it impossible to move the women, children, sick, wounded and aged, I am authorized to say to you that our batteries will not open upon the town at the hour designated.

Gen. Patrick will meet a committee of representatives from your town to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, at the Lacey House.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
E. V. SUMNER,
Brevet Major-Gen. Commanding Division.

An interview having thus been invited at nine A.M., Mayor Slaughter, Dr. J. G. Wallace, J. L. Marye, Jr., W. A. Little, and W. S. Scott, on the part of the citizens, and Gen. Kershaw on behalf of the military, proceeded at the hour named, to the opposite shore, but were not received, as the following note will explain. It will also be seen that an apology was made for firing on the train which left, carrying out the departing citizens.

HEADQUARTERS RIGHT GRAND DIVISION, NEAR }
FALMOUTH, VA., Nov. 22, 1862. }

To the Mayor of Fredericksburgh, Va.:

The invitation given you in my letter of last night was in these words:

Gen. Patrick will meet a committee or representatives from your town to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, at the Lacey House.

The invitation was intended only for the civil authorities at Fredericksburgh, but I have no objection to the committee being accompanied by one or two military persons. If you wish to

* See page 79 Does. ante.

meet Gen. Patrick, he will be at the Lacey House, at two o'clock to-day. The firing upon the train this morning was through mistake, and contrary to orders. I should much regret to learn that any departing families had been injured.

Very respectfully,

E. V. SUMNER,
Brevet Major-General U.S.A.

At two o'clock, pursuant to invitation, the afore-mentioned committee, accompanied by Gen. Kershaw, proceeded across the river. After an interview of half an hour's length the committee returned with word that a final answer might be expected from Gen. Sumner during the evening. About six P.M. the following note was received from General Sumner:

HEADQUARTERS RIGHT GRAND DIVISION, }
November 22. }

To the Mayor and Common Council, Fredericksburgh, Va.:

I am authorized to say that so long as no hostile demonstration is made from the town, it will not be shelled. I have also to say that there will be no more firing upon the cars before eleven o'clock A.M. to-morrow.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
E. V. SUMNER,
Brevet Major-General U.S.A., Commanding.

Doc. 55.

ADVANCE ON HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

CAMP NEAR WATERFORD, MISS., }
November 30, 1862. }

DAY before yesterday morning we took up our line of march from Davis's Mills to Holly Springs. The weather, which up to the time of our departure had been clear and sunny, suddenly turned cold and lowering on Friday morning, and a piercing wind blew all of our first day's march. Toward noon on Friday we passed the place where Lee's cavalry had so successful a skirmish with the enemy a week or so ago. The only relics of the fight were two or three dead horses lying by the roadside, and the remnants of several broken saddles.

But these evidences of war are not peculiar to that spot alone. Along the whole line of the road from La Grange to this place, the fences are opened for cavalry charges, and dead horses are to be seen in hundreds of places. Indeed, there is not a mile of the road between this place and La Grange which has not been the scene of some skirmish or chase within the last three weeks. Every house along the road is empty, and with their shattered doors and windows standing open, present a woful picture of the desolation that follows in the track of war.

About ten o'clock on Saturday morning, (twenty-ninth,) the advance of the Federal army passed through Holly Springs. No halt was made there, but all day Saturday, and all the fore-part of to-day, regiment after regiment, division close on the heels of division, yesterday General Hamilton's column, and to-day General McPherson's, until the citizens

began to think the entire North was emptying itself through their streets.

I entered the town with Gen. Ross's division, or rather in advance of it, with two of the General's staff, whom he sent ahead. The main road was so thronged with columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery that it was almost impossible to force our horses past the dense masses that poured like a living avalanche along the main road. So we took to the fields and across the country. We entered the town by its eastern suburb, and in that quarter found it almost deserted by citizens. The dark masses of McArthur's division were just swarming out of the south side of the town as the head of Ross's entered the north.

Holly Springs is the handsomest place we have seen yet on our southward march. It is beautifully laid out, with wide streets, planted on each side with rows of shade-trees. Many of the residences are large and tastefully built. It has half a dozen churches, one of which, the Episcopal Church, is a little architectural gem.

The town once had six or seven thousand inhabitants, but now has probably not more than one third of that number. Every store was of course closed; some of the merchants, who had any stock left, carried it out of town as soon as they heard of the approach of the army. One man who had had large contracts for supplying the rebel army, had moved his stock to the woods a few miles south of town, where the goods were discovered secreted. The troops who discovered it supplied themselves well from a large stock of tobacco which he had brought to Holly Springs to supply the rebel army.

I was informed on good authority that a large stock of clothing which was discovered in one store in the town, was a branch of the house of Seligman & Brother, of St. Louis. The goods were here to be sold to the rebels, and if, as I have every reason to believe, the goods belong to Seligman & Brother, that firm has been acting traitorously to the Government which is protecting them in selling military goods to the Union army at Memphis, and at various other military points where the army is stationed. Messrs. Seligman & Brother have one branch too many to be loyal men.

We only remained in the town about an hour, and were then obliged to hurry out to overtake the division, which scarcely paused in its passage through. Just outside of the town, on the west, we found two fine vineyards, and procured from the proprietor of one of them some splendid Catawba wine.

Last evening, just before dark, we marched down a narrow gorge into a deep basin about a mile in width and perhaps two miles in length. On every side it is surrounded with bold bluffs inaccessibly steep.

From the centre of this valley or basin where "Dunkin's Mills" stand, one looks up at an angle of forty-five degrees to the summit of the hills that encircle it on every side. Out of these hills gush hundreds of springs, and in the bottom of the valley are half a dozen small lakes, some of

them formed by the dams built to obtain a head of water to run the mills. When we moved in, Quimby's division had passed through, ascended one of the zigzag roads, and were encamped on the eastern hill summits, McArthur's on the south side of the valley. General Ross's command soon commenced winding its way serpent-like up the hills, and bivouacked on the north side of the basin, so that the three divisions of Gen. Hamilton's column surrounded the valley. No more picturesque scene could be imagined than that of yesterday evening—the little lakes, deep set like mirrors in the bosom of the hills, the thousands of soldiers filling their canteens, the thousands of horses led down to drink and splashing in the margin of the water, the smoke of the innumerable camp-fires on the hill-tops, the whole drawn on a background of a few long streaks of fiery cloud that the sun left as he went down, formed a picture that few who saw it will forget.

Just before we came to the camping ground yesterday evening, we passed the spot on the road where Colonel Lee, who is in the advance, had four hours previous had a skirmish with the enemy's cavalry.

On one side of the road was the newly made grave of one of the Seventh Kansas cavalry, killed in the fight; and on the other side, the baggage of the artillerymen, of the two guns of the Second Iowa battery that are with Lee, was thrown just as they threw it down when the enemy was first seen. The rebels soon retreated with a loss of six killed, and the artillery and cavalry were far ahead of us in pursuit. During the evening, until quite dark, we could occasionally hear the faint report of their guns as they continued to drive the enemy back along the road toward the Tallahatchie River.

Colonel Lee, with his brigade of cavalry and two ten-pound Parrott guns, was far in the advance ever since we left Holly Springs, and his advance was one continued skirmish along the whole distance from Holly Springs to where he now is, within two miles of the Tallahatchie.

The country through which the road runs to this place is of the same character that it is in Tennessee, long, undulating swells of land, densely wooded, with beech and oak. From the summit of each of these swells of land the rebels would stop and fire their one piece of artillery, (the only one they had,) without much effect though, as they only killed one of our men in all their yesterday's firing.

This morning firing was heard again in the front, and as we had learned yesterday, while we were at Holly Springs, that Gen. Sherman, with the army from Memphis, was at "Chulahoma," only eight miles west of us, we were at first in doubt as to whether he had not reached the Tallahatchie and was attacking the enemy at Wyatt's Ford, which is five miles west of Abbeyville.

This afternoon, however, when I rode down the road toward the Tallahatchie, I met Lee's cavalry coming back to camp about four miles

this side of the river. One of their two guns had been disabled by having the axletree shot in two, but not a man was hurt. The Thirty-ninth and Twenty-seventh Ohio regiments of infantry, which had been sent forward in the forenoon, were also returning, to take up their quarters for the night at the same place, four miles this side of the enemy's lines.

They all report the enemy strongly fortified on the Tallahatchie, having two batteries behind heavy breastworks on the north side of the river; one of these, a battery of six guns, three of which are twenty-four pound siege-guns, is just at the bridge which crosses the Tallahatchie. On the south bank of the river they have three small forts, each one of which commands both the railroad and the wagon-road bridges. If we judge by their spirited firing, the rebels are determined upon making a stubborn fight at the Tallahatchie, but let them fight as stubbornly as they will, there can be no result to them but defeat—the armies of Sherman and Grant will overwhelm them.

This evening, after Colonel Lee's forces and the two Ohio regiments had withdrawn to camp, some distant firing was heard in the south-west, which must have been Sherman attacking the enemy at Wyatt's Ford. The sky was lowering and the air was thick with mist, and the distant discharges of the guns do not come to us in sharp reports. The sound is like rolls of distant, muttering thunder, premonitions of a storm that will burst against the rebel fortifications very soon, perhaps to-morrow. If the attack is deferred longer than that, it is my humble opinion that the enemy will not wait to receive it.

W. L. F.

—*Missouri Democrat.*

Doc. 56.

SECOND MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS.

REPORT OF CHAPLAIN CRESSY.

To James George, Colonel Commanding Second Regiment Minnesota Volunteer Infantry:

DEAR SIR: Herewith I send you my report for the time included between August first and December first, 1862. The history of our regiment for these four months, is probably more varied by stirring events, severe toil, great endurance, unflinching devotion to duty, and general health and vigor of nerve, than it ever has been, or ever will be, for the same length of time, while we are in the service.

This period commences with that melancholy event, the cowardly murder by guerrillas, upon the sixth day of August, of our much-beloved Brig.-General Robert L. McCook. As a military officer, he was universally and deservedly respected and beloved by his brigade; and by none more so than by the Second Minnesota. His murder cast a deep gloom over this regiment; and his death, even to this day, is referred to among us only with deep emotions of sorrow. We shall ever cherish his memory with chasten-

ed and hallowed delight, and hand his name down to posterity as a true patriot and a brave commander.

After spending twelve days near Dechard, Tennessee, at the great springs, we left that place, August twentieth, for Pelham, twelve miles east. Here we bivouacked upon a dreary, rocky bluffside for six days, challenging in every honorable way the rebel Bragg to fight us, who was, with a powerful army exceeding ours in number, passing north within a few miles east of us. But all to no purpose. He would not accept the challenge.

September fourth and fifth found us at Murfreesboro, where our train, after a hazardous trip from Dechard, rejoined us, and we were again in tents, after having been without them for ten days.

From September seventh to the fourteenth, we were in Nashville, engaged in guarding the city, and in fatigue duties upon the extensive fortifications then being erected.

On Sabbath afternoon, September fourteenth, by the approbation of Gen. Stedman, I secured one of the principal churches in Nashville, for the special use of our brigade, where we could have preaching every Sabbath, in a place dedicated to the worship of God, instead of being exposed to all the inconveniences of field-preaching. While thus dreaming, in common with the whole regiment, that we should spend many months in Nashville, the order came at three o'clock P.M. on that day, that we must march for Louisville, Ky., in one hour, with five days' rations in our haversacks, leaving our tents all standing.

This order came like a thunderbolt upon us. But such a folding of blankets, filling knapsacks and haversacks, saddling horses and harnessing mules, leaping of men from tent to tent, and rushing of teams to and fro, I am sure are seldom seen. But when that hour had passed, all were in line for that long and never-to-be-forgotten march, which we had in no sense anticipated at the beginning of that hour.

The weather was warm, the roads excessively dusty, the springs were low, many of the streams were entirely dried up, and for days constantly marching in a thick cloud of dust, nothing but stagnant water in sink-holes could be obtained to slake our thirst. At the same time we had nothing but hard bread and pork, and very light rations of these, without coffee or sugar. At Bowling Green we drew flour, but had no means of baking it but by throwing it into hot ashes. But all this was endured with that patriotic, soldierly bearing which is the pride of our American army.

September 27th.—In thirteen days we arrived at Louisville. When actually marching—for we made a few halts for a part or all of a day—we varied from twenty to thirty miles per day in making the two hundred miles from one city to the other.

After spending three days in Louisville, in receiving rations, clothing, and a payment, we left

that city as we came, with thousands of others in pursuit of the enemy. We cannot forbear mentioning two or three incidents, which occurred in that pursuit, that are especially associated with this regiment, here of a similar character might have occurred, had it not been for our reserved position. Our division was the reserve of our corps, and our brigade was the reserve of our division.

Monday, October 6th.—Not anticipating an attack, we left our camp at sunrise. That day our regiment will not soon forget. Our brigade led the division, and our regiment the brigade. Thus we were thrown on that day in front of all our forces, upon that route. At Springfield we were unceremoniously met by a spirited and rapid cannonading in our front, while round shot and shell were dealt out to us more bountifully than was for our convenience. At five different times during that day, upon our march, we were in like manner fiercely attacked, and at each time, though the enemy had a chance to choose their own positions, by the skilful and masterly movement of our able colonel, and the spirited and undaunted energy of our men in skirmishing, flanking and charging, the rebels were driven back each time by our regiment alone. In one of these skirmishes we left eight of the enemy upon the field. How many of them fell in the other four we have no means of knowing, as we were making a rapid march and clearing the track for the thousands of forces coming in our rear. In all these running fights not one of our men received a wound, though some of us had narrow escapes, especially from the bursting shells.

In the bloody battle of Perryville, October ninth, on account of our reserved position, we were not ordered up until late in the afternoon. A part of McCook's corps, after a fierce resistance, were falling back before the enemy. Our whole brigade were brought up to arrest their progress, and that, too, under a terrific fire from their artillery. Our battery—Loder's—one of the most powerful in the service, replied with such skill and energy that soon disabled and silenced the strongest battery in Bragg's army. But while this murderous duel of batteries was raging, our brigade was exposed to their cross fire, and the bursting of the shells from each. A hotter and more dangerous place in this world no man has a right to anticipate as a test of his valor. The going in of our brigade at that critical moment saved that portion of our army there engaged from a perfect rout.

By a kind Providence, not a man of us was in the least degree injured. God's hand seemed in a wonderful manner to protect each and all.

The darkness of night soon put an end to this murderous fray, and our whole brigade, like herds of tigers crouching for a last murderous pounce upon their prey, laid down upon their arms in line of battle, to await, as they supposed, an appalling strife at the dawn of the morning. But when that morning came the enemy had fled, and we had nothing to do but to take our breakfast

of hard bread, pork, and coffee, in quiet possession of the field.

In a few days after, stung with disappointed hope that the enemy, who should have been ours, had escaped from our grasp, we found ourselves retracing our weary steps to Tennessee, where we now are watching the movements of our subtle, traitorous foe.

In the four months embraced in this report we have been without tents sixty-six days, during which has occurred the severest snow storm this regiment has seen the past year.

In all we have now in the regiment,.....	709
Total present for duty,.....	556
Total upon the sick list,.....	66
Absent in different hospitals,.....	54
Sick in camp,.....	12
Amount of hospital funds on hand,.....	\$69
Total number of miles marched from August first to December first,.....	642
Total number of miles travelled by this regiment since we left Fort Snelling, Oct. fourteenth, 1861,.....	3166
Total number of deaths in the same time,.	69

The number of deaths during the last four months has been unusually small. Companies A, B, C, G, H, and K have lost none.

In company D, there have died, Leonard Town, Charles T. Watkins, and Charles W. Bartlett.

In company E, three have died: Edward Pasco, Benjamin Roundville, and Warren Spaulding.

In company F, there have been two deaths: Oliver N. Keyes and Marquis D. Mitchell.

In company I, one has died: De Loss Eustice.

The health of our regiment amidst such severe exposures and toil calls for special gratitude to God.

As we have literally here no continuing city or abiding-place, and much of the time have been in hourly expectation of skirmishes and battle with the enemy, while this service has been so active, full of toil, fatigue, and anxiety, and when a few hours have been spent in camp, there has been such a demand for rest, that few and far between have been the opportunities for public worship. Still we have had religious services occasionally during the last four months.

We have such a vast number in our hospitals who can be reached by religious instruction under highly favorable circumstances, while the services of the field are so active, leaving no time upon the Sabbath as upon other days, for any thing but strictly military duties, it is a serious question whether most of our chaplains should not confine much or all of their time to the afflicted in hospitals instead of remaining in the field, where their opportunities for doing good are by necessity, exceedingly small, whatever may be their devotion to their work.

With sentiments of high regard, I remain, dear Colonel, your humble servant,

T. R. CRESSY,
Chaplain Minnesota Second Regiment.

Doc. 57.

ACTION NEAR FRANKLIN, VA.

IN THE FIELD OF ALBERT JOHNSON, }
TWO MILES FROM CARSVILLE, VA., December 2, 1862. }

YESTERDAY afternoon, a force of three thousand, including one section of Howard's battery, two sections of the Seventh Massachusetts battery, the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, and five regiments of infantry—the Ohio Sixty-second, Illinois Thirty-ninth, Pennsylvania One Hundred and Third, New-York One Hundred and Thirtieth, and Massachusetts Sixth—all under command of Col. Spear, Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, left Suffolk, with two days' rations, for a little business excursion toward Franklin. Indications of rebel forces were seen during the day on our side of the Blackwater, and their pickets were chased by the scouts of the Eleventh. Soon after sunrise, this morning, the whole force reached Beaver Dam Church, two miles beyond Carsville, and three miles short of Franklin, when the videttes brought in the exciting news that a squad of our pickets, some dozen in number, had boldly charged on a large rebel force of cavalry and a battery, at a point a mile or so beyond, toward Franklin. These tidings raised the ardor of the Eleventh, and under the lead of Col. Spear, its commander, and Major Stratton, who headed the charge, the force, consisting of companies A, B, G, and I, made a most dashing and brilliant charge on the rebel corps, which proved to be four companies of the Second Georgia regiment of cavalry and two pieces of the far-famed rocket battery, presented to Gen. McClellan in Europe, and captured from him by the rebels. As soon as our force made its appearance, a most ignominious skedaddle ensued. It commenced a mile from Franklin, and was followed by the dash and abandon that have made "Spear's cavalry" the crack corps of Peck's division, until the force reached the floating bridge at Franklin, and the retreat was covered by the batteries across the Blackwater. The boys returned from their charge with twenty rebel prisoners from the rocket battery, and the Second Georgia cavalry, Col. Joel R. Griffin, thirty-five guns, seven horses, a quantity of accoutrements and equipments, and, best achievement of all, two of twelve pieces of the rocket battery. This arm, with its noisy projectile, full of sound and fury, is regarded as most formidable by the cavalry, as it introduces great consternation among horses. We captured caissons, two guns, and a quantity of rockets, four large horses, and all the men who worked the guns. Nearly all the captured prisoners were wounded, mostly by sabre-cuts, some of which were severe, but none fatal.

The prisoners were a sorry set, most of whom expressed joy at being captured, and at the promise of food, and exemption from a forced military service. "Butternut," and the coarsest gray, constituted their clothing, and they received food, especially coffee, with ravenous appetites, assuring us that only "hard tack"—ten crackers a

day—formed their regular rations, and that they were the victims of a conscription, from which they were glad to escape by the oath of allegiance.

Conversations with the prisoners inform us that there are about three thousand troops in and near Franklin, and that they are strongly fortified with fifteen pieces of artillery, two pieces of which, at least, are very large siege-guns, procured since the recent set-to we had with them, of which I lately advised you. These forces are all under the command of General Robinson and General French. If those we have captured are specimens of the rest, the artillery constitutes all the formidable force the enemy has. The cavalry were mounted on but tolerable horses, with rifles and fowling-pieces that can only be loaded when the men are dismounted, without sabre or pistol. One regiment of our boys would be good for three such.

Col. Spear, with characteristic courage, asked leave to follow up his advantage, feeling sure that he could wipe out Franklin with the force under his command, but, for reasons that are doubtless sufficient, a despatch from headquarters—fifteen miles distant—orders us to return at sunrise in the morning, and accordingly we are bivouacked in this place for the night, having accomplished this really brilliant success without the slightest loss or injury, with the exception of one or two slight bruises received by the falling of horses. It is really one of the neatest little affairs of the season, and our entire force award all the praise to the Pennsylvania Eleventh; the only regret of the rest of us being that we were not able to participate in the achievement any further than to be at hand to support, in case our services were needed.

—*New-York Tribune.*

Doc. 58.

GENERAL HALLECK'S REPORT

OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE NATIONAL ARMIES.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 1862.

SIR: In compliance with your orders, I have the honor to submit the following report of military operations since the twenty-third of July last, when, in compliance with the President's order, I assumed the command of the army as General-in-Chief. The first thing to which my attention was called on my arrival here was the condition of the army at Harrison's Landing, on the James River. I immediately visited General McClellan's headquarters for consultation. I left Washington on the twenty-fourth and returned on the twenty-seventh. The main object of this consultation was to ascertain if there was a possibility of an advance upon Richmond from Harrison's Landing, and if not, to favor some plan of uniting the armies of Gen. McClellan and Gen. Pope on some other line. Not being familiar with the position and numbers of the troops in Virginia, and on the coast, I took the President's estimate of the largest number of reinforcements that could be sent to the army of the Potomac.

On the day of my arrival at Harrison's Landing Gen. McClellan was of opinion that he would require at least fifty thousand additional troops. I informed him that this number could not possibly be sent, that I was not authorized to promise him over twenty thousand, and that I could not well see how even that number could be safely withdrawn from other places. He took the night for considering the matter, and informed me the next morning that he would make the attempt upon Richmond with the additional twenty thousand, but immediately on my return to Washington he telegraphed that he would require thirty-five thousand, a force which it was impossible to send him without leaving Washington and Baltimore almost defenceless. The only alternative now left was to withdraw the army of the Potomac to some position where it could unite with that of Gen. Pope, and cover Washington at the same time that it operated against the enemy. After full consultation with my officers, I determined to attempt this junction on the Rappahannock, by bringing McClellan's forces to Acquia Creek. Accordingly, on the thirtieth July, I telegraphed to him to send away his sick as quickly as possible, preparatory to a movement of his troops. This was preliminary to the withdrawal of his entire army, which was ordered by telegraph on the third of August. In order that the transfer to Acquia Creek might be made as rapidly as possible, I authorized Gen. McClellan to assume control of all the vessels in the James River and Chesapeake Bay, of which there was then a vast fleet. The Quartermaster-General was also requested to send to that point all the transports that could be procured. On the fifth, I received a protest from Gen. McClellan, dated the fourth, against the removal of the army from Harrison's Landing, a copy of which is annexed, marked Exhibit No. 1, with my reply on the sixth, marked Exhibit No. 2. On the first of August I ordered Gen. Burnside to immediately embark his troops at Newport News, transfer them to Acquia Creek, and take position opposite Fredericksburgh. This officer moved with great promptness, and reached Acquia Creek on the night of the third. His troops were immediately landed, and the transports sent back to General McClellan.

About this time I received information that the enemy was preparing a large force to drive back Gen. Pope, and attack either Washington or Baltimore. The information was so direct and trustworthy that I could not doubt its correctness. This gave me serious uneasiness for the safety of the capital and Maryland, and I repeatedly urged upon Gen. McClellan the necessity of promptly moving his army so as to form a junction with that of Gen. Pope. The evacuation of Harrison's Landing, however, was not commenced till the fourteenth, eleven days after it was ordered.

Greatly discouraged at the prospect of timely aid from that quarter, I authorized Gen. Pope to order the main forces of General Cox, in Western Virginia, with all possible despatch by railroad, to join him *via* Washington. To facilitate the

withdrawal of the army of the Potomac from the Peninsula, and to gain time by a demonstration against the enemy, Gen. Pope pushed his forces across the Rappahannock, occupied Culpeper and threatened Gordonsville. Jackson's and Ewell's forces were hurried to the Rapidan, and on the ninth of August encountered Banks's corps at Cedar Mountain. A hard-fought battle ensued, and on the arrival of reinforcements from the corps of Gens. McDowell and Sigel, the enemy fell back upon the Rapidan and Gordonsville.

On the fifteenth, our cavalry surprised a party of the enemy near Louisa Court-House, and captured important despatches, showing that Lee was moving by forced marches the main body of the rebel army to attack Pope, before a junction could be formed between him and the army of the Potomac. On the sixteenth, I telegraphed to General Pope not to cross the Rapidan, and advised him to take position in rear of the Rappahannock, where he could be more easily reinforced. He commenced this movement on the seventeenth, and by the morning of the eighteenth had most of his forces behind that river, prepared to hold its passes as long as possible. He had been reinforced by King's division and a part of Burnside's corps, under Gen. Reno, from Fredericksburgh. I also directed Gen. Burnside to occupy Richard's and Barnett's Fords, which were between him and Gen. Pope's main army.

The enemy made several attempts to cross at different points on the Rappahannock, but was always repulsed, and our troops succeeded in holding the line of this river for eight days. It was hoped that during this time sufficient forces from the army of the Potomac would reach Acquia Creek to enable us to prevent any further advance of Lee, and eventually, with the combined armies, to drive him back upon Richmond. On the twenty-fourth, he made a flank movement, and crossed a portion of his forces at Waterloo Bridge, about twelve miles above the Rappahannock railroad station. Pope directed an attack upon the forces which had crossed the river, hoping to cut them off, but the enemy escaped with no great loss. The annexed telegram from General Pope, marked Exhibit No. 3, and dated the twenty-fifth, gives his views of the condition of affairs at that date. The enemy, however, had not fallen back, as he supposed, but on being repulsed at Waterloo Bridge, had moved further up the river and entered the valley which lies between the Blue Ridge and Bull Run Mountains. The object of this movement was evidently to get in Pope's rear, and cut off his supplies from Washington.

Anticipating this danger, I had telegraphed to Gen. Pope on the twenty-third: "By no means expose your railroad communication with Alexandria. It is of the utmost importance in sending your supplies and reinforcements." On the twenty-sixth I telegraphed: "If possible to attack the enemy in flank do so, but the main object now is to ascertain his position." From this time till the thirtieth I had no communication with General Pope, the telegraph-lines being

cut at Kettle Run by a part of Jackson's corps under Ewell, which had marched around Pope's right and attacked his rear.

Finding it doubtful whether we could hold Rappahannock long enough to effect this junction of the two armies, I had directed a part of the Peninsula forces to land at Alexandria, and move out by railroad as rapidly as possible. As soon as I had heard that the enemy had turned Gen. Pope's right flank and forced him to change his front, I ordered the remainder of the army of the Potomac to Alexandria, and directed Gen. Burnside to prepare to evacuate Fredericksburgh and Acquia Creek. I determined, however, to hold this position as long as possible for a base of future operations.

Gen. Pope's dispositions at this juncture were well planned. The corps of McDowell and Sigel, and the Pennsylvania reserves, under Reynolds, were pushed forward to Gainesville; Reno and Kearny were directed upon Greenwich, while Hooker's division was sent against Ewell along the railroad. Unfortunately, however, the movement was too late, as a large detachment of Lee's army was already east of Thoroughfare Gap. Hooker encountered the enemy near Kettle Run, and a sharp engagement ensued. This gallant division drove Ewell a distance of five miles, the enemy leaving their dead, and many of their wounded, on the field. As McDowell, Sigel, and Reynolds had reached their positions, there was now every prospect that Jackson would be destroyed before reinforcements could come to his relief.

On the evening of the twenty-seventh, General Pope ordered Gen. Porter to be at Bristow's Station by daylight on the morning of the twenty-eighth, with Morell's, and also directed him to communicate to Banks the order to move forward to Warrenton Junction. All trains were ordered this side of Cedar Run, and to be protected by a regiment of infantry, and a section of artillery. For some unexplained reasons Porter did not comply with this order, and his corps was not in the battles of the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth.

Heintzelman's corps pressed forward to Manassas on the morning of the twenty-eighth, and forced Jackson to retreat across Bull Run by the Centreville turnpike. McDowell had succeeded in checking Lee at Thoroughfare Gap, but the latter took the road from Hopeville to Newmarket and hastened to the relief of Jackson, who was already in rapid retreat. A portion of McDowell's corps encountered the retreating column on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, near Warrenton turnpike, and a severe but successful engagement ensued. Jackson was again attacked on the twenty-ninth, near the old battle-ground of July, 1861. Knowing that Longstreet was not distant, he made a most desperate stand. The fight continued nearly all day, and was terminated only by darkness. We had gained considerable ground, but nothing was decided when the battle closed. It was renewed the next morning, and after another day's hard fighting, our

forces fell back behind Bull Run, the enemy not attempting any pursuit. Two days later, however, he threw a considerable force between Chantilly and Germantown to turn Pope's right. Hooker dislodged them after a short but severe engagement, in which Brig.-Gens. Kearny and Stevens, two of our very best officers, were killed. Pope's army had been reënforced by the corps of Franklin and Sumner, and no further apprehensions were felt for its safety.

During the operations of the previous week, of which we received very favorable but not trustworthy accounts, every effort was made to push forward supplies and reënforcements to General Pope's army. The troops from the Peninsula were ordered not to wait for transportation, but to march immediately to the field of battle. Some of the corps moved with becoming activity, but the delays of others were neither creditable nor excusable. Our losses in these battles were very heavy, both in life and materials, but as no official reports have been received, except a brief sketch from Gen. Pope, marked Exhibit No. 4, I have no means of ascertaining their extent. Gen. Pope was transferred to another Department before the reports of his subordinates could be received; probably they will soon be handed in. Most of the troops actually engaged in these battles fought with great bravery, but some of them could not be brought into action at all. Many thousands straggled away from their commands, and it is said that not a few voluntarily surrendered to the enemy, so as to be paroled as prisoners of war.

In order to reorganize the different corps, get the stragglers back into their ranks, and to supply deficiencies of ammunition, clothing, etc., caused by recent losses, General Pope requested and received directions to bring his army within the defences of Washington, which were then under the command of General McClellan. This movement was executed on the night of the third, without loss. General Pope being now second in command of the united forces, applied to be relieved, and was transferred to another department. Although this short and active campaign was, from causes already referred to, less successful than we had reason to expect, it had accomplished the great and important object of covering the capital till troops could be collected for its defence. Had the army of the Potomac arrived a few days earlier, the rebel army could have been easily defeated and perhaps destroyed.

Seeing that an attack upon Washington would now be futile, Lee pushed his main army across the Potomac for a raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Gen. McClellan was directed to pursue him with all troops which were not required for the defence of Washington. Several corps were immediately thrown out in observation at Darnestown and Leesboro, and most of his army was in motion by the fifth of September. A portion entered Frederick on the twelfth. As the campaign was to be carried on within the department commanded by Major-Gen. Wool, I directed Gen. McClellan to assume control of all troops within

his reach, without regard to departmental lines. The garrisons of Winchester and Martinsburgh had been withdrawn to Harper's Ferry, and the commanding officer of that post had been advised by my chief of staff to mainly confine his defence, in case he was attacked by superior forces, to the position of Maryland Heights, which could have been held a long time against overwhelming numbers. To withdraw him entirely from that position, with the great body of Lee's forces between him and our army, would not only expose the garrison to capture, but all the artillery and stores collected at that place must either be destroyed or left to the enemy. The only feasible plan was for him to hold his position until Gen. McClellan could relieve him, or open a communication so that he could evacuate it in safety. These views were communicated both to General McClellan and to Colonel Miles.

The left of Gen. McClellan's army pursued a part of the enemy's forces to the South-Mountains, where, on the fourteenth, he made a stand. A severe battle ensued, the enemy being defeated and driven from his position with heavy loss. Lee's army then fell back behind Antietam Creek, a few miles above its mouth, and took a position admirably suited for defence. Our army attacked him on the sixteenth, and a hotly-contested battle was fought on that and the ensuing day, which resulted in the defeat of the Rebel forces. On the night of the seventeenth, our troops slept on the field which they had so bravely won. On the eighteenth, neither party renewed the attack, and on the night of the eighteenth and nineteenth Gen. Lee withdrew his army to the south side of the Potomac. Our loss in the several battles on South-Mountain and at Antietam was one thousand seven hundred and forty-two killed, eight thousand and sixty-six wounded, and nine hundred and thirteen missing, making a total of ten thousand seven hundred and twenty-one. Gen. McClellan estimates the enemy's loss at nearly thirty thousand; but their own accounts give their loss at about fourteen thousand in killed and wounded.

On the approach of the enemy to Harper's Ferry, the officer in command on Maryland Heights destroyed his artillery and abandoned his post, and on the fifteenth, Col. Miles surrendered Harper's Ferry, with only a slight resistance, and within hearing of the guns of Gen. McClellan's army. As this whole matter has been investigated and reported upon by a military commission, it is unnecessary for me to discuss the disgraceful surrender of the post and army under Col. Miles's command. General McClellan's preliminary report of his operations in Maryland, including the battles of South-Mountain and Antietam, is submitted herewith, marked Exhibit No. 4. No reports of his subordinate officers have been submitted.

From the seventeenth of September till the twenty-sixth of October, McClellan's main army remained on the north bank of the Potomac, in the vicinity of Sharpsburgh and Harper's Ferry. The long inactivity of so large an army in the

face of a defeated foe, and during the most favorable season for rapid movements and a vigorous campaign, was a matter of great disappointment and regret. Your letter of the twenty-seventh, and my reply on the twenty-eighth of October, in regard to the alleged causes of this unfortunate delay, I submit herewith, marked Exhibit No. 5. In reply to the telegraphic order of the sixth of October, quoted in my letter of the twenty-eighth, above referred to, Gen. McClellan disapproved of the plan of crossing the Potomac south of the Blue Ridge, and said that he would cross at Harper's Ferry and advance upon Winchester. He, however, did not begin to cross till the twenty-sixth of October, and then at Berlin.

This passage occupied several days, and was completed about the third of November. What caused him to change his views, or what his plan of campaign was, I am ignorant; for about this time he ceased to communicate with me in regard to his operations, sending his reports directly to the President. On the fifth instant, I received the written order of the President relieving Gen. McClellan, and placing Gen. Burnside in command of the army of the Potomac. This order was transmitted by a special messenger, who delivered it to Gen. McClellan at Rectortown on the seventh.

When I left the department of the Mississippi in July last, the main body of the army under Major-Gen. Buell was between Huntsville and Stevenson, moving toward Chattanooga, for which place they had left Corinth about the tenth of June. Major-Gen. Curtis's forces were at Helena, Arkansas, and those under Brig.-Gen. Schofield in South-western Missouri. The central army, under Major-Gen. Grant, occupying the line of West-Tennessee and Northern Mississippi, extended from Memphis to Iuka, and protected the railroads from Columbus south, which were then our only channels of supply. These several armies spread along a line of some six hundred miles from the western borders of Arkansas to Cumberland Gap, and occupying a strip of country more than one hundred and fifty miles in width, from which the enemy's forces had recently been expelled, were rapidly decreasing in strength from the large numbers of soldiers sent home on account of real or pretended disability.

On the other hand, the enemy's armies were greatly increased by an arbitrary and rigidly enforced conscription. With their superiority in numbers and discipline they boldly determined to reoccupy Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky, and, if possible, to invade the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, while our attention was distracted by the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and an extended Indian insurrection on the Western frontiers. This plan had very many chances of success; but the timely order of the President of August fourth, calling for additional forces, and the patriotic response of the people of the North-West, thwarted the enemy's well-formed calculations.

Gen. Bragg suddenly transferred a large part of his army from Tupelo, Mississippi, through

the States of Alabama and Georgia, reached Chattanooga in advance of Gen. Buell, turned his left, and, rapidly crossing the State of Tennessee, entered Kentucky by Munfordsville and Lebanon.

Gen. Buell fell back upon Nashville, without giving the enemy battle—then followed, or rather moved parallel with Bragg, who, after capturing our garrison at Munfordsville, turned off from the main road to Louisville, along which Gen. Buell passed—the latter reaching Louisville without any engagement. Another column of the enemy had moved from East-Tennessee, after blockading Cumberland Gap, upon Lexington, and threatened Cincinnati. A small force of our raw troops, which had been pushed forward to Richmond, Ky., under Major-General Nelson, were met by the enemy and completely routed. In the mean time, every effort had been made to collect new troops at Cincinnati and Louisville, and to fortify these places against a *coup de main*.

To give confidence to the new levies, a portion of Gen. Grant's army was withdrawn from Mississippi and sent to Kentucky and Cincinnati. No attack was attempted by the enemy.

Major-Gen. Buell left Louisville on the first of October, with an army of about one hundred thousand men in pursuit of General Bragg. The latter engaged a part of Gen. Buell's army at Perryville, about ten o'clock on the eighth of October. A general battle ensued, and was continued till dark; it was mainly fought by Major-Gen. McCook's corps; the enemy retreated during the night; the losses were heavy on both sides, but no official reports of the numbers engaged or the losses on either side have been received. After this battle, the main army of the Rebels retreated to East-Tennessee; Gen. Buell pursued it as far as Mount Vernon or London, then fell back to the line from Louisville to Nashville. Here Major-General Rosecrans superseded him in the command by the orders of the President. As the Secretary of War has ordered a military commission to investigate the operations of Gen. Buell in this campaign, it would be obviously improper for me to express any opinion, unless specially directed to do so.

The command of Brig.-Gen. Morgan at Cumberland Gap abandoned that place and retreated to the Ohio River. The alleged cause of this retreat was the want of supplies. The commanding officer, however, had just before reported that he had several weeks' provisions, and under no circumstances would he surrender that important post. An investigation of this matter has been ordered.

The withdrawal of a considerable part of Gen. Grant's army to reënforce Gen. Buell and to occupy Zanesville and Cincinnati, induced the enemy to renew operations in Northern Mississippi and Western Tennessee.

A force of some five thousand or six thousand men was sent to attack Bolivar and Jackson, Tennessee, and by destroying the railroad to cut off all connection between Memphis and Corinth. The head of the enemy's column was met about four miles south of Bolivar on the thirtieth of

August, and a brisk skirmish ensued. On the thirty-first, a portion of the enemy's forces was engaged and repulsed near Meadow Station. On the first of September the fight was renewed at Britton's Lane, on the Denmark road, and continued till night, when the enemy retreated south, across the Hatchie, leaving one hundred and seventy-nine dead and wounded on the field. Our loss was five killed, seventy-eight wounded, and ninety-two prisoners and missing.

In the early part of October, General Price advanced with a large force and took possession of Iuka, a small town on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, twenty-one miles south-east of Corinth. The garrison, too weak to attempt resistance, fell back on Corinth. As the occupation of this place by the enemy cut off all connection between the forces of Gen. Grant and Gen. Buell, the former determined to attack and drive him from that position. Grant's forces moved in two columns, one on the north of the town under Major-General Ord, and the other on the south under Major-General Rosecrans. The enemy, finding himself likely to be surrounded, left the town and attacked the column of Gen. Rosecrans about four P.M. on the nineteenth of October. The engagement lasted until dark, Hamilton's division sustaining the brunt of the battle. Our men fought with great bravery, and completely routed the enemy, who fled in confusion, leaving their dead and most of their wounded on the field. We buried two hundred and fifty-five dead, took seven hundred or eight hundred wounded, and captured three hundred and sixty-one prisoners, over one thousand six hundred stand of arms, and a considerable quantity of stores. Our loss was one hundred and eight killed, six hundred and eleven wounded, and seventeen missing. The retreating foe was pursued only a few miles.

On the thirtieth of October, General Grant ascertained that Generals Price and Van Dorn were concentrating their forces at Ripley, with the probable intention of attacking Corinth. The enemy crossed the Hatchie River, and took possession of the railroad north of Corinth, thus cutting off all direct communication with Jackson and Bolivar. He then advanced toward Corinth, and some skirmishing took place on the second of November.

Major-General Rosecrans commanded our forces at Corinth, which consisted of the divisions of Brigadier-Generals Hamilton, McKean, Davies, and Stanley. The first three were placed in line of battle near the old rebel intrenchments, and the last held in reserve in the town. The skirmishing was renewed on the morning of the third, and by ten or eleven o'clock the engagement became pretty general and continued until dark. It was fiercely renewed on the morning of the fourth, and fought with varied success till near noon, when the rebels were defeated and driven from the field, leaving their dead and many of their wounded. The enemy's forces were commanded by Generals Van Dorn, Price,

Lovell, Villepigue, and Rust, and their number estimated at about thirty-eight thousand, or nearly double those of General Rosecrans. Their loss in killed was one thousand four hundred and twenty-three, which would give, by the usual proportion, five thousand six hundred and ninety-two wounded. We took two thousand two hundred and sixty-five prisoners, among whom were one hundred and twenty-seven officers. We also captured fourteen stand of colors, two pieces of artillery, three thousand three hundred stand of arms, and ammunition, accoutrements, etc. Our loss was three hundred and fifteen killed, one thousand eight hundred and twelve wounded, and two hundred and thirty-two prisoners and missing. This great disparity of numbers in killed and wounded resulted in part from the fact that a portion of our men fought behind the intrenched batteries. Major-General Grant had ordered a brigade of four regiments, under Brig.-General McPherson, from Jackson to Corinth. Finding the railroad interrupted at Bethel, the latter turned to the left and reached Corinth on the fourth by the Farmington road, thus marching nearly around the enemy, and forming a timely junction with General Rosecrans.

Other forces from Jackson and Bolivar, under Brig.-Gen. Hurlbut, were directed to march on Corinth by way of Middleton and Pocahontas, to cut off the enemy's retreat in that direction. They encountered the enemy on the Hatchie River, on the morning of the fifth, and as Brig.-Gen. Hurlbut was making dispositions for an attack, Major-Gen. Ord arrived upon the field and assumed command, but being wounded about eleven A.M. he again relinquished it to General Hurlbut. The battle continued till about half-past three P.M., when the enemy retreated south, crossing the Hatchie at Corum's Mills, about six miles further up the river. Our loss was fifty killed, four hundred and ninety-three wounded, and seventeen missing. Gen. Hurlbut did not attempt any pursuit, and Gen. Rosecrans did not leave Corinth till the morning of the fifth. The enemy therefore effected his escape, but was followed for a distance of about sixty miles without being overtaken.

Gen. Grant afterward led his forces south as far as Holly Springs, and drove the enemy across the Tallahatchie. This operation was attended with several brisk skirmishes, in all of which our troops were victorious. These operations have restored peace in Western Tennessee. The official reports of the operations of General Grant's army are submitted herewith, marked Exhibit No. 6.

The unfortunate withdrawal to Missouri, by General Curtis, of a large part of the army in Arkansas, prevented the execution of the military operations which had been ordered in the latter State. In Missouri, the forces, under Brig.-Gen. Schofield, not only broke up and destroyed numerous guerrilla bands, but defeated the rebel army in several engagements near the south-west corner of the State, and drove it across the Bos-

ton Mountains, in Arkansas. I cannot give the details of these engagements, as no official reports have been received.

The Indian tribes in the North-West, and more particularly in Minnesota, incited, it is said, by rebel emissaries, committed numerous murders and other outrages on the frontiers during the latter part of the summer. These savages were vigorously attacked by a volunteer force under Brig.-Gen. Sibley, and defeated in several well-fought battles on the upper waters of the Minnesota River. These vigorous proceedings struck terror among the Indians and put an end to hostilities in that quarter for the present season. It is quite possible that these hostilities will be renewed in the coming spring, and preparations will be made accordingly.

In the department of the Gulf, the withdrawal of our flotilla from Vicksburgh enabled the enemy to concentrate a considerable force on Baton Rouge, which was then held by Brig.-Gen. Williams. The attack was made on the fifth of August with greatly superior forces, under the rebel Gen. Breckinridge. Gen. Williams gained a most signal victory, but fell in the fight. Our loss was ninety killed, and two hundred and fifty wounded. We buried three hundred of the enemy's dead, left upon the field. On the sixteenth of August, the garrison of Baton Rouge was withdrawn to New-Orleans. On the twenty-fourth of October, Gen. Butler sent a force, under Brig.-Gen. Weitzel, to operate on the west bank of the Mississippi, in the La Fourche district. He engaged a considerable body of the enemy on the twenty-fifth, about nine miles from Donaldsonville, and defeated them, with the loss of their commander, a large number killed and wounded, and two hundred and sixty-eight prisoners. Our loss was eighteen killed and sixty-eight wounded. This victory opened the whole of that part of the country. General Butler's reports of the military operations in his department are submitted herewith, marked Exhibit No. 7. (See Donaldsonville.)

In the department of the South the only military operations which have been undertaken were the reconnoissances of the Pocotaligo and Coosahatchie Rivers. These expeditions under Brig.-Gen. Brannan and Col. Barton, encountered a considerable force of the enemy on the twenty-second of October, and engagements ensued, in which we lost thirty-two killed and one hundred and eighty wounded. The official reports of these engagements are submitted herewith, marked Exhibit No. 8. (See Pocotaligo, S. C.)

In the department of North-Carolina our force has also been too small to attempt any important offensive operations. On the sixth of September a party of the enemy surprised the garrison of Washington, but were soon driven out. Our loss was eight killed and thirty-six wounded, and that of the enemy thirty-three killed and about one hundred wounded. Several successful reconnoissances have been made into the interior. The official reports of the affair at Washington are marked Exhibit No. 9. (See Washington, N. C.)

It is seen from this brief summary of military operations during the last three or four months, that while our soldiers have generally fought with bravery, and gained many important battles, these victories have not produced the usual results. In many instances the defeated foe was not followed on the battle-field, and even where a pursuit was attempted, it almost invariably failed to effect the capture or destruction of any part of the retreating army. This is a matter which requires serious and careful consideration. A victorious army is supposed to be in a condition to pursue its defeated foe with advantage, and, during such pursuit, to do him serious, if not fatal injury. This result has usually been attained in other countries. Is there any reason why it should not be expected in this? It is easily understood that in a country like that between Yorktown and Richmond, or the thickly-wooded swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana, that a retreating force, by felling trees across the roads, and destroying bridges over deep and marshy streams, can effectually prevent any rapid pursuit. The one in a few minutes blocks up or destroys roads, which the other cannot clear or repair for hours, or even days. The pursuer has very little hope of overtaking his flying foe. But this reasoning is not applicable to Maryland, and the greater part of Virginia, Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. It must be admitted that in these theatres of war the rebel armies have exhibited much more mobility and activity than our own. Not only do they out-march us, both in advance and retreat, but on two memorable occasions their cavalry have made with impunity the entire circuit of the army of the Potomac. If it be true that the success of an army depends upon its "arms and its legs," ours has shown itself deficient in the latter of these essential requisites.

This defect has been attributed to our enormous baggage and supply trains, and to a want of training in marches. There is no doubt that the baggage trains of our armies have been excessively large. Every possible effort has been made within the last few weeks to reduce them. But this is no easy task. Once accustomed to a certain amount of transportation, an army is unwilling to do without the luxuries which it supplies in the field. By the recent increase of the army ration, which was previously larger than in any other country, a considerable amount of transportation is employed in moving provisions and supplies which are not necessary for the subsistence of the soldiers.

An examination of the returns of the Quartermaster-General, a few days since, developed the fact that the army of the Potomac, including the troops around Washington, most of which are without field-trains, had fifty-four thousand animals, and that nine thousand of these were employed in transporting ambulances and hospital stores. In addition to all this, the roads, streets, and wharves are incumbered with private vehicles used for the transportation of sutlers' stores. No matter how large the main body of an army may be, it can never move rapidly with such a mass

of impediments, and yet speculative projects are almost daily urged on the War Department to increase the immobility of our armies in the field.

Again, our troops, especially those in the East, have been very little accustomed to march, at least to that kind of marching usually required by active operations in the field. Absenteeism is one of the most serious evils in all our armies. Hundreds of officers and thousands of men are almost continually away from their commands. Many of these are really stragglers and deserters. In regard to officers, the evil is being abated by summary dismissals, and if the law could be stringently enforced against the men, it would soon put an end to desertions. But straggling on the march and in battle can be prevented only by severe and summary punishment inflicted on the spot. In this and many other important particulars our military laws require revision and amendment. They were mostly enacted for a small army and for times of peace, and are unsuited to the government of the army we now have, and the war in which we are now engaged.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

EXHIBIT NO. 1—A COPY IN CIPHER.

BERKELEY, VA., August 4—12 M.

Major-General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief:

Your telegram of last evening is received. I must confess that it has caused me the greatest pain I ever experienced, for I am convinced that the order to withdraw this army to Aquia Creek will prove disastrous in the extreme to our cause. I fear it will be a fatal blow. Several days are necessary to complete the preparations for so important a movement as this, and while they are in progress, I beg that careful consideration may be given to my statement. This army is now in excellent discipline and condition. We hold a debouche on both banks of the James River, so that we are free to act in any direction, and with the assistance of the gunboats, I consider our communications as secure.

We are twenty-five miles from Richmond, and are not likely to meet the enemy in force sufficient to fight a battle until we have reached fifteen to eighteen miles, which brings us practically within ten miles of Richmond. Our largest line of land transportation would be from this point twenty-five miles, but with the aid of the gunboats we can supply the army by water, during its advance, certainly to within twelve miles of Richmond. At Aquia Creek we would be seventy-five miles from Richmond, with land transportation all the way. From here to Fortress Monroe is a march of about seventy miles, for I regard it as impracticable to withdraw this army and its material except by land. The result of the movement would thus be to march one hundred and forty-five miles to reach a point now only twenty-five miles distant, and to deprive ourselves entirely of the powerful aids of the gunboats and water transportation. Add to this the certain demoralization of this army, which would ensue, the ter-

rible depressing effect upon the people of the North, and the strong probability that it would influence foreign powers to recognize our adversaries; and these appear to me sufficient reasons to make it my imperative duty to urge in the strongest terms afforded by our language, that this order may be rescinded, and that far from recalling this army, it be promptly reënforced, to enable it to resume the offensive.

It may be said that there are no reënforcements available. I point to General Burnside's forces, to that of General Pope, not necessary to maintain a strict defence in front of Washington and Harper's Ferry; to those portions of the army of the West not required for a strict defence there. Here, directly in front of this army, is the heart of the rebellion. It is here that all our resources should be collected to strike the blow which will determine the fate of this nation. All points of secondary importance elsewhere should be abandoned, and every available man brought here. A decided victory here, and the military strength of the rebellion is crushed. It matters not what partial reverses we may meet with elsewhere—here is the true defence of Washington. It is here on the bank of the James River that the fate of the Union should be decided.

Clear in my conviction of right, strong in the consciousness that I have ever been and still am actuated solely by love of my country, knowing that no ambitious or selfish motives have influenced me from the commencement of this war, I do now, what I never did in my life before, I entreat that this order may be rescinded. If my counsel does not prevail, I will, with a sad heart, obey your order to the utmost of my power, devoting to the movement, one of the utmost delicacy and difficulty, whatever skill I may possess, whatever the result may be, and may God grant that I am mistaken in my forebodings. I shall at least have the internal satisfaction that I have written and spoken frankly, and have sought to do the best in my power to arrest disaster from my country.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General.

OFFICIAL COPY.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C., November 23, 1862.

EXHIBIT NO. 2.

WASHINGTON, August 6, 1862.

Major-General George B. McClellan, Commanding, etc., Berkeley, Va.:

GENERAL: Your telegram of yesterday was received this morning, and I immediately telegraphed a brief reply, promising to write you more fully by mail. You, General, certainly could not have been more pained at receiving my order than I was at the necessity of issuing it. I was advised by high officers, in whose judgment I had great confidence, to make the order immediately on my arrival here, but I determined not to do so until I could learn your wishes from a personal interview; and even after that interview I tried every means in my power to avoid withdrawing your army, and delayed my decision as long as I dared to delay it. I assure you, General, it was not a hasty and inconsiderate act,

but one that caused me more anxious thought than any other of my life. But after full and mature consideration of all the pros and cons, I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the order must be issued. There was to my mind no other alternative.

Allow me to allude to a few of the facts of the case. You and your officers, at our interview, estimated the enemy's forces in and around Richmond at two hundred thousand men. Since then you and others report that they have received and are receiving large reinforcements from the South. Gen. Pope's army, now covering Washington, is only forty thousand. Your effective force is only about ninety thousand. You are thirty miles from Richmond, and General Pope eighty or ninety. With the enemy directly between you, ready to fall with his superior numbers upon one or the other, as he may elect, neither can reinforce the other in case of such an attack.

If Gen. Pope's army be diminished to reinforce you, Washington, Maryland, and Pennsylvania would be left uncovered and exposed. If your forces be reduced to strengthen Pope, you would be too weak to even hold the position you occupy, should the enemy turn round and attack you in full force. In other words, the old army of the Potomac is split into two parts, with the entire force of the enemy directly between them. They cannot be united by land without exposing both to destruction, and yet they must be united. To send Pope's forces by water to the Peninsula is, under present circumstances, a military impossibility. The only alternative is to send the forces on the Peninsula to some point by water, say Fredericksburgh, where the two armies can be united. Let me now allude to some of the objections which you have urged.

You say that to withdraw from the present position will cause the certain demoralization of the army, which is now in excellent discipline and condition. I cannot understand why a simple change of position to a new and by no means distant base will demoralize an army in excellent discipline, unless the officers themselves assist in the demoralization, which I am satisfied they will not. Your change of front from your extreme right at Hanover Court-House to your present position was over thirty miles, but I have not heard that it demoralized your troops, notwithstanding the severe losses they sustained in effecting it.

A new base on the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburgh, brings you within about sixty miles of Richmond, and secures a reinforcement of forty or fifty thousand fresh and disciplined troops. The change, with such advantages, will, I think, if properly represented to your army, encourage rather than demoralize your troops. Moreover, you yourself suggested that a junction might be effected at Yorktown, but that a flank march across the Peninsula would be more hazardous than to retire to Fort Monroe. You will remember that Yorktown is two or three miles further from Richmond than Fredericksburgh is.

Besides, the latter is between Richmond and Washington, and covers Washington from any attack by the enemy.

The political effect of the withdrawal may at first look unfavorable, but I think the public are beginning to understand its necessity, and that they will have much more confidence in a united army than in its separate fragments. But you will reply, Why not reinforce me here, so that I can strike Richmond from my present position? To do this, you said at our interview that you required fifty thousand additional troops. I told you that it was impossible to give you so many. You finally thought you would have "some chance" of success with twenty thousand, but you afterward telegraphed to me that you would require thirty-five thousand, as the enemy was being largely reinforced.

If your estimate of the enemy's strength was correct, your requisition was perfectly reasonable, but it was utterly impossible to fill it until new troops could be enlisted and organized, which would require several weeks. To keep your army in its present position until it could be so reinforced would almost destroy it in that climate. The months of August and September are almost fatal to whites who live on that part of James River; and even after you got the reinforcements asked for, you admitted that you must reduce Fort Darling and the river batteries before you could advance on Richmond. It is by no means certain that the reduction of these fortifications would not require considerable time, perhaps as much as those at Yorktown. This delay might not only be fatal to the health of your army, but in the mean time Gen. Pope's forces would be exposed to the heavy blows of the enemy, without the slightest hope of assistance from you.

In regard to the demoralizing effect of a withdrawal from the Peninsula to the Rappahannock, I must remark that a large number of your highest officers—indeed a majority of those whose opinions have been reported to me—are decidedly in favor of the movement. Even several of those who originally advocated the line of the Peninsula now advise its abandonment. I have not inquired, and do not desire to know, by whose advice or for what reasons the army of the Potomac was separated into two parts, with the enemy before them. I must take things as I find them. I find our forces divided, and I wish to unite them. Only one feasible plan has been presented for doing this. If you or any one else had presented a better one, I certainly should have adopted it; but all of your plans require reinforcements which it is impossible to give you. It is very easy to ask for reinforcements, but it is not so easy to give them when you have no disposable troops at your command. I have written very plainly, as I understand the case, and I hope you will give me credit for having carefully considered the matter, although I may have arrived at different conclusions from your own. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

OFFICIAL COPY: J. C. KELTON, Assist. Adjt-Gen.

EXHIBIT NO. 3.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, }
August 25—9 P. M. }

[No. 58.]

Major-General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief:

The column of the enemy alluded to in my despatch of half-past twelve P.M. to-day, passed Gaines Gross-Roads, and when last seen near sunset was passing to the north-east under the east base of Buck Mountain in the direction of Salem and Rectortown. I am inclined to believe that this column is only covering the flank of the main body, which is moving toward Front Royal and Thornton's Gap, though of this I am not certain. I shall push a strong reconnoissance across the river at Waterloo bridge and Sulphur Springs early in the morning, to ascertain whether the main body of the enemy has really left, and if so, to push forward in their rear. There is certainly no force opposite Rappahannock Station. McDowell's is the only corps, that is at all reliable, that I have.

Sigel, as you know, is perfectly unreliable, and I suggest that some officer of superior rank be sent to command his army corps. His conduct to-day has occasioned me great dissatisfaction. Banks's corps is very weak, not amounting to more than five thousand men, and is much demoralized. Kearny's division is the only one that has yet reached me from Alexandria. I shall, at all events, push McDowell's corps and Kearny's division upon the enemy's rear. If I find my suspicions confirmed in the morning, I shall also put Reno across the river at Rappahannock Station, and direct him to move forward cautiously upon Culpeper. Banks's corps must be left somewhere in the rear, to be set up again. Sigel's corps, although composed of some of the best fighting material we have, will never do much service under that officer. I will communicate further with you in the morning.

JOHN POPE,
Major-General.

EXHIBIT NO. 5.

WAR DEPARTMENT—WASHINGTON CITY, }
October 27, 1862. }

GENERAL: It has been publicly stated that the army under Gen. McClellan has been unable to move during the fine weather of this fall for want of shoes, clothing, and other supplies. You will please report to this department upon the following points:

1. To whom and in what manner the requisitions for supplies to the army under General McClellan have been made since you assumed command as General-in-Chief, and whether any requisition for supplies of any kind has since that time been made upon the Secretary of War, or communication had with him except through you.

2. If you, as General-in-Chief, have taken pains to ascertain the condition of the army in respect to supplies of shoes, clothing, arms, and other necessaries, and whether there had been any neglect or delay by any department, or bureau, in filling the requisitions for supplies, and what has been and is the condition of that army as compared with other armies in respect to supplies.

3. At what time after the battle of Antietam the orders to advance against the enemy were given to General McClellan, and how often have they been repeated.

4. Whether, in your opinion, there has been any want in the army, under Gen. McClellan, of shoes, clothing, arms, or other equipments, or supplies, that ought to have prevented its advance against the enemy, when the order was given.

5. How long was it after the orders to advance were given to Gen. McClellan, before he informed you that any shoes or clothing were wanted in his army, and what are his means of communicating the wants of the army to you or the proper Bureaus of the War Department?

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.Major-General HALLECK,
OFFICIAL. General-in-Chief.

WASHINGTON, October 23, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

SIR: In reply to the several interrogations contained in your letter of yesterday, I have to report:

1. That requisitions for supplies to the army under Gen. McClellan are made by his staff-officers on the chiefs of bureaus here; that is, for quartermaster's supplies by his Chief Quartermaster on the Quartermaster General; for commissary supplies, by his Chief Commissary on the Commissary General, etc. No such requisitions have been to my knowledge made upon the Secretary of War and none on the General-in-Chief.

2. On several occasions General McClellan has telegraphed to me that his army was deficient in certain supplies. All these telegrams were immediately referred to the heads of bureaus with orders to report. It was ascertained that in every instance the requisitions had been immediately filled, except where the Quartermaster General had been obliged to send from Philadelphia certain articles of clothing, tents, etc., not having a full supply here.

There has not been, so far as I could ascertain, any neglect or delay in any department or bureau in issuing all supplies asked for by Gen. McClellan or by the officers of his staff. Delays have occasionally occurred in forwarding supplies by rail on account of the crowded condition of the depots, or of a want of cars, but, whenever notified of this, agents have been sent out to remove the difficulty, under the excellent superintendence of Gen. Haupt. I think these delays have been less frequent and of shorter duration than is usual with freight trains. Any army of the size of that under Gen. McClellan will frequently be for some days without the supplies asked for, on account of neglect in making timely requisitions, and unavoidable delays in forwarding them, and in distributing them to the different brigades and regiments.

From all the information I can obtain, I am of opinion that the requisitions from that army have been filled more promptly, and that the men, as

a general rule, have been better supplied, than our armies operating in the West. The latter have operated at much greater distances from the sources of supply, and have had far less facilities for transportation. In fine, I believe that no armies in the world while *en campagne*, have been more promptly or better supplied than ours.

3. Soon after the battle of Antietam, General McClellan was urged to give me information of his intended movements, in order that, if he moved between the enemy and Washington reinforcements could be sent from this place. On the first of October, finding that he purposed to operate from Harper's Ferry, I urged him to cross the river at once and give battle to the enemy, pointing out to him the disadvantages of delaying till the autumn rains had swollen the Potomac and impaired the roads. On the sixth of October he was peremptorily ordered: "To cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south. Your army must move now, while the roads are good." It will be observed that three weeks have elapsed since this order was given.

4. In my opinion, there has been no such want of supplies in the army under General McClellan as to prevent his compliance with orders to advance against the enemy. Had he moved to the south side of the Potomac, he could have received his supplies at most as readily as by remaining inactive on the north side.

5. On the seventh of October, in a telegram in regard to his intended movements, General McClellan stated that it would require at least three days to supply the First, Fifth, and Sixth Corps; that they needed shoes and other indispensable articles of clothing, as well as shelter-tents. No complaint was made that any requisitions had not been filled, and it was inferred from his language that he was only waiting for the distribution of his supplies. On the eleventh, he telegraphed that a portion of his supplies sent by rail had been delayed.

As already stated, agents were immediately sent from here to investigate this complaint, and they reported that every thing had gone forward. On the same date, the eleventh, he spoke of many of his horses being broken down by fatigue. On the twelfth, he complained that the rate of supply was only one hundred and fifty horses per week for the entire army there and in front of Washington. I immediately directed the Quartermaster-General to inquire into this matter, and to report why a larger supply was not furnished. Gen. Meigs reported on the fourteenth, that the average issue of horses to Gen. McClellan's army in the field and in front of Washington for the previous six weeks had been one thousand four hundred and fifty per week, or eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-four in all; in addition, that large numbers of mules had been supplied, and that the number of animals with General McClellan's army on the Upper Potomac was over thirty thousand. He also reported that he was then sending to that army all the horses he could procure.

On the eighteenth, Gen. McClellan stated: "In regard to Gen. Meigs's report that he had filled every requisition for shoes and clothing, General Meigs may have ordered these articles to be forwarded, but they have not reached our depots, and unless greater effort to insure prompt transmission is made by the department of which Gen. Meigs is the head, they might as well remain in New-York or Philadelphia, so far as this army is concerned." I immediately called Gen. Meigs's attention to this apparent neglect of his department. On the twenty-fifth, he reported as the result of his investigation, that forty-eight thousand pairs of boots and shoes had been received by the Quartermaster of Gen. McClellan's army at Harper's Ferry, Frederick, and Hagerstown; that twenty thousand pairs were at Harper's Ferry depot on the twenty-first; that ten thousand more were on their way, and fifteen thousand more ordered.

Col. Ingals, Aid-de-Camp and Chief Quartermaster to Gen. McClellan, telegraphed on the twenty-fifth: "The suffering for want of clothing is exaggerated, I think, and certainly might have been avoided by timely requisitions of regimental and brigade commanders." On the twenty-fourth, he telegraphed to the Quartermaster-General that: "The clothing was not detained in cars at the depots. Such complaints are groundless. The fact is, the clothing arrives and is issued, but more is still wanted. I have ordered more than would seem necessary from any data furnished me, and I beg to remind you that you have always very promptly met all my requisitions. As far as clothing is concerned, our department is not at fault. It provides as soon as due notice is given. I foresee no time when an army of over one hundred thousand men will not call for clothing and other articles."

In regard to Gen. McClellan's means of promptly communicating the wants of his army to me, or to the proper bureaus of the War Department, I report that, in addition to the ordinary mails, he has been in hourly communication with Washington by telegraph. It is due to Gen. Meigs that I should submit herewith a copy of a telegram received by him from Gen. McClellan.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief
OFFICIAL COPY.—J. C. KELTON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH.

Received October 22, 1862, 9.40 P.M., from
McClellan's Headquarters:

To *Brigadier-General Meigs*:

Your despatch of this date is received. I have never intended in any letter or despatch to make any accusation against yourself or your department, for not furnishing or forwarding clothing as rapidly as it was possible for you to do. I do believe that every thing has been done that could be done in this respect, both by yourself and department. The idea that I have tried to convey was, that certain portions of the command were

without clothing, and the army could not move until it was supplied. GEO. B. McCLELLAN,

Major-General.

OFFICIAL COPY: J. C. KELTON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following is a copy of the telegram of the sixth instant:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 6, 1862.

Major-General McClellan:

I am instructed to telegraph you as follows: The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south. Your army must move now while the roads are good. If you cross the river between the enemy and Washington, and cover the latter by your line of operation, you can be reënforced with thirty thousand men. If you move up the valley of the Shenandoah, not more than twelve or fifteen thousand can be sent to you. The President advises the interior line between Washington and the enemy, but does not order it. He is very desirous that your army move as soon as possible. You will immediately report what line you adopt and when you intend to cross the river. Also to what point the reënforcements are to be sent. It is necessary that the plan of your operations be positively determined on before orders are given for building bridges and repairing railroads. I am directed to add that the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief fully concur with the President in these instructions.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

Doc. 59.

SURRENDER OF WINCHESTER, VA.

CAMP OF SECOND DIVISION TWELFTH ARMY CORPS, }
BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, VA., Dec. 7, 1862. }

ANOTHER successful reconnoissance was made from this place on the morning of the second instant, (Tuesday.) Our force consisted of three thousand infantry from the three brigades of the division, twelve pieces of artillery, four pieces respectively from Knapp's, Hampton's, and McGilvery's batteries, and one company of the first battalion Indiana cavalry, with one day's cooked rations in haversack, and five days' rations carried in wagon. The column was formed by Gen. Geary in person, and moved at half-past six A.M., out the Charleston and Winchester turnpike. About half-past eight A.M. we reached Charleston, where we unexpectedly encountered a company of rebel cavalry. A brisk skirmish ensued, in which the rebs were routed and made good time on a run toward Winchester. We advanced cautiously on toward Berryville, which we reached toward evening, and found a regiment of rebel cavalry upon a hill, drawn up in line of battle. A few pieces of artillery were soon placed in position, and some shell sent among them, soon dispersing them on the road toward Winchester. General Geary immediately moved the forces forward, with the cavalry thrown out as skirmish-

ers. When about two miles out from Berryville, the firing was again renewed between our skirmishers and the rebel cavalry. Just as our infantry reached the scene of action, the rebel cavalry were making a charge upon our skirmishers. A few pieces of artillery were soon brought forward, unlimbered, and a few canister-shot thrown among them; at the same time the Seventh Ohio infantry poured a volley of musketry into them, scattering them in all directions, killing four, wounding twenty, and disabling seven horses. None of our forces were injured. By this time it was dark, and we bivouacked for the night on the grounds of the scene of action. So ended our first day out.

Here, also, information was received that the rebel General A. P. Hill, with fifteen thousand men, was at Winchester. This threw somewhat of a damper on our party, so we remained nearly all of the second day (Wednesday) at Berryville, manœuvring around and moving forward only about three miles toward Opequon Creek, where we bivouacked for the second night. Some of the rebel cavalry again showing themselves here, our artillery was again opened upon them, and they skedaddled toward Winchester. At this point Gen. Geary held a council of war with his general officers, the General informing them that he preferred being whipped rather than turn back and not have definite information from the enemy.

Next morning (Thursday) we moved cautiously forward until about ten o'clock A.M., when we came in sight of Winchester, with a line of rebel cavalry in view drawn up to dispute our entrance into the town. The column was halted, and a line of battle formed. The two forts built by Gen. White, while he held that place, frowned down upon us with an ugly look. It was soon ascertained that there were no guns mounted on the forts.

At this point, Gen. Geary sent a flag of truce to Winchester, demanding an unconditional surrender of the place. The flag was borne by A. Ball, Surgeon Fifth Ohio, and Medical Director of Second division, and Captain Shannon, of Gen. Jackson's staff. The demand was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, ASH HOLLOW, }
December 4, 1862. }

To the Hon. Mayor, or Chief Officer of the City of Winchester, Va.:

SIR: I am credibly informed by a large number of citizens, that your city has been recently evacuated by the military.

Unwilling to shed blood, and destroy property unnecessarily, I demand an instant and unconditional surrender of the city, pledging you, however, that the persons of non-combatants, and private property, shall be duly respected.

If you decline to accept these terms, I will immediately move upon the city, in full force.

I have the honor to be, respectfully,

JOHN W. GEARY,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

In a short time they returned with a reply from Major Myers's cavalry, as follows:

NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., Dec. 4, 1862.

Brig.-Gen. Geary, Com'g Federal Forces :

GENERAL: The city of Winchester will be evacuated in an hour's time, by the military forces under my command, which time I would request for you to be pleased to observe, to give non-combatants, desirous of leaving the town, an opportunity to do so.

I have the honor to be, General, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL B. MYERS,
Major Seventh Virginia Cavalry.

This the General refused, sending back Doctor Ball to inform Major Myers that our column would move forward without delay into the town, and that the citizens would not be allowed to leave and would not be disturbed, unless our troops were fired upon by them; but the Major had made good his time and made himself scarce, and was nowhere to be found. The Doctor went on and demanded the surrender from the Mayor of the town, which was given, as follows :

WINCHESTER, Dec. 4, 1862.

To Brigadier-General J. Geary :

The military have all withdrawn from the town, and no resistance will be made, upon your assurance of protection to the persons and property of the town.

I have the honor to be,
J. B. T. REED,
Mayor of Winchester, Va.

Up to the return of the flag of truce, General Geary expected a battle. Upon the receipt of the Mayor's reply, the General advanced the column up to the forts and halted. The Doctor also ascertained that the small-pox was prevalent in the town, and to avoid this contagious disease, the troops were advanced no further. The General and staff alone going into the forts and town, and taking formal possession. As the General and staff went into the fort, the army below gave three cheers for the General. Upon a hill beyond the town, the enemy's cavalry were looking on; they also threw up their hats and cheered, but the General soon put a stop to their sport, by sending a few well-directed shells among them, and they made themselves scarce.

Dr. Bell, and Lieut. Davis, A.D.C. on General Geary's staff, paroled one hundred and twenty-five rebel sick, in the various hospitals in town.

About three P.M. the General ordered a counter-march, and the column moved homeward down the Martinsburgh pike, halting at sunset about six miles from Winchester, and bivouacking for the night. At daylight next morning (Friday) the column resumed the march, passing through Bunker Hill at nine A.M., and reaching Smithfield at twelve M. At this point a severe snow-storm arose, and the wind blew cold and biting. The column pressed on and halted about three miles south of Charlestown, and bivouacked for the night. Notwithstanding the severe snow-storm and cold night, the boys rested very comfortably, and not seriously inconvenienced, and on the next morning (Saturday) were as joyous and light-hearted as though the winter blast had no

power to blight their energies. The prospect of soon reaching camp brightened the faces of all. We marched through Charlestown with colors flying, trudging through the snow, while ever and anon a fierce blast of wind would sweep into our faces from over the plains on either side, reminding us that we had other foes to encounter beside the rebel soldiery. At last, twelve M., we arrived at Bolivar, the boys marching in proudly, each regiment to its own encampment, with as light hearts as though they had just started out, instead of just coming back from a five days' expedition. We did not lose a single man, killed or wounded, but some five or six stragglers were captured.

The results of the reconnoissance were such as to satisfy us positively that there are no considerable bodies of rebels in this vicinity, beyond the guerrillas and bushwhackers, who will linger here as long as the war exists.

On this expedition, the want of the requisite number of cavalry, so essential to reconnoissances, was severely felt; the command had to grope, as it were, almost entirely in the dark, as the number of cavalry with us did not exceed sixty men.

Dr. Ball informs me, that while in town, and after it became known that the Mayor had surrendered the town to the Federals, the citizens became jubilant, the ladies waving American flags and pocket-handkerchiefs, and very anxious that our forces should come in and take possession, showing their satisfaction generally in their Mayor's doings. This shows quite a different state of feeling of the citizens to what it was last spring.

—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Doc. 60.

GENERAL HINDMAN'S ADDRESS.

GENERAL HINDMAN issued the following address to his soldiers before making his attack upon the national forces in Arkansas :

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CORPS, TRANS-MISSISSIPPI }
ARMY, IN THE FIELD, Dec. 4, 1862. }

SOLDIERS: From the commencement to the end of the battle, bear constantly in mind what I now tell you :

First. Never fire because your comrades do, nor because the enemy does, nor because you happen to see the enemy, nor for the sake of firing rapidly. Always wait till you are certainly within range of your gun, then single out your man, take deliberate aim, as low down as the knee, and fire.

Second. When occasion offers, be certain to pick off the enemy's officers, especially the mounted ones, and to kill his artillery horses.

Third. Don't shout except when you charge the enemy—as a general thing keep silent, that orders may be heard. Obey the orders of your officers, but pay no attention to idle rumors or the words of unauthorized persons.

Fourth. Don't stop with your wounded com-

rade ; the surgeons and infirmary corps will take care of him ; do you go forward and avenge him.

Fifth. Don't break ranks to plunder ; if we whip the enemy, all he has will be ours ; if not, the spoils will be of no benefit to us. Plunderers and stragglers will be put to death on the spot. File-closers are especially charged with this duty. The cavalry in rear will likewise attend to it.

Remember that the enemy you engage has no feeling of mercy or kindness toward you. His ranks are made up of Pin Indians, free negroes, Southern torics, Kansas Jayhawkers, and hired Dutch cut-throats.

These bloody ruffians have invaded your country, stolen and destroyed your property, murdered your neighbors, outraged your women, driven your children from their homes, and defiled the graves of your kindred. If each man of you will do what I have urged upon you, we will utterly destroy them. We can do this ; we must do it ; our country will be ruined if we fail.

A just God will strengthen our arms and give us a glorious victory.

T. C. HINDMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

R. C. NEWTON, A.A.G.

Doc. 61.

OPERATIONS IN MISSISSIPPI.

REPORT OF GENERAL C. C. WASHBURN.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION, MOUTH OF COLD WATER RIVER, MISS., Dec. 4, 1862. }

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report in regard to the operations of the forces placed under my command, in connection with the expedition into Mississippi, that the force was embarked and sailed from Helena at about two o'clock P.M. on Thursday, November twenty-seventh. The embarkation was delayed several hours in consequence of insufficient transportation, and negligence on the part of the Quartermaster in not having the boats, which had been long in port, properly coaled and in readiness. In consequence I was not able to make my landing at Delta, and disembark the cavalry forces which composed my command till after dark.

The force I had with me was one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five strong, and consisted of detachments from the following regiments, namely :

	Commander.	No. Men.
First Indiana Cavalry,.....	Capt. Walker,.....	300
Ninth Illinois Cavalry,.....	Major Birge,.....	150
Third Iowa Cavalry,.....	Major Scott,.....	188
Fourth Iowa Cavalry,.....	Capt. Perkins,.....	200
Fifth Illinois Cavalry,.....	Major Seley,.....	212

1,050

The above I formed into one brigade under the command of Colonel Hale Wilson, of the Fifth Illinois cavalry.

	Commander.	No. Men.
Sixth Missouri Cavalry,.....	Major Harkins,....	150
Fifth Kansas Cavalry,.....	Lieut.-Col. Jenkins,.....	203
Tenth Illinois Cavalry,.....	Capt. Anderson,.....	92

Third Illinois Cavalry,.....	Lieut.-Col. Ruggles,.....	200
Second Wisconsin Cavalry,....	Lieut.-Col. Sterling,.....	225
		875

The last-named were placed under command of Colonel Thomas Stephens, Second Wisconsin cavalry.

As soon as possible after landing, I took up my line of march for the interior, and went into camp for the night, about eight miles from the Mississippi River. I took with me no baggage or tents of any kind, and about three days' rations. I broke camp at daylight on Friday, and marched thirty-five miles on that day to the west bank of the Tallahatchie River, just below its junction with the Coldwater. During this day's march we captured several rebel pickets. We found that reports of our landing had preceded us, and the impression prevailed that we were approaching in great force. From the negroes that we met we learned that there was a force of rebel cavalry encamped at the mouth of Coldwater, and that a large party of negroes had been collected near there to blockade the road and throw up fortifications. Wishing to surprise them, if possible, I delayed the column slightly, so as not to arrive at the river until after night-fall. As we approached the ferry where they were supposed to be encamped, I ordered Capt. Walker, who commanded the detachment of First Indiana cavalry, to dismount a party of his men and throw them forward as quietly as possible to the bank of the river, and at the same time to detach his horses from his small guns and have his men run them quietly forward by hand, and we soon came in sight of their camp-fires on the opposite bank of the river, and could distinctly see large numbers of soldiers moving around them. They were laughing, talking, singing, and enjoying themselves right merrily. Capt. Walker immediately brought his guns to bear at a distance of about three hundred yards, and opened out with all force at once, while the dismounted men poured a volley into them from the river bank. The enemy fled with the utmost precipitation, leaving many horses and arms upon the ground. The next day, five of them, very seriously wounded, were found in houses by the road-side, and the negroes reported that they had three killed during the engagement.

I encamped for the night on the banks of Tallahatchie River. The river at this point is deep and sluggish, and is about one hundred and twenty yards across. We here found a ferry, with one ferry-boat forty or fifty feet in length. It was my intention to bridge the river during the night, and for that purpose I took along with me five thousand feet of inch pine lumber, and five small boats sent from Memphis, but an examination of the boats proved them to be leaky and worthless, and we had to delay operations till morning. Being convinced that the means furnished for bridging were wholly inadequate, I despatched parties up the Coldwater, and down the Tallahatchie to hunt for boats. They found two large flats up the Coldwater, but they found the river full of snags, and it was not until nearly

four o'clock P.M. that they succeeded in getting them down. By half-past four P.M. I had the bridge completed, and by six o'clock P.M. I had my entire force of cavalry on the eastern bank of the river. My design then was to march my force as rapidly as possible to the rear of the rebel army, and destroy his telegraphic and railway communications. To do the latter the most effectively, I thought it best to march directly on Grenada, knowing that there were two important railroad bridges across the Yallahusha River, the one on the Mississippi Central, and the other on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad.

The distance to make to reach Grenada was fifty-six miles, but by pushing hard I deemed it possible to reach there by daylight next morning. After proceeding nearly east, along the Yockna Creek about eleven miles, the road forks, one road going to Panola, the other to Charleston and Grenada. A few yards from the forks of the road, on the Panola road, is a ferry across the Yockna, and the head of my column turned down the Panola road to the ferry to water their horses. They were at once fired upon by a heavy rebel picket. Major Hawkins, of the Sixth Missouri, immediately brought his small howitzers to bear, and we soon silenced the enemy and drove him away. We afterward learned that they were the pickets of a cavalry force of three hundred, who were encamped six miles up the Panola road, who, on hearing our guns, supposed we were bound for Panola, and they returned to that point. After leaving this point we were several times fired upon by the pickets of the enemy, which compelled us to feel our way during the night. At daylight I found myself at Preston, a little town sixteen miles from Grenada. When I arrived here I found that it would be impossible for me to reach Hardy Station, the first station on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroads, in time to intercept the up-train, which I ascertained usually left at eight A.M. I detached Captain A. M. Sherman, Second Wisconsin cavalry, with two hundred men of the Second Wisconsin and Fifth Illinois cavalry, to cross over to the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad at Garner Station, which was only four miles distant, and destroy the telegraph and such bridges as he could find, and if possible to capture the train. He burnt one bridge over one hundred feet long, and cut the telegraph. He was also instructed on leaving Garner Station to cross through the woods to the Mississippi Central, distance of nine miles in an air-line, and hunt for and destroy bridges and cut the telegraph. This last, from the character of the country to be passed over, he found would be impracticable. The train from Grenada did not come up with the remainder of the column; I passed on down to Grenada. About nine o'clock A.M., my horses being thoroughly jaded, I found it necessary to stop and feed and rest them, which I did for about two hours; I then pressed on to Hardy Station; about half a mile below the station I found a bridge about one hundred feet in length, which I burned, and destroyed several hundred yards of telegraph-wire, and burned one passenger, one box, and ten plat-

form cars. We here learned that information of our coming had preceded us by several hours, and that the evening previous one thousand one hundred infantry had come down the road from Panola to Grenada. At Hardy Station the road we travelled crossed the railroad and passed down between the Mississippi and Tennessee and Mississippi Central Railroad. Passing down the road toward Grenada for about two miles, we heard from the negroes that trains of cars were running all night down the Central Railroad toward Grenada loaded with soldiers. Being in a perfect trap between the two railroads, in a low and densely wooded bottom, with no knowledge in regard to roads, and knowing that they had had time to send ample forces from Abbeville, I deemed it too hazardous to proceed further in that direction. I here detailed Major Birge, of the Ninth Illinois cavalry, with one hundred men, armed with carbines, crowbars and axes, and directed him to cross the country through the woods and canebrakes until they should strike the Central Mississippi Railroad, and then destroy the telegraph and all the bridges they could find. They successfully performed the service, destroying the telegraph, tearing up the rail-track, and burning one small bridge, being the only one they could find, they having an uninterrupted view of the track for a long distance each way. While thus employed, a train of cars loaded with soldiers came slowly up the track from toward Grenada, apparently feeling their way, to find out where we were. They fell back on discovering Major Birge and party. Major Birge having done all the damage to the railroad he could, fell back to the main column. By this time it was nearly night; my horses and men were too thoroughly tired out, and my knowledge of the country was too limited to justify me in perilling my whole force by venturing further, and I accordingly fell back for about fifteen miles and encamped for the night. Before doing so I hesitated as to the route I should take on my return. I was at the point where the main road from Abbeville and Coffeerville intersected the road I passed down upon, about five miles from Grenada. I felt the importance of striking Coffeerville, and destroying some bridges that I heard of there, and from there fall back *via* Oakland, on the Mississippi and Tennessee Road. Coffeerville was thirteen miles off, and Oakland thirty; but, on reflection, I determined not to do so. Had I taken the other road, the result might have proved disastrous. Sunday night a force of five thousand rebel cavalry came into Oakland in pursuit of me, with two field-pieces. After feeding and resting for a short time, they proceeded on to Grenada and Coffeerville. Had I taken the other road, *via* Coffeerville, and the only other one by which we could return, we should have encountered this force. As we should have had to go into camp from sheer exhaustion soon after leaving Coffeerville, they would, no doubt, have come upon us in camp; and, with more than double our number, and a perfect knowledge of the country, they would have had us at great disadvantage. On Monday morning I broke camp, four

miles beyond Charleston, and marched to Mitchell's Cross-Roads, twelve miles from the mouth of the Coldwater, where we found that Gen. Hovey had sent forward to that point about one thousand two hundred infantry, with four field-pieces. I had scarcely arrived at Mitchell's Cross-Roads, when word came into camp that two companies of infantry, sent out by Col. Spicely on the Panola road as a picket, were fighting, and in danger of being cut off. Without an instant's waiting, I threw my force forward—Captain Walker, of the First Indiana, with his little howitzers in front, and Major Birge, of the Ninth Illinois cavalry, immediately following. As soon as we came in sight of the enemy, Capt. Walker and Major Birge brought their guns into position, and a few well-directed shots sent the enemy flying. The enemy was posted on the north side of the Yockna, a deep stream about one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, crossed by a ferry. I immediately threw a portion of Capt. Walker's command across the stream, who pursued them lively for a few miles, until further pursuit was useless. This force was part of Stark's cavalry. Being now entirely out of rations, I sent in to the mouth of the Coldwater, where the supply train was, for two days' rations, to be sent out during the night, intending to march early next morning, and endeavor to reach Coffeeville. My men had their horses saddled up, and in readiness at daylight, but no rations came. Owing to the breaking-down of wagons, they did not come up so that the rations could be distributed before two o'clock P.M. This day, (Tuesday, Dec. 2,) it rained incessantly all day. Owing to the want of rations, not being able to march on Coffeeville, and knowing that the enemy were in considerable force at Panola, on the Tallahatchie, fourteen miles from my camp, where they had fortified to defend the crossing, and also at Belmont, seven miles further up the river, I concluded that I would go up there and reconnoitre, and, if possible, drive these forces away, so as to leave no force in my rear when I should move toward Coffeeville the following day. I left camp about two P.M., and rode rapidly to Panola. About one and a half miles before reaching the town, we came upon their camp, (apparently a very large one,) but we found nobody to receive us, they having fled the night before. I sent Major Birge with the Ninth Illinois cavalry forward, who took possession of the town, and captured a few prisoners. We also ascertained from negroes who had been at work on the fortifications at Belmont, that they abandoned their works there, and fled in great precipitation when they heard of our approach. After occupying Panola we returned, same night, to our camp near Mitchell's Cross-Roads. I did not disturb the railroad at Panola, or burn any bridges, having rendered it useless to the rebels, and knowing we should want to use it very shortly. The next morning early I took up my line of march for Coffeeville *via* Oakland. I ordered Col. Spicely, who was in command of the advanced infantry and artillery force, to throw forward for my support as far as Oakland six hundred infantry, and two field-pieces, which he

did, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Torrence, Iowa Thirtieth infantry. The roads were very heavy, and the march was tedious. As we approached Oakland, information was, that there was no enemy there, and had been none since Sunday night, but about one mile before reaching town, the advance-guard from the First Indiana came in sight of two or three rebel pickets. Each party fired, and the pickets fled, hotly pursued.

The road here was narrow, and the ground on both sides covered with a dense growth of small saplings, with a fence on each side. The advance immediately formed in line, so far as the nature of the ground would admit. They found the rebels dismounted, and drawn up in line in large force in a most advantageous position. The advance stood their ground manfully, and delivered their fire with great coolness and precision. After delivering their fire, the enemy charged upon them in great force, and the ground being such as to render it impossible for them to re-form, they were compelled to fall back about two hundred yards, to an opening where I was able to deploy to the right and left of the road. Supposing that this force was the large cavalry force that occupied Oakland on Sunday night, I felt impelled to move with much caution, and beat up the woods as I proceeded. This occupied some little time, we in the mean-time having got our howitzers in position and shelled the woods in all directions where an enemy seemed probable. Advancing with our lines extended, we entered the town just in time to get sight of the enemy. Col. Stephens, commanding the Second brigade, having deployed on the left, was first to enter the town, and as soon as he came in sight of the enemy, charged upon them, and drove them with great rapidity through the town and down the road to Coffeeville. We captured a number of prisoners, horses, and arms, and five thousand rounds of Minié ball-cartridges; and we found, at different houses in town, about a dozen so badly wounded that they could not be taken away—among them Captain Griffin of the First Texas Legion, whose arm was shattered by a pistol-ball. Some of their wounded were fatally so. I have to report no loss of men during the engagement, but about ten were wounded, only one of whom seriously so. The First Indiana lost eight or ten horses, which were killed during the engagement, and my body-guard had six horses killed, and Lieut. Myers, commanding the body-guard, had his horse shot under him, and a bullet shot through his coat. I regret to have to report that, during the confusion that ensued when the enemy charged on the head of our column, and before the First Indiana could get their guns in position, one of them, which had been too far advanced to the front, was captured and borne off by the enemy. This is the only event of the expedition that I have cause to regret; and yet, knowing as I did, from personal observation, the determined character of the first onset of the enemy, I do not regard the event as surprising, or one for which the company to which the gun belonged as censurable. The conduct of Captain

Walker throughout was worthy of all praise. When at Oakland I was fifteen miles from Coffeeville. From prisoners captured, and from citizens, I learned that the rebel army had fled from Abbeville, and were falling back rapidly *via* Water Valley and Coffeeville. I also learned that the cavalry force, which we encountered at Oakland, were Texas troops, about one thousand five hundred strong, and were part of a force which left Coffeeville that morning in pursuit of me; that it was divided into three different parties, each of about that number, and left on as many different routes. Concluding that they would all fall back on Coffeeville, and being satisfied that more or less force from Price's army was at Coffeeville, I deemed it highly important not to proceed further, as my whole force of infantry and cavalry did not exceed two thousand five hundred men. I bivouacked for the night on the public square at Oakland. Though near the enemy in large force, with the precaution I had taken I felt perfectly secure. I knew that the enemy was retreating on the road, not ten miles in an air-line from me, but I felt confident that he was in too great a hurry to move aside to fight me, particularly as they had received such exaggerated reports of my strength. I determined to remain here, and sent back for a portion of the remaining infantry to be sent up to my support, that I might proceed on to their line of retreat, and harass them as they passed, but about twelve o'clock at night I received a despatch from Gen. Hovey informing me that he had received despatches from Gen. Steele, stating that the object of the expedition had been fully accomplished, and ordering us to return to Helena. I allowed my men to rest quietly at Oakland until morning, when I quietly and deliberately, but reluctantly, retired. The day I retired from Oakland it rained hard all day, and with the previous rains was calculated to excite just apprehensions that we could not get back to the Mississippi across the low alluvial bottom which we had passed over in going out. No person that has not passed over this road can have a just estimate of it in a wet time. For fifty miles from the Mississippi, or ten miles beyond the Tallahatchie, the land is an alluvial formation, filled with ponds, sloughs, and bayous, subject to annual overflow, and the roads are impassable as soon as the fall rains begin. In conclusion, I beg to say that the result of the expedition has, on the whole, been eminently successful. Had I possessed in advance the knowledge I now have, I could have done some things that I left undone; but my main object, which was to stampede the rebel army, could not have been more effectually accomplished. At no time except at Oakland, had I over one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five men, and then I had six hundred infantry and two field-pieces, which came up just at night. The impression prevailed wherever we went that we were the advance of a force of thirty thousand who were to cut off Price. The infantry, sent forward to my support, to Mitchell's Cross-Roads, consisted of the Eleventh Indiana, four hundred, Lieut.-Col. McCauley;

Twenty-fourth Indiana, three hundred and seventy, Lieut.-Col. Barton; Twenty-eighth and Thirtieth Iowa, six hundred, Lieut.-Col. Torrence; Iowa battery, Captain Griffith; all under the command of Colonel Spicely of Indiana, an able and efficient officer.

Of the temper of both officers and men under my command I cannot speak in too high terms of praise. From the time of my landing at Delta to this time, my command has marched over two hundred miles. The weather for two days out of six has been most inclement, raining incessantly, without tents of any kind and not a too plentiful supply of rations. I have never heard a word of complaint or dissatisfaction. The health of the command has continued excellent. To my personal staff, who accompanied me on the expedition, Captain W. H. Morgan, A. A. General, Capt. John Whytuck and Captain G. W. Ring, I am under many obligations for efficient services.

Respectfully yours, C. C. WASHBURN,
Brigadier-General.

To Captain JOHN G. PHILLIPS,
A. A. General.

Doc. 62.

GENERAL BRAYMAN'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS POST OF BOLIVAR, }
BOLIVAR, TENN., Dec. 4, 1862. }

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 64.

The General Commanding is advised that Rufus P. Neely, Clerk of the Hardeman County Court, late a colonel in the rebel army, and engaged in acts of war against the United States, still persists in treasonable language and acts—giving aid and comfort to armed enemies, and disturbing the peace of this post—he having taken an oath of allegiance to the pretended government of the confederate States, in violation of his oath of office—still adhering to such allegiance, and refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

On the night of November twenty-eighth, he was arrested and brought within the lines, and on that and the two succeeding nights, a party of mounted men, including two commissioned officers, was detailed to guard his premises, and capture guerrillas, who were prowling in the neighborhood, and were said to be entertained at his house.

While there, the party was assailed with abusive epithets, and compelled, while in the performance of duty, to listen to disloyal declarations and threats on the part of the wife and daughters of Mr. Neely. They state in writing, that Mrs. Neely acknowledged the fact of harboring Southern soldiers, and declared that she would give the last thing she had to help them—that the Federal army "was a set of murderers and rogues"—that the oath was of no effect for a secessionist to take—that she would go where she pleased, and would not take the oath—that "the Devil had telegraphed to Jeff Davis not to send him any more Yankees, for hell was already full of them, and he could not accommodate any more until he could

dig another pit to put them in," etc., etc. A daughter is reported as declaring that if she had her way, "all the Yankees should be put in prison, and fed on bread and water thirty days, if they lived so long" — that "if old Abe Lincoln had been dead, and such a man as Jeff Davis in his place, this trouble would not have been" — that "Lincoln and all such men ought to be dead" — that "old George Washington was a nasty, mean old scamp!"

The General Commanding regards with great charity, the harmless ebullitions of malevolence and spite, which, so far from being dangerous, only indicate sympathy with a wicked and failing cause. The patriotic officers and soldiers of the American army have been severely tried in this particular, and deserve great credit for the forbearance with which they have listened, without resenting. This may, however, be due to the fact that their forbearance has been taxed most severely, by those whose gentle sex claimed their homage, and whose social position, education, and supposed refinement of manners would appear to afford a guarantee against intentional and persistent rudeness.

It is not the desire or duty of officers in command, to take account of indecent and treasonable language, unless uttered under such circumstances as to do harm, or to affect the efficiency of the service. In the case under consideration, the officers and soldiers of the United States were on duty—obeying orders, and entitled to protection; not only from molestation, but from insult. The General Commanding will not impose upon his men disagreeable duties, and require of them, in addition, to submit to needless humiliation from public enemies, even though persons called ladies, are the offenders.

The avowal of treasonable acts and intentions, the coarse and disrespectful terms in which the President of the United States, and the army of which he is Commander-in-Chief, are spoken of, as before recited, are so often heard, and have been so long tolerated under the very shadow of our flag, as to excite no surprise—scarcely rebuke.

But it is not so — it shall not be so, when the venerated name of WASHINGTON is profaned. Among all nations, civilized and savage — in all languages — by high and low — by the good, the noble, the brave, and gentle — even by the drunkard, the ruffian, and the traitor, the memory of Washington is held in reverence. To the men and women of America, his name is expressive of all that is brave and magnanimous in war, and good and wise in statesmanship, and is spoken with something of that reverential awe which is felt when pronouncing that of the Saviour of mankind. A case is here presented — the first within memory, in which this universal sentiment of the Christian world has been set at defiance. It affords another striking evidence of the destructive and demoralizing influence of that political heresy which seeks the overthrow of that benignant government, and the dishonor of the sacred flag which the valor and wisdom of Washington gave

us. The General Commanding feels no delicate reserve in expressing his abhorrence of such language, whenever and by whomsoever spoken. Let the man who dares to utter it, die the death of a traitor, and the roof-tree beneath which woman shall revile the memory of Washington, tumble in swift ruin to the ground.

In consideration of the matters here stated, it is ordered as follows:

First. The Provost-Marshal will release Rufus P. Neely, late colonel in the rebel army, from close custody, and remand him to his plantation outside the picket-lines of this post.

Second. The Provost-Marshal will also revoke any permits heretofore given to said Neely, his wife, and his daughter, Miss Kate Neely, to pass within the picket-lines of this post, and will absolutely exclude them therefrom, until further orders.

Third. Said Rufus P. Neely is debarred from holding the office, or performing any of the duties of Clerk of Hardeman County.

The foregoing order, and the occasion of it, seem to invite reference to other matters of a like nature, worthy of consideration at the present time.

Like all other monstrous violations of divine and human law, the treasonable military usurpation, which has brought such suffering and woe upon the good people of Tennessee, is coming to an end. Their benign civil government, which has been wrested from them, and their constitution and laws, which have been perverted, to their hurt, are about to be restored. The Constitution and laws of the United States, so fruitful of blessings, begin again to be felt, in their influence upon a people glad to claim their protection.

The rebel armies which have desolated their homes, and plundered them of their substance, have been expelled, never to return. The robber and murderers who yet infest the neighborhood in guerrilla bands, are alone left to torment the people. Even they are relinquishing their cowardly work, and following the flight of the armies they have disgraced.

Hundreds of young men, who have been deluded from their homes, are coming back, clothed in their right mind. Many a wife and mother, to-day rejoice over the return of loved ones, long absent, encountering suffering, dangers, and death in a wicked cause. Many mourn the uncertain fate of those yet absent, and listen anxiously to the whispering of each breeze which passes over the tide of battle. Yet other thousands rest in unknown graves, and the eyes that weep for them will wait for their coming in vain. The traitors who seduced them, are their murderers.

The people of West-Tennessee are, or may be, free again. They are already, practically, repudiating the spurious "Southern Confederacy," and denying the authority of those ordinances and acts, which the late Governor Harris and a perjured Legislature imposed upon them. They recognize Tennessee to be, what she has never for a moment ceased to be, one of the United States. They stand by the Constitution and code

of Tennessee, as she was in her better days. They are already preparing, by efforts to secure a representation in Congress, and to resume the functions of civil government, to sit down in fraternal communion with the patriotic people of sister States, at the feast of constitutional liberty, which the hand of Washington spread for all.

The people of Bolivar and Hardeman County have entered zealously into this work, and are uniting in measures to perfect it. It is but fair and legitimate to hope that social hindrances, with those of a more marked character, will disappear. It is but just to believe, that when a man of honor takes the oath of allegiance, he does so with a full and loyal purpose, and without reservation. Not only his own conduct, but his influence and authority must be on the side of loyalty. He is, by God's wise arrangement, and the law of the land, the head, the king, the patriarch of his own household, and responsible, on his oath, for all who find shelter under his roof. It is not well that while the husband and father stands on the side of the Union, and enjoys in his business the blessings of recognized citizenship, the wife and daughter shall nurse the viper of sedition at home. It is not well, that while he publicly invokes peace and the prevalence of law, they continue to court the horrors of war and disorder. Can he suffer them to entertain traitorous emissaries at his board—to prepare supplies, (paid for by him,) and send them to the rebel army—to collect packages of letters filled with unlawful information, and, with passes obtained upon his good character, or granted in courtesy to their sex, carry them concealed upon their persons outside the lines to emissaries sent to receive them? Can he permit this and not be compromised? It will not do to say, he is clear, and the wife and daughter responsible. They are responsible to him—he to all the world—all being finally accountable to the law. Man stands at the threshold—woman sits by the hearthstone! God has so willed. Let them not seek to change places.

By command of Brig.-General M. BRAYMAN.

JOHN PEETZ,

A. A. A. General.

Doc. 63.

FIGHT NEAR COFFEEVILLE, MISS.

CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

IN CAMP NORTH OF THE TACONAPATAFA, }
SEVENTEEN MILES SOUTH OF }
OXFORD, MISS., December 6, 1862. }

WHEN I penned my last letter, we were hotly pressing the rear of Gen. Van Dorn's retreating column, and fully expected to encamp to-day at Coffeeville. From here to Grenada is but eleven miles, and here we thought to spend the Sabbath.

We did propose to capture Coffeeville, but just as the hand was outstretched which was to inclose them within its grasp, they managed to escape, and came near inclosing us within their

grip. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they came very near capturing our whole command, and making a muss of the expedition.

My narrative left us at Water Valley, with the following order of march for the morrow: Col. Mizener with the Third brigade in the advance; Col. Lee with the First brigade in the centre, and Col. Hatch with the Second brigade in the rear. This order was changed in the morning by Col. Mizener taking a road running parallel with the Coffeeville road, which brought him to the rear of Col. Lee's column when he reached it. The column was thus led by Colonel Lee.

At seven o'clock Friday morning, the column started in the order indicated above. At a proper distance from the river, a large advance-guard was sent forward, and a company of mounted men deployed to the right and left of the road as skirmishers.

At this point the skirmishing became heavy, and the enemy holding their ground, Colonel Lee brought forward a ten-pounder James rifled gun, and unlimbered the piece.

Hardly had our gun opened before a full rebel battery replied, and dropped solid shot, grape, and canister, in rapid succession, before, behind, and all about us. At least a hundred shots were fired before there was any cessation.

While this cannonading was going on, in front were heard rapid, heavy, and continuous volleys of musketry. It proved that our dismounted skirmishers, moving slowly over a low piece of ground, driving those of the enemy, were suddenly confronted by long double lines of infantry, which rose from the ground where they had been concealed, and poured volley after volley of musketry into our ranks. Our skirmishers, of course, fell back precipitately, save those whose dead and wounded bodies lay before this fearful fire. Meantime the enemy's battery was sending its fiery messengers into our midst, two shells bursting within ten feet of our gun. The rebels had our range exactly, and served their battery admirably.

THE RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.

At once Colonels Dickey and Lee discovered that the position was untenable, and that a force far different in character and strength from any they had anticipated was attacking us, and that a retrograde movement must be executed and speedily. Flanking parties and skirmishers were at once called in and sent back, and slowly the gun with its support of dismounted rifles moved backward. Two squadrons of the Fourth Illinois cavalry, under Capt. Townsend, were left in front to delay the advance of the army.

Hardly had our gun crossed the valley and reached the position from which we had first fired, when our advance and protecting squadrons followed us, driven before the enemy's infantry, who were charging forward with cheers and yells.

On our right advanced two regiments of rebel infantry with their colors; on our centre another, while two more regiments were marching in column toward our left flank, endeavoring to attack

that exposed point; simultaneously with our gun opened the deadly revolving rifles of our dismounted cavalry. The enemy fell in heaps; but for every one killed two stepped forward to take his place. Their impetuous charge could not be stopped, and when they were within four rods of the mouth of our cannon Colonel Lee ordered the piece limbered up and moved to the rear.

All behind us now was woods, hills, and deep ravines. For a moment covering the retreat of the gun, our riflemen held the enemy in check, and then slowly retired up the hill, halting every few rods to throw a volley on the advancing lines now immediately on their rear. Thus did they march for a quarter of a mile—a march through a continued storm of leaden rain.

Arriving at the top of the hill, the eyes of our brave boys were gladdened by the sight of two long extended lines of kneeling riflemen flanking each side of the road.

As I have before indicated, two regiments of rebel infantry—one in line, the other in column—were advancing on double-quick, cheering like madmen. Hatch reserved his fire until the enemy was within twenty yards, and now up rose our gallant cavalry and forth rolled the volleys like echoing thunder. Five rapid discharges from three hundred rifles would check a stronger than this rebel force. They halted, wavered, and fell back; but new accessions being received, the enemy advanced upon our left and right flanks.

To avoid being cut off, our boys fell back through the dense timber, contesting every inch of the ground as they retired. Meantime new lines were formed, fresh troops were brought up from the rear, and wearied ones marched back.

But as fast as those orders could be executed, fresh troops were brought against them. The great danger was from flanking movements, which the enemy's great numbers allowed him easily to make, and a hasty retreat was ordered.

So went the battle for two long hours. Up and down the wooded hills till night fell, and the moon shone out bright and clear to light the work of death, continued the struggle. Officers and men did nobly. Colonels Dickey, Lee, and Mizer, Lieut.-Colonels Prince and McCullough, Majors Coon, Love, and Rickards, and those under them, were everywhere exposed to the most galling fire, and personally directed the movements of their commands. One of Col. Lee's best officers was killed, and five of Col. Hatch's were wounded.

Lieut.-Col. McCullough, of the Fourth Illinois cavalry, fell bravely at the head of his column, shot in the breast. He is doubtless dead, or, if alive, a prisoner. Col. Hatch's horse was killed under him, and Colonel Lee's disabled by a Minie bullet. At length, having continued this expensive pursuit for three miles, the enemy desisted and drew off his forces. Our column formed again and again, but backward we passed over the road of the morning, having by the sacrifice of precious blood demonstrated the proposition that two thousand cavalry, in a country where they cannot act as such, cannot cope successfully with five thousand infantry.

We reached our camping ground at nine o'clock in the evening, and after a feed and rest for our horses, at two o'clock in the morning we were in the saddle, and headed for our present camp, where we arrived at eight o'clock this morning.

We have had a toilsome and exhausting march, and both men and horses need to recuperate. I do not know in what direction will be our next movement.

And now comes my saddest duty—to record the list of killed, wounded and missing.

RECAPITULATION.

	<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Wounded.</i>	<i>Missing.</i>
Seventh Kansas,	3	8	8
Fourth Illinois,	1	13	3
Seventh Illinois,	3	11	20
Second Iowa,	1	21	4
Third Michigan,	2	1	..
Total,	10	54	35

Doc. 64.

FIGHT NEAR LEBANON, TENNESSEE.

REPORT OF COLONEL CHARLES ANDERSON.

HEADQUARTERS NINETY-THIRD REGIMENT O. V. I., Dec. 6.

Captain William Morgan, A. A. G., Fourth Brigade, Second Division, Fourteenth Army Corps, Department of Cumberland:

SIR: In obedience to the order of Col. Buckley, commanding Fourteenth brigade, delivered this afternoon, and devolving upon me the defence of the forage-train, I halted my command at about three o'clock, parallel and close to the rear. Whilst waiting in this position for the train to move on, upon the top of a hill, a little west of the Franklin and Lebanon road, south-west from the house of Mr. —, and above that of Mr. —, I saw a number of the enemy on foot, led by three horsemen, rushing down the valley, which lies to the north of my position, in a westerly direction. They made great clamor by shouting, and their purpose evidently was to intercept the train in its march homeward, upon the slope of the hill, and at the bend of the road, as it enters into the valley. I immediately ordered my regiment to march in double-time through certain gaps and gates upon the eastern side of and close to the road, which was then filled with our wagons. My purpose was — having a slight advantage in distance, as well as in the declivities of the hill—to make the same point before them, and to cut them off from any attack upon my charge. In this effort I succeeded, but not in sufficient time to prevent their spreading themselves on most favorable ground and shelter, before my regiment could ensconce itself behind the fence which I desired as a cover. After a volley from company F—company A having been detached in support of a battery in advance—a rapid and irregular fire now ensued throughout both bodies of combatants. This lasted until, apparently, being satisfied that the Ninety-third could not be moved from its position, and, conse-

quently, that they could not succeed in the purpose of their ambuscade and assault, they fled, precipitately and universally, as far up the valley as we could see.

Our loss in this action was but one killed and three wounded. Considering the closeness of the range, the deliberateness and duration of the enemy's fire, and the almost rash exposure of several of my companies, these casualties are strangely small in number. What injury was inflicted upon the enemy I cannot undertake to say, and will not guess; neither will I, in my inexperience in such matters, profess to estimate his numbers. They certainly seemed to be largely in excess of our own, and the whole command of the expedition was, in my opinion, surrounded by large numbers of our foes.

It greatly delights me to speak of the gallantry and firmness of this new regiment in this its first fight. Every officer and man seemed resolved to do his best, and where all have so well succeeded, it might be invidious to distinguish by name particular persons. Notwithstanding, however, my disposition to regard that restraint upon special praises, I feel myself compelled to specify two instances of marked courage and pertinacious bravery. The one was that of William Goss-horn, Fourth Corporal, company F, and the other that of William C. Stewart, private, company C, acting as color-bearer. The former, after being painfully wounded in the thigh by one of the first rounds of the engagement, went deliberately into line and loaded and fired at the enemy seven or eight times. The latter, in this, his first battle, stood out in front of his company and of the regiment, with his tall person and our glorious banner elevated to their highest reach; nor could he be persuaded to seek cover, nor to lower his colors.

In conclusion, perhaps overrating the merits of my regiment and the importance of its conduct, I feel free to say, in justice to its men and officers, that I think any less merit than that shown in this fight would have probably lost us our entire train; and it seems to me now, that this attack, at this time and place, was preconcerted, together with various feints elsewhere, to accomplish that special object. Vanity or undue partiality to my own regiment may mislead me in this opinion. If so, I can only offer the apology that the error is as natural as it is frank.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

By order of Colonel CHARLES ANDERSON.

D. P. THURSTON,
Adjutant Ninety-third Regiment O.V.I.

Doc. 65.

BATTLE AT HARTSVILLE, TENN.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" ACCOUNT.

NASHVILLE, TENN., December 14.

In a letter dated the eighth instant, I gave you such imperfect accounts of the affair at Hartsville, as had then come to hand, mentally resolving that I would write no more about it until I

should be in possession of a sufficient number of facts to furnish a clear and reliable statement. Since that time, the paroled prisoners have arrived from Murfreesboro; minute accounts of the disaster have been presented by members of all the Union regiments concerned.

At Hartsville, the Cumberland River, which runs north-west from Rome in Smith County, makes a not very abrupt curve, and for a few miles pursues a course almost due south. Two little streams enter the river at the bend, and between these lies the town of Hartsville, about a mile from the river-bank. Leaving the town and approaching the river, you enter tolerably heavy woods; after which you come to some old fields abandoned and partially overgrown with brush-wood. Crossing these, you are confronted by a high, steep, rocky hill, at the southern foot of which the Cumberland flows. Upon the northern declivity of the hill, and in the old fields at the foot, our troops were encamped — the One Hundred and Eighth Ohio nearest the town, the Second Indiana cavalry nearest the river. Two pieces of cannon belonging to the Thirteenth Indiana battery, Captain Nicklin, were planted in a commanding position near the summit of the hill. West of the hill is a ravine, which an enemy attacking from that direction would be compelled to cross. A similar hollow lies to the east. From Hartsville a road runs north to Lafayette.

A stronger position can scarcely be imagined. The depth of the river as it runs past the hill I have mentioned, and the almost perpendicular southern face of the hill itself, rendered an attack from that direction utterly impracticable. A liberal use of axes for a few hours would have made an advance from toward the town exceedingly dangerous for an attacking force. Comparatively slight earthworks along the ravines would have enabled their defenders to repulse a largely superior force coming either from the east or west; while the hill itself, with some labor, could have been made an almost impregnable fortress, to which our troops, as a last resort, might have retired, and which they might have held against ten times their numbers. Yet strange to say, not a tree seems to have been felled, and not a spadeful of earth thrown up. Col. Moore, of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, commanding the force, well knew that he occupied an exposed position on our extreme left; a position liable to be attacked at any moment; and still in apparently reckless disregard of the safety of his command and the great interests intrusted to his care, he neglected to take even the most ordinary precautions for his defence. The cavalry force at his disposal, with which he might have scoured the country in every direction, instantly detecting any attempt of the enemy to approach him, was not used at all, except that a few videttes were posted behind the pickets a short distance from the camp. An apathy, which boded destruction, seemed to have taken possession of the whole force. So much was this the case, that some of the pickets are said to have been captured by the enemy while fast asleep upon their

posts, and others came running into camp, upon the approach of the rebels, without having fired off their guns.

It was between twelve and one o'clock, on the night preceding that unfortunate Sunday, that the rebels commenced crossing the river, both above and below our camps. From the best information of which I can get possession, I am inclined to believe that the principal portion of the rebel force crossed above our position, left a part of their number in the woods north-east of us, passed entirely around the village of Harts-ville, and then came up upon the west side of the ravine which I have described as lying west of the high wooded hill. It was during this circumnavigation of our camp that they captured the sleeping pickets.

At a lower ford a negro reported during the night, to a captain in command there, that the enemy were advancing, five thousand strong. The captain reported this startling announcement to the officer in charge. The latter either said nothing about it to Colonel Moore, or was unheeded when he did. Suffice it to say, that the bands of Morgan and Duke were all around and about the camp of the fated Thirty-ninth brigade, before any of its members were aware of their proximity. In this sense, the thing was a complete surprise. A contraband seems to have given the first alarm. He saw the enemy forming upon the opposite side of the western ravine, and forgetting for the time that he was nothing but a "nigger," he ran energetically through the camp, calling out: "Fall in! fall in! forty millions of de enemy are jest upon us!"

It was just at daybreak; none of the men had arisen; the cold was intense; but with a commendable alacrity, they sprang up, jumped into their clothes, and hastened to form in line of battle upon the opposite side of the western ravine, across which the rebels had already commenced to fire. At first the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio occupied the extreme left, nearest the river; the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois was in the centre, and the One Hundred and Eighth Ohio, Captain Pivot, company A, commanding, was on the right. Strong detachments were sent down into the ravine, to take the place of the pickets who had fled, and support the few who remained. Captain J. W. Palmer, company K, One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, commanded those from his own regiment, the Second Indiana cavalry advanced for the One Hundred and Sixth, and Captain Pivot, of the One Hundred and Eighth himself led two companies of skirmishers in advance of his regiment.

Several times these skirmishers checked and drove back the enemy, who were pressing down into the ravine, until Captain Palmer, fancying, or really perceiving that our men, formed in line of battle upon the edge of the ravine, were firing into his company, retired and took position upon the left of his regiment. The cavalry continued in an irregular style to keep up the fight, but gradually retired to the principal line of battle. Captain Pivot, before descending into the ravine,

ordered Adjutant Hahn to bring forward the rest of the regiment to his support, as soon as he should be fairly engaged with the enemy. This, Adjutant Hahn failed to do, being ordered, as he says, by Colonel Moore, to keep his position. Lacking the expected support, Captain Pivot immediately retired. Thus, in less time than I can relate it, our advance line of skirmishers had gone forth and returned, leaving us wholly dependent upon the main line of battle.

The cry now rang through our ranks to bring forward the artillery, which was on the hill. Colonel Moore himself went back to order it up, and, while he was gone, Col. Tafel, of the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, took the somewhat extraordinary resolution to change his position, without the order, consent, or knowledge of Col. Moore, believing that such a step would promote the best interests of the command, and not knowing when Col. Moore would come back. Upon the return of the latter, however, he saw what Colonel Tafel was about, and gave his sanction to the change. In the mean while, one piece of artillery was got into position upon the right of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, and the firing became general along both lines. The Ninth Kentucky rebel infantry, Captain T. J. Morehead, commanding, fought against the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, the Second Kentucky against the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, while a cloud of Duke's, Gano's, and Bennett's cavalry, mounted and dismounted, assailed the One Hundred and Eighth Ohio, and enveloped our extreme left wing.

The piece of artillery brought into action did excellent service, and at the second fire one of the enemy's caissons was exploded, and five of their men killed. But the heavy fire of the rebel artillery, which played upon our ranks both from across the ravine, and, with less effect, from the other side of the river, caused some dismay amongst our soldiers, and killed most of the horses attached to the piece which had been brought forward, as well as to that still stationed upon the hill. The superior numbers of the enemy enabled them to turn both our flanks, and after the fighting had continued three quarters of an hour, Colonel Moore gave the order to retire to the hill upon the river-side. By a part of the forces this order was misunderstood; by another part it was disobeyed; and by still another portion, it was taken as the signal for a general dispersion and flight. In itself the order was an unfortunate one. It is very difficult for new troops, under any circumstances, to retire in order while exposed to a storm of cannon and rifle-balls. In this case there could be no good reason for retreating to the hill, because that, being totally destitute of defensive works of any kind, was the most exposed portion of the whole field. The men, once upon it, could be picked off with ease and safety by the rebels in the woods below. But Colonel Moore had doubtless somewhere read "that the highest ground upon a field of battle was the most defensible;" forgetting that fortifications of some sort are necessary to render it so,

and that, without these, to place men upon a hill, is to make of them an elevated and visible target for every bullet of the enemy.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

But what, it may be asked, was Colonel Moore to do? His first position had doubtless become untenable; upon this all authorities agree. But several courses were still left open to him. He might gradually have retired to his encampment, and with his left wing resting upon the steep hill, his right upon the thick woods lying between the old fields and the town, he could have maintained his ground for a long time behind the wagons belonging to the brigade. For be it remembered that the enemy did not assail his rear, except by a distant cannonade from across the river, and could only advance to do so through the woods upon the north, or up a small ravine upon the north-east, so narrow that a very insignificant force could have held it against almost any number of the enemy. In a few hours General Dumont would have arrived with the remainder of the division, and the rebels would have been routed hip and thigh; unless, long before such arrival, they had given up the contest in despair, and retreated across the Cumberland.

Again, if Colonel Moore had possessed sufficient intrepidity, he might, by a determined charge across the large ravine on the west have gained the Gallatin road, and made safe his retreat in that direction. This would have required both courage and coolness, and however much of the former quality we may allow Colonel Moore, he seems from the beginning of the action, to have been wholly destitute of the latter. His leaving his command early in the fight, in order himself to bring the piece of cannon, sufficiently demonstrates that his excitement had bewildered his judgment.

Let us return to the time when Colonel Moore ordered his force to retreat from the edge of the ravine to the hill. The left wing of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, understood that they were ordered to charge the enemy, and accordingly three companies advanced over the edge of the ravine and down into it, with fixed bayonets. Here they were met by so heavy a fire from the rebels that they were first compelled to lie down, and soon afterward to withdraw in confusion to the hill to which the right wing had retired. Here the whole regiment rallied around the two pieces of artillery and endeavored for a few minutes to make a stand. Almost immediately, however, Colonel Moore perceived the trap into which he had led his men, fell at once into despair, and rushing up to Captain Palmer, asked him if he had a white handkerchief, declaring his determination to surrender. The Captain earnestly entreated him not to do so, reminding him that his other regiments might be somewhere maintaining their ground and that still they might be victorious. "No," said Colonel Moore, "we are whipped; I shall surrender." "Do not, for God's sake," replied Captain Palmer. Upon this Colonel Moore walked away a little distance,

frantically wringing his hands, but returned in a moment afterward and demanded the white handkerchief. This Captain Palmer now gave him, and the Colonel taking a bayonet from the hands of a soldier, put the handkerchief upon the point of it, and waved it toward the enemy. The word, "Cease firing!" first ran along the rebel line; and then a wild hurrah proclaimed the triumph of traitors and the humiliation of the national flag. Let us now inquire into the fate of the other regiments.

When the order was given to retire to the hill, Colonel Tafel of the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, perceiving the inevitable destruction in which such a course would involve the command, took upon himself the responsibility of disobeying the order, and retired toward the woods. Coming to the wagon-train, belonging to the One Hundred and Eighth Ohio, he made a stand there, and fought the enemy gallantly for about ten minutes. Separated, however, from the rest of the command, he was unable to maintain his ground, and retreated still further to the vicinity of the headquarters of the brigade, which were near the beginning of the small ravine that I have mentioned, lying north-east of the hill. Here he had scarcely taken position, when a rebel cavalryman, with a blue overcoat, came galloping up the ravine, and called out to Colonel Tafel to surrender, as all the others had done. This was the first intimation that Colonel Tafel had received of Col. Moore's surrender, except the triumphant shout raised a few minutes before, which he thought might have come from our own men. He ordered his men, therefore, to pay no attention to the rebel horseman, and to continue the fight; but soon perceived that the firing had ceased upon the hill, and that his own left was violently assailed by the rebels who, having Colonel Moore no longer upon their hands, now came rushing down in great force upon the One Hundred and Sixth, and almost completely surrounded it. Under these circumstances, Colonel Tafel judged it best to surrender.

The One Hundred and Eighth Ohio seems to have been unfortunate from the beginning, as I have already intimated, and, weak and demoralized as it was, played a somewhat inferior part in the whole affair. When the order to retire from the first line of battle was given, a portion of this regiment broke, fled through the woods south of the town, and were picked up by rebel cavalry stationed upon the other side. Another part joined themselves to the One Hundred and Sixth, retired with them, shared their fortunes, fought bravely by their side, and surrendered with them near the headquarters.

Captain Reintantz of the One Hundred and Sixth covered the retreat of that regiment from the ravine, with his company, and, in order to ascertain the true position of the rebels, was frequently observed to mount upon some elevated object, and daringly expose himself to a score of bullets which, upon every such occasion, came whistling about his ears. He was shot dead a moment before the surrender.

Thus ended the battle, and fifteen hundred of our soldiers were prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

Besides the troops I have already named upon our side, there were some seventy of the Eleventh Kentucky cavalry, who were under the command of Lieutenant Robert Terrell, and fought with the other cavalry until Col. Moore had surrendered.

The force of the enemy could not have been much less than four thousand men, composed of the two regiments of infantry already named, three full regiments and two battalions of cavalry, and twelve pieces of artillery. The cavalry was mostly made up of Tennessee and Kentucky men, with the exception of three companies of Texan Rangers under the command of Col. Gano. The three cavalry regiments were commanded respectively by Cols. Duke, Chenault, and Bennett, and the other battalion by Major Stoner. The two infantry regiments were commanded by the infamous Kentucky traitor, Roger W. Hanson, and the artillery was partly attached to his brigade, partly to the cavalry, and partly independent. The entire force was commanded by Brigadier-General John Morgan.

As soon as possible after the surrender, the rebels collected their prisoners together, and commenced plundering our camps. The prisoners were then taken across the river; but before the booty was all over, General Dumont's forces appeared upon the right bank, retook a part of the prey, and sent some shells after the withdrawing rebels.

Our men had eaten no breakfast that morning, (Sunday,) and, incredible as it may seem, were marched until Tuesday evening before they were given a bite of food. By that time they had arrived at John Morgan's headquarters, five miles from Murfreesboro, and received there about a pint of flour apiece.

Nothing was given them in which to cook this miserable pittance, and so they mixed it with water, wrapped the unwholesome dough in their handkerchiefs, and thrust it into hot ashes. In this way they prepared the first meal they had eaten since the previous Saturday evening. On Wednesday morning they went to Murfreesboro, the men being compelled to give up all their blankets on the way. Here they were paroled, and furnished at night with a little flour and musty pork, the rebels asserting, no doubt honestly, that they had scarcely any thing to eat for themselves. On the way back from Murfreesboro, one of our men gave three dollars for a single cake.

Five miles from our lines, the rebels dispossessed them of all of their overcoats, and when they arrived here they were encumbered by no superfluous clothing. Friday evening a portion of them took their way to the States, and the remainder departed yesterday morning.

The loss of the enemy, including some prisoners taken by Gen. Dumont's forces upon the right bank of the river, was about three hundred men. Considering the casualties in the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois as equalling those in the One

Hundred and Sixth Ohio, our own loss in killed, wounded and missing was about one hundred and fifty.

Y. S.

LETTER FROM GENERAL DUMONT.

GALLATIN, December 12, 1862.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

GENTLEMEN: In your daily issue of the tenth instant you speak in terms of severity of the recent surrender of troops at Hartsville, and make it the occasion of an assault upon me. Unconscious of ever having injured you or merited such treatment, I cannot in justice to myself and truth suffer such charges to go unnoticed; but in repelling them will endeavor to be as brief as the nature of what you have said and the facts will allow. After noticing the surrender, you say:

"We are not sure that any thing better was to be expected from the regiments that brought shame upon themselves at Hartsville and to some extent upon the Federal arms. They were raw regiments, and they had not behaved well previously. We are informed that they are the same regiments that Gen. Dumont had at Frankfort and elsewhere in this State. Their conduct in Kentucky was scandalous. Wherever they marched or sojourned, they insulted quiet citizens and stole and robbed continually. They stole slaves upon all occasions. No doubt there were good men among them, but many if not most respected no law of man or God. At the capital of our State, they outraged not only all honesty but all decency. They would go habitually into gentlemen's yards and use them for the vilest purpose in nature right before the eyes of the whole families; and, when persons made complaint of such doings to Gen. Dumont, as very many did, the only answer they could get was: '*The sooner you get used to these things the better.*' Surely it is not surprising, that such troops, led by such a commander, proved basely recreant in the face of the enemy. No doubt the portion of them that scorned to participate in the outrages perpetrated in Kentucky was the portion that made whatever resistance was made at Hartsville. As for the rest, let the nightcaps be drawn over their heads.

"We have not learned whether Gen. Dumont was in actual command at Hartsville or not. He is most likely to have been. He is one of our Government's numerous political generals. When the little band of sixty men at Shepherdsville, three months ago, was attacked by three hundred guerrillas, armed with flying artillery and small arms, he was at the head of ten thousand men only nine miles off, where he heard the firing, but, instead of hastening to the relief of the beleaguered handful of men, he drew up his whole force in line of battle and gallantly awaited the attack of the three hundred!!! If he was at Hartsville, let the nightcap be to him in the place of a laurel crown."

Statements more cruelly unjust toward myself could hardly be condensed into a smaller compass.

You presume, in the first place, that I was in

command at Hartsville, because I am and have been guilty of certain other disreputable and disgraceful things, which you proceed to enumerate. My reply is, that I was not at Hartsville; that I did not participate in the fight or surrender, and have not been with or seen those troops or had any opportunity of being with or seeing them for a month before that disaster; that said troops did not move with my main command at the time I moved forward from Bowling Green; that with my main command I was ordered, about the eighth of last month, to move to Scottsville, and subsequently from that place to this; whereas the Thirty-ninth brigade was separated from my main command and ordered to Glasgow, thence to Tompkinsville, thence to Hartsville; that I was, at the time of the disaster, at Gallatin, where I had been ordered to be with my main command; and in addition, was prostrate with sickness whereof I had been confined to my bed for upward of two weeks.

When I left Shelbyville I had with me four brigades. At Frankfort one of these brigades was ordered to Lawrenceburgh, thence I have understood to Harrodsburgh, thence to Danville, and thence I know not where, but presume where military necessity required. Had this brigade met with misfortune, it would be but little more flagrantly unjust to make me accountable for it than to speak of me injuriously in connection with the Hartsville surrender. The officer to be held responsible must have control; deprive him of immediate control, and common justice relieves him of responsibility. What does it signify that these brigades are in my division upon paper, if we are separated so by space that the immediate command must fall upon others? I pretend not that the brigade was wrongfully sent away; it was doubtless ordered to go where it was needed, and where it ought to have gone. I make not these statements to chime in with clamor against the unfortunate; I would condemn no one without a hearing. I decide not what measure of blame, if any, is due to those concerned. What I know is, that whatever blame, censure, or praise is due in the matter, it belongs not to me. It is but just to let every tub stand on its own bottom, that is all I ask. I come not forward as the champion of any one, nor will I condemn without knowing fully the facts without a hearing. I am told that seventy of our men were killed on the spot, or have since died, that one hundred and forty were wounded, a number of which will yet die. Two hundred and ten of our men bled and died. Who can say there were no gallant spirits on that fatal field? The loss of the enemy as published by himself, is not so great, but it is not small, and shows that there was bloody work, a terrible conflict. It may turn out, for aught I know, that our troops were overwhelmed with numbers. Many of the escaped assert such to be the truth. It is said, too, that while some of our troops acted badly, and did not fight, others fought with exceeding bravery. I stand not here to defend the guilty or to shield the coward, but it is due alike to the dead and the living, to those who bled, to

those who died, and to those who yet live, that they should not be consigned to infamy until the facts are known. Then let the guilty suffer.

In regard to the alleged bad conduct of troops at Frankfort, I have simply to say, that there are bad men with all troops; that some such did behave badly and commit excesses at that place, though most of the troops behaved well; that these things were regretted by no one more deeply than myself; that I exerted all my energies to prevent it, and when the offender could be identified, inflicted the severest and most summary punishment, and that I did succeed after I had a little time in repressing these things and removing just cause of complaint. I appointed a provost-marshal, gave him a mounted and an infantry force, instructed him to patrol the city and neighborhood day and night, protect the people, permit no soldier to trespass upon private rights, and bring all offenders to punishment. Such has been my course ever since I have been in the service. I have tried to protect the non-combatants, see that private rights were not invaded, that private property was not taken without just compensation, and that the war should be conducted, so far as I was concerned, on humane and honorable principles. Marauding and plunder are abhorrent to my nature, and at war with every impulse of my soul. With all your commendable solicitude upon this subject, you can have no more than I have ever cherished, and I think I can say without egotism that I have been as successful as most commanders in preserving good order and discipline with my troops. I have sometimes failed, and who has not? The best troops in the world have bad men among them. The best commanders have now and then failed to be able to prevent such from committing depredations.

The indecent, scandalous, and disgusting conduct of which you especially make mention, I believe was never committed. It is, in my opinion, a fabrication, and that you have been imposed upon. I never heard of it before, and would have had my right arm severed from my body sooner than to have failed to visit such conduct with the most terrible punishment. If any one ever attempted to communicate to me that such a thing had happened or to make such a complaint, I failed to get the proper understanding or the remotest conception that such a thing had happened as you state. I have frequently said when trivial complaints were made to me of things that are inseparable from a state of warfare—that must necessarily happen, and that cannot be prevented—that war is war, that such things have always happened in a state of war, that the sooner the people would find it out and learn that war was not a speculation, the better. Such is unfortunately the truth, and must ever be, but to apply such a remark, which I have doubtless often made, to a sanction on my part of such a thing as you have stated, it is making such an application as I never dreamed of. I did not succeed at Frankfort as well as I could have wished for the first few days. I felt it myself, and felt that I was misunderstood, but I appeal to my provost-marshal and to all my

officers to bear witness that I do not claim credit for intentions that I did not entertain, or for efforts that I did not make vigorously and in good faith, and finally successfully, and that I traced up crime, and made restitution and punished the offending wherever it was possible. I hesitated not to inflict punishment upon delinquent officers, too, such punishment as was well calculated to strike terror home to evil-doers. Your own paper or the *Democrat* mentioned the matter at the time, with commendation, and held it up as worthy of imitation.

The remaining charge to be noticed is: "That, when the little band of sixty men at Shepherdsville, three months ago, was attacked by three hundred guerrillas, armed with flying artillery and small arms, he (Dumont) was at the head of ten thousand men, only nine miles off, when he heard the firing, but instead of hastening to the relief of the beleaguered handful of men, he drew up his whole force in line of battle and—gallantly awaited the attack of the three hundred!!! If he was at Hartsville, let the nightcap be to him in place of the laurel crown."

I object not to your abhorrence of such conduct, if the facts in regard to the matter were as stated by you. It would be abhorrent in the last degree, but you have been misinformed, imposed upon. The whole story is a wicked fabrication, with no particle of truth in it. It is now, I suppose, as you state, three months since the transaction to which you allude, and until now I have never heard that I was blamed for, or that any one supposed that I could have prevented what happened. I have never before heard my name mentioned in connection with the matter in the remotest degree. If as stated in your article, it would be a terrible dereliction, one that would be known to the officer under whose command I was, one calling for exemplary punishment, and yet the officer then in command at Louisville has never intimated to me, nor has any one else, that I was to blame in the matter. I was as much to blame as if I had been at the north pole, no more. The captured men did not belong to me. You do not state they did. You state that I had ten thousand men. I had but one fourth that number, but that is immaterial, as the facts stand, and I doubt not an unintentional misstatement. What are they? I had been stationed at Lebanon, fifty miles from Shepherdsville. I had not been notified and did not know there were any troops at the latter place. I was ordered to proceed by rail from Lebanon to Lebanon Junction, a distance of about forty miles, and arrived after midnight with my infantry; my cavalry not coming by rail, but guarding a train, did not arrive until the afternoon of the next day after leaving Lebanon. It took my men pretty well toward morning to unload the cars, to let them proceed to Louisville. These trains were the last that ever crossed that bridge. It was reduced to ashes early that morning, before the morning train from Louisville arrived; indeed, I do not know that that train started out. After the

bridge had been destroyed, and the prisoners captured and paroled, a messenger left the neighborhood and came down to Lebanon Junction, and communicated the fact to me. I never saw an officer or man of the captured after they arrived in Kentucky—the word did not come from them. We had heard no firing, not a single shot—and had not had the slightest intimation that an enemy was about, until the arrival of the messenger, and all the mischief had been done. The doctor was not notified until the patient was dead and cold. Indeed, I am told that not a shot was fired, or if any, not to exceed one from a small mountain howitzer, that could not be heard at the distance we were off—ten miles. I do not know, but have been credibly informed, and suppose such to be the truth, that no one was killed, no one was wounded. I know that was the general understanding at the time. It was published at the time, that, before the officer commanding the sixty men would surrender, he was taken out and shown the enemy's artillery, and, seeing that the enemy had three guns and some six hundred mounted troops, and that he could make no resistance against such a force, he surrendered without a fight. If the enemy had opened his artillery, and you say small arms, too, upon him, so that I, at the distance of ten miles, could have heard it, he would have had unmistakable evidence of the presence of artillery, without going out and examining the guns. The enemy, six hundred strong, or even three hundred, as you state it, with small arms and three pieces of artillery, would have been apt to have hurt somebody, if there had been that kind of firing that would have notified a camp ten miles off.

Lest what I have said may be construed as censuring somebody, I will say that I have never heard that any body blamed Captain Tinker, who commanded the company, or his men, for the surrender. I presume it is true that he could not have fought his assailants without the loss of all his men; but be this as it may, it is immaterial to my purpose. The probability is, that the enemy arrived near the bridge at Shepherdsville as soon as my troops did at Lebanon Junction, and only awaited the dawn of day to make the assault or demand a surrender. It was two hours or more after all the mischief had been done before I got the word, and then I had not a mounted man to give pursuit, nor did my cavalry arrive until the afternoon. They had travelled all night and nearly all day without rest, and were in a bad condition to pursue an enemy with eight or ten hours the start. Still I sent out a squadron in pursuit, but the pursuit was unavailing, as the enemy had precipitately fled as soon as he had accomplished what he came for. The enemy were all mounted; pursuit with infantry after the deed was done would have been unavailing. Infantry could not have reached the place short of three hours, and the enemy would have then been fifteen miles off.

The silly and absurd story that firing was heard at my camp, and that I was thus notified

that the little band was in distress, and failed to go to its relief, is known to have no shadow of truth in it, by Cols. Owen, King, Miller, and O'Brien, of the infantry, Captains Nicklin and Lilly, of the artillery, and by all the officers and men of my command. I appeal to them to relieve me of the imputation, and by their testimony I am willing to abide.

E. DUMONT.

CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Dec. 16, 1862.

The One Hundred and Fourth regiment Illinois volunteers arrived at Columbus, Ohio, this morning, and are now quartered in Camp Chase. I have heard their account of the Hartsville affair, and am sure many of your readers would like to see a narrative in which they are all agreed, and which I doubt is wholly reliable.

The camp at Hartsville was more than a mile from the town, and upon the bank of the Cumberland, on ground which, according to the statement of the Adjutant of the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, "though it might be called a strong position for an adequate force, was a most dangerous one for a small command like ours." The whole Federal force at this point did not exceed over one thousand nine hundred effective men of all arms. Against this little army, Morgan in person led not less than four thousand men, of whom, probably, not less than two thousand were veteran troops, said to be the best in the confederate service, consisting in part of two Kentucky regiments, who were engaged in the battle of Donelson, and were there captured. The remaining one thousand were guerrillas and bushwackers, who joined his command on the way, and who, after the surrender, dropped out at every cross-road and at almost every house, and returned to their peaceful occupations, resolved doubtless to deport themselves as loyal citizens henceforth. In addition to this large force, he brought with him twelve pieces of artillery to overcome the two six-pounders of the Federals. The two forts near Hartsville, one three quarters of a mile and the other three miles from our camp, were guarded by our men. Consequently, Morgan selected a spot about seven miles distant, where no one ever suspected an army could effect a crossing, on account of the steepness of the banks; but by sloping the ground and literally sliding down his horses, which, as they reached the river, were seized and mounted by his men, he accomplished his purpose. Passing up by a by-road, he succeeded in getting inside of our pickets, nearly all of whom he captured. But one discovered the enemy, and emptied a rebel saddle, alarming the camp and bringing our men to their feet instantaneously.

The line of battle was formed with the Indiana cavalry, One Hundred and Fourth on the left, the One Hundred and Eighth Ohio in centre, and One Hundred and Sixth Ohio on the right, before a single shot was fired. The battle began an hour and a half later than Morgan intended, in broad daylight, by a shot from one of the four rebel reserve guns, on the opposite side of the river. His

eight remaining pieces were placed over against the One Hundred and Fourth.

At the first fire, the One Hundred and Eighth Ohio broke and fled, leaving our flank exposed. Following up their advantage, the rebels at length found themselves in a position to pour in a cross-fire upon the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois and the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio. The fire became so hot, that an order was at length given to fall back. Until then not a man of the One Hundred and Fourth flinched. Every officer and man stood up bravely to the work and fought most effectively. But the order to fall back, which under the circumstances was doubtless a military necessity, threw our men into considerable confusion, from which they never recovered.

At this juncture Col. Moore, perceiving that it was useless to contend longer against a force so greatly superior to his own, raised the white flag and surrendered. Capt. Ludington, with his company, who had held a position on the opposite side of the camp, continued to fight for some considerable time after the surrender, doing most admirable execution. Company A, Capt. Leighton, was acting as provost-guard of the town, and was surrounded at the beginning by one thousand horsemen, and compelled to surrender, though not before his men had killed five and wounded eight of the rebels, with a loss of only one killed and three wounded. Capt. Collins, with a part of his own and two other companies, was at Gallatin, acting as escort of a wagon-train, and was not in the fight at all. The One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, when the One Hundred and Eighth Ohio fled, was compelled to fall back, but did so fighting and in good order. The losses of that great regiment show that they fought gallantly. Cut off from the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, they acted independent in the surrender.

Such are the main features of the fight, from which it does not appear that our men were easily surprised, as before a shot was fired they were in line of battle. Perhaps there was not sufficient precaution taken to guard against a surprise, and perhaps there might have been a better disposition of the Federal troops; but there could hardly have been better fighting than was done by the One Hundred and Fourth for more than an hour. They contended with the best troops of the confederate army, and only yielded to overwhelming numbers. The casualties of the regiment, and the heavy losses of the enemy which exceeded our own, being not less than one hundred and twenty-three killed, are a sufficient proof that if the One Hundred and Fourth did not fight long, it fought well, and under the circumstances, was not at all disgraced by the surrender.

The fight over and the spoils gathered, the prisoners were mounted on horses, two on each horse, and transported over the Cumberland, and marched thence on foot rapidly toward Murfreesboro. Twenty-five miles were made the first day between one o'clock in the afternoon and nine o'clock in the evening, and our men encamped without having tasted food for twenty-four hours—most of the men stood during the whole night

around the camp-fire in the snow. The next day they marched again, and not until nine o'clock in the evening did they taste any food. Two ounces of flour and four ounces of fresh meat, without salt, were then doled out to each man. The flour was made into dough, wrapped upon a stick and baked, while the meat was roasted.

The day following, at about meridian, they reached Murfreesboro, where they were paroled. On Wednesday morning, they were sent under guard to Nashville. Before their arrival at Murfreesboro, their overcoats were taken from them, and within three miles of our lines on the return their blankets were demanded and given up. The distance of thirty miles to Nashville was made that night.

The men of the One Hundred and Fourth think they have had a pretty hard time of it; but it is harder for them to rest under the suspicion that they have not done their duty, or have done it indifferently well. They point to their decimated ranks and their honorable wounds as proofs of their untarnished honor. They are eager to be exchanged; and when they are, woe unto that rebel regiment that encounters them on the battle-field.

Col. Moore, Lieut.-Col. Hasseman, and Major Wedman, are still prisoners, and are doubtless regarded by the rebels as a rare specimen of what they are pleased to term, "the blue-bellied Yanks."

W. C. S.

REBELS REPORTS AND NARRATIVES.

GENERAL BRAGG'S REPORT.

MURFREESBORO, December 8, 1862.

An expedition sent under acting Brigadier-General John H. Morgan, attacked an outpost of the enemy at Hartsville, on the Cumberland, yesterday morning, killed and wounded two hundred, captured eighteen hundred prisoners, two pieces of artillery, and two thousand small arms, and all other stores at the position. On the previous day a small foraging train was captured by General Wheeler, near Nashville, with fifty prisoners, and on the fifth Colonel Reddy's Alabama cavalry also captured a train near Corinth, with its escorts and a number of negroes. Our loss at Hartsville about one hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded. None at either of the above places.

BRAXTON BRAGG,
General Commanding.

General S. COOPER, Richmond.

GENERAL BRAGG'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT No. 2, }
MURFREESBORO, December 12, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER No. 156.

With pride and pleasure, mingled with gratitude to the Supreme Source of all our victories, the General Commanding has the satisfaction of announcing to his troops the signal triumph of our arms at Hartsville, Tennessee, on the seventh instant.

This brilliant exploit was achieved by a portion of Morgan's cavalry brigade, together with

detachments from the Second and Ninth Kentucky regiments of infantry, under Col. Hunt—the whole under Brig.-Gen. Morgan. After a remarkable march of more than forty miles through snow and ice, they forded the Cumberland under cover of darkness, and at daylight precipitated themselves upon the enemy. Our success was complete. With a force of not more than one thousand two hundred men in action, we inflicted a loss upon the enemy of five hundred killed and wounded, and captured eighteen hundred prisoners, with all their arms, munitions, and other stores. Our own loss was small, compared with the result—not exceeding one hundred and twenty-five in killed and wounded. The memory of the gallant men who fell to rise no more, will be revered by their comrades, and forever honored by their country.

To Brigadier-General Morgan and to Colonel Hunt, the General tenders his thanks, and assures them of the admiration of his army. The intelligence, zeal, and gallantry displayed by them, will serve as an example and an incentive to still more honorable deeds. To the other brave officers and men composing the expedition, the General tenders his cordial thanks and congratulations. He is proud of them, and hails the success achieved by their valor as but the precursor of still greater victories.

Each corps engaged in the action will in future bear upon its colors the name of the memorable field.

By command of General BRAGG.

GEO. G. GARNER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

MURFREESBORO "REBEL BANNER" ACCOUNT.

The more that we learn of the battle of Sunday last, the greater is our astonishment at the wonderful success that attended this daring exploit. It is another evidence of the superior sagacity and military skill of General Morgan, who projected the expedition and carried it to a successful issue. His plans were well matured, and though there were delays of an unavoidable character, every detail was promptly and faithfully executed. There has been, we dare say, no feat of arms so brilliant or so completely triumphant in the Western department as this; indeed, we doubt if the annals of the war can present another instance of equal daring.

The forces engaged in the affair on our side were the Ninth and Second Kentucky infantry, commanded by Col. Thomas H. Hunt, numbering six hundred and eighty men, and the cavalry regiments of Chenault, Cluke, Bennett, and Huffman, with Cobb's Kentucky battery. All told, our forces were about one thousand three hundred. The enemy was the Thirty-ninth brigade of Dumont's division, composed of three regiments, one battalion, a squadron of cavalry, and section of artillery. It was commanded by Col. Abraham B. Moore, of Peru, LaSalle County, Illinois, whose commission, we are authorized to say, is now in possession of Corporal Whelan, company K, Second Kentucky.

The attack was made just after sunrise, but instead of surprising the Yankees, they were found strongly posted on the top of a steep hill, and in perfect line of battle. Our line was formed under the fire of the enemy, but it was done with great precision and perfect accuracy. After our boys had commenced the forward movement there was no delay or hesitancy. The abolitionists were driven from their position, then through their camps, then their battery of fine Parrott guns captured, and finally hemmed in on the river-bank, where they surrendered. The fight lasted for one hour and twenty minutes; but in that brief period the firing was rapid and the contest severe. Many gallant spirits fell on our side, but we heaped the field with thrice the number of Yankee slain.

Cobb's battery sustained an important part in the fight, and lost severely. Lieut. Gracey was, as he is on all similar occasions, conspicuous for his gallantry and good conduct. It was the ninth engagement in which he has participated, and out of all he has escaped unharmed, save at Shiloh. David Watts, a private of this battery, who was killed, was an intelligent and promising young man, the son of the well-known merchant of Paducah.

The town of Hartsville and some four hundred of the enemy were captured by Colonel Bennett's command.

To John Blazer, of company C, Ninth Kentucky regiment, belongs the honor of capturing the battery flag of the enemy. It is a beautiful piece of silk bunting, with the letter B upon it.

The Ninth regiment also had the flag of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois regiment.

The Second regiment brought off the colors of the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, which, before reaching town, were, by order of Major James W. Hewitt, reversed, the Union down—a signal of distress.

But the most remarkable fact connected with the expedition was the endurance of the infantry troops. They marched, on a bitter night, over fifty miles, fought a splendid battle, captured twice their numbers, crossed the Cumberland River twice, and yet there was no complaints heard and straggling witnessed. The losses of the cavalry regiments engaged were trifling.

—*Rebel Banner*, December 11.

Doc. 66.

FIGHT NEAR LA VERGNE, TENN.

IN CAMP NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, }
Saturday, December 13, 1862. }

I PROPOSE to give full particulars of the fight at La Vergne, as witnessed by a participant in the exciting scene.

The Thirty-fifth Indiana, Fifty-first Ohio, Eighth and Twenty-first Kentucky infantry, with two guns of Swallow's Seventh Indiana battery, went out beyond our picket-lines to escort fifty wagons on a foraging expedition. They ventured as far as Stone's River, four miles from La Vergne, and in sight of the enemy's videttes. We halted in a

rich bottom in a bend in the river, where an abundance of corn, fodder, and oats was found. The wagons were sent to the various cribs, pens, and stacks near by to load, while Col. Mathews led the whole command or escort to Dobbins's Ferry, a mile off, and satisfied himself that there would be no attack from the enemy at that point. Returning to the wagons, he placed the artillery, Fifty-first Ohio, and Thirty-fifth Indiana in line of battle, as guards, while the Eighth and Twenty-first Kentucky loaded the forage.

Before our object was half attained, a sharp crack from several rifles arrested our attention, and in a moment the enemy's cavalry was descried in a dense cedar thicket in our rear. About thirty dismounted skirmishers attacked a squad of men (belonging to the Twenty-first Kentucky) who were loading a wagon with fodder. This squad repulsed the skirmishers and checked the entire force until relieved by the Thirty-fifth Indiana and Fifty-first Ohio, who charged on the enemy, making him scamper through the bushes, like a dog with a piece of tin tied to his tail.

By this time the wagons were loaded and started off, with the cannon, Fifty-first Ohio, and Thirty-fifth Indiana in advance—the Twenty-first Kentucky placed at intervals along the train, and the Eighth Kentucky in the rear. We had not proceeded far before rapid firing was heard again in the rear. In a short time the Twenty-first Kentucky was formed in line and advanced to the line of skirmishers at a right angle with the wagon-train. Here there was some detention for fear of doing injury to our own side by cross-firing. Standing where they could see the enemy, our boys' attention could hardly be held long enough to change direction, and the word "Forward!" was again given; they dashed ahead, firing a volley and raising a yell that terrified the rebels, and caused them to retreat precipitately into a ravine that hid them entirely from our view.

Then the cannon was brought forward, planted on a site in a corn-field, and directed to shell the woods in front of us. A company of skirmishers were called for to prevent the enemy from turning our right, and company E was thrown forward, and advanced within two hundred yards of the enemy, amidst a rapid shower of grape-shot and shell from two of their guns. This movement, if not disastrous, turned the enemy's left, relieved the Eighth Kentucky, and saved the train from capture. The enemy disappeared, and the brigade returned to camp without the loss of a wagon. All concur in according to Col. Mathews the most gallant conduct throughout the engagement. He received a slight wound in the left cheek, and was considerably bruised by a fall from his horse, which is wild and at times very unruly.

A pestiferous but not dangerous disease affects the noble Colonel of the Eighth (Col. Barnes) in such a way as to render him unfit for duty, and, in his absence, Lieut.-Col. May assumed command of the Eighth Kentucky, which deserves the highest encomiums of praise for resisting the enemy at great odds—maintaining their position under a

murderous fire of musketry, and returning volley for volley, working destruction in the enemy's lines.

Col. S. W. Price being called to Nashville on business, the command of the Twenty-first Kentucky devolved on Lieut.-Col. J. C. Evans, who stood firmly at his post in the trying hour, and our favorite, Adjutant Scott Dudley, unconscious of self, stood up boldly, cheering the boys by example to stand firm and be quiet, while the sky seemed full of blue streaks from bursting bombs.

Favorable mention should be made of the following soldiers, who resisted the enemy in the first onset, namely: Sergeant J. Frank Morton, privates R. B. Chism, J. P. Hagan, B. S. Jones, W. W. Oliver, and John Morton, of company F; Corporal Henry Stahel, privates Jno. Kiger, Cassius Kiger, (slightly wounded,) Geo. Montjoy, Ed. Welsh, and Wm. Murphy, (wounded in the thigh badly,) of company A, Twenty-first Kentucky.

Below I furnish a complete list of the casualties of each regiment:

Thirty-Fifth Indiana — killed — Adjt. Bernard R. Mullen, private Cormick Conohan. Wounded — Lieut.-Col. John E. Bolfe, badly, privates Andrew Hays, badly, William O'Donnell, Thomas Burke, slightly, Chas. F. Reese, Mike Harrigan, slightly.

Fifty-First Ohio — Privates M. Burr, M. Norris, E. Cutchall, W. H. Hardee, company C; M. Pomroy, M. Satur, S. McCoy, W. Smith, company D; L. Courtwright, F. Blosser, company F; J. J. Lamasters, company G; F. Young, teamster.

Eighth Kentucky — taken prisoners, five — since paroled. Calvin Siler missing.

Killed — Wm. Ross, John Stansberry, Pleasant Smith.

Wounded — Nelson Petra, Jones Allford, (since died,) Silas Landrum, John McCurd, W. H. Rose, Charles Braser, Butler Fraley, Ples. and Gran. Philpot, Lieut. McDaniel, Fletcher Bowman.

This fight has had a tendency to cement the regiments, and give them greater confidence in each other, and if it has no other effect, I hope it may enable us to count on each other in the great battle that is anticipated somewhere in this locality before many days.

The discipline and health of the troops here is good. Our immediate commanders, Generals Crittenden and Van Cleve, are favorites with their men; while the confidence in Gen. Rosecrans is unbounded, and his recent orders are heartily approved; and there is an abiding hope that all things are tending to a speedy termination of the war.

J. T. G.

Doc. 67.

FIGHT NEAR BRENTVILLE, TENNESSEE.

COLONEL MARTIN'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND BRIGADE, CAMP NEAR }
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, December 9, 1862. }

*Lieutenant T. W. Morrison, Acting Assistant
Adjutant-General, Ninth Division.*

I HAVE the honor to report that in obedience to order from headquarters Ninth division, I order-

ed the Twenty-Fifth regiment Illinois volunteers, Lieut.-Col. McClelland, and the Eighth Kansas battalion, Capt. Block, to proceed on a reconnoissance to the front, in the division of Franklin, at two o'clock P.M. to-day. The command left promptly at the hour, and I rode with it as far as the outside pickets, which had a short time before been fired into by a small body of the enemy. Here I received an order from headquarters to send out another regiment, and a section of artillery, and in compliance I immediately ordered the Eighty-first Indiana volunteers, Major Woodbury, and two pieces of Capt. Carpenter's Eighth Wisconsin battery, to join the reconnoissance, and then went forward to join the force in advance.

Lieut.-Colonel McClelland had already deployed four companies of the Twenty-Fifth and Eighth as skirmishers in advance, on each side of the road, and these had engaged in a brisk running fight with the enemy, who were also thrown out as skirmishers. The rebels retreated, abandoning their guns, and even some of their clothing in their hasty flight.

I directed the battery to move up the road behind the infantry. Captain Pease, of Gen. Davis's staff had meantime joined the command with a small force of cavalry, and was doing valuable service in skirmishing to the right and front.

The whole command then moved forward, the skirmishers keeping up a brisk fire, until we were about five miles beyond Brentville, when a considerable body of the enemy was seen in the road about a mile distant. I had the battery immediately placed in position in the road, and fired several rounds at them. The enemy scattered and disappeared at the first shot in great haste.

We remained here until just before sundown, when, in accordance with our orders, we returned to camp. From the best information I could gain along the road, the enemy's force is all cavalry, and numbers three or four hundred men. We drove them from their camp, finding their campfires yet burning brightly when we came up. One private of the Twenty-Fifth Illinois is reported slightly wounded. What loss the enemy sustained, I am unable to state, although several were seen to fall.

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN A. MARTIN,

Colonel Commanding Thirty-second Brigade.

Doc. 68.

BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURGH, VA.*

FREDERICKSBURGH, VA., Thursday Night, Dec. 11.

I LOCALIZE this letter Fredericksburgh, but it is assuredly "living" Fredericksburgh "no more." A city soulless, rent by wrack of war, and shooting up in flames athwart night's sky, is the pretty little antique spot by the Rappahannock, erewhile the peculiar scene of dignified ease and retirement.

The advance of the right grand division of the

* See page 79 Docs., ante.

army of the Potomac rests here to-night, after a series of operations which are certainly among the most extraordinary of the war. To those who retired to rest, uninformed of what night was destined to bring forth, the spectacle this morning must have seemed strange enough to be the improvisation of the magician's art. One hundred and fifty pieces of cannon covered the circular sweep of the heights of Fredericksburgh; one hundred and fifty thousand men in battle array had sprang from the earth, and lay, ready for the advance, behind those heights. But to the initiated, who spent the night in vigils and knew what work crowded its busy hours, it was all intelligible enough. All night artillery came, and came with its ceaseless, heavy rumble, and as each battery arrived from the rear it was posted in the place selected for it by the Chief of Artillery. All night the perpetual tramp of men moving to the front filled the air. Pontoon trains unwound their long, snake-like forms, and were drawn, each boat by its team, down to the river's brink.

It had been determined, in council of war, held on Wednesday, that, instead of extending our lines of operations along the river from Falmouth to Port Conway, the entire army should be crossed at or near Fredericksburgh.

Five pontoon-bridges were to be thrown across the river—the first at the Lacey House, which lies directly opposite the end of the main street of Fredericksburgh, half a mile below Falmouth; the second and third within a few hundred yards from the first. The remaining two were to be thrown over a mile and a half or two miles further down the stream, and on these the grand division of Gen. Franklin—the left—would cross, while Sumner's and Hooker's grand divisions—right and centre—would use the three upper ones.

It was about three o'clock this morning when the boats were unshipped from the teams at the river's brink. Swiftly and silently the Engineer Corps proceeded to their work. A dense fog filled the valleys and water margin, through which the bridge-builders appeared as spectral forms. The recital of the *Times* special correspondent with the left will inform you of the details of the construction of the two lower—Franklin's—bridges. Work there was performed with perfect success—the engineers being allowed to complete the first without any interruption whatever, while the construction of the other was but slightly interrupted by the fire of the rebel sharp-shooters.

We were not so fortunate with the upper bridges. The artificers had but got fairly to work, when at five o'clock the firing of two guns from one of the enemy's batteries announced that we were discovered. They were signal-guns. Rapid volleys of musketry, discharged at our bridge-builders, immediately followed. This was promptly responded to on our side, by the opening of several batteries. The fog, however, still hung densely over the river. It was still quite dark, and the practice of the artillerists was necessarily very much at random. The Engineer Corps suffered severely from the fire of the sharp-shooters concealed in the town. The little band was being murderously thinned,

and presently the work on the bridges slackened, and then ceased.

Meanwhile the firing from our batteries, posted about a mile from the river, was kept up vigorously. The effect was singular enough, and it was difficult to believe that the whole affair was not a phantasmagoria. It was still quite dark, the horizon around being lit up only by the flash of projectiles, which reappeared in explosive flame on the other side of the river.

Daylight came, but with it came not clearness of vision for on-lookers. The mist and smoke not only did not lighten, but grew more opaque and heavy, hugging the ground closely. Our gunners, however, still continued to launch their missiles at a venture. The rebel batteries hardly returned our fire, and this chariness of their ammunition they preserved all day—not a dozen rounds being fired during the whole forenoon.

Toward eight o'clock a large party of general officers, among them General Burnside, the corps commanders, and many others of high rank, had congregated in front of and on the balcony of Gen. Sumner's headquarters, Phillips's House, situated about a mile directly back of the Lacey House. The performance could be heard but not seen—the stage was obstinately hidden from view, and all were impatient that the curtain should rise. Aids and couriers came and went with messages to and from the batteries and bridges.

At half-past nine o'clock official notification was received that the two bridges on the extreme left were completed, and Gen. Franklin sent to General Burnside to know if he should cross his force at once. The reply was, that he should wait until the upper bridges also were completed.

Meantime, with the latter but little progress was made. During the next couple of hours half a dozen attempts were made to complete the bridges, but each time the party was repulsed with severe loss. On the occasion of one essay, Capt. Brainard, of the Fiftieth New-York volunteer engineers, went out on the bridge with eleven men. Five immediately fell by the balls of the rebel sharp-shooters. Capt. Perkins led another party, and was shot through the neck, and the Sixty-sixth and Fifty-seventh New-York regiments, which were supporting the Fiftieth and Fifteenth New-York volunteer engineers—Gen. Woodbury's brigade—suffered severely. It was a hopeless task, and we made little or no progress. The rebel sharp-shooters, posted in the cellars of the houses of the front street, not fifty yards from the river, behind stone walls and in rifle-pits, were able to pick off with damnable accuracy any party of engineers venturing on the half-completed bridges.

The case was perfectly clear. Nothing can be done till they are dislodged from their lurking-places. There is but one way of doing this effectually—shell the town. At ten o'clock Gen. Burnside gives the order: "Concentrate the fire of all your guns on the city, and batter it down!" You may believe, they were not loth to obey. The artillery of the right, eight batteries, was commanded by Col. Hays; Col. Tompkins, right

centre, eleven batteries; Colonel Tyler, left centre, seven batteries; Capt. De Russy, left, nine batteries. In a few moments these thirty-five batteries, forming a total of one hundred and seventy-nine guns, ranging from ten-pounder Parrotts to four and a half inch siege-guns, posted along the convex side of the arc of the circle, formed by the bend of the river and land opposite Fredericksburgh, opened on the doomed city. The effect was, of course, terrific, and, regarded merely as a phenomenon, was among the most awfully grand conceivable. Perhaps what will give you the liveliest idea of its effect is a succession, absolutely without intermission, of the very loudest thunder-peals. It lasted thus for upward of an hour, fifty rounds being fired from each gun, and I know not how many hundred tons of iron were thrown into the town.

The congregated generals were transfixed. Mingled satisfaction and awe was upon every face. But what was tantalizing, was, that though a great deal could be heard, nothing could be seen, the city being still enveloped in fog and mist. Only a denser pillar of smoke defining itself on the background of the fog, indicated where the town had been fired by our shells. Another and another column showed itself, and we presently saw that at least a dozen houses must be on fire.

Toward noon the curtain rolled up, and we saw that it was indeed so. Fredericksburgh was in conflagration. Tremendous though this firing had been, and terrific though its effect obviously was on the town, it had not accomplished the object intended. It was found by our gunners almost impossible to obtain a sufficient depression of their pieces to shell the front part of the city, and the rebel sharp-shooters were still comparatively safe behind the thick stone walls of the houses.

During the thick of the bombardment a fresh attempt had been made to complete the bridge. It failed, and evidently nothing could be done till a party could be thrown over to clean out the rebels and cover the bridge-head. For this mission General Burnside called for volunteers, and Col. Hall, of Fort Sumter fame, immediately responded that he had a brigade that would do the business. Accordingly, the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts, two small regiments, numbering in all about four hundred men, were selected for the purpose.

The plan was, that they should take the pontoon-boats of the first bridge, of which there were ten lying on the bank of the river, waiting to be added to the half-finished bridge, cross over in them, and landing, drive out the rebels.

Nothing could be more admirable or more gallant than the execution of this daring feat. Rushing down the steep banks of the river, the party found temporary shelter behind the pontoon-boats lying scattered on the bank, and behind the piles of planking destined for the covering of the bridge, behind rocks, etc. In this situation they acted some fifteen or twenty minutes as sharp-shooters, they and the rebels ob-

serving each other. In the mean time new and vigorous artillery firing was commenced on our part, and just as soon as this was fairly developed, the Seventh Michigan rose from their crouching places, rushed for the pontoon-boats, and pushing them into the water, rapidly filled them with twenty-five or thirty each.

The first boat pushes off. Now, if ever, is the rebels' opportunity. Crack! crack! crack! from fifty lurking-places go rebel rifles at the gallant fellows, who, stooping low in the boat, seek to avoid the fire. The murderous work was well done. Lustily, however, pull the oarsmen, and presently, having passed the middle of the stream, the boat and its gallant freight come under cover of the opposite bluffs.

Another and another boat follows. Now is their opportunity. Nothing could be more amusing in its way than the result. Instantly they see a new turn of affairs. The rebels pop up by the hundred, like so many rats, from every cellar, rifle-pit, and stone wall, and scamper off up the streets of the town. With all their fleetness, however, many of them were much too slow. With incredible rapidity the Michigan and Massachusetts boys sweep up the hill, making a rush for the lurking-places occupied by the rebels, and gaining them, each man capturing his two or three prisoners. The pontoon-boats, on their return trip, took over more than a hundred of these fellows.

You can imagine with what intense interest the crossing of the first boat-load of our men was watched by the numerous spectators on the shore, and with what enthusiastic shouts their landing on the opposite side was greeted. It was an authentic piece of human heroism, which moves men, as nothing else can. The problem was solved. This flash of bravery had done what scores of batteries and tons of metal had failed to accomplish. The country will not forget that little band. Their loss in the perilous enterprise was, so far as I could ascertain, as follows:

Killed—A. Wickson, company A; Corporal Jos. L. Rice, company C.

Wounded—J. N. Basna, company G, mortally; Riley Faulkner, severely; Lieutenant Secore, company C; C. H. Hewson, company C, hand; Sergeant Thomas Galdwell, company F, severely wounded in shoulder; Jos. Crene, company F, arm.

The party once across, and the rebels cleaned out, it took the engineers but a brief period to complete the bridge. They laid hold with a will, plunging waist-deep into the water, and working as men work who are under inspiration. In less than half an hour the bridge was completed, and the head of the column of the right grand division, consisting of General Howard's command, was moving upon it over the Rappahannock. A feeble attempt from the rebel batteries was made to shell the troops in crossing, but it failed completely.

Your correspondent found an opportunity to cross the river along with the party who first went over, in a boat, having been curious to take

a closer view of the city which we have for near a month been observing over the river, not three hundred yards wide, without the power of visitation. As the rebels were in very considerable force on the heights back of the city, one could not extend his perambulations beyond the street fronting on the river. Every one of the houses which I here entered, a dozen or more, is torn to pieces by shot and shell, and the fire still hotly rages in a dozen parts of the city. A few citizens—a score or two, perhaps—male and female, presently made their appearance, emerging out of the cellars, whither they had taken refuge during the bombardment. Three women—white—whom we found in a cellar, told us that they, with a majority of the inhabitants, had moved out of Fredericksburgh a fortnight or so previously, but that, growing reassured by our long delay, they, with a good many others, had come back the evening before. The former inhabitants, they report as now living in various parts of the environs, some in negro huts, and others in tents made with bed-clothes, etc.

During the afternoon of the bombardment we observed a couple of white handkerchiefs waved out of the windows in a house in the city. This was taken by some for a flag of truce, and the Chief of Artillery was on the point of causing the shelling to cease. General Burnside, however, decided that it was probably merely only the wonted rebel ruse, and ordered operations to be continued. We found out that the demonstrations were made by two of the women referred to, with the desire that we should send over a boat and convey them away from Fredericksburgh.

Among other prominent objects during the bombardment was a large British flag, flying over the house of the English Consul. This personage, however, was not found in his house when we entered the city, and the flag was taken possession of and brought away.

A number of rebel dead were found in various parts of the city, some exhibiting frightful mutilations from shells, and I took as a trophy, a rifle, still loaded, out of the grasp of a hand belonging to a headless trunk.

The infantry in the city appear to have been Mississippians, South-Carolinians, and Floridians. Those of them that we took prisoners were wretchedly clad, and mostly without blankets or overcoats, but they generally looked stout and healthy, and certainly in far better condition than they could have been were there any truth in the report of some deserters the other day, to the effect that for three weeks they had nothing to eat but the persimmons they were able to pick up.

Although we are not yet fully informed of the present positions of the enemy, there seems to be good ground to claim that General Burnside has succeeded in outgeneralling and outwitting them. His decoys to make them believe that we were about to cross our main force at Port Conway, seem to have succeeded admirably. I suppose there is no harm now in my mentioning

that among the ruses he employed was sending down, day before yesterday, to Port Conway, three hundred wagons, and bringing them back by a different road, for the sole purpose of making the rebels believe that we were about to cross the river at that point. To the same end, workmen were busily employed in laying causeways for supposed pontoon-bridges there, while the gunboats were held as bugaboos at the same place. Completely deceived by these feints, the main rebel force, including Jackson's command, seems to have been, two or three days ago, transferred twenty or twenty-five miles down the river. It must be remembered, however, that without the utmost celerity on our part, they can readily retrieve this blunder by a forced march or two. Signal-guns, at five o'clock this morning, gave them the cue to what was going on, and doubtless they have not been idle during the intervening hours. To-morrow will disclose what unseen moves have been made on the chess-board.

W. S.

Doc. 69.

RAID IN CRAWFORD COUNTY, MO.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN REEVES.

OSAGE, CRAWFORD COUNTY, Mo., December 9, 1862.

Colonel J. M. Glover :

A BAND of six guerrillas, headed by Charles Barnes, made a raid upon our part of the county, on the night of the twenty-fifth ultimo. Before night they passed down Huzza Creek unobserved, except by one person, whom they arrested. They commenced their business at the house of John S. Brickey, by taking two guns, a pistol, a negro man and negro girl. Barnes took a pair of handcuffs from his saddle-bags and fastened upon the negro man, but before they had gone far they took an alarm at cattle that ran near them, and the negro man made his escape. They went back up the Huzza Creek, which runs from a southern direction. They called at the house of Israel P. Brickey, and took a gun and pistol, and also compelled Brickey, to furnish them with supper. Next they broke into the house of Cornelius Brickey, calling for him and his son James, whom Barnes had previously threatened, neither of them being at home. They next went one mile to the house of Peter Brickey. There they arrested his son Jarret, who made his escape just as they left the house, and slipped in the dark. They took one negro, one horse, saddle, bridle, pants, hats, and blankets. Next they went to the house of James Sanders, Jr., the First Sergeant of my company. They rushed into the house before he was warned sufficiently to get out of bed, and called upon him to surrender, but he resisted by springing out of bed, snatching his revolver from under his pillow, and firing at the breast of Barnes, who, about the same time, fired upon Sanders, and at the same time ordered his comrades to "fire." Four balls struck Sanders and he fell to the floor. A fatal shot was now about to be made from a rifle, when Sanders's sister threw up the muzzle. They gathered his pis-

tol, and immediately left. You readily imagine the scene—all transpiring in the room where were a sister, a wife, and two children. The villains next went one and a half miles to the house of David Kilgore, who went with them as a pilot. Thence they went two miles to Henry Martin's, took one gun; thence half a mile to the house of a widow, whose name is Skaggs; there they gathered blankets, quilts, one revolver, one gun, and one horse; thence four miles to Henry Bagger's, where they took one gun. One mile further they came up to the house of Captain S. Mason, and attempted to rush in; the door being fastened, they ordered it opened, and cursed the Captain and bade him surrender. The Captain retreated to a dark part of the house with a preparation of eight loaded barrels, including guns and pistols. He caused his children to make a light in the room and open the door, bidding them to "walk in." Barnes ordered his men to "charge," but it was no go. They all soon left without getting in range of the light. They continued in a southern direction, without committing other depredations worthy of mention. The negroes that were with them say that the militia could not get together and be ready to pursue them before ten o'clock of the following day, but they were mistaken; the citizens commenced collecting immediately after the shooting of Sanders, and started on the track, volunteers gathering and joining us on the way, until we numbered about thirty. We followed the trail in pursuit until about two P.M., when we came up within sight, upon the "dividing" ridge between the Current and Huzza Rivers, in Iron County.

When they saw us, they immediately threw down baggage, consisting of guns, blankets, etc. They soon also left the negroes and horses that they were leading. They scattered into the woods in several directions. Our company divided also in quick pursuit, firing upon them as they ran. Being upon fresh horses, three of them made their escape with a horse each. Another that was wounded in the shoulder, made his escape into a thicket by leaving his horse. We captured five horses, one holster-pistol, many guns, blankets, saddles, and saddle-bags, and succeeded in killing two of the band, one of whom was in Mr. Brickey's pants that they had taken the night previous. We take no pleasure in putting to death any one in human shape, but know of no other way of ridding our country of midnight assassins that have been our greatest annoyance connected with this inexcusable rebellion, but to hunt them down and kill them.

NATHANIEL B. REEVES,
Captain Company D, Crawford M.E.M.

Doc. 70.

CAPTAIN BIRCH'S EXPEDITION

INTO MARION COUNTY, ARK., DEC. 12.

OZARK, Mo., Dec. 18, 1862.

Major James H. Steger, A.A. General.

SIR: I have the honor of reporting to you for

the information of the Commanding General the result of a scout commanded by me in Marion County, Arkansas.

By permission from Captain Flagg, commanding this post, I took command of forty men composed of detachments from companies D, F, G, and H, Second battalion, Fourteenth regiment cavalry Missouri State militia, and on the morning of the ninth instant marched for Lawrence's Mill, a distance of thirty-five miles. I arrived at the mill early in the night, and remained there till noon of the tenth, waiting for forage. During this time I held a consultation with the officers of my command and those of the enrolled militia stationed at the mill, in regard to the direction we should take. It had been my intention to make an expedition into the White River country below Dubuque, where it is said a band of marauders have a considerable number of horses.

These marauders I wished to destroy or drive out, and to capture their horses; but having received information that a rebel captain by the name of Mooney, with seventy-five men, were encamped on Tolbert's Ferry on White River, sixty miles from us, I resolved, with the advice of the other officers, to go and capture them. I received a reinforcement of sixty men from the enrolled militia at the mill, and marched twenty miles in the direction of Tolbert's Ferry. The march was continued on the morning of the eleventh, but instead of keeping the road, I bore to the eastward and marched through the woods under the guidance of an excellent woodsman, by the name of Willoughby Hall. I arrived within eight miles of the Ferry by dusk, and stopped to feed and rest in the dense forest near an out of the way corn-field. During the time of our stay at this place I sent Lieut. John R. Kelso with eight men to capture some rebel pickets that I supposed would be at the house of a rebel by the name of Brixy. Lieut. Kelso soon returned, having found and captured two rebels with their guns and one horse; from the prisoners I learned that Captain Mooney's men had temporarily disbanded, and were not to assemble again for two days. I felt a little disappointed upon the reception of this intelligence, but I determined to proceed and make a dash upon a band of armed rebels that, I learned, were at the Saltpetre Cave, on the other side of White River, seven miles from Captain Mooney's house. At midnight my little band emerged from the dark woods where we had been resting, and silently wound among the hills in the direction of Captain Mooney's. Lieut. Kelso led the advance, and by the most excellent management succeeded in capturing seven or eight rebels who lived near the road, without giving any alarm to the country around. Just before day we captured a rebel recruiting officer by the name of Mings, formerly a Lieutenant-Colonel. At the break of day we reached Capt. Mooney's residence; we took him with one other man, together with fifteen stand of small arms, most of which we destroyed, not being able to carry them. We also recaptured eight horses which had been taken from the enrolled militia, stationed at Law-

rence's Mill. I remained here to feed and to await the arrival of a party that I had sent out with orders to meet me at this point; they soon came in bringing several prisoners. I then sent Captain Green of the enrolled militia back with the prisoners, seventeen in number, and twenty-five men as an escort. I then divided the rest of my command into two divisions, sending one under command of Captain Salee, accompanied by Lieut. Bates, formerly of the Sixty-fourth Illinois, to march up the river on this side, and to await in concealment till I began the attack with the other division, which was to cross and approach from the other side. It was just noon when we arrived at the cave. The rebels were at their dinner, all unconscious of our approach. When at last they discovered us, they mistook us for a company of their own men, whom they were expecting, and they did not discover their error until we were in half-pistol shot of them. I ordered them to surrender, which they did without firing a gun. They numbered twenty-three, of whom three were left, being unable to travel. Their guns were mostly shot-guns and rifles, which I ordered to be destroyed. We also captured four mules and two wagons; the wagons, however, we could not bring away. Also, three horses were taken. I then ordered the saltpetre works to be destroyed, which was effectually done. These are gigantic works, having cost the rebel government thirty thousand dollars. Capt. McNamar, who was in command, stated that in three days they could have had six thousand dollars' worth of saltpetre ready for use. These works, though reported as destroyed at the time of the burning of Yellville, had been unmolested since early last spring when they were slightly injured by a detachment from General Curtis's army. The works being destroyed, and learning that a party of Burris's command were hourly expected, I thought better to retire, as I was already encumbered with prisoners. I marched nearly all night through the dark woods, the rain pouring down upon us in torrents. On the next day we advanced as far as Little North Fork, which is not fordable. Here we remained till the morning of the thirteenth, when we crossed and reached Lawrence Mill. On the fifteenth we reached this place, having been absent seven days, travelled two hundred and twenty-five miles, captured forty-two prisoners, destroyed forty stand of small arms, also captured twelve horses and four mules, and destroyed thirty thousand dollars' worth of machinery, etc., and all without any loss whatever on my side.

In conclusion, I must say a word in praise of the brave men under my command. Often without any food except parched corn, and no shelter from the chilling rains, deprived of sleep, and weary from long night-marches, not a murmur was heard; every hardship was borne with cheerfulness, and every danger met with the utmost coolness. The enrolled militia officers, Captains Salee, Green, and Huffinan, all did their duty well. Lieut. Bates, of the Sixty-fourth Illinois, showed himself a brave soldier. Lieut. Warren, of com-

pany F, also deserves favorable notice. As to Lieut. Kelso, his reputation as an intrepid soldier and skilful officer is too well known to require any comment at this time.

These, Major, I think, are all the facts worthy of notice. I am, very respectfully, your ob't servant,

MILTON BIRCH,
Captain Commanding Expedition.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 25, 1862.

The conduct of the officers and soldiers who conducted and bore the privations of this expedition deserve my special commendation. This report will be entered fully on my "battle-book," and furnished the press for publicity, with this indorsement.

S. R. CURTIS,
Major-General.

Doc. 71.

FIGHT AT ZUNI, VA.

SUFFOLK, VA., December 13, 1862.

ON Thursday noon last, a column under the command of Brigadier-General Ferry, left here for the purpose of engaging the attention of the enemy at the Blackwater. The column consisted of cavalry, artillery, and eight regiments of infantry. A pontoon-train, made of old canal-boats, taken from the canal which runs through the Dismal Swamp, was also attached to the expedition.

The column proceeded on the South-Quay road, and halted for supper about six o'clock, having then advanced about ten miles. They next moved on toward the Blackwater, which they expected to reach about two o'clock next morning; but the wagons were laden so heavily with the pontoon-boats that a detention of several hours was caused by their sinking deep into the muddy cypress swamp, through which a portion of the road lay. It was deemed important that the column should reach the Blackwater before daylight, and the pontoon-train would have been left behind to enable it to do so; but the road being exceedingly narrow, with deep ditches on each side, it was found impossible for the cavalry and infantry, which were behind them, to pass, and in some cases a delay of two hours would ensue. Daylight, therefore, revealed the advancing force to the enemy, it not arriving at the Blackwater before six o'clock yesterday morning.

This afterward proved to be of little account, as the rebels must have had timely warning of our approach at least two days previously. The passage of the river had been perfectly free of obstructions, while now piles of timber and *chevaux de frise* lay in it, and on the opposite side a heavy block-house and a large number of rifle-pits had been constructed to assist in repelling an invading enemy. To add to the difficulty of fording the river, the water, which two days previously had not been more than from two to three feet deep, had now risen to twice that depth, so that the cavalry, instead of walking across, were compelled to swim over to the opposite side in the face of a prepared enemy.

But for these difficulties a plan, first suggested

by Gen. Ferry, and afterward ordered by General Peck, must have succeeded admirably. It was this: to mount two or three companies of infantry behind the cavalry, ford the river, dismount the infantry, drive the enemy from the heavy underbrush, and hold him in check until the pontoon-bridge was laid across. By this plan a crossing of the Blackwater would have been effected without the aid of artillery, as it was believed the heavy guns would warn the enemy at Wakefield and Franklin, and a much superior force being at both these places, a rapid reinforcement could have been sent by railroad, and the fresh troops being thus precipitated in overwhelming numbers upon our force, would compel them to fall back. This afterward proved correct.

Two companies of the Thirteenth Indiana were now mounted behind the cavalry, and the whole attempted to cross, but were met with such severe volleys of musketry and artillery from the opposite bank, which, added to the unexpected depth of the water, rendered the crossing impossible without serious loss of life. The whole were therefore recalled. Three pieces of artillery, under the command of Capt. Howard, were now ordered up, and choosing a favorable position for the guns, a heavy fire of shell and canister was opened upon the rebels, which soon drove them from the bank, and, the firing still continuing, they retreated and fell back out of range to the thick woods and undergrowth beyond. While the firing was going on, our pickets opposite Zuni, about a mile and a half up the river, reported that the enemy were attempting to cross at the railroad bridge, and that the Union pickets had been fired upon by both infantry and artillery, who were assembling at that point in large numbers, evidently with the intention of outflanking us. General Ferry at once ordered his Adjutant-General, Capt. Ives, with a regiment of infantry and a section of artillery, to this point for the purpose of dispersing them. Arriving there, Captain Ives found the enemy in plain sight, not more than an eighth of a mile distant, their battery in full view, and the infantry showing themselves on the outside of the works with apparent impunity. The section under the command of Lieutenant Beecher, of the Fourth United States artillery, now commenced a galling fire, under the cover of which a company of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania deployed as skirmishers to the banks of the river for the purpose of picking off the enemy's artillery-men on the opposite side. Three shots silenced the rebel battery, and a dozen more destroyed the fortifications and drove the enemy away, they taking with them a large gun which had been mounted on a truck and run from place to place upon the railroad track, and which they fired very rapidly, doing, however, but little execution. The party under Captain Ives now returned to the main body, where the firing had been going on for three or four hours, driving the enemy back so effectually that three companies of the Thirteenth Indiana crossed the Blackwater in the pontoon-boats. Colonel Dodge also crossed over in the face of a large

force of the enemy, who had doubtless been attracted by the firing, and had arrived to reinforce their comrades, having, as was supposed, reached the place in the cars from Wakefield.

As the expedition was partially a diversion in favor of other and more important military movements by our forces, and as General Ferry had received orders to be particularly cautious not to bring on an engagement, our men were recalled from the opposite side, and returned with a captain and twelve men whom they had captured. The whole now made preparations to retrace their steps, and at half-past ten o'clock this morning the last of the column passed through Suffolk on their way to the camps.

The rebel captain was wounded so seriously that it was necessary to bring him in an ambulance.

Our loss is three killed and eleven wounded. The enemy's was much greater, the prisoners reporting as many as thirty killed and wounded by our artillery-fire at the crossing.

We were compelled to leave and destroy one old wagon which stuck so deeply in the mud that it was found impossible to extricate it. The contents were taken out before setting it on fire.

Before the head of the returning column had reached here, and I believe even before they started homeward, secession reports of a disastrous defeat, of a captured pontoon-train, a bloody repulse while crossing the river, and a hasty retreat, spread like lightning, both last night and this morning; and as our gallant fellows marched through the village they were greeted with jeering smiles from the male secessionists and a more demonstrative evidence of satisfaction from the females. One, an old woman, waved her hands as our soldiers passed her dwelling, and said: "I prayed to God all last night that you might never live to cross the Blackwater, and now my prayers have been answered, for you were driven back when you tried to cross, and you have come back faster than you went." Another, seeing some men who had been manning the battery walking behind the artillery, and supposing that because they had no muskets they had been thrown away to aid them in their flight, cried out, "Where's your guns? The next time you hear them they will be turned against you," etc.

The following is a list of our loss as far as I could collect it up to the time for the train to leave for Norfolk:

Killed—Lieut. John Robinson, Sixth Massachusetts; Lieut. Barr, company I, Sixth Massachusetts; one of the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry.

Wounded—A sergeant of the Mounted Rifles; private McFarland, Thirteenth Indiana, leg shot off, mortally; private Hinton, company F, Thirteenth Indiana; private Brady, company C, Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania, in the leg, by a shell; private Cox, company C, Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania, in the leg, by a shell.

—*N. Y. Herald.*

Doc. 72.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CAIRO.

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT ALFORD.

OFF THE MOUTH OF THE YAZOO, December 12.

YESTERDAY we were ordered up the Yazoo again, and were accompanied by the gunboats Signal, Pittsburgh, Cairo, and ram Queen of the West. We hove anchor at six in the morning and got under way. Our boat was in the advance. We had proceeded about eighteen miles unmolested, when in rounding a point we descried a skiff containing a white man and a negro. We fired a shot and brought them about and took them aboard. We examined them, and from the negro we got the information that the rebels had placed a large number of torpedoes and infernal machines all along up the Yazoo River to their battery on Drumgool's Bluff. Accordingly we kept a bright look-out, and at half-past eleven A.M. discovered one. We were nearly on it before we saw it. We backed down-stream and lowered our cutter to examine, and found an inch-line made fast to a large root on the bank on the left-hand side. We cut the line, and as soon as cut, up came one of their infernal torpedoes. The torpedoes look like a log of wood floating, about three feet long and twenty inches in diameter. Attached to this log or buoy they have a large demijohn of about six gallons. The demijohn contains the charge of powder. Running from the cork of this demijohn to the log is a small hollow wire. The log contains the shot. They are fired from either side of the river. They make one end fast on shore by a line; on the other side of the bank runs the galvanic wire. The buoy and torpedo is placed in the middle of the channel, and by means of an anchor to the buoy is kept down. The two ends being hauled taut, keep it near the surface, and just as soon as any thing comes foul of either line, away it goes. They are a terribly destructive weapon, as was proved to our loss yesterday. The Cairo, one of our fleetest and best boats in the whole squadron, was sunk and totally lost by striking one of them. She sunk in four or five fathoms of water. The crew and officers were all saved. The books, papers, safe, and in fact every thing went down with her. The engineer and gunner were badly wounded. It was an awful sight, the guerrillas all around us trying to pick off our men who were in the water. It was in sight of their battery, but we opened on them and gave them plenty of shot and shell, keeping them back until we destroyed every vestige of the place where she went down. She went down with the old Stars and Stripes flying from her gaff. The torpedo struck and exploded under her, on the port side, forward of the boilers, dismounting four of her large guns and making a hole larger than a hogshead. It must have been large to cause her to sink in seven minutes. The Cairo mounted thirteen large-sized guns, and a crew of one hundred and forty men. She had recently been fitted for service, and her loss is a serious one just now. She cost over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

We were in advance, but our boat being of light draught of water, (two feet two inches,) passed over, while the Cairo, drawing nearly seven feet, came in contact with the lines and exploded a torpedo. We then sent parties ashore to look for torpedoes. In less than a mile seven large ones were found, which we took up and destroyed. The river is full of them. After destroying all we could find we came down-stream. By the greatest miracle we escaped both times, in fact every time, for we have been up the devilish river five times.

Last Thursday, while we were up, we casually fired into what seemed to be a large floating demijohn, when of all the explosions I ever heard this beat all. We were fifty yards ahead of it, and the force was such as to lift the stern of our boat quite out of water, throwing the water fifty feet high and scattering pieces of glass on our decks. One of our pilots picked up a handful of the glass. The devil (whom we picked up) who has helped set these torpedoes, we have on board in double irons. We will fix him. The seecesh down here are desperate. There is no Union feeling here, nothing but bitter hatred to all Northern men.

The loss of the Cairo is a serious one to us. She cannot be replaced for less than three hundred thousand dollars, but the loss is the want of her just at this particular time. Coming down-stream, we shelled the woods, buildings, and every habitation we could see. From my battery we fired sixty-four shots, and we made some of them count.

I think we will be ordered to Cairo with despatches; also to take up the crew and officers of the Cairo. The weather is pleasant and warm. Very little rain of late. River rising slowly from above. The general health of the crews is very good.

Yours,

E. A.

Doc. 73.

OPERATIONS IN NORTH-CAROLINA.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL FOSTER.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA, }
NEWBERN, December 27, 1862. }*Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief,
United States Army, Washington, D. C.:*

GENERAL: Referring to my letters of December tenth, fourteenth, and twentieth, I have the honor to report that I left this town at eight A.M. of the eleventh, with the following forces:

Gen. Wessells's brigade of General Peck's division, kindly loaned to me; Col. Amory's brigade; Col. Stevenson's brigade; Col. Lee's brigade. In all about — infantry; batteries Third New-York artillery; Belger's battery, First Rhode Island; section of Twenty-fourth New-York independent battery; section of Twenty-third independent battery, having a total of — guns, and the Third New-York cavalry of about — men.

We marched the first day on the main Kinston road about fourteen miles, when, finding the road obstructed by felled trees for half a mile and over,

I bivouacked for the night, and had the obstructions removed during the night by the pioneers.

I pushed on the next morning at daylight. My cavalry advance encountered the enemy when about four miles from the bivouac of the previous night, and after a sharp but brief skirmish, the enemy were routed with some loss.

On arriving at the Vine Swamp road, I ordered Captain Hall, with three companies of cavalry, to push on up the main Kinston road as a demonstration, while the main column proceeded by the Vine Swamp road to the left, thereby avoiding the obstructions and the enemy on the main road. Capt. Hall encountered the enemy in some force; but, after a severe fight, whipped them, taking eighteen prisoners, and killing a number. The march of the main column was somewhat delayed by the bridge over Beaver Creek being destroyed. This was rebuilt, and I pushed on, leaving a regiment (Fifty-first Massachusetts) and a section of artillery (Twenty-third New-York) at the bridge to hold it, and to protect the intersection of the main road and the road I was on, to support Capt. Hall, and to prevent any force driving him back and occupying the cross-roads in our rear.

The main column pushed on about four miles, and bivouacked for the night. There was some cavalry skirmishing during the day.

On Saturday the thirteenth, we again started, leaving the second main road (the one I was on) to the right, and leaving at this intersection the Forty-sixth Massachusetts and one section of artillery (the Twenty-fourth New-York) to hold the position and feint on the second main road.

We reached South-west Creek, the bridge over which was destroyed, and the enemy posted on the opposite bank, some four hundred strong, with three pieces of artillery. The creek was not fordable, and ran at the foot of a deep ravine, making a very bad position for us. I ordered a battery in as good a position as could be obtained, and under their fire the Ninth New-Jersey, which had the advance, pushed gallantly across the creek—by swimming, by fragments of the bridge and by a mill-dam—and formed on the opposite bank; at the same time the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, of Gen. Wessells's brigade, forced a passage, by the felling of trees and fording, about half a mile below the bridge, and engaged the enemy's left, who thereupon retired and deserted his breastworks. I had ordered the Twenty-third Massachusetts, of Col. Amory's brigade, to cross at the mill to support the Ninth New-Jersey, and also crossed the remainder of Gen. Wessells's brigade. Col. Heckman, with the Ninth New-Jersey, advanced, and was fired upon when about one mile from the creek with canister and musketry. The regiment charged at double-quick, drove the enemy, took some prisoners, and captured a six-pounder gun, caisson, etc., complete. Gen. Wessells bivouacked on the further side of the creek, with the Ninth in advance. The balance of the command, with the artillery, remained on this side of the creek. The Ninth New-Jersey; company K, Third New-York cavalry, and Morrison's battery, Third New-York artillery, had quite a skirmish with the

enemy, but drove him, and camped for the night. From the south side of the creek I sent a company of cavalry to strike, and proceed up the Kinston road No. 2. I was on No. 3. The company proceeded up the road toward Kinston, and found the enemy posted by a bridge, which was prepared to be destroyed. The company charged them, and they retired with some loss, destroying the bridge. The enemy's force at this place was estimated at one regiment and four pieces of artillery. Major Garrard, with three companies of cavalry and one section of artillery, proceeded on a reconnoissance on a road leading to Whitehall. After following this road about ten miles, and having met with no opposition, they rejoined the main column.

Sunday, the fourteenth instant, I advanced the column, and when about one mile from Kinston encountered the enemy in strong force. They were posted in strong position in the woods, taking advantage of the ground, which formed a natural breastwork; their position was secured on their right by a deep swamp, and their left was partially protected by the river.

The Ninth New-Jersey were deployed as skirmishers, and Gen. Wessells's brigade, with Morrison's battery, Third New-York artillery, were ordered to advance to the right and left of the road, the battery being sent to our extreme right, supported by one of General Wessells's regiments. Colonel Amory's brigade was then advanced, the Seventeenth Massachusetts being sent to support Colonel Heckman on the right, and two regiments (Twenty-third and Forty-fifth Massachusetts) advanced up the road. My artillery (three batteries) I posted in a large field on the right of the road, and about three fourths of a mile in rear of line of attack, (the only position they could be placed in.) I then ordered Colonel Stevenson's brigade, with Belger's Rhode Island battery, forward. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts supported this battery, and the Fifth Rhode Island, Tenth Connecticut, and Forty-fourth Massachusetts were ordered forward, the two former on the left of the road and the latter on the right, to support the regiments there in pushing the enemy and turning that flank.

The Tenth Connecticut advanced steadily to the extreme front, relieving two of Wessells's brigade who were short of ammunition, and, after receiving a horrible fire for some twenty minutes, made a most gallant charge, in conjunction with the Ninety-sixth New-York volunteers, of General Wessells's brigade, which, with the advance already made (slowly but surely) of the whole line, forced the enemy to retreat precipitately for the bridge over the Neuse, which they crossed, firing the bridge, which had been prepared for that purpose. Several regiments were so close, however, that about four hundred prisoners were taken from the enemy. A line was formed to the river, and the fire extinguished before great damage was done.

The Ninth New-Jersey, Seventeenth Massachusetts, and Gen. Wessells's brigade were at once crossed, pushed into the town and halted. I or-

dered the bridge to be at once repaired for the crossing of cavalry and artillery. Gen. Evans retired about two miles from town with his command and formed line of battle. I sent a flag of truce to inquire whether he proposed to surrender. He declined. I immediately prepared to attack him, but, knowing he had three light batteries and one section to start with, was unwilling to sacrifice my men, and waited for my artillery to cross. I ordered batteries E and I, Third New-York artillery, to shell the enemy with their twenty-pounder Parrotts (—in number) from the opposite bank, and crossed Col. Amory's brigade with all despatch; but before I could attack, the enemy had retired, and, it being by this time night, I was unable to pursue, and, moreover, my object was accomplished. The troops bivouacked in the fields beyond the town that night, a provost-guard was established for the protection of the town, and all necessary precautions were taken. I sent company K, Third New-York cavalry, down the Neuse, to a work commanding the river. They reported it deserted, with six guns in position, and the work to be of great strength. I sent the company back with teams to bring up the guns and blow up the magazine—the two heavy guns, one eight-inch columbiad and one thirty-two pounder, which the men were unable to remove. Captain Cole destroyed the magazine and brought off four field-pieces complete. Besides these we had two others, deserted by the enemy, and the one taken by the Ninth New-Jersey. I left a strong guard in the town, under Major Fitzsimmons, to make a demonstration on the Goldsboro road on that side of the river. Col. Ledlie, Third New-York artillery, remained to destroy commissary and quartermaster's stores and to burn the bridge. Major Fitzsimmons advanced some nine miles in the direction of Goldsboro, when, hearing the whistle of a locomotive, he fired three shots in the direction of the sound, upon which the train immediately returned in the direction of Goldsboro. Col. Ledlie, before leaving Kinston, destroyed a locomotive, a railroad monitor, etc.

I advanced, without opposition, to within three and a half miles of Whitehall, when I halted for the night. I sent Major Garrard, with three companies of cavalry, to make a reconnoissance to Whitehall. He found one regiment and four guns on our side of the bridge over the Neuse; but they quickly retreated as he approached, firing the bridge effectually.

The next morning, (sixteenth,) I ordered Major Garrard, with five companies, Third New-York cavalry, and one section of artillery, (Twenty-third New-York,) to proceed to Mount Olive, a station on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, fourteen miles below Goldsboro. In passing Whitehall, *en route* for Mount Olive, his command was fired upon from the opposite side of the river. He placed his guns in position, and returned the fire till the main column arrived, when he limbered up, and proceeded toward Mount Olive, which point he reached without opposition. Here he destroyed the railroad track for about a mile.

He then proceeded along the line of the railroad for four miles, and destroyed the bridge over Goshen Swamp. The track between Mount Olive and the Goshen Swamp bridge was torn up and burned in five places.

The column having arrived at Whitehall, and finding the bridge burned, and the enemy in some force, with infantry and artillery on the other side, and this being the direct road to Goldsboro, I determined to make a strong feint, as if to rebuild and cross. The Ninth New-Jersey and Col. Amory's brigade were sent forward and posted on the bank of the river to engage the enemy. I then ordered up several batteries and posted them on a hill, overlooking the enemy's intrenchments. They opened, and silenced, after an hour's firing, the enemy's guns.

The enemy still maintained their admirable position with sharpshooters; but, deeming my object accomplished, I moved the command forward toward Goldsboro, having sharpshooters in rear to continue the fight. We bivouacked that night eight miles from Goldsboro, encountering no further opposition.

On the morning of the seventeenth I advanced on Goldsboro. I ordered Major Fitzsimmons, with two companies of cavalry, to make a feint in the direction of Dudley's Station and Everettsville. They scattered a small force of the enemy there in every direction, burned two trestlework culverts, destroyed a train of four railroad cars, water-station, depot, etc., as well as some small arms, which they were not able to carry off, and captured a flag of the enemy. They then returned by a short cut to the main column. I also ordered Major Garrard, with four companies of cavalry and one section of artillery, to make a feint in the direction of a bridge over the Neuse on our right, called Thompson's bridge. He found the enemy in force, supposed to be one regiment of infantry and four pieces of artillery, and the bridge already burned. I then directed, in order to make the feint more complete, and to further distract the enemy, one regiment, (Forty-third Massachusetts,) and Angel's battery, (Third New-York artillery,) to the support of the cavalry and to engage the enemy, which they did, silencing, after an hour's brisk engagement, the enemy's fire.

Col. Lee's brigade was in advance of the main column, and came upon the enemy in small force on the edge of the woods lining the railroad track. Riggs's battery (Third New-York artillery) was placed in position, and opened upon them, when the enemy retired.

The Ninth New-Jersey were ordered to strike the railroad track and follow it up direct to the bridge, which they were to burn. Three regiments of Col. Lee's brigade were ordered to their support, (the Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh, and Third Massachusetts.) The remaining regiment was thrown on the left to protect our flank in that quarter. Gen. Wessells's brigade was advanced and formed on the hill overlooking the track, etc. Three regiments were thrown to the left, and the remaining regiments in line, to be available

at any point. My artillery was brought forward and placed in position, firing to the front and left, principally at the bridge. The enemy replied with artillery from the other side of the river.

Col. Heckman advanced steadily up the track, fighting the enemy's infantry posted at the bridge, and receiving a fire from the artillery in a monitor car, on the track of the bridge. After two hours he reached the bridge, and under a heavy fire, Lieut. Graham, Twenty-third New-York battery, acting as aid-de-camp to Col. Heckman, fired the bridge. All who had attempted it were picked off, as was wounded Lieutenant B. N. Mann, Seventeenth Massachusetts, who accompanied him.

I brought all my artillery to bear to prevent any effort to save the bridge, and when the fire was doing its work, ordered a countermarch for Newbern, leaving Col. Lee to form the rear-guard. Col. Lee was forming his brigade to leave the field, deeming the fight over, when three regimental colors were seen across the railroad track, the men protected by the embankment on which the track was laid. Col. Lee placed Morrison's battery in position, and recalled his regiment in line. The enemy advanced with cheers across the railroad steadily in line upon Colonel Lee's brigade. Morrison's battery opened on the advancing line with spherical case, which did good effect; but they advanced steadily until within three hundred yards of the battery, where, unable to stand the fearful loss they were sustaining from the battery, they broke and retreated. Their retreat was unexpectedly covered by a masked battery, in the woods, on our left. Belger's Rhode Island battery, which had been brought back, opened in reply to the battery, and on two regiments which came in view supporting their guns. Riggs's battery, Third New-York artillery, was placed on an eminence on our left, and in line with the enemy; then, bringing a cross-fire to bear, they were thereby forced to return, as also a regiment in the woods on our right. Col. Lee, having orders not to attempt any further move, again formed his brigade and batteries, and proceeded to join the column, which I had halted on hearing the firing from Col. Lee.

This was a bold attempt of the enemy to entrap and secure Col. Lee's brigade and Morrison's battery. Owing to the efficiency of Colonel Lee and Morrison's battery, it was a disastrous failure.

With a strong cavalry rear-guard, I then started on my return by the direct road, took and transported my sick and wounded men from Whitehall and Kinston, bringing them all safely to this point.

On the thirteenth, a fleet of small boats left Newbern, under Commander Murray, United States navy, to attack the works on the river at Kinston; but, owing to the lowness of the water in the river, only one small boat—the Allison, under Colonel Manchester, marine artillery—was brought into action. The works being too strong, she, after a gallant resistance, was obliged to retire.

In conclusion, I take great pleasure in report-

ing on the conduct of the officers and men under my command. It was most excellent, and maintained fully their high reputation. Gen. Wessells's brigade, of General Peck's division, behaved like veterans, and reflected by their drill, and discipline, and steadiness under fire, the qualities of their commanding officer.

Col. Heckman, of the Ninth New-Jersey, was, with his admirable regiment, always in advance, and displayed the greatest courage and efficiency.

The Eleventh regiment Connecticut volunteers, under Lieut.-Col. Leggett, (as they always have done,) behaved in the most gallant and dashing manner, making a charge under a fire which in twenty minutes killed and wounded ninety men out of three hundred and forty.

Col. Potter, of the First North-Carolina volunteers, acted on my staff, and was of the greatest aid and assistance to me by his coolness and observation.

I must particularly mention the conduct of Lieut. George W. Graham, Twenty-third New-York battery, acting as aid to Colonel Heckman. Throughout the entire march he was conspicuous for his venturesome courage, and at Goldsboro, in company with Lieut. B. N. Mann, Seventeenth Massachusetts volunteers, advanced and fired the bridge, under the fire of the enemy's infantry and artillery. He only escaped capture by jumping from the bridge down the bank. Lieut. Mann was wounded.

The artillery force under Col. Ledlie was well placed and well served, and the commanding officers and the batteries, without exception, did most excellent service.

The Third New-York cavalry, though not acting as a regiment, were in all cases prompt, brave, and efficient, as shown in the body of my report.

Much credit is due to Mr. H. W. Wilson, engineer, who, in charge of the pioneers and a force of contrabands, did most excellent service in building bridges, repairing roads, etc.

I inclose to General E. A. Hitchcock the list of paroled prisoners, numbering four hundred and ninety-six.

I herewith inclose lists of the killed, wounded, and missing, showing an aggregate of ninety killed, four hundred and seventy-eight wounded, and nine missing.

Among the killed I must mourn Col. Gray, of the Ninety-sixth New-York regiment. He was killed at the head of his regiment, at the Kinston bridge. Though but a few days in this department, he had already won the high esteem of all here.

In the charge of the Tenth Connecticut, they lost Capt. H. A. Wells, and Lieuts. H. W. Perkins, T. D. Hill, and J. C. Coffing, all good and excellent officers, who died doing a gallant duty.

For many details of distinguished services of individual officers, I beg to refer to the brigade and regimental reports.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN G. FOSTER,
Major-General Commanding Department.

COLONEL SPRAGUE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, }
 FOSTER BARRACKS, NEWBERN, N. C., }
 December 21, 1862. }

Adjutant-General William Schouler, State House, Boston, Mass. :

In obedience to department General Orders No. 77, and brigade General Orders No. 31, I reported with my command, seven hundred and seventy-eight rank and file, on the Trent road, in light marching order, at seven o'clock on the morning of Thursday, eleventh inst., remaining with the brigade *en route* till the afternoon of Friday, when we were detached in company with two pieces of artillery, under command of Captain Ransom, to guard the Beaver Creek bridge, the main road to Kinston, and the road to Trenton, in rear of the advancing column.

Receiving orders from Major-General Foster at half-past one o'clock on Sunday morning to join the main force without delay, we marched at sunrise, having in charge twenty-one prisoners, (taken by the cavalry on the main road to Kinston,) which were turned over to the provost-marshal upon our arrival at Kinston on Sunday evening.

We advanced with the brigade on Monday morning, arriving at the scene of action at Whitehall, about eleven o'clock A.M. on Tuesday morning, and though not participating in the engagement, were within range of the enemy's guns on the right of the artillery which was engaged.

At this point, in obedience to orders of Major-General Foster, Lieut. Sanderson, with a detachment of men, was detailed to examine the river below the bridge, to ascertain the practicability of fording it. After a careful examination of the river for nearly a mile, he reported that it was not fordable.

Tuesday afternoon, passing up with the main column on the left bank of the Neuse, we bivouacked at night about twelve miles from Goldsboro. On Wednesday we were detached to guard the baggage train, from which duty we were relieved in the afternoon, when the baggage train and troops were countermarched, after the burning of the railroad bridge by the advance.

Keeping our place on the return on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we encamped on Saturday night near Deep Gully, and arrived at our barracks on the Trent at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, my men considerably jaded and footsore. The orders in regard to pillaging and foraging were enforced, and the men suffered in consequence of an insufficient supply of meat.

Taking into consideration the fact that this regiment had been but a week in the field, and received their arms only two days before they received marching orders, I have the honor to report that they behaved well during the entire march.

None were killed, two wounded, and none missing.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. B. R. SPRAGUE,
 Colonel Fifty-first Massachusetts Regiment.

REPORT OF COLONEL AMORY.

HEADQUARTERS OF FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, }
 DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA, }
 NEWBERN, N. C., December 21, 1862. }

MAJOR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the brigade under my command in the several actions of the fourteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth instant.

The first brigade, consisting of the Seventeenth, Twenty-third, Forty-third, Forty-fifth, and Fifty-first Massachusetts regiments, (the last three being nine months' volunteers,) marched from Newbern with the army under General Foster, on the morning of the eleventh instant. The brigade numbered at this time nearly three thousand five hundred men; of these about one hundred were sent back on our second day out, being mostly convalescents from hospital, who were found unfit to continue the march.

On our arrival at South-west Creek on the thirteenth, I was ordered to form my brigade in two lines on the left of the road, detaching one regiment to line the bank of the creek, the passage of which was disputed by the enemy. I sent forward the Twenty-third Massachusetts, which crossed at the mill-dam, the bridge having been destroyed. This regiment remained on the opposite bank and reinforced my command on the march next morning. The Fifty-first Massachusetts had previously been detached, with orders to remain at Beaver Creek, guarding our rear. This regiment rejoined my command on the evening of the fourteenth.

In approaching the battle-field of Kinston on the fourteenth, by order of the Commanding General, I detached the Twenty-third and Forty-third Massachusetts to the right and left of the road respectively, in support of batteries. The Eighteenth was sent to the extreme right to support Colonel Heckman, Ninth New-Jersey, in advance. While superintending this movement on the right, the Twenty-third and Forty-fifth were ordered forward in the centre and opened fire in the woods, gradually advancing, as did the entire line, driving the enemy to the bridge. On the right I posted the Forty-third to cut off the forces of the enemy on the river road from the bridge, and a portion of these—some sixty in number—shortly after surrendered to Major Chambers, Twenty-third Massachusetts. In this action the Forty-fifth suffered most severely, as indicated by the return of killed and wounded hereto annexed, together with the reports of the regimental commanders, to which I beg leave to refer for particulars. The different regiments of my brigade were, during most of the action, scattered through the woods or separated in support of batteries. All who came under my observation conducted themselves with commendable steadiness and gallantry.

In the action at Whitehall, on the sixteenth, my brigade being in advance, three of the regiments—the Seventeenth, Twenty-third, and Forty-fifth—were immediately engaged, with what effect could not be ascertained, as the enemy was

posted in intrenchments on the opposite side of the river, which was not fordable. These regiments did their whole duty, remaining under fire as far in advance as possible, until I was directed to withdraw them, in order to allow the artillery to occupy their position, which was done, and the guns of the enemy soon afterward silenced. In resuming the march from Whitehall, I was directed to detach the Seventeenth to reënforce the advance-guard under Colonel Heckman, Ninth New-Jersey. The remainder of my brigade took position in the rear of the column.

On the morning of the seventeenth, I was further directed to detach a regiment with the battery which was to hold Thompson's Ford, five miles above, which order I complied with, sending the Forty-third Massachusetts under Colonel Holbrook.

In the engagement at Goldsboro bridge, the three remaining regiments of my brigade were not brought forward into action. Col. Heckman, of the Ninth New-Jersey, will doubtless report upon the conduct of the Seventeenth in that action. Their list of wounded proves them to have been completely engaged, and the successful accomplishment of the object of the expedition, in the destruction of the railroad bridge, is the only comment I need make on their efficiency. When all did their duty well, it seems unnecessary to mention names, but I feel compelled in this place to testify to the fidelity with which Dr. Galloupe, the senior surgeon of my brigade, discharged his duties. His efficiency at all times, and his care of the wounded, merit the highest praise.

RECAPITULATION OF KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE FIRST BRIGADE.

	Killed.	Wounded.
Seventeenth Massachusetts, . . .	1	29
Twenty-third " . . .	15	52
Forty-third " . . .	2	1
Forty-fifth " . . .	17	60
Fifty-first "	2
Total,	35	144

I am, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
Col. T. I. C. AMORY,
Commanding First Brigade.

Major S. HOFFMAN,
A. A. General, Newbern, N. C.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN RANSOM.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD BATTERY N. Y. S. V. }
LIGHT ARTILLERY, NEWBERN, N. C., December 22. }

Colonel James H. Ledlie, Chief of Artillery,
Department N. C.:

COLONEL: I have the honor of transmitting the following report of the expedition in which one section of my battery took part.

On the evening of the tenth instant, I received an order to join the expedition which was to move from Newbern on the following morning at four A. M. The battery horses were then at Morehead City, but were brought down by railroad during the night, and all was in readiness in the morning to move at the appointed time. The Twenty-third battery was attached to Major Stone's battalion.

On the evening of the twelfth, in connection with the Fifty-first regiment, Massachusetts volunteers, we were detached and placed to guard the bridge across Bachelder's Creek, about thirteen miles from Kinston, where we remained until the morning of the fourteenth, when we were ordered to move in the direction of the main column.

On arriving near Kinston we were assigned in connection with a portion of the Fifth regiment Massachusetts volunteers, the holding of a bridge across a creek. On the following day (fifteenth) at one o'clock P. M., I was ordered to join the main column, the rear of which was several hours in our advance.

By rapid marching, pursuant to order, we passed about two thirds of the moving column. Early on the morning of the sixteenth, with four companies of the Third New-York volunteer cavalry, all under command of Major Garrard, proceeded to the head of the column.

At Whitehall we came under the fire of the enemy's skirmishers. Unlimbering and firing eight rounds of shell and shrapnel, we silenced their fire for the time being. Although the bullets of the enemy flew plentifully about us, yet we escaped with but one battery horse wounded.

From this point, under Major Garrard, we rapidly marched in the direction of Mount Olive, on the Wilmington and Goldsboro Railroad, twenty miles from the latter place.

We reached Mount Olive at about ten o'clock P. M., to the complete surprise of the inhabitants, who evidently had no previous warning of our approach. After destroying the bridges on the railroad in the vicinity, and taking up the switch and portions of the track, and otherwise damaging the road, cutting and destroying telegraph poles and wires, and also burning a quantity of rosin and cotton, after nightfall we took up our line of march for the main camp, where we arrived after midnight, having marched upward of forty miles.

At daylight on the morning of the seventeenth, with the force of the previous day, and still under command of Major Garrard of the Third New-York cavalry, we moved toward Johnson's bridge across the Neuse River, nine miles below Goldsboro, and at or near Hill Springs. As the cavalry in advance had been fired into by a rebel battery near the bridge, I was ordered to fire a few shots in the vicinity, as feelers for the enemy's whereabouts, but without getting a reply. For some considerable time the firing was continued at intervals of five minutes.

Having been directed by Major Garrard to place my pieces further down the river, and toward the bridge, I proceeded to select a suitable point to place them, but after I had advanced about five hundred yards, I was fired upon by the skirmishers of the enemy from the opposite bank of the river. I immediately shelled them from the opposite bank in that vicinity. The enemy's battery soon after this opened a brisk fire upon us; and now having ascertained his whereabouts, we vigorously replied. About this time a contraband who had just escaped from across the river, stated that he had seen five dead and a number wounded

of the enemy, and also eight artillery horses that had been killed by our fire. Soon after the enemy opened his battery upon us, I was joined by four pieces of Captain Angels's battery, which came gallantly up to our support. In less than thirty minutes the enemy's battery and the fire of his skirmishers, were so effectually silenced as to give us no further trouble during the remainder of the day.

I have no definite means of knowing the loss of the enemy, but it must have been considerable, as we had a good range of them, while their shell either exploded harmlessly or fell short of us. It was ascertained from several shells picked up in front of our battery, that the enemy cut his fuse less than two seconds, while the distance between us was between one thousand and one thousand one hundred yards. Soon after midnight on the eighteenth, we left our camp to join the main force about five miles distant.

Three days' march brought us to our camp at Newbern, on the evening of the twentieth inst.

In conclusion, I beg leave to state, that all under my command behaved with commendable coolness while under fire, and proved themselves zealous in the discharge of their duties. I am, Colonel, with great respect, your obedient servant,

A. RANSOM,

Captain Commanding Twenty-third Battery New-York Volunteer Artillery.

NEWBERN "PROGRESS" ACCOUNT.

NEWBERN, December 18, 1862.

On the morning of the eleventh instant, Major-Gen. Foster left Newbern with an adequate and well-appointed force, and proceeded toward Goldsboro.

An inconsiderable skirmish occurred at Trenton, at noon on Friday, in which Capt. Moshell, company B, Third New-York cavalry, charged upon and put to flight a body of rebel cavalry, and two companies of infantry. The advance reached South-west Creek, the bridge across which had been destroyed, at eleven o'clock A.M. The Ninth New-Jersey made a detour through the woods, crossing the creek at a point above, and seized the rebel battery stationed in the middle of the road on the opposite side of the stream, Captain Chesney, company A, first reaching the guns. At about dusk the rebel advance, some two thousand strong, made another stand about four miles this side of Kinston. The Ninth New-Jersey, and Morrison's battery, were sent up to feel their position, and engaged them briskly for some thirty minutes, when the enemy fell back again. Our forces then bivouacked for the night.

Sunday morning, the fourteenth, the main army coming up at about nine o'clock, our advance—the Ninth New-Jersey and Morrison's battery—moved on about a mile, when a general engagement with the enemy, seven thousand strong, commenced, continuing from half-past ten A.M. to two P.M., when the enemy, who were closely pressed, retreated over the long bridge across the Neuse River, and our army victoriously entered Kinston. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing will not exceed one hundred and fifty.

Among the killed was Col. Gray, of the Ninety-sixth New-York, who fell at the head of his regiment, while leading a successful charge. Capt. Wells and Lieut. Perkins, of the Tenth Connecticut, were also killed. Loss of the enemy not definitely ascertained. We took upwards of five hundred prisoners, among whom were two colonels and several other officers, and eleven pieces of artillery, besides other captures. Col. Heckman, Ninth New-Jersey, and Col. Hunt, Ninety-second New-York, are to be recommended for promotion to brigadier-generalships, for distinguished gallantry.

The strategy of Gen. Foster in the conduct of the expedition was most masterly, and thoroughly successful. Our troops fought well without exception. They were greatly elated, and clamorous to be led on Raleigh.

The rebels felled trees across the road and burnt bridges, in order to delay the progress of our forces; but the efficiency and skill of H. W. Wilson, the Civil Engineer of the department, with his well-trained corps of mechanics, soon overcame these obstacles and kept the army in motion. The situation of the ground upon which the battle was fought was such as to render it very difficult to bring any considerable body of troops into action. The rebels having the opportunity to select the battle-ground, of course had decidedly the advantage in position.

The Tenth Connecticut sustained a heavier loss than any other regiment engaged, and deserve especial notice for valor and good discipline. They brilliantly maintained the reputation won in former well-fought battles. The Third brigade, Gen. Peck's division, Gen. H. W. Wessells commanding, which was sent down to accompany this expedition, effectively supported the advance and materially contributed to the success of the movement. Gen. Foster earnestly desires that these veteran troops be retained in this department.

The new Massachusetts regiments engaged displayed great coolness and courage under fire. Little Rhody, Burnside's State, was well represented by the Fifth Rhode Island regiment.

Company K, Third New-York cavalry, Captain Cole, charged across four deep ditches, eight feet wide, and took seven pieces of rebel artillery, and brought them off in triumph smoking hot.

General Foster gives Captain James C. Slight, Chief-Quartermaster of the department, high praise for the ample arrangement made for transportation and the vigor and promptness with which it was brought up, and to this fact the celerity of the movement is in a great measure attributed.

Col. Ledlie, Third New-York artillery, Acting Brigadier-General, handled his batteries with great efficiency and skill, and will, we understand, be promoted also.

One of the three special correspondents of the *Herald*, the only paper represented in the department, came very near being killed by a charge of grape from a rebel battery during the engagement.

Gen. Foster defeated the expectations of the rebels in every particular.

As we go to press we learn that Goldsboro and Weldon have fallen, and that our victorious armies are still in motion.

NEWBERN, Dec. 23, 1862.

In our Thursday's issue we gave an account of the battle at Kinston, and there left the victorious troops. We now proceed to give an account of what followed.

On the fourteenth instant, after saving the bridge at Kinston, which the rebels endeavored in vain to destroy, the Federal army, under Gen. Foster, crossed over the river, and formed in two columns, advancing almost at right angles with each other toward Kinston, which is situated a short distance from the river. They found the enemy drawn up in line of battle at the farther extremity of the town, with a battery planted on Washington's Hill, in such a position as to rake the main street. Upon this, the columns halted, and a flag of truce was sent to General Evans, to demand a surrender of the town, and of the rebel forces under his command, which courteous request was declined. Soon after this, a flag of truce was sent to General Foster by Gen. Evans, requesting the removal of the women and children, as he was intending to shell Kinston immediately. While the women and children were being removed to a place of security, Gen. Evans, in violation of military etiquette, moved his command to a new and safer position.

The Federal batteries opened upon the rebels for about an hour, shelling them across and over the town, when the rebel fire was silenced. But few people were found in town.

Some seventy or eighty bales of cotton were set on fire by the rebels in the middle of the street and partially burned. Some cotton was captured in an undamaged state. The Provost-Marshal took possession of the town, and used reasonable precaution for the protection of property by placing guards.

On entering the town, nine guns were captured, and the troops were encamped for the night at Kinston. During the night, two houses were accidentally destroyed by fire. About four hundred prisoners, mostly South-Carolinians, were here captured and paroled.

On the morning of the fifteenth, a battalion of cavalry and two pieces of artillery moved up the main road for Goldsboro, and had a smart fight with the advanced force of the enemy. During this fight the whistle of a locomotive was heard, bringing reinforcements for the rebels. Although the train was not discernible, the fire of the artillery was directed in that direction, which had the effect to cause the train to fall back to Mosely Hall, where in strong intrenchments and great force they waited to give the Federals battle, thinking General Foster designed to march on Goldsboro by that route, thus making the diversion completely successful.

While this by-play was going on in front, the

main column recrossed the bridge at Kinston, and advanced up the left bank, taking the river road. After all the Federal forces had been safely crossed, the cavalry had been withdrawn, and transported to the left bank, the bridge was destroyed to prevent an attack upon the rear-guard and wagon-train.

By nightfall on the fifteenth, the Union army encamped three and one half miles from the village of Whitehall, on the left bank of the river.

During the evening of the fifteenth, a battalion of cavalry, with two guns, under command of Major Garrard, was sent to Whitehall to destroy the Neuse River bridge, and a gunboat, said to be building at that place. They charged into the village, found the bridge in flames, and learned that a regiment of South-Carolina chivalry, who had arrived too late to join in the battle at Kinston, had retreated across the bridge but a few minutes before their arrival.

After a reconnoissance on the river-bank, the gunboat was discovered on the opposite side of the river, on the stocks, with her woodwork two thirds completed. She was being built for two guns and was to be plated with heavy sheet-iron, so as to render her impervious to musketry, was flat-bottomed, of light draught, and intended for reconnoissance duty. Finding that they could not cross the river at Whitehall, and knowing the enemy to be in force on the opposite side of the stream, some two thousand barrels of turpentine were set on fire, to the right and left of the bridge, in such a position as to throw the reflection of the light upon the enemy. A tree was felled across the stream, hoping by its help to cross and burn the boat, but the tree was too short. Two shots were fired by the enemy, who were discovered in great force on the opposite bank.

No other way being left, volunteers were called for, to swim the stream and burn the boat. A private named Butler, volunteered. A brisk fire of shell was now opened on the enemy to the right and left of the bridge, and several rounds of canister, at short-range. Butler in the interim stripped to the task, plunged into the water and swam to the opposite bank. Running up the bank to the flaming bridge, to procure a brand, several shots were fired at him, and two of the enemy darted from their hiding-places, near the bridge, attempting to catch him. Quick as thought, he turned, and swam back, and though several shots were fired at him, returned safely and unhurt. On his return, the Federals again shelled the woods on the opposite bank, and threw solid shot and shell into the boat, inflicting all the injury possible under the circumstances, and then returned to camp.

On the sixteenth, the main column advanced to Whitehall. As they came up, a brisk engagement ensued, and as the work began to grow warm, the artillery came up, and the fight waxed warm. The battalion of cavalry and two guns swept past Whitehall, and went rapidly on to Mount Olive Station, some seventeen miles from Goldsboro, to cut the railroad at that place. In the mean time General Foster entered into a gen-

eral engagement at Whitehall, to cover the cavalry movement, bringing some thirty guns into active operation. The enemy had four batteries on the opposite banks and eight thousand infantry. After an engagement of three and one half hours, the enemy's guns were silenced.

During this engagement Gen. Foster attempted to build the bridge under fire. Some of the Massachusetts troops, not understanding this feint, and thinking a passage of the river was intended, swam the stream and ascended the opposite banks. This being reported to the General, they were ordered back, when the whole column moved on, and encamped for the night.

Major Garrard reached Mount Olive station at three P.M., and cut the telegraph, captured a mail, and destroyed trestle-work a quarter of a mile long, three bridges, and the track at intermediate places for a distance of ten miles, including both ways, and returned to the main column during the night.

On the seventeenth the Federal army moved on to Goldsboro Railroad bridge. While the main column was moving, a force was sent to Tompkins bridge, over the Neuse, below the railroad bridge, to destroy it. On arriving, they found the bridge in flames, and the enemy in force. A smart skirmish ensued.

The main column came in sight of the rebels one mile from the railroad, and found them drawn up in line of battle on the railroad, this side of the bridge, with an open country before them. From a commanding position the Federal batteries shelled them, causing them to retreat with great precipitancy across the river.

A battery advanced and opened fire, again shelling them across the river. While this was being done, a couple of regiments were ordered through the woods, forded a creek, and came out upon the railroad. One of them advanced in column down the road towards the bridge, while the other advanced through an open field. The rebels now opened a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, from a battery stationed to the right of the bridge, and a general fire along their entire line. Added to this they had an iron-clad railroad car, mounting one or more guns, protecting the bridge, and the road within range.

After nearly two hours' fighting, Gen. Foster gave orders to Col. Heckman to burn the bridge. Several attempts were made to burn it, but were unsuccessful, owing to the deadly fire of the rebel sharpshooters. Lieutenant Graham, acting aid to Col. Heckman, finally succeeded in destroying the bridge.

As the head of the Federal column commenced their return to Whitehall, Gen. Pettigrew's brigade, with artillery attached, arrived unknown to the Federals, slightly to the left of the column. Gen. Pettigrew observing Morrison's battery in what seemed to be an exposed situation, determined to capture it. Accordingly, two South-Carolina regiments rushed upon the track, the officers waving their swords and colors, and with cheers and yells, charged with fixed bayonets over a ditch and a fence to within four hundred

yards of the battery. While making this charge, the battery opened with canister, mowing them down—literally annihilating the two rebel regiments.

Almost simultaneous with that movement, another heavy force advanced out of the woods to the right. This latter force was repulsed by Belger's and Riggs's batteries, Belger opening with a direct and cross-fire. After two hours' hard fighting, the rebel fire was silenced.

The Federal force camped for the night near the battle-field, having to pass through woods on fire, making the passage, at times, difficult and dangerous.

Col. Mallett, the conscription officer, was captured and paroled.

The troops arrived here on Friday and Saturday, having fully and literally fulfilled the objects of the expedition.

The different regiments and batteries did nobly. To particularize would be invidious, especially where every body did well. We await the publication of the official report with eager interest.

BOSTON "TRAVELLER" ACCOUNT.

NEWBERN, N. C., December 22, 1862.

Since the advent of Gen. Burnside into North-Carolina, the capture of Roanoke, Newbern and Beaufort, but little has occurred in the way of aggressive warfare, up to within a couple of weeks back, save a few small expeditions having insignificant results, to claim an adequate share of public attention. One great reason of this was the fact that Gen. Burnside left but few troops here when he went to reënforce the army before Richmond, for it left Gen. Foster too small a force with which to attempt any thing of importance. In November, however, the new troops from Massachusetts began to arrive, and the work of brigadiering and drilling them for the field was carried on with vigor.

The old regiments remaining here were worked in with the new ones, and through a system of patient effort and unceasing attention, the whole was worked up into a considerable army, which for efficiency and good discipline might well challenge praise, and reflect credit upon the working brigadiers and the commanding general.

Preparations had been going on for some time for a large expedition; but how large and where its destination was wisely confined to a few who knew how to keep the secret. On the ninth of December the return brigade of General Wessells (of General Peck's division) arrived in Newbern, and preparations for the expedition were hastily completed. An order from Gen. Foster was read the same evening to all the regiments on dress parade, to be ready in thirty-six hours, in light marching order, namely, without knapsacks—carrying only blankets and overcoats—with three days' rations to be carried in haversacks, seven days' to be carried by wagons.

Were not the Yankees proverbial for guessing, it might be new to tell you of the various conjectures indulged in as to the destination of the expedition. Rumor, with her lying tongue, was

busy, and would send the expedition to Richmond, to Weldon, to Goldsboro, to Wilmington, to Charleston, and even to Texas, but no one believed, while all retailed or invented such gossip.

The morning of Thursday, December eleventh, 1862, broke clear and cool, and beheld a fine array of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, taking up their line of march, by the Trent road, from Newbern. The sight was magnificent, as the long lines of infantry with their polished arms, and the cavalry and artillery, slowly but cheerfully, with an elasticity of step and a merry hum of voices, that unmistakably showed how high the spirit and expectations of all were aroused, and that it required but an able general to lead such an army on from victory to victory.

As we advanced into the country, the evidences of former strife everywhere met the eye, in the desolated plantations, houses burned to the ground or partially destroyed, and an air of ruin and loneliness pervading all. After a march of about fourteen miles, the army bivouacked for the night on a plantation which seemed more fortunate than many others we passed. But its time had come; and as regiment after regiment arrived and stacked arms, it was a curious study to watch the rush they made for the nearest fence, the eager scramble for rails, and the disappearance of the fences, as if by magic. As night darkened over the scene, the countless bivouac fires rose in all directions, casting a lurid glare up to the sky, and forming about as picturesque a scene as could possibly be imagined. And the sounds of voices, and laughter, and the neighing of horses, and unearthly braying of mules, all combined to render that bivouac a something to be remembered forever.

Beyond where we encamped Thursday evening, the rebels, having notice of our approach, had blockaded the road for two miles, by felling trees across; but the pioneers had been busy removing them during the night, and when the army resumed its march in the morning the way was cleared, and we passed on.

About ten A.M. on Friday a skirmish occurred, near Trenton, between our advanced-guard of cavalry and some rebel cavalry and infantry, in which the latter were routed with the loss of three or four killed and several wounded and taken prisoners.

Our advance reached South-west Creek about noon on Saturday, and the enemy, about two thousand strong, were posted beyond, with a battery commanding the road.

The Ninth New-Jersey and Morrison's battery were sent forward to feel their position, and a smart cannonading of some two hours' duration took place, when the Ninth New-Jersey made a detour through the woods and captured the battery, putting the rebels to flight. They made another stand about four miles this side of Kinston, when the same force pushed after them and engaged them for about half an hour, when the rebels again fell back. The army then bivouacked for the night. I stated that the men were to carry three days' rations in their haversacks;

but soldiers, like sailors, are given to think of little but their immediate wants, and in this case their three days' rations were nearly all consumed by the evening of the second day, so that during Saturday many of them felt the pangs of actual hunger.

It will not be surprising, then, if it were told, that no sooner were they encamped for the night than foraging parties stole silently away, and soon returned with carcasses of fresh beef and pork, and an abundance of sweet potatoes, and if they encamped upon that field as hungry a set of men as you ever saw, I'll venture to say not one went to sleep hungry, but with stomach well lined with substantial food.

"Apple-jack," too, (something better than good cider, and not quite so palatable as good wine,) was then first tasted by many; but it could not be had in sufficient abundance to produce intoxication on any. This liquor, together with cider, whisky, and peach brandy, is common to most houses of any pretensions at the South, and kept by all in greater or less abundance.

Pigs and poultry in great numbers surround every farm-house, and the way these have been dealt with by our hungry men must be a matter of wonder and regret to many of our secession enemies. As to sweet potatoes—an excellent and highly nutritious article of food, requiring but simple preparations to render them fit for eating—they have been completely demolished wherever our army passed through. Honey, too, shared the same fate, and many a farmer and planter will mourn the loss of his bees the coming season.

On Sunday morning, fourteenth, the army again took up its line of march, and about nine o'clock our advance—consisting of the Ninth New-Jersey and Morrison's battery—came up with the enemy, who was advantageously posted in a swamp and on a rising ground beyond, about a mile from the bridge leading across the river to Kinston.

A sharp action commenced, which was sustained with spirit by our advance, until the main body coming up, the action became more earnest and terrible, and as battery after battery arrived in position, and opened its fire on the enemy, the ground fairly shook with their repeated reverberations, while the sharp roll of musketry—whole battalions delivering their fire at once—filled up the intervals. The rebel position was well chosen, under cover of a dense undergrowth of wood, their foreground protected by groves of pines, which, however, offered no impediment to our artillery, which mowed them down like grass. The rebels had about seven thousand men, but, in choosing their position, forgot to protect their left flank, and this being discovered, a column of infantry and a battery were sent round, which completely flanked them, and being at the same time charged with vigor by the Ninety-sixth and Ninety-second New-York, and the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, they gave way and fled in confusion across the bridge, which they fired in three

or four places, leaving two or three of their wounded to be burned to death.

The flames were soon extinguished, and the Ninth New-Jersey, followed by the Seventeenth Massachusetts, crossed over, and Kinston was ours. The Ninth New-Jersey captured the colors of the Twenty-second South-Carolina regiment. About five hundred prisoners were captured, including several officers, and eleven pieces of artillery, besides various other things, including a quantity of small arms and ammunition.

On arriving in Kinston, it was ascertained that the remaining rebels were preparing to make another stand on the railroad, about a mile beyond the town, but a few well-directed shells put them to the "right about," and they skedaddled, leaving us in quiet possession. Our loss in killed and wounded will reach to about two hundred, including the Colonel of the Ninety-sixth New-York and a captain and lieutenant of the Tenth Connecticut. The loss of the enemy is not ascertained.

Of the scenes that were enacted in Kinston that night, it would be impossible in the purpose of a letter like this to make more than a passing mention. Suffice it to say, that the catables and drinkables flowed freely about; but no insults to females, or other conduct of a like character, came under my notice.

Geese and all other kinds of poultry suffered, of course; apple-jack bled freely, and many of the soldiers who had disencumbered themselves of their blankets on going into battle, made amends by appropriating a stray blanket or quilt from the piles of clothing lying in various directions, which the frightened inhabitants had collected but left in their flight. But all inhabitants who remained at their houses were protected, while those who fled found on their return in many of their stores and houses evidences of occupation by unwelcome visitors. Unfortunately, during the saturnalia, a large hotel took fire and burnt to the ground.

On Monday morning the army again took up its line of march; after burning the bridges to prevent the rebels, should they return to Kinston, from crossing over and annoying us in the rear, and encamped within three and a half miles of Whitehall.

On Tuesday, about nine o'clock, our advance felt the enemy at Whitehall, who retired across the river, burned the bridge, and opened upon us from the opposite bank with artillery and musketry. The enemy had a number of sharpshooters placed in the tree-tops, and in other advantageous positions along the banks of the river, who kept up a galling fire upon our troops; but our batteries, getting into position, poured such an incessant fire of grape, canister, round-shot, and shell into them that they were fain to retire after keeping up the action for about four hours and a half. Our loss in killed and wounded in this engagement cannot be less than one hundred and fifty. The Twenty-third Massachusetts and Ninth New-Jersey lost most heavily in this engagement, but I cannot tell the exact amount of

their losses save from camp rumors, which are generally unreliable and largely over-estimate our losses as well as that of the enemy. The Forty-fourth Massachusetts lost two killed and about forty wounded at Whitehall, and the Seventeenth Massachusetts lost fourteen wounded.

Our forces were withdrawn from Whitehall about half-past one o'clock, the Seventeenth Massachusetts taking the lead, followed by the Ninth New-Jersey, Wessells's brigade, which had hitherto kept the advance, giving place to Gen. Amory's (Second) brigade.

Of the battle of Whitehall—or rather the artillery duel there—much might be said, and at the time some dissatisfaction was expressed that General Foster did not force the position and cross over, for it had now become the settled conviction of the army as well as rebels that we were to march into Goldsboro. But that able General understood his business well, and outwitted the rebels in this as in every instance during this short but brilliant campaign. The army continued its march to within about five miles of Steep Creek, and eight miles from the Wilmington Railroad, where it encamped for the night, and on Wednesday the Seventeenth Massachusetts and Ninth New-Jersey took up the advance, and proceeded cautiously along to within about two miles of the railroad, where they encountered the enemy's pickets, who retired as they advanced.

Here, at a place called Dudley's Mills, Sergeant Hardy, of company F, Seventeenth, was mortally wounded, and died shortly after. The Seventeenth then advanced along the country road, which crossed the railroad about a mile to the south of the railroad bridge crossing the Neuse River, and on arriving at the railroad abundant evidences were manifest of a hasty preparation to receive us, abandoned in greater haste, the hoes and shovels used in making rifle-pits and breastworks being left in confusion along the track. Axes were immediately brought into requisition, the telegraph posts cut down and the wires destroyed, and for the first time since the rebellion broke out, telegraphic communication between Jeff Davis's capital (Richmond) and the capital of secession (Charleston) was interrupted.

Two companies being sent out as skirmishers to the left of the railroad, the gallant Seventeenth took up its march on the track toward the bridge, which it was the purpose of the expedition to destroy. This bridge was a magnificent structure, about two hundred feet long, and it is said to have taken twelve months to build. The Seventeenth had proceeded but a quarter of the distance toward the bridge when they were opened upon by a battery placed on the track across the bridge, which, having the exact range of our position, sent shot and shell into us with terrible accuracy.

The track was immediately cleared, the regiment dividing, taking each side of the railroad, the bed of which here rises to an elevation of about ten feet, and gradually advancing toward the bridge. The fire now from the battery, and

from sharp-shooters on each side of the railroad, became so continuous and heavy that it was difficult to tell whether moving along or lying still was most dangerous; but the brave men of the Seventeenth thought not of danger, kept pressing on, returning the fire wherever a rebel showed himself as a mark. An incident here occurred, which shows how the ludicrous is often mixed with the terrible, and that humorous incidents will occur even in the heat and carnage of battle. A poor dog, who found that he had unwittingly strayed into rather a rough place, and seeming, with almost human instinct, to realize his danger, crept in under one of our boys, who was a few yards in advance of me, and persistently endeavored to keep his position.

The soldier, not relishing the companionship, endeavored to make him get from under, wishing himself to be next the ground; for an inch of elevation in such a position is often so much of a mark for a bullet or a piece of shell. But the dog would not be repulsed, but as often as he was dislodged he returned to the charge, and I could not help laughing at hearing the half-fearful expressions of impatience from the soldier in his endeavors to dislodge the animal: "Clear out of this, d—n you!" etc. Finally the dog was repulsed.

But to return to the battle. The regiment having progressed in the manner described about half a mile, the order was given to form on the railroad, charge across the bridge and take the battery which annoyed us so much. The brave fellows immediately formed, and were on the point of advancing when they were saluted by two tremendous volleys of musketry, from two rebel regiments, which lay concealed in a wood at the extremity of a corn-field on the left. And now commenced a scene that it would be vain to attempt a description of, especially by an actor in it.

In about half the time it takes to tell it, every man of them had jumped, tumbled, or rolled over into the ditch to the right of the track, and were, it seemed, thrown into inextricable confusion; but whoever supposed such a thing or thought the regiment would skedaddle, did not know the Seventeenth, for immediately after they could pick themselves up they commenced a rapid and well-directed fire upon the rebels, who were no doubt much surprised to see the men they thought they had annihilated so suddenly rise to life. But the strangest part of the story remains to be told—only two men of the Seventeenth were wounded by these destructive volleys. The Ninth New-Jersey, which was posted on the right of the railroad and in the line of the rebel fire, had several men wounded, and retired out of range. But the Seventeenth, using the elevated bed of the railroad as a breastwork, kept up a heavy fire upon the rebels, and still advanced until the head of the regiment reached the bridge.

About this time Belger's Rhode Island battery came up and took position on the right of the railroad, and commenced shelling the woods opposite—sending in an occasional dose of grape

and canister—until the rebel fire was almost entirely silenced. The battery on the other side of the bridge was silenced and withdrawn after the second or third fire, and ceased to trouble us. Faint cheers were now heard from the rebels, and on looking to ascertain the cause, it was discovered that a train had arrived with reinforcements, which could be seen rapidly defiling from the cars and forming in line of battle across the railroad. Captain Belger, on learning this, immediately jumped upon the railroad and directed the fire of his battery. The first shell fired fell rather to the left of the rebel line. The second fell in their midst almost on the railroad track, and the way they scattered into the woods was a caution.

A "monitor" or battery came up with this train, and immediately commenced shelling us, every shell bursting directly above our heads. At the third fire from Belger's battery, the shell exploded the engine, and a column of white smoke shot up into the air, carrying with it, no doubt, the lives of many a poor rebel. The rebel fire slackened somewhat, and the Seventeenth were formed, and marched out from their intrenchments behind the battery. While lying in a hollow, behind the battery, the rebels seemed endowed with new life, and sent shot and shell thick and fast into and around them. At this time Lieut. B. N. Mann, who had command of the skirmishers on the left of the railroad, returned with his company, and reported himself to the Colonel. The bridge was to be fired at all hazards, and a captain and two men from the Ninth New-Jersey had volunteered to go and fire it, with a like number from the Seventeenth. Lieut. Mann volunteered, with two men from company A, and the brave fellows set forward on their perilous expedition.

On their way they were met by a perfect storm of bullets from the enemy's sharp-shooters, but succeeded in firing the bridge. Lieutenant Mann was wounded in the abdomen, but not dangerously, and is now doing well. The Seventeenth received great praise for good behavior, while under the fire of the enemy; when ordered from the field, they marched out from under the enemy's fire with files dressed up as neatly as if coming off dress-parade. Colonel Fellows was, throughout the action, with his regiment, encouraging his men, and acted as cool and self-possessed, as if directing the ordinary movements of a battalion drill. The other officers of the Seventeenth also acted well, and stood by their men like bricks. Captain Belger, of the Rhode Island battery, is a splendid fellow, and deserves well of his country. His coolness and undaunted bravery did much, very much toward the success of the enterprise.

In the mean time the work of tearing up the rails and sleepers of the railroad and setting them on fire was efficiently performed by the Fifth Massachusetts and the New-York cavalry, the latter destroying another railroad bridge about two miles north of the great bridge; and when the fight was concluded, I had time to notice the

smoke of hundreds of fires, extending as far as the eye could reach on the bed of the road, indicating how completely the work of demolition had been accomplished. I think it will take the mechanics of Jeff Davis as many months to repair the mischief done as it took the New-York and Massachusetts boys hours to perpetrate it.

But in the mean time, and toward sunset, the rebels having crossed the county bridge, some two or three miles above the railroad, to the number of three thousand, came down and charged across the railroad upon battery B, Third New-York artillery. They formed in three lines of battle, and came on with a terrible swoop, intending to crush all before them.

The Captain of the battery ordered his pieces to be loaded with a double charge of grape and canister, and when they came within about sixty yards, sent a hail-storm into their midst, which mowed them down like grass, and before they could rally or fly, sent another discharge into them which threw them into such confusion that they incontinently fled and were seen no more. About forty prisoners were taken, and if the artillery supports had charged, no doubt many more would have been captured. The Seventeenth lost but two men killed and seventeen wounded in this affair. Of the losses to the other regiments I know not, but they must have been trifling. Of the rebel loss I am not capable of guessing, and can therefore give no estimate.

The expedition was successful. The strategy of Gen. Foster completely bewildered the rebel leaders, and thus one of the most important lines of railway was cut and rendered useless, and the army of North-Carolina having marched one hundred and forty miles, fought three engagements, and returned to Newbern unmolested, in ten days from the time of setting out.

If all our armies worked so well, so hard, and to such purpose, how long, think you, would it take to flatten out this rebellion? Why, about thirty days.

There may be some inaccuracies, omissions, and mistakes in the foregoing, but so far as my limited observation can extend, the facts stated are mainly correct. P.

BOSTON "TRANSCRIPT" ACCOUNT.

CAMP AMORY, ON THE TRENT,
HEADQUARTERS FORTY-FIFTH REG'T MASS. VOLS., }
NEWBERN, December 24, 1862.

A Letter from the Forty-fifth Regiment.

MR. EDITOR: My last was at the close of the day, on the tenth instant, just having received orders to march at daybreak next morning. Accordingly, four A.M. of the eleventh found us astir, and at five the regiment was in line, prepared to march. What a world of experience has dawned upon us since that time! As Cassio says, "I remember a mass of things," but so crowded have events been one upon another, that, like him, it seems doubtful what I remember distinctly. I will, however, endeavor to write what I do know and experienced during the ten and a half days the Forty-fifth were absent from this

place, participating in the recent expedition to Goldsboro. What I write must relate more particularly to the doings of the Forty-fifth, as one has but little chance to know what is happening elsewhere, if attending to duty in his own regiment.

As I have before stated, five A.M. of the eleventh found us on the march for Newbern proper, about two miles from our camp. On arriving in the city, we found it full of horse, foot, artillery, and munitions of war of all kinds in motion, and all seeming in a hurry. We soon marched to our position on the Trent road, where our brigade (the First Amory's) was forming.

Here of course occurred the usual and inevitable delay attending military movements, not getting fairly started until after nine A.M. The line of advance thence was over the Trent road, bearing north-west from the city, which seemed to be the constant direction of our march. Our progress was slow, and often varied with halts. The reason for this was apparent—bad roads. The orders being for the men to avoid mud and wet as much as possible. With a considerateness which does somebody credit, they were permitted to pass around or get through bad places in the best way they could.

Nothing of special interest occurred during our first day's march. We passed numerous picket stations of our own during the day; among the rest a camp of the Massachusetts Twenty-fifth, also very many ruins of houses along the road, fruits of secession—whether destroyed by our own men or by the rebels themselves, we were unable to ascertain. The close of the day and a quick turn in the road brought us in view of our camp-ground for the night, which a large portion of the advance had already reached and built their fires for the night, using for the purpose the very excellent hard pine rails with which the ground (an immense corn-field) was surrounded. It is supposed that we marched about eighteen miles this day, and being quite thoroughly tired, wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and without other shelter, lay down to sleep, which came without much wooing.

The early morning of the twelfth finds us again on the march. There are rumors of skirmishing in the front by the cavalry, and we find that attempts have been made to obstruct the passage of our troops by felling enormous trees across the road, but the pioneers preceding us have cleared the way of all obstructions, and we are enabled to pass along without delay, except from the roads, which at this time seem to be particularly bad, the mud and water averaging anywhere from ankle to knee-deep. The privilege granted the men on the first day of picking the best way through the mud was found to cause so much delay that orders were given to push along straight through every thing, consequently there was some tall wading, and few but had wet and muddy feet and legs.

About noon we reached a place where our cavalry had a skirmish with mounted pickets of the enemy, taking three of them prisoners, whom we saw lying alongside the road under guard. A

short distance further on, a poor misguided "reb" was lying in front of a small house, wounded, it was said unto death, and soon another in the same condition. Matters now looked as if coming to a crisis. Company E was sent to the rear as skirmishers, and videttes were thrown out from each company, but none of the enemy were seen. The march this P.M. was almost constantly over swamp roads with mud ankle-deep. Nothing further of interest occurred during the day. At nine o'clock a halt was ordered and we bivouacked as before, in a corn-field.

At about seven o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth, we were off again on our travels. Nothing of importance occurred until ten o'clock, when we heard the booming of heavy guns from the artillery in advance; at first faint and occasional, but soon louder and more continuous. Somehow, it seemed as if a load of fatigue was lifted off the shoulders of the regiment. Each individual appeared to press forward with renewed vigor, as though anxious to be in the van, if there was work to be done. Now came the order to halt, and give way to the right and left, when several batteries of artillery dashed through our centre to the front. The gap was quickly closed up, and the word was forward. At twelve o'clock we reached a position of cross-roads where, nearby, in a field, the line of battle formed. The regiment was soon placed in position to support the field-battery, and every preparation made for fighting. In this state matters remained until about four, when orders came to stack arms, and bivouac in position for the night. The noise of the big guns had ceased, and there appeared no prospect of an engagement at this point. A cavalry man who was in the advance told the following story in regard to the firing we had heard coming from our front in the forenoon. He said that there had been considerable skirmishing with cavalry and infantry of the enemy since yesterday. To-day the advance had reached a place, just beyond our camp, on the banks of a creek, where a rebel battery of two twelve-pounders was posted. The bridge across the creek had been destroyed to prevent the passage of our troops, but the valiant Ninth New-Jersey charged across through the water and took both pieces. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

At eight o'clock on Sunday, the fourteenth, (an eventful day with us, for it marks the first blood shed by the regiment,) we were on the move, soon crossing the creek where the Ninth New-Jersey were said to have charged across. The bridge had been re-built by our sappers and miners, and the troops passed without hindrance. One of the captured pieces lay near, by the side of the road, and not far from it two dead forms with the uniform of secession upon them. For a long distance the woods had been felled to form an abatis, and everything indicated preparations had been made at this point for a stubborn resistance to our advance. It is said that prisoners taken here stated that the rebels were unaware of our numbers, supposing it to be a mere cavalry raid from Newbern, but when they found the extent of our forces,

they chose discretion as the better part of valor, and retired, abandoning their position.

Here again, as before when we expected fighting, the road lay through a swamp, with mud and water half-way up to our knees.

At half-past ten in the forenoon the sound of artillery firing, interspersed with occasional discharges of musketry, came from the front, and indicated the commencement of the fight at Kinston, concerning which action it is my purpose to relate so much as pertains to the participation of the Forty-fifth therein.

In the first place we came to a halt for the purpose of allowing the passage of the artillery through our centre. Then rapidly closing up, the line of march was taken up over a road running nearly north toward the scene of action; soon diverging a little to the east, passing into a field where a battery was posted, with a regiment of infantry in support, and then under fire. It was understood at this time that the rebels were endeavoring to execute a flank movement on our forces. To aid in defeating this, the Forty-fifth were sent first by the left and then by the right into the woods skirting the road I have before mentioned, by the latter movement crossing it and passing into the woods in the new direction. The road had not been left hardly a moment before three of our number were killed and several wounded. Pressing steadily forward without firing, the regiment passed into a swamp, knee-deep in mud, where we found the Tenth Connecticut and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania. Immediately under a heavy fire the line of battle was formed, and the advance commenced upon the enemy, who were posted in the road and on high ground to the right, with a church thereon, the whole position forming an arc of a circle, completely commanding the swamp, and apparently an excellently selected position to defend, and from whence a stout resistance came against the advance of our troops.

The bullets, shot and shell flew like hail. The veterans of the Tenth Connecticut and the One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania and other regiments of Wessell's brigade say that they were never in a position where the fire was more concentrated or rapid. Our troops lay close for a while, loading and firing with all the rapidity possible. Here many were killed and wounded. Some of the latter are mentioned as being struck in the back; it was in this way, lying with face toward the foe; but never a one in retreat. Soon an opportune moment came for a charge from a portion of the line, and the brave Tenth Connecticut swept forward to the front in advance of the Forty-fifth, who rapidly closed up. The rebels gave way gradually from the woods skirting the swamp, occupying, in the retreat, the church I have before mentioned, and holding it until there was scarcely a square foot but that had a bullet-hole in it. Then with the advantages gained in position by the artillery and our infantry to the left, in advance, the position became too warm to hold, and the enemy commenced retreating across the river, under cover of the fire of a five-gun battery of theirs, which had been in service all the time during the

fight. Getting most of their force over, the bridge was set on fire to prevent our soldiers crossing, but the fire was quickly extinguished, and the chase after the flying rebels began, our artillery throwing shell after them. How much fighting there may have been across the river I cannot say of my own knowledge.

The Forty-fifth did not cross the river at this time, but retained their position in the woods skirting the swamp, the battle at this time being virtually ended, having lasted not far from five hours. The regiment had been engaged the greater portion of this time, and lost in killed and died from wounds thirteen, wounded forty, out of about seven hundred men carried into action, two companies, C and G, not being with the regiment, in consequence of absence from headquarters for garrison duty at Moorehead City and Beaufort.

At about dusk the Forty-fifth filed off in line with the marching mass of troops across the river to occupy Kinston, which lies about two miles from the scene of action, where the troops bivouacked for the night. Kinston, I should say, might have been a town of six or eight thousand inhabitants, and is really in my estimation a pretty, thriving-looking place, more so than any I have heretofore seen in this country. As we entered, huge fires were burning in the streets; not exactly in welcome of our coming, however, but to destroy cotton, turpentine, etc. O infatuation! to what extent mayst thou not be carried. Early on the morning of the fifteenth the line of march is taken up again, passing back over the road by which we entered Kinston; across the river and by the battle-ground the day before. Soon after leaving the field on our left, a turn to the right put us again on our course north-west, which we seem temporarily to have deviated from in order to touch at Kinston. Nothing of any great importance transpired during the day. At night we encamped in an immense potato-field.

Made an early start on the morning of the sixteenth, plodding along as usual over muddy roads, all pretty thoroughly fatigued. Nothing of interest occurred until about ten o'clock, when the roar of artillery in the advance said work ahead, and told the beginning of the fight at Whitehall, (or Jericho as it is sometimes called.) The Forty-fifth arrived at the front about half-past ten, and passed down the road toward the scene of action under artillery fire from both sides over them. Then the regiment filed to a field to the left, to go to the rear of a battery, where we were ordered to lie down and await the issue. This was a most trying position—directly in line of a heavy artillery fire from both sides, with occasionally a shell or round-shot dropping from the rebels among the regiment. Here were killed three, and wounded nine, without a gun being fired from the regiment. Among the killed was Color-Sergeant Theodore Parkman, who was struck in the head by a ball, while lying down holding the staff with the stars and stripes in his hand. When the colors fell, Col. Codman seized them from the ground and bore them aloft again, passing them to the color-corporal.

This fight, as at Kinston, was along the banks of the Neuse River.

The rebels were posted in log fortifications on high ground, and had, it is said, two gunboats, recently built, to aid them. These gunboats were destroyed by our artillery, so it is reported. Our troops did not seek to cross the river at all, the object appearing to be simply to silence the batteries and destroy the gunboats.

At about half-past two the firing ceased, and we again took up our line of march forward. Nothing further occurred during the day. At night we encamped on a field near a run of water called Sleepy Creek.

On the morning of the seventeenth the word was, forward again. We began to think, as had been jokingly said, that we were to go straight through to Richmond. At ten o'clock, after a long halt, the position of the Forty-fifth was changed from well in the advance, where we had been from the start, to the rear, as baggage-guard. In this position the march was continued till about half-past three, and to within two or three miles of Goldsboro, where heavy firing had been going on since forenoon. At this time, half-past three, an orderly came riding from the front, giving directions that the baggage-train should be immediately reversed, that all had been accomplished that was desired, and the expedition was to return to Newbern.

Of the fight at Goldsboro, I know nothing—the Forty-fifth were in no way engaged, and not near enough to see any thing of the action.

After turning face toward Newbern, the regiment stood in line some time while portions of the advance marched by them—the band of the Forty-fifth, which had accompanied the regiment with their instruments, playing the while. The band also gave an evening concert for the gratification of the troops while at Kinston.

The march was kept up, this day, until half-past nine in the evening, when we went into camp.

On the morning of the eighteenth started at five, still in charge of the baggage; the left flank, company I, in charge of a batch of prisoners, which had been captured along the way, principally by the cavalry. These prisoners were all paroled alongside the road on the way down. Passed the Whitehall (at Jericho) battle-ground at ten. Nothing of interest during the rest of the day. Got into camp about eight. Said to have marched about twenty-two miles—our longest day's work.

On the nineteenth we were away at sunrise. Passed during the forenoon the battle-ground at Kinston, and the houses near by which were used for hospitals on the occasion of the fight, whence the wounded were taken on ambulances, to be placed on board gunboats lying about three miles below the town, and by them carried to Newbern. The same course was pursued with the wounded at Whitehall, an item which I neglected to mention in its proper place.

The bridge across the Neuse, which the rebels tried to burn, on the day of the fight, and did not

succeed in the attempt, we find has been entirely destroyed by our own troops, and Kinston evacuated. Indeed, this we expected, and had heard of before from two companies of our regiment (E and K) who were left behind to patrol the town, and were the last to leave, burning the bridge on their departure, and rejoining the regiment in camp, late on the night of the fifteenth, the day after the battle.

Homeward bound from Kinston, we take the Neuse road, said to be some thirteen miles nearer than the Trent road by which we came. The rebels appear to have expected us this way from Newbern, as we find breastworks thrown up commanding the road, trees felled, and many deserted camps. An old miller, whom we met on the way, told us that up to Friday before the Sunday of the fight these camps were all occupied. At that time they all moved into town. He estimated that there were from six to seven thousand rebel troops in Kinston on the day of the fight. We passed during the day two or three dead rebels lying by the side of the road, supposed to have been pickets killed in skirmishes with our cavalry.

Nothing of interest occurred on the twentieth, save that we marched some twenty miles, which brought us to within six or eight miles of our barracks at Newbern.

On the twenty-first, started at six o'clock, and at half-past ten o'clock marched into our old camp to the dear old tune of "Home, Sweet Home" from the band.

Glad enough were we, poor, weary, foot-sore soldiers, to get back, I can assure you. Not, however, but that we would have endured twice as much, had it been possible, and the cause demanded it.

To sum up briefly the time of the expedition from leaving Newbern was ten and a half days. In that period but little less than two hundred miles were marched, over the worst of roads. Out of that time, about a day and a half was occupied in fighting. The Forty-fifth was probably eight hours altogether, in action and under fire.

One word in regard to the officers of our regiment. I know how little flattering words cost, and how often they are used in the connection in which I am about to write, without a shadow of truth, but I feel certain that when I say that each and all of them have doubled the high estimate in which they were held by the regiment previous to the starting of the expedition, I do but make an assertion which will be met by a hearty amen in the Forty-fifth. If any fault were to be found, it would be of recklessness in some cases.

Dr. Kneeland and the Rev. Dr. Stone were in the thickest of the fight, and often in great danger, attending to the wants of the wounded, in which duty they were ably seconded by the band of the regiment, acting as an ambulance corps.

It may be supposed that one who was in the expedition would be likely to know something of the whys and wherefores of its origin and its effects; but those matters I leave for others. I simply know that I went with my regiment, which

was one of probably some twenty or more others. There was fighting at Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro, and after that we came home. I heard of bridges and railroads being destroyed between Goldsboro and Wilmington by our troops. It is said that the movement was quite successful. I trust it was equal to the sacrifice of life and limb involved. If so, amen to the mud, fatigue, short rations, and every thing else endured to secure the result.

There are many incidents and accidents remaining in my memory which I could not find room for in this letter, but will try to make the subject of another at some future time. W.

REBEL OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL G. W. SMITH.

HEADQUARTERS, GOLDSBORO, N. C., }
December 29, 1862. }

*Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-General,
Richmond, Va.:*

GENERAL: I have the honor to inclose copies of the reports of Brig.-Generals Evans, Robertson, and Clingman, giving an account of the various affairs with the enemy in this vicinity, in their recent bridge-burning and pillaging expedition from Newbern.

Brig.-Gen. Evans, with two thousand men, held them in check at South-west Creek, beyond Kinston, on the thirteenth, and, on the fourteenth, delayed their advance for some time, and succeeded in withdrawing his force with small loss, to the left bank of the Neuse River, at Kinston. He held them at bay until the sixteenth, when they advanced on the opposite side of the river, and made an attack at Whitehall bridge about eighteen miles below Goldsboro, in which they were driven back by Gen Robertson with severe loss.

Small reënforcements arrived from Petersburg and Wilmington on the fifteenth, one regiment of which was placed in position to cover the railroad bridge over the Neuse, near this place. A battalion of artillery which had made a successful retreat from the works of the obstructions below Kinston, after the enemy occupied the latter point in force, was stationed on this side of the river, at the railroad bridge, and about a half a mile above, at the county bridge. On the sixteenth a regiment arrived from Wilmington, and one from Petersburg, both of which were sent to the river, and under Gen. Clingman's command, to protect the two bridges.

On the morning of the seventeenth, having no cavalry, and being unable to obtain information by other means, I directed Lieut.-Colonel Stevens, of the engineers, with two brigades and five pieces of artillery, to make a reconnoissance, for the purpose of ascertaining the position and numbers of the enemy. General Evans's brigade had then reached Goldsboro by rail, and remaining on board, only awaiting the clearing of the track and watering of the engines, to move by rail to the position already occupied by Gen. Clingman with his three regiments, about one mile and a half beyond the railroad bridge. The capacity of the water-tanks being inadequate for the amount of

transportation accumulated here at that time, the cars were delayed until after twelve o'clock, for want of water; pending which, the enemy appeared in force before General Clingman's three regiments, and he withdrew across the county bridge to this side of the river. The artillery of the enemy was playing upon the railroad bridge, and Evans's brigade had at last to move forward by the county road, and cross, if at all, the bridge a half-mile above the railroad.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, one bold and daring incendiary succeeded in reaching the bridge, and, covered by the wing wall of the abutment, lighted a flame, which soon destroyed the superstructure, leaving the masonry abutments and pier intact. At that time, reinforcements which I had ordered from Richmond were hourly expected.

It was very important for us now to save the county bridge, the only means remaining of crossing the river in this vicinity. Evans's and Clingman's brigades were ordered to cross, supported by Pettigrew's brigade, and the Mississippi brigade, just coming in, was ordered to move forward at once.

The enemy were driven back from their position on the line of the railroad; but on account of the lateness of the hour, the nature of the ground, and the fact that our artillery, cavalry, and a large portion of the reinforcements had not yet arrived, it was not advisable to attack their strong second position that evening.

During the night the enemy made a hurried retreat to their fortifications and gunboats, moving with such celerity that it was useless to attempt pursuit with any other arm than cavalry, of which at that time, unfortunately, we had none.

I passed over the railroad from the Neuse bridge to Wilmington on the twenty-fourth, and returned last night. The bridge is fast being repaired. At present we are subjected to the temporary inconvenience of transshipment across the county bridges, but in a few days this will be remedied, and every thing restored to the former condition.

I regret that this grand army of invasion did not remain in the interior long enough for us to get at them. As it is, they burned the superstructure of two bridges, which cost originally less than ten thousand dollars, and can be replaced at once, and have utterly failed to attempt to take advantage of the temporary and partial interruption of our railroad line for the purpose of striking a decisive blow at any important point before we could thoroughly reestablish our communication with it.

I beg leave to call your attention to the reports of Lieut.-Col. Stevens, confederate States engineers, and to Lieut.-Col. Poole, as well as to those of the three brigadier-generals previously named.

Our loss is reported at seventy-one killed and two hundred and sixty-eight wounded, and about four hundred missing. Most of the latter were taken prisoners at Kinston bridge, and have since been returned paroled.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient
servant,

G. W. SMITH,
Major-General Commanding.

Doc. 74.

GEN. BUTLER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

TO THE ARMY OF THE GULF.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
NEW-ORLEANS, December 15, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 103.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE GULF: Relieved from further duties in this department by direction of the President, under date of November ninth, 1862, I take leave of you by this final order, it being impossible to visit your scattered outposts covering hundreds of miles of the frontier of a larger territory than some of the kingdoms of Europe.

I greet you my brave comrades, and say farewell!

This word—endeared as you are by a community of privations, hardships, dangers, victories, successes, military and civil—is the only sorrowful thought I have.

You have deserved well of your country. Without a murmur you sustained an encampment on a sand-bar so desolate that banishment to it with every care and comfort possible has been the most dreaded punishment inflicted upon your bitterest and most insulting enemies.

You had so little transportation that but a handful could advance to compel submission by the queen city of the rebellion, whilst others waded breast-deep in the marshes which surround St. Philip, and forced the surrender of a fort deemed impregnable to land attack, by the most skilful engineers of your country and her enemy.

At your occupation order, law, quiet, and peace sprang to this city, filled with the bravos of all nations, where, for a score of years, during the profoundest peace, human life was scarcely safe at noonday.

By your discipline you illustrated the best traits of the American soldier, and enchained the admiration of those that came to scoff.

Landing with a military chest containing but seventy-five dollars, from the hoards of a rebel government you have given to your country's treasury nearly a half-million of dollars, and so supplied yourselves with the needs of your service that your expedition has cost your Government less by four fifths than any other.

You have fed the starving poor, the wives and children of your enemies, so converting enemies into friends that they have sent their representatives to your Congress by a vote greater than your entire numbers, from districts in which, when you entered, you were tauntingly told that there was "no one to raise your flag."

By your practical philanthropy you have won the confidence of the "oppressed race" and the slave. Hailing you as deliverers, they are ready to aid you as willing servants, faithful laborers, or using the tactics taught them by your enemies, to fight with you in the field.

By steady attention to the laws of health, you have staid the pestilence, and, humble instruments in the hand of God, you have demonstrated the necessity that his creatures should obey his

laws, and reaping his blessing in this most unhealthy climate you have preserved your ranks fuller than those of any other battalions of the same length of service.

You have met double numbers of the enemy and defeated him in the open field, but I need not further enlarge upon this topic. You were sent here to do that.

I commend you to your commander. You are worthy of his love.

Farewell, my comrades! again farewell!

BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

GENERAL BUTLER'S ADDRESS
TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

CITIZENS OF NEW-ORLEANS: It may not be inappropriate, as it is not inopportune in occasion, that there should be addressed to you a few words at parting, by one whose name is to be hereafter indissolubly connected with your city.

I shall speak in no bitterness, because I am not conscious of a single personal animosity. Commanding the army of the Gulf, I found you captured, but not surrendered; conquered, but not orderly; relieved from the presence of an army, but incapable of taking care of yourselves. So far from it, you had called upon a foreign legion to protect you from yourselves. I restored order, punished crime, opened commerce, brought provisions to your starving people, reformed your currency, and gave you quiet protection, such as you had not enjoyed for many years.

While doing this, my soldiers were subjected to obloquy, reproach, and insult.

And now, speaking to you, who know the truth, I here declare that whoever has quietly remained about his business, affording neither aid nor comfort to the enemies of the United States, has never been interfered with by soldiers of the United States.

The men who had assumed to govern you and to defend your city in arms having fled, some of your women flouted at the presence of those who came to protect them. By a simple order (No. 28) I called upon every soldier of this army to treat the women of New-Orleans as gentlemen should deal with the sex, with such effect that I now call upon the just-minded ladies of New-Orleans to say whether they have ever enjoyed so complete protection and calm quiet for themselves and their families as since the advent of the United States troops.

The enemies of my country, unrepentant and implacable, I have treated with merited severity. I hold that rebellion is treason, and that treason persisted in is death, and any punishment short of that due a traitor, gives so much clear gain to him from the clemency of the government. Upon this thesis have I administered the authority of the United States, because of which I am not unconscious of complaint. I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness, for that harshness has ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies of my country and not to loyal friends. To be sure I might have regaled you with the amenities of

British civilization, and yet been within the supposed rules of civilized warfare. You might have been smoked to death in caverns, as were the Covenanters of Scotland, by the command of a general of the royal household of England; or roasted like the inhabitants of Algiers during the French campaign; your wives and daughters might have been given over to the ravisher, as were the unfortunate dames of Spain in the Peninsular war; or you might have been scalped and tomahawked as our mothers were at Wyoming by the savage allies of Great Britain in our own revolution; your property could have been turned over to indiscriminate "loot," like the palace of the Emperor of China; works of art which adorned your building might have been sent away, like the paintings of the Vatican; your sons might have been blown from the mouths of cannon, like the Sepoys of Delhi; and yet all this would have been within the rules of civilized warfare, as practised by the most polished and the most hypocritical nations of Europe. For such acts the records of the doings of some of the inhabitants of your city toward the friends of the Union, before my coming, were a different provocative and justification.

But I have not so conducted. On the contrary, the worst punishment inflicted, except for criminal acts punishable by every law, has been banishment with labor to a barren island, where I encamped my own soldiers before marching here.

It is true I have levied upon the wealthy rebel, and paid out nearly half a million of dollars to feed forty thousand of the starving poor of all nations assembled here, made so by this war.

I saw that this rebellion was a war of the aristocrats against the middling men; of the rich against the poor; a war of the landowner against the laborer; that it was a struggle for the retention of power in the hands of the few against the many; and I found no conclusion to it save in the subjugation of the few, and the disenfranchisement of the many. I therefore felt no hesitation in taking the substance of the wealthy, who had caused the war, to feed the innocent poor who had suffered by the war. And I shall now leave you with the proud consciousness that I carry with me the blessings of the humble and loyal under the roof of the cottage and in the cabin of the slave, and so am quite content in incurring the sneers of the salon or the curses of the rich.

I found you trembling at the terrors of servile insurrection. All danger of this I have prevented by so treating the slave that he had no cause to rebel.

I found the dungeon, the chain and the lash your only means of enforcing obedience in your servants. I leave them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and justice.

I have demonstrated that the pestilence can be kept from your borders.

I have added a million of dollars to your wealth, in the form of new land from the batture of the Mississippi.

I have cleansed and improved your streets, canals and public squares, and opened new avenues to unoccupied land.

I have given you freedom of elections, greater than you have ever enjoyed.

I have caused justice to be administered so impartially, that your own advocates have unanimously complimented the judges of my appointment.

You have seen, therefore, the benefit of the laws and justice of the government against which you have rebelled.

Why, then, will you not all return to your allegiance to that government—not with lip-service, but with the heart?

I conjure you, if you desire ever to see renewed prosperity, giving business to your streets and wharves—if you hope to see your city become again the mart of the Western world, fed by its rivers for more than three thousand miles, draining the commerce of a country greater than the mind of man hath ever conceived—return to your allegiance.

If you desire to leave to your children the inheritance you received of your fathers—a stable constitutional government—if you desire that they should, in the future, be a portion of the greatest empire the sun ever shone upon—return to your allegiance.

There is but one thing that stands in the way.

There is but one thing that at this hour stands between you and the government, and that is slavery.

The institution, cursed of God, which has taken its last refuge here, in his providence will be rooted out as the tares from the wheat, although the wheat be torn up with it.

I have given much thought to this subject.

I came among you, by teachings, by habit of mind, by political position, by social affinity, inclined to sustain your domestic laws, if by possibility they might be with safety to the Union.

Months of experience and of observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the safety either of yourselves or of the Union. As the system has gradually grown to its present huge dimensions, it were best if it could be gradually removed, but it is better, far better that it should be taken out at once than that it should longer vitiate the social, political, and family relations of your country.

I am speaking with no philanthropic views as regards the slave, but simply of the effect of slavery on the master. See for yourselves.

Look around you and say whether this saddening, deadening influence has not all but destroyed the very framework of your society.

I am speaking the farewell words of one who has shown his devotion to his country, at the peril of his life and fortune, who in these words can have neither hope nor interest, save the good of those whom he addresses; and let me here repeat, with all the solemnity of an appeal to heaven to bear me witness, that such are the views forced upon me by experience.

Come, then, to the unconditional support of the government. Take into your own hands your own institutions; re-model them according to the laws of nations and of God; and thus attain that

great prosperity, assured to you by geographical position, only a portion of which was heretofore yours.

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

Doc. 75.

PROCLAMATION BY GENERAL BANKS.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
NEW-ORLEANS, December 16, 1862. }

IN obedience to orders from the President, I have assumed command of the Department of the Gulf, to which is added, by his special order, the State of Texas.

The duty with which I am charged requires me to assist in the restoration of the Government of the United States. It is my desire to secure to the people of every class all the privileges of possession and enjoyment which are consistent with public safety, or which it is possible for a beneficent and just government to confer.

In the execution of the high trust with which I am charged, I rely upon the coöperation and counsel of all loyal and well-disposed people, and upon the manifest interest of those dependent upon the pursuits of peace, as well as upon the support of naval and land forces.

My instructions require me to treat as enemies those who are enemies, but I shall gladly regard as friends those who are friends. No restrictions will be placed upon the freedom of individuals which are not imperatively demanded by considerations of public safety; but, while their claims will be liberally considered, it is due also to them to state, that all the rights of the Government will be unflinchingly maintained.

Respectful consideration and prompt reparation will be accorded to all persons who are wronged in body or estate by those under my command.

The Government does not profit by the prolongation of civil contest, or the private or public sufferings which attend it. Its fruits are not equally distributed. In the disloyal States desolation has empire on the sea and on the land. In the North, the war is an abiding sorrow, but not yet a calamity. Its cities and towns are increasing in population, wealth and power. The refugees from the South alone compensate, in great part, for the terrible decimations of battle.

The people of this department, who are disposed to stake their fortunes and their lives upon resistance to the Government, may wisely reflect upon the immutable conditions which surround them. The valley of the Mississippi is the chosen seat of population, product, and power, on this continent. In a few years twenty-five million people, unsurpassed in material resources and capacity for war, will swarm upon its fertile rivers. Those who assume to set conditions upon their exodus to the Gulf, count upon a power not given to man. The country washed by the waters of the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi, can never be permanently severed. If one generation basely barter away its rights, immortal honors will rest upon another that reclaims them.

Let it never be said either, that the East and the West may be separated. Thirty days' distance from the markets of Europe may satisfy the wants of Louisiana and Arkansas, but it will not answer the demands of Illinois and Ohio. The valley of the Mississippi will have its deltas upon the Atlantic. The physical force of the West will debouch upon its shores with a power as resistless as the torrents of its giant rivers. This country cannot be permanently divided—ceaseless wars may drain its blood and treasure; domestic tyrants or foreign foes may grasp the sceptre of its power, but its destiny will remain unchanged—it will still be united. God has ordained it. What avails, then, the destruction of the best Government ever devised by man—the self-adjusting, self-correcting Constitution of the United States?

People of the South-west! Why not accept the conditions imposed by the imperious necessities of geographical configuration and commercial supremacy, and reestablish your ancient prosperity and renown? Why not become the founders of States which, as the entrepot and depot of your own central and upper valleys, may stand, in the affluence of their resources, without a superior, and in the privileges of the people, without a peer among the nations of the earth?

N. P. BANKS,
Major-General Commanding.

Doc. 76.

OPERATIONS OF WOLFORD'S CAVALRY.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 18, 1862.

AFTER the Bearwallow fight, in which about three hundred and fifty of the regiment routed a regiment of infantry and a battalion of cavalry, we marched to Glasgow to drive back any force coming from that direction. We returned and were sent forward upon the Glasgow and Bardstown road, and might have made some brilliant dashes upon the rear of Bragg's army, if we had not been under the direct orders of the Commanding General, who had grander plans in view than the capture of the mere outposts and rear-guards of the enemy. The cavalry are often blamed by the ignorant for not doing what they are ordered not to attempt lest it should disarrange some higher plan; and indeed it has become common for a certain set of men to curse the cavalry for inefficiency as if they had the free control of their own actions, when the fact is, they are under the immediate control of the department commander, and have even less liberty than the infantry. Whatever the cavalry was in the early part of the war in our late campaigns, both here and in Virginia, they have shown quite as great efficiency as the infantry. As an instance of this, Col. Kennett, with some one thousand two hundred cavalry and two pieces of artillery, parts of the First and Second brigades, held Hartsville for two weeks in the very face of both Morgan's and Forrest's cavalry and a body of infantry and eight pieces of artillery. He kept

us on the continual alert, and a large scout went out every day, driving in their pickets and skirmishing with them. Our place was taken by three regiments of infantry with two pieces of cannon and a few cavalry, and the result was the capture of all in less than ten days' time by the same forces opposed to us.

The First brigade, commanded by the brave Colonel E. M. McCook, of the Second Indiana, were, after frequent successful skirmishes with Bragg's rear-guard, detailed to guard the immense wagon-train of Buell's army through from the Green River to Louisville. Buell in this, as in other parts of his Kentucky campaign, showed great strategy, and made a complete success. He knew that the enemy would watch for this train, fifteen miles long, and capture or destroy it if possible. Instead, therefore, of bringing it forward upon the road on which the army came, he sent it twelve miles further west; and had McCook's brigade of cavalry to scout the road continually from Elizabethtown to Munfordville, covering the vast train, as it passed safely through Litchfield on to Louisville, without ever being even seen by the enemy. While scouting here on the road, and skirmishing with the enemy over toward Bardstown, covering the train and rear of Buell's army, and keeping the enemy in continual alarm, this brigade effected one of the most brilliant affairs of the campaign.

We received information that a cavalry regiment was encamped at New-Haven, watching our movements. Colonel Kennett, the ever vigilant cavalry division commander, determined if possible to surprise and capture the force. Colonel McCook, always ready for any daring movement, was also anxious for the adventure, and Colonel Wolford, though almost past riding from his wound, was ready and eager for the execution of any plan they might adopt. It was finally arranged that seven hundred men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, should undertake the affair. Two hundred and fifty of Wolford's regiment took the advance under that daring officer, Capt. Adams, and the others were to support him—two hundred and fifty from the Second Indiana, and two hundred of the Third Kentucky. Captain Jenkins, since killed in the battle of Chaplin Hills, Lieuts. Coppage, Vandike, Paukey, Diek Beattie, and Sergeants Humphrey and Kimbrel, led the detachments from their several companies.

Lieut.-Colonel Stewart planned the attack and Captain Adams executed it. As the enemy was known to be on the alert and using the utmost vigilance to prevent a surprise, the most difficult part of the affair was the capture of the pickets so as not to give the alarm. Lieut. Coppage and Sergeant Humphrey, with twelve men, were sent forward by Captain Adams to attempt this part, and most adroitly and gallantly did they execute it. Sergeant Humphrey and one other went before some fifty yards with instructions that if there were only two men on picket to dash up to them and, presenting arms, demand an immediate and silent surrender; but in case there were several on picket, they were to make signal to those

behind, who were to dash forward at full speed and overpower them or give chase and the whole column would charge after them. The advance two came upon the first picket of two men, and by a rapid dash captured them without firing a gun or giving any other alarm. The second picket was taken in the same way with like success, and they now learned that there was a third picket of some fifteen, near the bridge over the Rolling Fork. The first twelve were now sent forward, and a company detailed to advance closely behind, to sustain them. By another brilliant dash these fifteen were also captured, and no gun fired to alarm the camp, now about a mile distant. The rest of Captain Adams's command was now brought up, and forming by fours, he gave the command for a charge over the bridge, through the town of New-Haven, up into the camp of the enemy in the woods beyond the town. The sun had just risen as they charged through the bridge with a roaring sound like thunder for some minutes, and then under the heavy cloud of dust, their swords, guns, and pistols gleaming like lightning beneath it, they dashed through the town, and then opened their unearthly shout of "The wolf! the wolf! huzza! huzza!" and charged around the camp of their terrified foes. The head of the column, now half around their camp, the enemy began to rush for their arms, when Capt. Adams shouted: "Halt! and present arms!" All with the precision and coolness of veterans in a moment levelled their guns upon the now panic-stricken, confused enemy; and the Captain at the top of his voice called out: "I demand your immediate, unconditional surrender." "To whom must I surrender," called out Colonel Crawford in command of the Third Georgia cavalry, as he now stepped forward. "To Captain Adams, commanding the First Kentucky cavalry," replied the Captain. "Give me a few moments to consult my officers, will you?" said the Colonel. "I have no time to fool away," replied the Captain. "Two minutes and a half, sir, and I will order my men to work upon you." "If I have only that time, Captain," said the Colonel, "I will surrender at once, expecting good treatment from so gallant an officer and such brave men as you have the honor to command." The camp was accordingly surrendered, and the whole force, consisting of nearly all the Third Georgia cavalry, a few of the First Kentucky rebel cavalry, and a few Texas Rangers, in all some three hundred men, without the fire of a gun. Before the other gallant fellows could come up, the whole affair was over and they only had the pleasure of feeling that they had also gallantly done their part, in coming up to the support of the more fortunate advance, to whom the main credit of the exploit has been awarded. As the advance dashed around the camp a group stood near them looking on in wonder. As they halted, one exclaimed: "You are not Yankees, are you?" "No," answered Sergeant Humphrey. He turned to his fellows and, clapping his hands, exclaimed: "Didn't I tell you they were not Yankees? Didn't I tell you so? Who are you?" he called out again. "Wol-

ford's cavalry," replied the Sergeant. Then raising his hands in utter despair, the poor Georgian exclaimed: "Good heavens! then we are gone." They were marched over to Elizabethtown, and from thence sent on to Louisville, and I suppose have long since been exchanged. We can but wish them health and prosperity, as they were a fine-looking set of men, and we wish them a like good future should we meet them again on the battle-field. "The Wolf of Kentucky" treats his prisoners well, and we wish to capture and kindly send home a few thousand more as we did about one thousand two hundred in our late Kentucky campaign.

KIRKWOOD.

Doc. 77.

EXPEDITION OF COLONEL DICKEY

TO THE MOBILE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION, U. S. FORCES, }
THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS, IN THE FIELD, }
NEAR OXFORD, MISS., December 20, 1862. }

Lieut.-Colonel John A. Rawlins, A. A. General:

COLONEL: I beg leave to report to Major-Gen. U. S. Grant, commanding the department, that his order commanding me to take a part of my division of cavalry and strike the Mobile and Ohio Railroad as far south as practicable, and destroy it as much as possible, was received about eleven o'clock on the night of the thirteenth instant, a few miles east of Walter Valley.

Col. Hatch, commanding the Second brigade, was ordered to report to me at half-past eight A. M., of the fourteenth, with eight hundred picked men from his command, properly officered, well mounted, well armed, and with fifty rounds of ammunition, with rations of hard bread and salt, and ready for six days' scout, with no more wagons than necessary to haul the rations. Major Ricker, with a battalion of the Fifth Ohio cavalry, was sent to the south from Paris to make a demonstration toward Grenada, and the residue of the Second brigade was sent with the train to the rear, to camp upon the Yockna River. Colonel Mizener was ordered to take command of the First and Third brigades, to guard the crossings of the Osuckalofa River, and to make a strong cavalry reconnoissance toward Grenada on the Coffeeville route, reporting directly to Major-General U. S. Grant.

At nine A. M., on Sunday, the fourteenth, with a small escort from company F, Fourth Illinois cavalry, under Lieut. Carter, and Colonel Hatch's detachment of eight hundred men from the Second Iowa cavalry, and the Seventh Illinois cavalry, I took the road for Okolona, and reached Pontotoc, forty-five miles march, at half-past nine on Monday morning. On the way we fell in with small scouting-parties of the enemy and captured several prisoners, by some of whom we were informed that a body of rebel infantry from Bragg's army were encamped five miles east of Pontotoc, on the road to Tupelo, and another near Tupelo; and by others just returned from Columbus, that there was a strong rebel force at Okolona. A

small party dashed off on the Tupelo road five or six miles, but found no enemy.

At Pontotoc, the gentle rain through which we had marched, changed to a violent storm, and the roads were heavy. All our ambulance and prisoners were sent back from Pontotoc, with two wagon-loads of leather, and the Government surveys and township maps of the State of Mississippi, (found at Pontotoc,) under an escort of one hundred men.

Major Coon, of the Second Iowa cavalry, with about one hundred men, was sent rapidly forward to strike the railroad at Coonawa station, north of Colona, with orders to destroy the telegraph line and railroad, and especially the railroad bridge north of Okolona.

At one P.M. on Monday, with the rest of my command, I took the road for Tupelo, through a terrific rain-storm, and, moving steadily forward, night came upon us about six miles from Tupelo. The approach was on a zig-zag road, with vexing intersecting roads, through low, muddy ground, much of it heavily timbered, and intersected by small sluggish streams, passable only on small, frail bridges in bad condition. A little after dark the light of a considerable fire was observed some miles distant to the south, and a less bright but broader light could be seen some miles to the north. An officer sent to a dwelling not far from our road was told by the occupants that these fires were rebel camp-fires.

Pushing cautiously forward, at within two miles of Tupelo, we learned from the occupant of a house near by, (who mistook us for rebel cavalry,) that Federal troops from Corinth had that day been at Saltillo, eight miles north of Tupelo, and that the rebels had fled south, abandoning Tupelo.

Fearing that Major Coon might encounter too strong a foe, Lieut.-Col. Prince, Seventh Illinois cavalry, with about a hundred men, was sent promptly into Tupelo, and the rest of the force was moved back seven miles to a point where the Aberdeen road broke off to the south-east, and on which it was ascertained that Major Coon had advanced, with a view of affording him support if needed. It was found that Major Coon had dashed into Coonawa in the afternoon, stampeded a small party of rebel cavalry, took a few prisoners, and made a strenuous but unsuccessful effort to capture a railroad train passing that station south. The train was fired upon by his advance on the full gallop, and one trooper, leaping from his horse, pistol in hand, mounted the side of the tender under way, but was compelled as promptly to jump off to avoid a leaning-post standing close to the track and just ahead of him. The dépôt, containing commissary stores and corn, was burned, and small bridges and trestle-work on the road near Coonawa were destroyed. Lieutenant-Col. Prince returned about three o'clock A.M., Tuesday, to our camp, having found no enemy in Tupelo, and having destroyed some trestle-work north of the town. The supposed rebel camp-fires, seen the night before, proved to be the light of the dépôt burning at Coonawa and

the camp-fires of Union troops from Corinth, near Saltillo, who left next morning before we reached their camp.

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in hard labor, by which all the trestle-work and bridges from Saltillo to Okolona, a distance of thirty-four miles, and a large bridge south of Okolona, across a branch of the Tombigbee River, were thoroughly destroyed, as well as large quantities of timber lying along the railroad side for repairing purposes. The enemy was seen in Verona and Okolona, but fled—returning however, in some force to Okolona as our troopers were leaving that place on Wednesday afternoon.

Lieut.-Col. Prince, with a party at Verona, on Tuesday, captured eighteen large boxes of infantry equipments, complete, some of them marked, "Col. S. D. Roddy;" several boxes of canteens; a quantity of confederate army clothing; over one hundred new wall-tents, with flies, etc., complete; some commissary stores, (embracing several barrels of sugar,) small arms, and ammunition. Eight wagons, pressed for the purpose, were loaded and brought away, and the rest of the spoils destroyed at the spot. On our march, returning, a bridge gave way in the night, and the loads were burned, and the wagons abandoned.

Wednesday night, December seventeenth, our whole party camped at Harrisburgh, a deserted town, about two miles north-west of Tupelo.

Thursday morning, the eighteenth, before day, we took up the line of march on our return, and halted the forenoon to feed, about nine miles east of Pontotoc.

At about noon, at a point about six miles east of Pontotoc, riding in advance with my escort, I learned that a large rebel cavalry force, said to be six thousand or seven thousand, were in Pontotoc. Thinking that this force was sent to cut off my small command, I looked for them to advance on the road eastward toward Tupelo. Closing up my column, it was quickly thrown off the road to the north, and moved by neighboring roads to the north-west, with a view of passing some four miles north of Pontotoc. Approaching the road from Pontotoc to Tuscumbia, (which leads east of north from Pontotoc,) we fell in with rebel flankers or stragglers, about three miles from Pontotoc, captured three and wounded one, while others escaped.

It was here ascertained that the rebel column was moving out from Pontotoc on the Ripley road, directly to the north, and passing across our front about a mile distant; that the head of their column was feeding on that road, about a mile and a half distant to the north-west, the smoke of their camp-fires being plainly in sight, and that about four hundred of their force were still in Pontotoc. My horses were so worn down from hard and long marching, that it was deemed imprudent to encounter an enemy so superior in numbers, and mounted on fresh horses. My object was to avoid him if possible; if not, to fight at his rear. Throwing out a small guard at a strong position to guard our right flank, the column was promptly moved toward Pontotoc, on the Tuscumbia road, captur-

ing several stragglers from the rebel force by the wayside. Passing down this road, the rebel column was, for the space of a mile, in full view, moving north on the Ripley road, and about three fourths of a mile to the west of us. Arriving at Pontotoc, it was found that the rear of the enemy had left town, but could still be seen in the distance moving north.

Couriers were here detailed, and a despatch put into their hands to advise the general commanding that this force was moving north, and an escort ordered to conduct the couriers eight miles on the Oxford road. My command left Pontotoc at once, about sundown, on the Rocky Ford road, bearing a little west of north, and running near the Ripley road, making a demonstration of attack on the enemy's left flank. Following this road about three miles, when daylight was disappearing, we turned south-west and passed on by-ways through the country across to the road from Pontotoc to Oxford, and, following this a few miles, we turned again south, and crossed the Yockna, on a bridge, where we camped for the night. I here found, to my surprise, that the escort and couriers, by a fatal misapprehension of my orders, had not left the column. Other couriers were at once sent forward for Oxford, but lost their way in the Yockna bottom, and, travelling all night, found themselves farther from Oxford than when they left camp, and did not arrive until this morning.

Early yesterday morning, the nineteenth, we took up the line of march, and Colonel Hatch was sent with the command to the cavalry camp on the Yockna River, and with my escort, after a long day's march, I reached Oxford at half-past five P.M. last evening, and reported to you the fact that on the evening of the eighteenth a large rebel cavalry force passed from Pontotoc north on the Ripley road, and notice was at once telegraphed to every point on the railroad north of this.

The expedition to Okolona has been most laborious, and the men and horses are completely worn down, and wholly unfit for service for a few days. Men and horses were subsisted upon the country through which we passed. The day's march usually began before day and closed after night, halting to feed but once a day, usually from ten A.M. to one P.M. The men lived chiefly on fresh meat, sweet potatoes, and corn bread roasted in corn husks, and often without salt. Men and officers, however, were cheerful and prompt in every duty.

In six days we marched about two hundred miles, worked two days at the railroad, captured about one hundred and fifty prisoners, destroyed thirty-four miles of important railroad and a large amount of public stores of the enemy, and returned, passing round an enemy of nine to our one, and reached camp without having a man killed, wounded, or captured.

Col. Hatch, of the Second Iowa, commanding the Second brigade, Lieut. Cregs, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of my division, and Lieut. Davis, my Division Quartermaster, deserve special notice for their untiring and effective aid in accom-

plishing the results attained. Mr. Toffing, Topographical Engineer, accompanied the expedition, and collected matters for a very correct map of the roads over which we passed.

T. LYLE DICKEY,
Colonel and Chief of Cavalry, Commanding Division.

Doc. 78.

INSPECTION OF ARMY HORSES.

REPORT OF MR. JOHN S. RAREY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 19, 1862.

GENERAL: Pursuant to your orders, I visited the army of the Potomac, on the twelfth instant, to inspect the horses and mules in the cavalry, artillery and teams of the army.

The movement of troops on that day, and the engagement at Fredericksburgh that followed during the six days that I remained with the army, gave me but little opportunity to see the management of the horse department in detail, though I had the opportunity to see them on duty.

Having gone there very unfavorably impressed with accounts drawn from the dark side of the picture by those taking the rejected and disabled horses of the army as their stand-point, I found these animals in better condition than I had expected. The mule teams, with some exceptions, were in good condition, and I doubt if ever an army under similar circumstances was better provided for in this respect.

The cavalry horses suffer most, and many of them were scarcely fit for service. The duties that they have to perform—excursions that sometimes require from twenty-four to thirty-six hours without food or rest—the heavy weight they have to carry, and the unskilful manner in which they are ridden, makes it almost impossible to be otherwise, except they were treated with the greatest care. The artillery horses suffer much, but are a grade better than the cavalry.

The greatest abuse and destruction of the horses in the army is, I believe, in the want of skill, judgment, and care of the individual man to his individual horse. A more diligent looking after of this detail by the officers in charge would be highly beneficial; the good effect of which has been seen, in some instances, where diligence has been exercised with judgment by officers attending to this important but much neglected duty.

The manner in which food is given, where only a sufficiency is allowed, is highly important, as much is wasted and trampled under foot.

I believe that for cavalry service on a winter campaign, a saddle-blanket to cover the back and loins of the horse, to be left on when the saddle is removed, would be of great service. The Arabs, who live more with the horse than any other people, and who are older in horsemanship than any other nation in the world, never remove the saddle from the horse's back when on a long journey. Their saddles have always blankets attached that cover the back and loins of the

horse. They argue that the vital part, when heated by riding, should never be made to feel the effects of cold.

As one who loves the horse, who appreciates his intelligence and keen sensibilities, and can anticipate his wants, I do most deeply deplore the dejection of spirit, suffering and loss of life consequent upon the exigencies of war; but while war rages this law must continue.

In an army of fifty thousand horses, subjected to the service and exposure of the army, there must necessarily be a large percentage of disabled and diseased horses constantly accumulating. It is ever so with the soldiers of the army, who are gifted with intelligence and reason, and whose first law of nature is self-preservation, and for the comfort and welfare of whom the greatest energies of the people and the officers of the army are exerted.

How can it be otherwise with the horse? He is not invincible to exposure, which he can scarcely bear as well as man, and with whom he must suffer alike, if not more, in time of war.

I am happy to see the extensive hospitals lately erected in this city to restore disabled horses. I believe they are conducted on the best and most economical principle, and will, I have no doubt, be the means of restoring thousands of horses to the army, that will be better on their second service than they were on their first.

Hoping that the Government will, as an act of humanity, as well as economy, use every effort in its power for the protection of this noble animal, I remain, General, very truly, your obedient servant,

JOHN S. RAREY.

To Major-General HALLECK,
Commander-in-Chief United States Army, Washington, D. C.

Doc. 79.

SURRENDER OF HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

OXFORD, MISS., December 22, 1862.

From persons just arrived from Holly Springs, we begin at last to get some particulars of the rebel raid into that place on Saturday.

About daybreak in the morning the enemy's advance-guard rode into the east side of that town, and from that time for two hours or more, they continued to pour in until every street and byway of the town was filled by Van Dorn's twenty-two regiments of cavalry.

The railroad depot is on the eastern side of the town, and on the track near it were two trains of cars, one empty and one loaded with cotton, both of which in a few minutes more would have been off, as they were all ready to start, one for the North and the empty train for this place. The rebels began their day's work by setting fire to the two trains, which were soon in a blaze. It seems they came prepared for such business, as all their canteens were filled with turpentine, which they poured over the empty cars, and then touched them off.

The depot-house and platform, on which there was a large amount of commissary stores and cotton, was then fired. A guard of about a hundred infantry who were guarding the Government stores at the depot, made fight even against such great odds, and a sharp little fight ensued, in which several on both sides were killed. The hundred infantry were, however, soon overwhelmed by the thousands of the enemy, and were taken prisoners. The rest of the five hundred infantry were scattered about in the different suburbs of the town on picket-duty, so that they could not act with any concert, and were captured in squads. Six companies of the Second Illinois cavalry were completely surrounded in the town, by at least as many thousands, and were called upon to surrender, to which demand they made reply by dashing upon the enemy's forces, and nobly cutting their way out. Not a more gallant deed has been done during the war. Six hundred against over eight thousand, and still they hewed their way through them and escaped!

Immediately after the cavalry had cut their way out, the "rebs" began their work of pillage, and they went about it systematically. Squads of cavalry were appointed to go around to every citizen's house and inquire how many persons from the North were staying with them. When told, the Northerners were called for and marched off to Van Dorn's headquarters, where they were searched, their money taken from them, and themselves paroled. This part of the business was superintended by Van Dorn himself. Every soldier and citizen of the North was called up before him, and put upon his honor to tell the truth, as to how much money he had, what his business was, and so forth. Every one was searched, his money taken from him and handed over to one of the rebel officers who had been appointed as receiver. The pile of greenbacks on the blanket which was spread out before him, kept increasing until it was estimated that there was over a hundred thousand dollars, all of which had been taken from private individuals.

The pillage and destruction had now reached their climax. The passenger depot, the freight depot, the round house, the foundry, and the great Arsenal, built by the rebels themselves, which was full of arms and ammunition, twenty or thirty buildings on the public square, and the eighteen hundred bales of cotton, were blazing at once. Hundreds of the rebels had found quantities of whisky, (with which beverage their stomachs had not been astonished for months,) and were shouting and yelling about the town, as much intoxicated with their victory as with the whisky. The fire had now crept around to the buildings in the square where large amounts of ammunition had been stored; and in the midst of all this riot and destruction, suddenly there came an explosion that seemed to be the very crack of doom. The solid earth shook as though old "Thor" himself had hit it a whack with his thundering hammer and knocked every thing into universal "pi." Men were knocked down in the streets by the concussion; the windows of houses five squares away

were completely smashed, sash and all; doors were burst off their hinges; locks and bolts were snapped like glass; the brick walls of one or two houses were caved in like bellying sails, and for half a minute after the first great explosion there was a rattling sound of falling bricks and fragments of glass. There were several other explosions during the forenoon, but none so terrific as this first one. A few more such would have shattered every house in the town so as to render it uninhabitable.

Among the ammunition was a great number of shells, and the fragments from the bursting of these whizzed about and fell in every part of the town, killing and wounding many persons.

When the enemy first entered the town, and the handful of infantry were endeavoring to stem the torrent, several of the citizens were observed firing upon our troops from windows and behind fences. Others, however, acted honorably, especially the ladies. Northern cotton-buyers, who had large amounts of money with them, immediately handed their funds over to ladies in the houses where they were boarding, and, as the ladies were respected, their money was saved. One gentleman, who had only arrived in the town on the evening previous to the entrance of the enemy, had forty thousand dollars with him. As soon as he saw how matters were going, that every Northern man was marched up to headquarters and searched, he handed the package containing that amount over to the mistress of the house, whom he had never seen until twelve hours before, who, by the way, was a strong advocate of secession, and the day after received from her hands his package of money. Several other Southern women wore belts that day worth from twenty to fifty thousand dollars, all of which belonged to Northern men. When the enemy marched out of town in the evening, several of our officers who had been captured were taken with them. Among them was Major Fullerton, of the Second Illinois cavalry, and several whose names I have been unable to learn. As the column passed through the streets, several ladies of the best families in the town, though known to be secessionists, came out and requested Van Dorn and his officers to treat the prisoners kindly, because that during their own rule in Holly Springs they had acted like gentlemen. Let it be recorded in honor of the women of Holly Springs, that though their prejudices may be in the wrong side, they have the hearts and sympathies of true womanhood, which overcame even their prejudices! One such woman does more toward ameliorating the horrors of war — does more toward ending it — than fifty of those viragos who spit their venom from windows and doorways at our troops as they pass, trusting to the immunity which is their sex's privilege for safety.

Van Dorn remained in Holly Springs from seven o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, during which time he destroyed about two million dollars' worth of Government property in the shape of ammunition, commissary and

quartermasters' stores, etc., besides an immense amount of private property, among which were one thousand eight hundred bales of cotton. Some of the cotton had been seized by the Government and confiscated, but the larger half belonged to individuals in the cotton trade. Forty-two cars, two locomotives, and every one of the dépôt buildings were destroyed. The track, however, of the road was left uninjured. The rebels made some attempts to burn the bridges just above and below the town, but the timber in the bridges, which had but recently been rebuilt by our army, was too green to burn. They then attempted to destroy them by sawing the braces, but did not succeed in doing much damage.

But all that I can write from hearsay will not give you so good an idea of the scenes that transpired during that day as the graphic letters which a friend (Mr. Wing, of Columbus, Ohio) had written to a friend, relating his own experiences, and from which he has kindly given me the privilege of extracting. He says:

"I went to bed on Friday morning with as perfect a feeling of security as I ever did in my own house. Mr. Lough (of St. Louis) was my room-mate and bed-fellow. I waked up about daylight, and soon after heard cheering such as you have heard from our troops on the ears. Lough observed, 'There is a regiment going up,' meaning toward Jackson, where there had been some skirmishing for a few days past. Directly I heard shooting — pop, pop, pop, in quick succession, and horsemen galloping up the road toward town. I jumped up and run to the window, and saw the street was full of Texas cavalry—real, wild, butternut-colored fellows, yelling like Indians. Said I to Lough: 'Get up, the town is full of secesh!' Lough jumped up, took one glance. 'Wing, we're gobbled, by Judas!!' [I never heard him swear before or since.] We commenced washing and dressing. I concluded to try the virtue of a clean shirt with the raseals, and put on a fresh shirt, drawers, and socks. I thought of several things in a very few moments. The financial question was the most troublesome. [Mr. Wing was buying cotton, and had a very large amount of money with him.] 'What to do with it,' that was the question. I took my money and made two piles of it, one I divided into two parcels and put in my belt, and put that on next my body, the other I gave to Mrs. Barney, except seventy-five dollars, which I put in my wallet. I arranged my papers, destroying some and putting others away. Lough called to the old darkey woman to bring us some cold meat and bread; we put on our overcoats and awaited results. By this time the secesh cavalry had complete possession of the town, and were driving our men in little squads as prisoners toward the dépôt. Before our lunch came, there was a violent ringing at the door-bell. I looked out and saw three cavalrymen at the gate and one at the door. The negro answered the bell. 'Tell your master that we want him, and every other man in the house, quick!' A Lieutenant

Langworthy, from Iowa, was in the house; we heard every word, and having all our arrangements made except breakfast, we went down, Wing ahead. 'Good morning, gentlemen,' said I; 'you favor us with rather an early call this morning.' 'Rayther,' said he, with a grin like a crocodile. 'Where is the officer of Gen. Grant's staff, who boards here?' (Col. Hilyer.) 'He went to Oxford yesterday with his wife and Mrs. Grant.' He looked at me very sharply and said: 'Is that true, sir?' Lough says: 'Yes, sir, when we tell you lies it will be for ourselves and not for others.' 'We'll take your word, gentlemen; fall in! you must go to headquarters.' We 'fell in' at a brisk walk, not exactly knowing whether we should find headquarters at Vieksburgh, Mobile, or Charleston.

"They took us out about a mile from town, where we found two long lines of long-haired, long-legged, sallow-looking butternut cavalry, drawn up about ten yards apart, between which we marched and halted. Brisk firing was heard on the other side of town for two hours, when it ceased. Little squads of prisoners kept coming for two or three hours longer; meantime the rebels set fire to the dépôt, engine-house, government stores, and a train of forty-three ears on the track, Immense piles of hay, corn, oats, barrels of beef, pork, rice, molasses, whisky, boxes of clothing, hospital stores, every thing went up in one grand conflagration. While this was going on, parties of soldiers were rolling cotton together in the public square and putting the torch to that. Every sutler's store was broken into and plundered of every thing in it by the soldiers. What they could not carry off nor destroy they gave to the negroes and secesh citizens. The army post-office was turned inside out, and letters too, and those from the North were opened, and all that were not carried off were put in a pile and burned in the street.

"A large brick building on the square had been filled by our people with shot, shell and ammunition. Another building on the next block had been filled with post commissary stores. It was said by citizens that Van Dorn's orders were that these stores should be taken out and burned, but the soldiers having got hold of some whisky, and the carrying out business becoming a little tedious, put fire to the commissary's store, and in half an hour the whole side of the square was in flames. At three o'clock the arsenal was fired, and blew up with a most awful explosion.

"While this was going on before our eyes, the rebels commenced at one end of the long line taking the parole of the soldiers. 'We know,' said they, 'that we cannot hold this place. We have accomplished all we came for. We have destroyed your stores and taken your men. We can't take them with us, as we are mounted, therefore we will take your parole not to serve during the war unless exchanged, and let you go.' The cotton-buyers, traders and citizens were then separated from the soldiers and questioned as to their business, etc., by one of General Van Dorn's staff. The questions asked me

will serve as a sample: 'Where do you live?' 'In Newark, Ohio.' 'Are you connected with the army?' 'No, sir.' 'What are you doing here, sir?' 'Well, sir, I am at the house of a friend, Mrs. Capt. Barney, who formerly lived at the North, and whose husband is an engineer, and is now with your people in Alabama.' 'Are you not a cotton buyer, sir?' 'Yes, sir, I (a-hem) have invested all my spare money in cotton, and to-day it has *gone up the spout.*' 'All right, not a good speculation. I presume, sir, the Southern cavalry do unexpected things sometimes, sir; I advise you to stay at home, sir, where there is less risk, sir. Let me see your money and papers.' I pulled out my wallet, he took it, counted the money, (some \$70 in greenbacks) and returned it to me again. He noticed a gold dollar in it, and said: 'That little button is worth all the balance.' I took the pocket-book without remark, not caring to argue with him just then, for fear I should convince him it was very valuable, and he should take a notion to keep it. He then passed on to the next man.

"A friend of mine, Mr. Groat, conductor on the railroad, was examined, and had all his money taken, some \$700. His papers and letters were all torn up. Every body suspected of being connected with the railroad, was robbed of every thing he had, and many others where the soldiers could get them out a little.

"Col. Murphy was in command here. He was at the telegraph office telegraphing to Gen. Grant for reinforcements, when the rebels came upon the town, and took him prisoner the very first. If he had used the men he had, he might have prevented all."

To judge from the results of the rebel raid into Holly Springs, one would naturally suppose it was a surprise; such, however, was not the case. Gen. Grant knew the whereabouts of Van Dorn's force, during every day of the three days previous to the attack upon Holly Springs, and had taken what seemed to be all the necessary precautions to prevent so great a disaster as occurred there. To explain this, I must go back and relate what I had already related in my last letter, in relation to the movements of our own cavalry under Col. Dickey, but which letter, I have every reason to suppose, was lost with the mail at Holly Springs.

On Tuesday, the sixteenth, Col. Dickey, with about twenty-five hundred cavalry, arrived at Pontotoc, a small town about twelve miles southeast of this place, and learned that it was occupied by the enemy in great force, but that they were moving out of it toward the north. Col. Dickey immediately sent couriers back to Gen. Grant, and from that time until they entered Holly Springs, scouts were kept upon Van Dorn's track, and informed Gen. Grant every day of his whereabouts. So well had Gen. Grant divined Van Dorn's purpose, and so well had he timed his march, that on the evening before the attack he telegraphed from Oxford to Col. Murphy at Holly Springs that the enemy would attack him about seven next morning, but that he had sent him sufficient reinforcements to drive them off

The reënforcements were indeed sent from here, to the number of three or four thousand; but, owing to some obstruction in the road near Waterford, they arrived nearly two hours too late, so that the rebel rear-guard had been gone out of the town about an hour when the cavalry advance of our forces rode into it.

At Pontotoc, Col. Dickey, seeing the great inequality of numbers between his own force and that of the enemy, waited to let them pass through, which they did, without knowing that he was watching them. After Van Dorn had passed through toward the north, Colonel Dickey passed through toward the east, and kept on over to the Mobile and Ohio road, striking it at Saltillo; from that place northward he tore up the track and burned the bridges for thirty miles, making a terrible gap in that great line of communication between the South and the rebel stronghold at Chattanooga.

But to return to the Holly Springs affair:

There were enough troops in Holly Springs to have held it against the enemy if any man of courage or judgment had had command. Gen. Grant's despatch reached Col. Murphy on the evening previous to the enemy's appearance near the town. There were between five and six hundred infantry, and seven companies of the Second Illinois cavalry, as brave fellows as ever trod shoe-leather or mounted a horse, as the fighting of the infantry-guard at the depot, and the gallant dash of the Illinois cavalry through the rebel forces proves. There were also cotton-bales enough in the public square and at the depot to have barricaded every street in the town, so that the enemy's cavalry could not have charged through as they did; but the infantry had received no information of the threatened attack, and the cavalry had only very indefinite information of it. I am credibly informed that the only precautions Colonel Murphy took were to telegraph next morning to Gen. Grant for reënforcements, in the very act of which he was captured by the enemy. The troops fought literally without commanders, except their company commanders, and the Majors of the Second cavalry. I am also told that the cavalry were ordered by their own Colonel to surrender, he threatening to arrest those who were firing. This command, the cavalry refused to obey, and charged through the enemy's ranks. In their charge they lost seven men, and killed thirty of the enemy.

The movements of so large an army as this are soon known all over the country, and I have no doubt that long before this letter will reach you, you will have learned, by hook or crook, in spite of the rebels cutting off our communication with the North, that this army began falling back from its position, fifteen miles south of this place, on the day before yesterday, (Saturday.)

We, who had been endeavoring to keep ourselves thoroughly posted about the movements of the enemy, and of our own army, were surprised at the rebel raid toward Jackson. Still more surprised at their entrance into Holly Springs, but when this army, with no enemy threatening it with superior forces, in the front

or on the flanks, and as it seemed then for nothing but a cavalry dash into Holly Springs. I say when, as it then seemed, for no other cause, the army began to fall back, and our own troops began passing through Oxford toward the north, we were at first worse puzzled than ever. The cause is apparent now. An army of men is none the less relieved from the necessity of eating than the individual man is, and as there is not much left that is eatable in this country, Gen. Pope's plan of subsisting on the enemy could not be put into practice here, and the supplies can come from no direction but the North. Three or four days' rations are not sufficient to push on to Grenada and open the road from there to Memphis. Those who know Gen. Grant best, know, that if it could be done he would do it. The army will now probably fall back until the road to Columbus is rendered secure. With the supplies it will then get, it will be able to push on and open new lines of communication with the North.

On Saturday, the nineteenth, Gen. McArthur's division passed through town on their way southward, and on yesterday passed through again on their return. Day before yesterday every thing looked as though we should continue advancing steadily, as we have done since leaving La Grange, but yesterday the face of affairs changed. Cotton, which had begun to come in in large quantities, suddenly got a "very black eye," as they say on 'change; sutlers began to pack up, and to-day every thing looks like taking the back-track. A very ridiculous rumor got afloat among outsiders that a tremendous army was marching up from Grenada, and a few of the cotton-buyers, who had heard of the bad fortunes of the brethren at Holly Springs became very nervous. The troubles of one nervous pair have already become a subject of fun for hundreds. They were lodging together at the hotel, and like cats slept with one eye and both ears open. They had gone to bed early with the intention of getting up in good season and leaving the town, with the first division of the army. They had just dozed off in uneasy slumbers when a drum was beaten at rather an unusual hour, in some one of our distant camps. "O my Lord!" says H—, "there's the long roll! the enemy are coming sure enough! There's going to be a battle right here! What *shall* we do?" Both were now up on end, listening to the sound. The drum continued to roll, and as the wind carried the sound about, it came now near and loud, now faint and far, like the sound of some ghostly drum beaten by spirits in the air. Presently a stronger gust of wind brought the sound, apparently right under their window. This was too much. In an instant they were on their feet hunting distractedly in the dark for boots, pantaloons, coats, etc. H— was so "clean daft," as the Scotch say, that he could find nothing but his coat (which contained his money) and his spurs. Some fun-loving acquaintance, or the boot-black of the hotel, if the hotel was guilty of that institution, had carried off his boots.

After a vain search for them, he drew on the coat, clapped the spurs on his stocking feet, and started down-stairs for his horse. "But," says W——, "won't the guard arrest us if we are out after night without the countersign?" "Eh?" "countersign!" "guard!" and H—— paused for an instant on the stairs. Just then another puff of wind brought the sound of the drum from the distant hills; that decided the matter, down-stairs they went, out to the stable, clapped on saddles and bridles, mounted horse and away, and for three miles out from the north side of Oxford, their flight from the sound of that drum was equal to Tam O'Shanter's race with the witches across the bridge.

Toward breakfast-time, not finding the road full of crowds, running away like themselves, and the woods around looking rather guerrillaish, they concluded that it would be better to show their pluck by coming back to town. Last night one of the pair, H——, determined to have more courageous company, and changed his lodging-place. On going to bed, he inquired of his room-mate if the enemy would be likely to search a man's stockings for money, in case he was captured? On being told that they probably would not think to look in them, he stowed away six thousand dollars in one of the stockings, which he took the precaution to wear on his feet during the night. In the morning he had forgotten where he had put the money, and went to a mutual friend of himself, his room-mate, with a grievous story of his room-mate having robbed him. Half an hour after his room-mate heard of it, and told him that his money was in his own stockings.

Ridiculous as the foregoing story may appear, it is all true, to which there are numbers here can attest.

W. L. F.

GENERAL GRANT'S ORDER ON THE SURRENDER.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE, }
HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., December 24, 1862. }

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS, No. 23.

It is with pain and mortification that the General Commanding reflects upon the disgraceful surrender of the place, with all the valuable stores it contained, on the twentieth instant, and that without any resistance, except by a few men, who form an honorable exception; and this, too, after warning had been given of the enemy northward, the evening previous. With all the cotton, public stores and substantial buildings about the dépôt, it would have been perfectly practicable to have made, in a few hours, a defence sufficient to resist, with a small garrison, all the cavalry force brought against them until the reinforcements which the commanding officer was notified were marching to his relief, could have reached him.

The conduct of officers and men in accepting paroles under the circumstances is highly reprehensible, and to say the least, thoughtless. By the terms of the Dix-Hill cartel, each party is bound to take care of their prisoners and send them to Vicksburgh, or a point on the James

River, for exchange, on parole, unless some other point is mutually agreed upon by the generals commanding the opposing armies.

By a refusal to be paroled, the enemy, from his inability to take care of the prisoners, would have been compelled either to have released them unconditionally, or to have abandoned further aggressive movements for the time being, which would have made their recapture, and the discomfiture of the enemy, almost certain.

The prisoners paroled at this place will be collected in camp at once by the post commander, and held under close guard until their case can be reported to Washington for further instructions.

Commanders throughout the department are directed to arrest and hold as above, all men of their commands, and all stragglers who may have accepted their paroles upon like terms.

The General Commanding is satisfied that a majority of the troops who accepted a parole did so thoughtlessly, and from want of knowledge of the cartel referred to, and that in future they will not be caught in the same way.

By order of Major-General U. S. GRANT.

JNO. A. RAWLINGS, A.A.G.

SURGEON WIRTZ'S REPORT.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., }
Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that I remained behind the advance of the army for the purpose of establishing a large general hospital at Holly Springs. I took a building that had been built for an armory by the confederates, consisting of six large rooms, each two hundred and fifty feet long and numerous out-houses, and after three weeks of incessant labor, in which I was greatly assisted by Surgeon Powers of the Seventh Missouri infantry, I had every thing prepared for two thousand.

The Acting Medical Purveyor of the Southern portion of the department had been ordered to bring all his supplies to this hospital, which he did, and on the morning of the twentieth of December one of the most completely finished and extensive hospitals in the army was ready to receive its sick.

On that morning the town of Holly Springs was taken by the confederate forces under Gen. Van Dorn.

As soon as I discovered the enemy were in possession of the place, I repaired to the headquarters of the rebel General, near the town, and made a formal request that the armory hospital should not be burned, entering my solemn protest on the subject, as the confederates had already set fire to the railroad dépôt and a commissary store-house, and had declared their intentions to destroy all houses occupied by our troops.

I received the assurance by Gen. Van Dorn's Adjutant that the armory hospital should not be burned, but that it would be protected by a guard. Satisfied with this, I returned to my quarters, but had not been there an hour when I was informed that the building was in flames;

and thus this fine structure, with two thousand bunks, an immense lot of drugs and surgical apparatus, thousands of blankets, sheets and bed-sacks, was soon in ashes.

This proceeding, in violation of an express promise and of all rules of civilized warfare, is an evidence of the barbarity and want of principle in the confederate officers. But this is not all, an attempt was made to destroy the general hospital located in the main square, and which at the time contained over five hundred sick.

A quantity of ordnance stores had been deposited in a building on the next block to the hospital, and by the order of Gen. Van Dorn, as stated by the officer who had charge of the matter, the barrels of powder and boxes containing shell and cartridges, were taken out and piled up nearly in front of the hospital and set fire to.

Two medical officers protested against this wanton act, but their requests were treated with contempt, and before there was time to remove the sick the walls and windows of the hospital were riddled with flying balls and shell, and finally a terrific explosion took place, which shook the entire building, destroying almost every window and door in the establishment, wounding about twenty men, and creating a scene of the wildest confusion.

A large number of buildings on the public square took fire from the explosion, and it was only by the utmost efforts that the hospital was preserved as a shelter for the men in the night air.

Together with the medical officers who assisted me in caring for the sick and wounded on that trying day, I thought that the rebels had now done us all the harm in their power; but to injury insult was to be added, in a manner, I hope, never to witness again. A rebel cavalry officer named Brewster, who stated he had been detailed by General Van Dorn to "march off every sick man that had not been paroled," collected together, pistol in hand, about one hundred and fifty sick soldiers, forced them to rise from their beds and fall in line, threatening to shoot the medical officer, who expostulated with him, and actually made the poor fellows, suffering from typhoid fever, pneumonia and diarrhœa, start with him on the road.

The men fell down in the street, and had to rise again for fear of being shot, when they were so weak that the slightest motion was agony. On being importuned if there was any thing in the name of humanity that could be done to induce him to stop his brutal proceedings, he finally consented to let them alone on receiving a paper signed by all the surgeons present, stating that the men were too sick to walk, and their removal was an impossibility.

I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of Dr. E. M. Powers, of the Seventh Missouri infantry, after the capture of Holly Springs. The efforts of this able and accomplished officer for the care of the sick were untiring, and from morning till night he was engaged in doing any thing that lay in his power to preserve hospital property, and make the helpless beings who were driven from

their beds and shelter as comfortable as circumstances would allow. Dr. Reilly, Assistant Surgeon of the Forty-eighth Illinois infantry, also rendered great assistance by his well-directed and efficient endeavors.

H. R. WIRTZ,
Surgeon U.S.A., Medical Director Thirteenth Army Corps.
Lieut.-Col. JNO. A. RAWLINGS,
A. A. Gen., Gen. Grant's Headquarters.

REBEL REPORTS AND NARRATIVES.

RICHMOND "DISPATCH" ACCOUNT.

RICHMOND, January 15, 1863.

The recent cavalry raid of Gen. Van Dorn in the West was one of the most brilliant feats of the war, not falling short of any that have been made by the renowned Stuart or ubiquitous Morgan. A correspondent of the *Mobile Register* gives the following interesting particulars of his brilliant achievements in the vicinity of Holly Springs, Miss.:

Van Dorn took a by-way and meandering route through the swamp, and came within eight miles of Holly Springs in the evening, where he bivouacked his force until two hours before day, when he moved cautiously into town, leaving the Texas brigade upon the heights outside as a reserve. As our forces dashed in from all sides, the entrance proved a complete surprise, the breaking streaks of daylight showing the Yankee tents with their yet undisturbed slumberers. A charge was ordered upon them, and the torch applied to the canvas which covered them. To paraphrase "Belgium's" picture:

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And running in hot haste,
And cheeks all pale and blanched with woe,
Exhibiting Yankee cowardice."

The rapidity with which the tents of the enemy were vacated was marvellous; and, impelled by burning torches and rapid discharges of side-arms, the Yankees took no time to prepare their toilets, but rushed out into the cool atmosphere of a December morning, clothed very similarly to Joseph when the lady Potiphar attempted to detain him. The scene was wild, exciting, tumultuous. Yankees running, tents burning, torches flaming, confederates shouting, guns popping, sabres clanking, Abolitionists begging for mercy, "rebels" shouting exultingly, women *en dishabille* clapping their hands, frantic with joy, crying, "Kill them! kill them!"—a heterogeneous mass of excited, frantic, frightened human beings—presented an indescribable picture, more adapted for the pencil of Hogarth than the pen of a newspaper correspondent.

The surprised camp surrendered one thousand eight hundred men and one hundred and fifty commissioned officers, who were immediately paroled. And then commenced the work of destruction. The extensive buildings of the Mississippi Central dépôt—the station-house, the engine house, and immense store-houses—were filled with supplies of clothing and commissary stores. Outside of the dépôt the barrels of flour were estimated to be half a mile in length, one hundred and fifty feet through, and fifteen feet high.

Turpentine was thrown over this, and the whole amount destroyed. Up-town, the court-house, and public buildings, livery stables, and all capacious establishments were filled, ceiling high, with medical and ordnance stores. These were all fired, and the explosion of one of the buildings, in which was stored one hundred barrels of powder, knocked down nearly all the houses on the south side of the square. Surely such a scene of devastation was never before presented to the eye of man. Glance at the gigantic estimates:

One million eight hundred and nine thousand fixed cartridges and other ordnance stores, valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars, including five thousand rifles and two thousand revolvers.

One hundred thousand suits of clothing and other quartermaster's stores, valued at five hundred thousand dollars; five thousand barrels of flour and other commissary stores, valued at five hundred thousand dollars.

One million dollars' worth of medical stores, for which invoices to that amount were exhibited, and one thousand bales of cotton, and six hundred thousand dollars' worth of sutler's stores.

While the capture of the camp, paroling of the prisoners, and destroying of the stores were going on, the Texan Rangers, comprising the Ninth, Sixth, and Third legions, became engaged with the Michigan cavalry, and drove them pell-mell through town, and run them off north, with a considerable loss to the Abolitionists, and a loss of thirty in killed and wounded on our part.

The ladies rushed out from the houses, wild with joy, crying out: "There's some at the Fair Grounds, chase them, kill them, for God's sake." One lady said that "the Federal commandant of the post is in my house; come and catch him;" and a search was instituted but without success, when the noble woman insisted that he was there, concealed; and finally, after much ado, the gallant (save the mark!) Col. Murphy, the intrepid Yankee commandant of Holly Springs, was pulled out from under his bed, and presented himself in his nocturnal habiliments to his captors.

The provost-marshal was also taken, and, addressing Gen. Van Dorn, said: "Well, General, you've got us fairly this time. I knowed it. I was in my bed with my wife when I heard the firing, and I at once said: 'Well, wife, it's no use closing our eyes or hiding under the clothes, we've gone up.'"

Our attention was given to Grant's headquarters, which he had left twenty-four hours before. All his papers, charts, maps, etc., were captured, together with his splendid carriage, which was burned. Among his papers was found a pass, to pass the bearer over all railroads and steamboats in the United States, at Government expense; to pass all pickets and guards, and other papers, at once interesting and valuable. Mrs. Grant was also captured, but no indignity was offered her.

Nearly every store on the public square was filled with sutler stores, and after our men had helped themselves, the balance of the goods were burned.

When our forces first reached the dépôt, there was a train about leaving. The engineer jumped off and ran away, and one of our men took his place, shut the throttle-valve, and stopped the train. Sixty cars and two locomotives were then fired and destroyed.

After the complete destruction of all public property about the place, and after each man had supplied himself with a suitable quantity of clothing and boots, at six o'clock in the morning the march was renewed, and Davis's Mill was the next place of attack. Here the enemy were intrenched, and sheltered themselves in a block-house and fort formed of cotton-bales. The cavalry was commanded to charge, and attempted to do so; but the swamp and intricate lagoons breaking off in front of the enemy's position would not permit it. The Yankees opened fire with some effect from their fort, and were supported by a nine-pound rifled gun, mounted on an iron-clad railroad car, forming a railroad battery. The Texans were again ordered to charge, and Major Dillon, of Van Dorn's staff, whose gallantry during the expedition was particularly conspicuous, attempted to lead them to the attack, but the men refused to follow, believing the way impassable and the position too strong for cavalry demonstration alone. Col. McCullough of the Mississippi cavalry was ordered to get in the rear of the railroad battery, cut the track to prevent its escape, and capture it. I believe he succeeded in cutting the road, but our forces were compelled to withdraw, and the steam battery was not taken. The force then pushed on to Middleburgh and Bolivar, and attacked both places, but found them too strongly defended and garrisoned to succeed in taking either of the points.

When the command turned back after its unsuccessful attack upon Bolivar the enemy sent a force of ten thousand, comprising the three branches of the service, out after Van Dorn, and made great efforts to flank and cut off his force; but this dashing officer was too wary for them, and succeeded in returning with four hundred head of captured horses and mules, laden with spoils taken from the enemy.

The people of Tennessee are represented as having been almost frantic with joy at the appearance of our forces once more upon their borders. They fed our soldiers with a bountiful hand, and wept for joy. "Thank God you have come at last!" one and all exclaimed. Their hospitality was not a little surprising to our soldiers, who have been so uniformly swindled and extorted from in Mississippi. The people of Tennessee had been induced to believe that General Grant's headquarters were at Jackson, Miss., and that our whole army had been captured. Judge, then, of their surprise, when they were visited by Van Dorn's command.

The entire number of prisoners captured and paroled during the raid is two thousand one hundred privates, and one hundred and seventy-five commissioned officers.

Doc. 80.

AFFAIRS AT TRENTON AND HUMBOLDT,
TENNESSEE.

COLONEL JACOB FRY'S REPORT.

BENTON BARRACKS, Mo., January 17, 1863.

Captain Harris, Assistant Adjutant-General :

I HEREWITH transmit a report of the raid of General Forrest, of the rebel army, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and the attack upon Trenton and Humboldt, on the twentieth of December, 1862.

Some eight days previous to the attack I received a telegraphic despatch from Major-General Grant, giving information from Major-Gen. Rosecrans, that Forrest was moving with his force toward the Tennessee River, and ordering me to be on the look-out. I immediately despatched a detachment of the Second West-Tennessee cavalry to look after the enemy, and to watch his movements. I also prepared this place for defence, by throwing up earthworks and digging rifle-pits, on an elevation completely commanding the dépôt and other public property. These were completed on the seventeenth, in a most secure manner, of sufficient capacity to hold one thousand five hundred men, and I was confident that with my force I could hold it against Forrest's entire command.

On the fifteenth, news was received that Forrest was crossing the Tennessee River at Clifton, immediately east of Jackson. Col. Ingersoll, Chief of Cavalry on Gen. Sullivan's staff, ordered Colonel Hawkins, of the Second West-Tennessee cavalry, with all his effective men, to join his force—the Eleventh Illinois and three hundred of the Fifth Ohio cavalry—at Lexington. The order was promptly obeyed by Col. Hawkins.

On the seventeenth, Colonel Ingersoll met the enemy near Lexington, and, after a very sharp engagement, was repulsed, with a loss of some men and two pieces of artillery.

The same day, General Sullivan telegraphed to know what my available force was at Trenton. I replied that I had about five hundred available men, with three pieces of artillery—not more than sufficient to hold the place, if attacked. The next morning I received an order from Gen. Sullivan for the whole of my force to move to Jackson, with two days' rations—reserving only the convalescents for guard-duty; and to notify the citizens that they would be held responsible for any damage to the railroad or other public property; which order was promptly obeyed. The last of the troops left Trenton on Friday morning, the nineteenth, at three o'clock—a portion having had to wait for the train from Union City, with troops, also ordered from that place to Jackson.

As the troops had been ordered from Trenton, I was compelled to abandon my rifle-pits, and to concentrate what force I had at the dépôt. On Thursday evening and Friday morning I had the dépôt platform—some one hundred and fifty by forty feet—barricaded with cotton bales and

other stores, and armed all the convalescents that were able for duty. On Friday morning I learned that a wood-train passing Carroll Station was fired into by the enemy and considerably injured. During the day, a train arrived from Columbus, and remained over night, having on board some sixty or seventy soldiers returning from hospitals. These I also armed. On Saturday morning the train was ordered to Jackson, leaving about twenty of these men, representing fifteen different regiments.

On Friday evening, the nineteenth, Col. Hawkins returned from the Lexington fight, and reported that he did not see more than eight hundred of the enemy, and that he saw no artillery, except the two pieces taken from our forces. This news gave us renewed hopes. Our stockade was secure against any force of cavalry or infantry, unless accompanied by artillery.

Forrest's demonstration toward Jackson, with a portion of his force, was merely a feint—his main object being Trenton and Humboldt, and the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, with a view to cut off General Grant's supplies. Learning from my scouts, on Friday morning, the nineteenth, that the main force of the enemy was moving toward Trenton, I telegraphed Gen. Davis, at Columbus, to send me reinforcements, with one battery of artillery, if possible, as I expected an attack hourly.

To this despatch I received no answer. On the arrival of the train at noon, I learned from ex-Governor Wood, of Illinois, that when he left Columbus, that morning, a regiment of infantry was disembarking. I again telegraphed to Gen. Davis for reinforcements, with a battery of artillery—stating that my force had been ordered to Jackson, and that I had nothing left but convalescents. To this he replied that he had no men or artillery to spare.

On Saturday morning I learned from scouts that Forrest had encamped at Spring Creek with his entire force. I telegraphed this fact to Gen. Sullivan. General Hayne, then in command at Jackson, answered that Gen. Sullivan was in the field, and asked the distance and direction to Spring Creek. I answered twenty miles, and that the enemy would approach from the east. The wires were cut soon after, and I had no further communication with Jackson.

Under these circumstances, I was determined to make the best possible defence, and collected the convalescents, stragglers, fugitives, and other soldiers, until I got together a force of about two hundred and fifty men. This was the condition of things up to noon Saturday, and I felt confident of holding the place against every force except artillery. Twenty-five sharpshooters, under command of Lieutenant Allender, of the Second West-Tennessee cavalry, were placed on a brick building across the street—the top of which was well protected by a parapet wall, about three feet high. A squad of six men were placed in a building that commanded another street, to fire from the windows. All officers in the breastwork were placed in positions where they could be

most servicable. Scouts, who were watching the movement and approach of the enemy, reported them within a few miles, and that they would be upon us soon. At about three o'clock they made their appearance, and charged our position in two columns. Within one hundred yards of the sharpshooters, a deadly fire was opened on them from the advance posts—the men in the stockade following the example. In a very short time both columns were repulsed, with considerable loss in killed and wounded. They then moved rapidly out of range of our guns, to the right and left, completely surrounding our position—we supposed for a charge on all sides at once, a manœuvre for which we were fully prepared. Instead of this, they planted a battery of six guns on an elevated position south-east of the stockade—two of these guns were inside of our own earthworks, one howitzer on the south-west and one on the north—and commenced shelling our position. Sixteen shells were fired, one passing through the dépôt near a large quantity of ammunition, but did not explode. At this time they could have levelled the stockade, dépôt, and all, in thirty minutes, and probably killed and wounded a large portion of our men, while we could have done them no damage, being armed only with old guns, without bayonets, and therefore unable to make a charge.

Seeing that we were completely in their power, and had done all the damage to them we could, I called a council of officers. They were unanimous for surrender. Had there been the least chance, or had the cavalry continued the fight, we should have held out, but as we could do nothing, it was deemed prudent to surrender, and save the lives of the men. The question of surrender was one of time only; they would have had the place without the loss of another man in thirty minutes.

The terms of the surrender were unconditional; but General Forrest admitted us to our paroles, the next morning, sending the Tennessee troops immediately home, and others to Columbus under a flag of truce.

I would bear testimony to the efficiency and bearing of the following officers in preparing and conducting the defence: Col. Hawkins, Second West-Tennessee cavalry; Major Chapman, "although very much out of health," and Captain Cowan, of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois infantry; Capt. Hawkins, Capt. Belew, Lieut. Allender, Lieut. Hawkins, and Lieut. Robinson, of the Second West-Tennessee cavalry, Lieut. Goodspeed, my Adjutant, and especially Lieut. Hanford, Post Quartermaster of the Fourth Illinois cavalry; as also the bravery of the men; and I can assure them that our humiliation was not produced from a want of vigilance or the necessary precaution on our part, but from causes entirely out of our control.

Of the taking of Humboldt, also under my command, I know but little; all the effective men were withdrawn to Jackson. The sick and convalescents blew up and burned the magazine, and

then surrendered. I am informed that at the time of surrender the highest officer present was a corporal of the Eighty-first Illinois infantry.

The loss of the enemy, from the best information we could obtain from themselves, was seventeen killed and fifty wounded. Our loss was one man killed, a private of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois infantry—none wounded.

The enemy burned the dépôts at Trenton and Humboldt, and all the stores on hand that they could not carry away.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JACOB FRY,
Colonel Commanding.

Doc. 81.

FIGHT AT DAVIS'S MILLS, MISS.

COLONEL MORGAN'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT INDIANA
VOLUNTEERS, DAVIS'S MILLS, MISS.,
December 26, 1862. }

Capt. A. J. Buchanan, Assistant Adjutant-General, District of Jackson:

CAPTAIN: The following brief report of the engagement between the forces of my command stationed at this place, composed of parts of companies A, F, D, I, C, and H, of the Twenty-fifth regiment Indiana volunteer infantry, with companies B and M, of the Fifth Ohio cavalry, and the rebels, under Major-General Van Dorn, on Saturday, the twenty-first inst., is respectfully submitted.

Information that a large rebel force was moving northward with the evident intention of capturing or otherwise disposing of the troops left as a guard along the line of the Mississippi Central Railway, as well as of destroying the Government stores and the road at various points, had been previously received.

I at once set to work to erect such defences as in my opinion would best protect my small force from injury or capture, prevent the trestle-work at this point from being destroyed, and at the same time inflict the greatest amount of damage upon the enemy.

I accordingly took possession of an old saw-mill, which I converted into a block-house by means of railroad ties and cotton-bales. This is so situated as to command the entire trestle-work and the wagon-road leading to the mill from the south, crossing Wolf River by a bridge, distant only about seventy yards.

In this block-house I placed company H, of the Twenty-fifth Indiana, with a sufficient amount of ammunition and bread to last them a siege of at least forty-eight hours. Our work here was completed about dark Saturday evening, when with one half of my command, I erected an earthwork around the base of a mound, distant from the bridge over Wolf River about three hundred and fifty yards, and in such a direction as to cover the approach to, and, with the aid of the block-house, afford us a crossing on the bridge. Our circle was completed and sufficiently strong for an ordinary engagement by eleven P.M. the same night, and was then, with a sufficient amount of ammunition,

taken possession of by those of my men who had been up to that hour resting in camp.

At four o'clock the following morning, (Sunday the twenty-first,) all were in position prepared for an attack, but the enemy failing to make his appearance, we continued our labor on the earthwork, and were in this manner occupied until about noon.

A few minutes after twelve m. my pickets were driven in, and information was received to the effect that the enemy (variously estimated at from five to ten thousand) was approaching from the south. The infantry were at once ordered into and took the positions assigned them, that of companies A, F, D, I, and C, of the Twenty-fifth Indiana, being in the fort or earthwork, and the cavalry (dismounted) were divided, and a part, under the command of Capt. Henry, company M, sent to the earthwork, another division to the block-house as a reinforcement, and a third party under Lieut. Slade to guard the approach to the river about one fourth of a mile from and to the west of our position. This disposition of my forces had scarcely been completed when the rebels (as infantry and in large force) made their appearance, formed their line for a charge, and came rapidly forward with a loud cheer, evidently expecting to force us into a surrender with little if any resistance on our part. Their impetuosity was checked, however, by the uneven ground, the river, and the steady and destructive fire from our defences.

For a time their ardor appeared to have diminished, but their numbers being largely increased, an effort was made to force a passage over the bridge; and for this purpose their forces were massed and a desperate attempt made to secure a footing on our side, but after a most obstinate attempt on their part, and an equally determined resistance on ours for some minutes' duration, they were compelled to fall back with considerable loss. During this time their forces had been gradually and rapidly augmenting, and their line extended from and even beyond the railroad on their left to a distance of three or four hundred yards to the right, from which they poured upon us an almost continuous shower of leaden hail. Efforts were also made at several points to effect a crossing over the river, but these were unsuccessful. In a short time indications of a second attempt to cross the bridge were apparent, and deep masses, with banners flying, urged on by their officers, advanced only to be again driven back in confusion and dismay. The firing was by this time very heavy along their whole line, and concentrated upon our little earthwork and block-house; but nothing daunted, and now firm in the belief that we could hold them at bay, my gallant little band poured in upon them volley after volley in rapid succession.

Soon a third and similar attempt to cross was made, but met with a like defeat. A few of them, however, succeeded in crossing, but these hastily took refuge under the bridge.

After a most incessant firing of three and a half hours' duration the enemy withdrew, leaving a part of their dead and such of the wounded as

they were unable to carry off the field in our hands. Those who had shielded themselves under the bridge, not being able to make their escape with the main force, exhibited the usual token of surrender, and were ordered to and took shelter within our works. Several attempts were made to fire the trestle-work by means of cotton-balls saturated with turpentine. The fire from the block-house was poured in upon them with such excellent precision and rapidity that they were compelled to abandon the enterprise. Some few shielded themselves from the fire by means of the trestle-work, and when the retreat was ordered were unable to get out of their position without great danger, and very wisely hoisted the white flag and presented themselves as prisoners.

Shortly after the retreat, the bearer of a flag of truce appeared with a verbal message from the General commanding, desiring to know if a surrender on our part was in contemplation or had been decided upon. A respectful but decided negative was returned in reply. I am firmly impressed with the belief that such a thought had not even been entertained for a single moment by any officer or private of my command, although the enemy far outnumbered us. From the best information, I am of the opinion that the rebel force was not much less than six thousand, while my force numbered only two hundred infantry and fifty cavalry.

With such discrepancies it cannot but be said that all are entitled to great credit for their gallant defence on that day, which will be ever bright in the memory of the Twenty-fifth Indiana. The enemy left in our hands twenty-two dead, thirty wounded, and twenty prisoners, together with one hundred stand of arms. Thirty wounded were deposited by them in a house near a church, about three quarters of a mile to the rear. These were left in the care of a surgeon, and from him I learn that between two and three hundred wounded were taken off in ambulances and on horseback.

Our loss was but three slightly wounded and none killed.

The other four companies of the Twenty-fifth Indiana were at Lamar and along the line of the railroad, under the command of Capt. E. C. Hastings of company C. His line extended from Cold Water to within three miles south of this point, and was there joined by pickets from here. Of these last, sixteen men were captured and paroled, but not without a very creditable resistance.

To Major Walker, Adjutant Walker, and Capt. Larkin, of the Twenty-fifth Indiana; Capt. Henry, company M, Sixth Ohio cavalry, and the other officers and men of both arms, am I much indebted for their skill and the assistance rendered me in preparing our defences; but to single out particular officers and men as being more worthy of an honorable mention than others who were present and took part in the engagement of the twenty-first of December, 1862, would certainly be doing an injustice.

Our Senior Assistant-Surgeon, Dr. C. L. Thomas, for the skill displayed and the kind and hu-

mane treatment rendered the enemy's wounded, is deserving of mention.

Each and every one did his duty, and, if our defence and conduct during those trying hours meets with the approval of our General, we shall feel that we have received our reward.

We respectfully ask, however, that along with the names of "Donelson," "Shiloh," and "Metamora," "Davis's Mills" may be inscribed upon our banner.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. H. MORGAN,
Colonel Twenty-fifth Indiana Volunteers.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" ACCOUNT.

DAVIS'S MILLS, MISS., December 27.

This place, on Sunday, the twenty-first of December, was the scene of one of the most animated and gallant struggles of the war.

The conflict was between Col. William H. Morgan, of the Twenty fifth regiment of Indiana volunteers, with two hundred and fifty men, and Lieut.-Gen. Van Dorn, with thousands of rebel cavalry.

Morgan was victorious; the confident and high-ranking Van Dorn forced to retire from the field, leaving dead and wounded and some prisoners behind.

I will give you an account of this heroic achievement, in which the resolute, determined bravery and military skill displayed by Colonel Morgan, stands forth in striking and brilliant contrast to the shameful and cowardly conduct of the Colonel commanding at Holly Springs. But, in order to convey a correct idea of the achievement, a short description of the field will be necessary.

Davis's Mills are situated on Wolf River, six miles south of Grand Junction, and twenty miles north of Holly Springs. Wolf River is a narrow but deep stream, bounded on either side by wide cypress swamps, into which, at rare intervals, the elevated land extends to the main stream, thus affording natural advantages for roads, bridges, mill-sites, etc. At one of these points, and on the east side of the river, is the site of Davis's Mills.

Here also the railroad and wagon-road cross the river, the former on a trestle structure about three hundred yards in length; the latter on a bridge built upon the mill-dam, in fact the bridge is the dam, formed of logs and earth, with a waste-way in the middle, and is fifty yards in length.

The bridges are near one hundred and sixty yards apart, and between them are two mills, a saw-mill and a flouring-mill.

The ground on the west side of the stream, for an extent of half a mile, is low and thickly wooded on both sides of the road, with the exception of a few rods near the bridge.

On the east side, is a large corn-field, which rises very gradually for a distance of three hundred yards from the river, where it again declines toward the east, thus forming a low ridge. On the top of this ridge, and exactly facing the road bridge, is a most beautiful and symmetrical Indian mound, with a circumference at its base of one hundred yards, and an altitude of twenty feet.

On Saturday morning, December twentieth, word reached here, that Van Dorn, with a force of seven thousand cavalry, had made a dash on Holly Springs, capturing the entire infantry force at that place, numbering about one thousand five hundred men, and burning the Government stores.

When Col. Morgan heard this news he felt confident that if Van Dorn moved further north, this would be the next point of attack, and notwithstanding the smallness of his force, he determined to defend the post to the last extremity.

His whole available force consisted of two hundred of his own men, and companies B and M, Captains Traunstine and Henry, of the Fifth Ohio cavalry. After a careful examination of the position, Col. Morgan determined to dispute the passage of the road bridge, and defend the railroad bridge from two points, the saw-mill and the Indian mound. The saw-mill is distant about eighty yards from either bridge, and so situated as to command both by a diagonal fire.

This was, on Saturday afternoon, converted into a block-house, by means of two rows of cotton bales, one upon the other, placed in the ends, while the sides were walled up with bridge timber. And on Saturday night a breastwork of earth, about three feet in height, was thrown up around the base of the mound, and the arrangements were complete, as far as time would allow, for giving Van Dorn a warm and gallant reception, such an one as his high rank justly entitled him.

There were two reasons for expecting a fight on the twenty-first. In the first place, the enemy would by then have had time enough to complete his work at Holly Springs and reach this point. And in the second place, it would be the Sabbath-day. Accordingly on Sunday morning Col. Morgan sent out cavalry scouts, under command of Capt. Traunstine, and Lieutenant Slade, Fifth Ohio cavalry, on the two roads leading to Holly Springs, who were to act as committees of reception and herald the coming, should they meet the valiant knight of the C. S. A.

Sufficient ammunition and provision to stand a siege of twenty-four hours was placed in the little forts; the Indian mound, soon perhaps to be baptized in blood, christened by the men Fort Morgan, and the saw-mill, the redan. The small band of determined men, ready to take the places assigned them, company H, Twenty-fifth Indiana, with a few dismounted cavalry-men, the redan; the remainder, Fort Morgan. I shall use the terms Fort Morgan and redan in this letter merely as a matter of convenience.

Thus we remained, expectant, until half-past twelve o'clock P.M., when two heralds in quick succession dashed up to the Colonel's tent, and reported that Lieutenant Slade had met the enemy and been driven into the picket-lines, and that the rebels were dismounting, and forming in line of battle by thousands, on a large plantation about a mile from the river. The men, eager for the conflict, were soon at their posts, with the command to reserve fire till the rebels reached the bridge. In a short time the pickets were driven

in by the advancing enemy, who came down the road and through the woods in line of battle, with banners flying, and making the forest ring with their loud and confident cheers. When they came in sight of the bridge, and evidently not observing the yet quiet redan, they started on double-quick, reached the river and the bridge, with thundering tread of thousands, when, in the twinkling of an eye, from either fort there went up a cloud of smoke, and that living, moving mass was hurled back upon itself, as if by the invisible hand that created it, and the moans of the wounded and dying mingled with the terrible roar that followed the smoky cloud above. It required but a short time for them to recover from their surprise and confusion, when on they rushed again, with determined and obstinate bravery, but the deadly shower of leaden hail, that fell upon them from the concentrated fire of both forts, again sent them reeling and staggering back, some of the wounded falling into the river, the dead stretched upon the bridge. All this time a constant fire from thousands of rebels along the river and behind the levee of the dam was directed against our positions, to which our men as constantly replied.

Soon they formed again, and urged on by their officers, and goaded to madness by their former disastrous failure, they once more sprang for the bridge, yelling like Indians, and once more that concentrated fire from two hundred guns swept them back. And thus the contest raged till four P.M., when the enemy retired, leaving twenty dead, twenty-eight very badly wounded, and twenty prisoners.

Some attempts were made to cross on the railroad bridge, but were speedily abandoned. An attempt was also made at a point a half-mile lower down, where a bridge had been torn up the night before, by order of Col. Morgan. But here also they were doomed to disappointment, for there they met Lieut. Slade of the Fifth Ohio cavalry, with a squad of his men, who had been ordered by Col. Morgan to that point, early in the fight.

A few shots from the new carbines of the Fifth Ohio boys, convinced them that there was no fun going on in that particular locality, or at least, if there was, their chances for seeing it were very small, and every moment grew alarmingly less; so they beat a hasty retreat, and we saw no more of Van Dorn, with his seven thousand (minus sixty-eight) followers.

During the successive attempts to cross the bridge, a few of the more determined succeeded in gaining our side of the river. Among these was a color-bearer, whose sublime indifference to every thing but the faithful performance of his duty elicited the admiration of the brave men whose duty it was to slay him. He fell beneath his flag—that accursed flag of treason—his head pierced with two balls.

Fort Morgan presented a scene during the fight never witnessed but once in a lifetime. It is but faint praise to say that every man did his duty; and if I say that every man did the work of two,

I only multiply words, and utterly fail to convey an adequate conception of the bravery and determination of every man in the fort. Those who were not engaged with guns carried cartridges to those who were, breaking open box after box with picks and axes, until Col. Morgan feared the supply might not be sufficient, and sent for more.

Some of the men took positions on top of the mound and acted as sharpshooters; and, strange to say, not a man in the fort was hurt.

There we stood—

Woundless and well, may Heaven's high name be blessed for't,
As erst, ere treason raised a hand against us.

It would be but a repetition of the above, were I to speak of the conduct of the men in the redan. Much nearer the enemy, they received a large share of his attention, and three of them were slightly wounded.

General Hamilton remarked, while speaking of the fight a few days ago, that: "The Twenty-fifth Indiana was not only an honor to its commander, but to the State of Indiana, and the whole army; and that had it not been for the victory of Davis's Mills, both Lagrange and Grand Junction would have fallen into the hands of the rebels."

And General Grant's father, now at Lagrange, remarked that General Grant said: "The fight at Davis's Mills was the most brilliant of the war."

Colonel Morgan deserves the highest praise, not only for standing his ground, and successfully defending the position, but also for the skilful manner in which he did it. The determination to resist the triumphant advance of seven thousand men, with so small a force, may well be styled the climax of bravery. But when it is known that Col. Morgan not only determined to hold his ground, but actually did hold it, defeating the enemy, and had so formed his plans and arranged his defences, and with so little time, as not to lose a man, it should entitle him to a high rank among the true military men of the army.

Most commanders are brave; not all show method in their bravery.

After leaving Holly Springs, Van Dorn's raid was a disastrous failure. After his defeat, he crossed Wolf River, ten miles west of La Grange, took a look at Bolivar, broke out of our lines at Middleburg, and was gone, with our cavalry after him. Yours, respectfully, C. L. T.

Doc. 82.

SKIRMISH ON THE TALLAHATCHIE.*

CAMP FIRST KANSAS INFANTRY, }
NEAR ABBEVILLE, MISS., December 16, 1862. }

Editors Missouri Democrat:

It is with regret that we feel called upon to make this communication. We are not in the habit of fault-finding, but we feel that it is but justice to a brave and noble officer, and the men under his command, that the glaring and seemingly wilful mistakes of your correspondent, W. L. F., should be contradicted. That he is mistaken in his account of the skirmish north of the Tallahatchie on

* See "Advance on Holly Springs, Miss.," page 214 *ante*.

November thirtieth, every man and officer of the left wing ought to know, and how he, as the medium between the army, the press, and the people, can allow himself to state so palpable a falsehood, (he that should be the most correct of the correctly informed,) is beyond our comprehension.

The facts are these: On the morning of the thirtieth, Colonel Deitzler, Colonel First Kansas infantry, commanding the First brigade of McArthur's division, was ordered to take four regiments of infantry, the First Kansas, Eleventh Illinois, Thirty-ninth and Twenty-seventh Ohio, and, assisted by Col. Lee with the Seventh Kansas, Third Michigan, and Fourth Illinois cavalry, make a reconnaissance of the enemy's position. The men were ordered to take three days' rations, General Hamilton supposing it would take at least two days to accomplish the object of the movement. The battery consisted of four ten-pounder Parrott guns, and was worked under the immediate supervision of Colonel Deitzler. About half-way between our camp and the enemy, something over four miles from each, we encountered the enemy's cavalry and a battery of artillery, when our line was formed with the battery in the road, the Eleventh Illinois supporting on the right, and the First Kansas on the left; the Ohio regiments were there, but were not brought into line during the fight. At one o'clock P.M., we had driven the enemy back within their works, occupied the hills on the north side of the river, within one mile and a half of their forts, and within plain sight and range of their works. Our force lay in that position for near two hours, until observations were completed, and then returned to their camp at Lumpkin's Mills without molestation by the enemy. Colonel Lee did good service with his cavalry, but did not command the expedition. The Ohio regiments would doubtless have done good service if they had been called upon, but they were not, and only marched out and back without so much as forming a line. The only injury done to any of our artillery was the breaking of an axle-tree of a limber-box belonging to one of the guns, by rushing against a tree.

By inserting this you will be "honoring those to whom honor is due," and much oblige, yours respectfully,

N. W. SPICER,
Captain, Co. D, First Kansas Volunteers.
J. W. STAW,
First Lieutenant, Co. D, First Kansas Volunteers.
MILTON KENNEDY,
Second Lieutenant, Co. D, First Kansas Volunteers.
H. M. HOWARD,
First Lieutenant, Co. H, First Kansas Infantry.

Doc. 83.

THE FIGHT AT HARTSVILLE, TENN. *

LETTER FROM COLONEL A. B. MOORE,

LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, Va., }
January 29, 1863. }

FRIEND H. : Of course you are aware that I am a prisoner of war, and am now confined in a room seventy-three by forty-three, with one hundred

* See Doc. 65, page 237, ante.

and twenty-five men, composed of officers, citizens, sutlers, thieves, deserters, highwaymen and robbers, all thrown together promiseously, and you can fancy what a comfortable position I am in. We are full of vermin; if we did not slaughter them wholesale, every morning, we should soon be eaten up alive. As I assure you, that these filthy receivers and confederate money are the only two things abundant in Dixie. It is useless for me to write about our living, etc., in this place; I must reserve that until I see you, for I indulge the hope that I shall get out of this place by and by, but when I cannot say. I purchase the Southern papers, and from the Northern extracts contained in them, I infer that the secessionists and cowards of the North contemplate working a compromise. If they only knew how their exertions for such things are ridiculed by the Southern press, they would renounce and abandon the idea instanter. I see by the resolutions of those peace men, if they are correctly printed here, that they find great fault about putting Northern citizens in confinement for disloyalty, and call upon the Administration to cease such things; but I find nothing in those resolutions condemning the same things in the South. There are citizens in prison here, and have been here month after month, simply because they are not loyal to the confederacy. They should denounce Old Abe for that also.

No man in the South dare speak against the rebel government. If he does, confinement is his doom. There are men in this prison who are here for being alien enemies—having the misfortune to have been born in Maine. Bully for Jeff. He confines a man, if he don't happen to be born in the right spot. How much more then will he put one in the jug, if he speaks disrespectfully of his unrighteous dictatorship. Talk about settling with such men by proposing peace! It is nonsense. There was once a negro very ill, and about to die. His minister called to see him and told him he must forgive all his enemies before he died. The negro hated one of his brethren heartily, and he would not consent to forgive him for his many acts of meanness toward him. The minister told him he must do it. Whereupon the sick negro compromised as follows: "If I dies, I forgive that nigga; but if I get well, that nigga must take care." This is just my feeling toward the Confederacy, and all enemies to the old flag; and that should be the feeling of every man in the North. Carry on the war, sustain the Administration, and the miserable scorpion will soon be trying to swallow its own head. I am as much in favor of peace as any man living, but the proposition must first come from the rebels, and then if peace is ever established, the honor of our beloved Government and country must be unimpaired, and the rebels must submit to be governed by Uncle Sam; and take the consequences of such legislation as may be enacted by the loyal people to suit their case.

Now, a word in reference to the fight at Hartsville, where I and my whole force were captured. I had been in command of the Thirty-ninth brigade but a few days before the fight, having succeeded Col. Scott, of the Nineteenth Illinois, who

gave up the command and returned to his regiment. I had in my brigade the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, the One Hundred and Sixth and One Hundred and Eighth Ohio, about two hundred and eighty of the Second Indiana cavalry, one company of the Eleventh Kentucky cavalry, and a section of Nicklin's Indiana battery. I had my pickets and videttes well thrown out, and kept the country well scouted for miles around every day. My scouts reported to me that Lebanon, Tenn., was picketed by the rebels fifteen miles from Hartsville. On the evening of December sixth, John Morgan, with his whole cavalry force of over four thousand, and eight pieces of artillery, and two regiments of infantry, (the Seventh and Ninth Kentucky,) and Cobb's battery, started at ten o'clock at night, eight miles from Lebanon, with the infantry mounted behind his cavalry, and marched twenty-five miles that night, crossing the Cumberland River, five miles below my camp, cut off my videttes and pushed on for Hartsville. My pickets gave the alarm in time for me to have my men in proper line to receive them. I commenced the attack upon the enemy, and fought him for one and a half hours. The fight, while it lasted, was very severe. The One Hundred and Fourth Illinois infantry and the Second Indiana cavalry fought nobly; but the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, led by their Colonel, behaved most shamefully and cowardly. I did my utmost to rally them, and also called upon Colonel Stewart, of the Second Indiana cavalry, to aid me in rallying them. But it was unavailing. They ran, with their Colonel, at their head, and were soon captured. The One Hundred and Eighth Ohio did much better than the One Hundred and Sixth. Indeed, I have no particular fault to find with the One Hundred and Eighth, as it did not have a single field-officer in the regiment. Capts. Phepho and Krielder did good service.

The company of Kentucky cavalry also did nobly. The section of artillery also performed good execution. After the One Hundred and Sixth had deserted their position without orders, it left the guns without any support on the right. I ordered the One Hundred and Fourth to hold the rebels in check until I placed the cannon in another position. They did so. I then ordered them to fall back, for the reason that they were flanked on the right by the rebels. They fell back in good order, with a portion of the One Hundred and Eighth accompanying them. By this time we were completely surrounded. My gunners were either killed or wounded, no prospect of receiving reinforcements, and part of my command basely deserting me, I was forced to surrender, to prevent any further slaughter, as it was entirely useless to make further resistance, being hemmed in on all sides, by an overwhelming force of five or six to one. Capt. William G. Gholson, my Adjutant-General, trying in a gallant manner to rally the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio to perform their duty, fell by my side, pierced through the head by a Minié bullet. Lieutenant M. Randolph of the One Hundred and

Fourth was also killed, a most excellent, brave, and patriotic man. Lieut.-Colonel Stewart and Major Hill, of the Second Indiana cavalry, Lieut.-Colonel Hapman and Major Widmer, and every officer in these regiments, and also every man, acted well their parts, and all deserve the appellation of heroes. Capt. Slater of the Eleventh Kentucky cavalry did nobly, and Lieut. Green of the battery, and all in his command, while they had opportunity, did good execution. Lieut. J. Dewald, my Aid-de-Camp, was with me in the most dangerous parts of the field, and did me much service, by the prompt and faithful delivery of orders. If ever I experienced a sensation of mortification, it was the moment when I was compelled, upon consultation with some of my officers, to surrender those brave men, who had held at bay a force of rebels for one and a half hours, five times their number. I indulged the hope that reinforcements would come, but we were all disappointed. There were two brigades of infantry within eight miles of us, and they could hear the reports of the cannonading, but never came to our relief until too late. Why it was so, I cannot tell. I was thrown out on the extreme left with a small force, liable to be attacked, and no arrangements made to render me relief. From the time the fight commenced, and we were marched away from camp, it was nearly three hours, and no reinforcements. It was too bad. If they had started when the first cannon sounded, they could have reached us, and saved us. The force of the rebels was six regiments of cavalry, who dismounted and fought as infantry; also, two regiments of infantry, and fourteen pieces of artillery, making in the aggregate about five thousand men. My force consisted of about four hundred and fifty men of the One Hundred and Fourth, three hundred and fifty of the One Hundred and Sixth, two hundred and fifty of the One Hundred and Eighth, and two hundred and fifty cavalry and two cannon. My whole force in the fight was about one thousand two hundred, but no more. I had sent the day before to Gallatin, as an escort to our provision train, three companies of infantry, one company of cavalry, and twenty-five men as mounted infantry, being about two hundred men that were not in the fight. There was also one company of infantry in the city of Hartsville, acting as provost-guard, that were not in the fight. I am astonished that with my little force, we held out as long as we did. The rebel loss in killed and wounded was about four hundred. They hauled them away by the wagon-load, but for fear that reinforcements might come to me, they were compelled to leave many of their dead and wounded on the field. What my loss was, I cannot tell, as I have had no opportunity to find out. If I had had two more such regiments as the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, I could have cut my way out, and could any way, if the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio had stood up bravely.

There is not an officer in my command held as

a prisoner of war, but what will corroborate the brief statement I here make of our fight at Hartsville.

Upon my return, I shall prefer charges against Col. Taffle, of the Sixth Ohio, for cowardice, and every officer here will sustain me in it. So conscious was Morgan himself that Taffle was a coward, he paroled him, and sent him home as he would a private.

I have seen some extracts taken from Northern papers, condemning me for surrendering. They know nothing about it, and should at least withhold censure until they can get all the evidence in the case. The *Louisville Journal* notifies its readers that I made a speech in front of the Galt House, in Louisville, in which I said I wanted to find Morgan. This is false in every respect. I never made a speech in Louisville of any kind. I never saw either editors of the *Journal*, to my knowledge; nor do I think that they ever saw me. I think Mr. Prentice will retract what he has published, for I do assure you he is entirely mistaken. I have always been at my post, and to this General Dumont will certainly testify. I have not been long in the service, and do not make any pretensions as a military man, and never did; but since being in the army I have tried to do my duty, and I have never disobeyed an order.

I have been told by some of the Federal soldiers captured at Murfreesboro, that it was reported that a negro had come to my lines and notified me that the rebels were coming to attack me that night. That is also untrue. Nothing of the kind was communicated to me in any way whatever. If it was told to any of my pickets, it never reached me; others say it was a surprise. If it was a surprise, I was ready for them, and commenced the fight. The only surprise was the overwhelming force which was brought against us. Yet, I would have fought them to the last had there been one hundred thousand. Morgan said I was isolated from the main army, and he brought the overwhelming force, so as to take me before reënforcements would reach me, and that he intended to take me without a fight.

I desire to try the rebels again, when I get released, and I want no better men than the One Hundred and Fourth. God bless them all! All the officers taken at Murfreesboro and Hartsville are in prison at Atlanta, except myself and A. D. C. Lieut. J. Dewald, who are in Libby Prison in Richmond, having been taken from Atlanta and sent here for exchange.

Your old friend,
A. B. MOORE,
Colonel Commanding the Thirty-ninth Brigade, Army of the Cumberland.

Doc. 84.

GOVERNOR SHORTER'S APPEAL

TO THE PEOPLE OF ALABAMA.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
MONTGOMERY, ALA., Dec. 22, 1862. }

In view of the anticipated effect of the conscript law upon the militia system of the State,

on the twelfth day of May last, I invited the able-bodied men of Alabama, not subject to conscription, to form volunteer companies. That invitation did not receive the attention it merited. The Legislature has adopted no law for the improvement of the militia organization of the State. The impaired condition of that system leaves no means of making the remaining military strength of the State available for its protection and defence except by the formation of volunteer companies.

The State is now threatened from several directions. Our unscrupulous foe has collected all his resources for one stupendous effort to subjugate and enslave us. He can never repeat the effort. He makes it the crisis of his cause. If foiled in this last desperate struggle, exhausted and dispirited, he must yield the contest. Our brave people may congratulate themselves upon the opportunity to hasten the achievement of peace and independence, by an exhibition of fortitude and courage necessary to defeat the enemy in this last great and convulsive effort. The ultimate triumph of our glorious cause is now clearer than it has ever been. There is no reason for despondency. Our people will not shrink in this their final trial. The splendid victory at Fredericksburgh will be followed by still more decisive results upon other fields. By repeated shocks the enemy's vastly accumulated power will be broken. At no distant day we shall enjoy, in the blessings of peace and good government, a reward for all our suffering. Alabama must be true to herself and do her duty in the emergency. She must be ready to meet and quell the domestic and social disturbances which may spring up as the tide of war approaches; to resist hostile raids; to protect her people and their property in any assailed quarter; to give death to every wanderer from the lines of our invading army, and if need be to increase the strength of the confederate forces fighting upon our soil in its defence. For the accomplishment of these objects she looks, and can only look, to the voluntary movement of a patriotic people, too brave to suffer their cities and towns to be sacked, their homes to be desecrated, and their country to be desolated without striking a manly blow in their defence. I therefore call again upon the men and youths of the State, exempted from the service of the confederate States by reason of their age or other cause, who are capable of bearing arms, to speedily organize themselves into companies, to constitute a reserved force, subject to service in this State upon the call of the Executive. They will be called into service only when necessity requires it. Their services may never be needed; but it is the part of wisdom and manly courage to be ready. It is the part of folly and cowardice to wait until the enemy's foot is upon our soil, and his musket gleams in the hands of brutal soldiers at our doors. Shall I call in vain upon Alabamians to prepare to stand and fight upon their own soil in its defence? Alabama has given freely of her sons to our country's cause, but her warlike strength is not yet exhausted. I send to her people my warning, and

I leave it for them to decide whether, in the hour of trial, which may be before us, they will be ready with as much of the remaining military strength of the State as may be required.

People of Alabama! I must appeal to you for your aid to the government in another matter. It is due to the great cause in which we are engaged; it is just to those now bravely enduring the trials and perils of actual war, that all within the ages prescribed by the act of Congress known as the conscript law should be in the service. A considerable number of persons in every part of the State, both officers and privates, who belong to the army and are fit for duty, are lingering at home on various pretexts, while their more manly and patriotic comrades, with ranks thinned and weakened by their absence, bear the shock of an unequal contest. So, too, a large number of persons subject to conscription are shrinking from the toils and perils which those of like age are bravely enduring, and hiding from the enrolling officer, to whom patriotism requires that they should promptly report themselves. Now, when the last great struggle of the war is upon us; now, when there is an opportunity to share in the closing triumphs of this great contest; now, when our soldiers in the field, standing with fearless resolution amid sufferings and dangers which would appall men less noble and brave, call upon those of like age with themselves for aid and relief; now, when every strong right arm is needed to strike the quick and effective blows which are to give us peace, it is a shame and an iniquity that those two classes of persons should successfully evade the service they owe to their country. Every community owes it to its own reputation and to the country to give no shelter to those who belong to the two classes above described, and to drive them, by the withering punishment of public scorn, to their proper places. I call upon all the officers, civil and military, of the State, and upon all good and patriotic citizens, to give all their influence, personal or official, to constrain those persons into the path of duty and patriotism; and I especially invoke them to give their aid to the proper officers in arresting and coercing those who yield to no gentler means. It may be a disagreeable task, but the evil is great and ruinous to our country's cause, and it is the part of the patriot now to shrink from no task, however disagreeable or dangerous it may be, when the country calls. It is the pride of Alabama that her soldiers never falter upon the battle-field. Let us hope that none will be permitted to hide under cover of home from their appropriate duty.

In testimony whereof, I, John Gill Shorter, Governor of the State of Alabama, have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the State to be affixed, this the twenty-second day of December, A.D. 1862, and of the confederate States the second year.

JOHN GILL SHORTER,
Governor of Alabama.

By the Governor:
P. H. BRITTAIN,
Secretary of State.

Doc. 85.

PROCLAMATION OF JEFF DAVIS.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES—
A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, a communication was addressed on the sixth day of July last, 1862, by Gen. Robert E. Lee, acting under the instructions of the Secretary of War of the confederate States of America, to General H. W. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, informing the latter that a report had reached this government that Wm. B. Mumford, a citizen of the confederate States, had been executed by the United States authorities at New-Orleans for having pulled down the United States flag in that city before its occupation by the United States forces, and calling for a statement of the facts, with a view of retaliation if such an outrage had really been committed under the sanction of the authorities of the United States;

And whereas, (no answer having been received to said letter,) another letter was, on the second of August last, 1862, addressed by General Lee under my instructions, to Gen. Halleck, renewing the inquiries in relation to the execution of the said Mumford, with the information that in the event of not receiving a reply within fifteen days, it would be assumed that the fact was true, and was sanctioned by the Government of the United States;

And whereas, an answer, dated on the seventh of August last, (1862,) was addressed to Gen. Lee by Gen. H. W. Halleck, the said General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, alleging sufficient causes for failure to make early reply to said letter of the sixth July, asserting that "no authentic information had been received in relation to the execution of Mumford, but measures will be immediately taken to ascertain the facts of the alleged execution," and promising that Gen. Lee should be duly informed thereof;

And whereas, on the twenty-eighth of November last, (1862,) another letter was addressed, under my instructions, by Robert Ould, confederate agent for the exchange of prisoners, under the cartel between the two governments, to Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Ludlow, agent of the United States under said cartel, informing him that the explanation promised in the said letter of Gen. Halleck, of the seventh of August last, had not yet been received, and that if no answer was sent to the government within fifteen days from the delivery of this last communication, it would be considered that an answer was declined;

And whereas, by a letter dated on the third day of the present month of December, the said Lieut.-Colonel Ludlow apprised the said Robert Ould that the above-recited communication of the nineteenth of November had been received and forwarded to the Secretary of War of the United States, and whereas this last delay of fifteen days allowed for answer has elapsed, and no answer has been received;

And whereas, in addition to the tacit admission resulting from the above refusal to answer, I have

received evidence fully establishing the truth of the fact that the said William B. Mumford, a citizen of the Confederacy, was actually and publicly executed in cold blood by hanging, after the occupation of the city of New-Orleans by the forces under Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, when said Mumford was an unresisting and non-combatant captive, and for no offence even alleged to have been committed by him subsequent to the date of the capture of the said city ;

And whereas, the silence of the Government of the United States, and its maintaining the said Butler in high office under its authority for many months after his commission of an act that can be viewed in no other light than as a deliberate murder, as well as of numerous other outrages and atrocities hereafter to be mentioned, afford evidence too conclusive that the said government sanctions the conduct of the said Butler, and is determined that he shall remain unpunished for these crimes :

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the confederate States of America, and in their name, do pronounce and declare the said Benjamin F. Butler to be a felon, deserving of capital punishment. I do order that he shall no longer be considered or treated simply as a public enemy of the confederate States of America, but as an outlaw and common enemy of mankind, and that, in the event of his capture the officer in command of the capturing force do cause him to be immediately executed by hanging.

And I do further order that no commissioned officer of the United States, taken captive, shall be released on parole, before exchange, until the said Butler shall have met with due punishment for his crime.

And whereas, the hostilities waged against this Confederacy by the forces of the United States, under the command of the said Benjamin F. Butler, have borne no resemblance to such warfare as is alone permissible by the rules of international law, or the usage of civilization, but have been characterized by repeated atrocities and outrages, among the large number of which the following may be cited as examples :

Peaceful and aged citizens, unresisting captives and non-combatants, have been confined at hard labor, with hard chains attached to their limbs, and are still so held in dungeons and fortresses.

Others have been submitted to a like degrading punishment for selling medicines to the sick soldiers of the Confederacy.

The soldiers of the United States have been invited and encouraged in general orders to insult and outrage the wives, the mothers, and the sisters of our citizens.

Helpless women have been torn from their homes and subjected to solitary confinement, some in fortresses and prisons, and one especially on an island of barren sand under a tropical sun ; have been fed with loathsome rations that had been condemned as unfit for soldiers, and have been exposed to the vilest insults.

Prisoners of war, who surrendered to the naval forces of the United States on agreement that

they should be released on parole, have been seized and kept in close confinement.

Repeated prettexts have been sought or invented for plundering the inhabitants of the captured city, by fines levied and collected under threat of imprisoning recusants at hard labor with ball and chain. The entire population of New-Orleans have been forced to elect between starvation by the confiscation of all their property and taking an oath against conscience to bear allegiance to the invader of their country.

Egress from the city has been refused to those whose fortitude withstood the test, and even to lone and aged women, and to helpless children ; and after being ejected from their homes and robbed of their property, they have been left to starve in the streets or subsist on charity.

The slaves have been driven from the plantations in the neighborhood of New-Orleans until their owners would consent to share their crops with the Commanding General, his brother, Andrew J. Butler, and other officers ; and when such consent had been extorted, the slaves have been restored to the plantations, and there compelled to work under the bayonets of the guards of the United States soldiers. Where that partnership was refused, armed expeditions have been sent to the plantations to rob them of every thing that was susceptible of removal.

And even slaves, too aged or infirm for work, have, in spite of their entreaties, been forced from their homes provided by their owners, and driven to wander helpless on the highway.

By a recent general order, number ninety-one, the entire property in that part of Louisiana west of the Mississippi River, has been sequestered for confiscation, and officers have been assigned to duty with orders to gather up and collect the personal property, and turn over to the proper officers upon their receipts, such of said property as may be required for the use of the United States army ; to collect together all the other personal property and bring the same to New-Orleans, and cause it to be sold at public auction to highest bidders—an order which, if executed, condemns to punishment, by starvation, at least a quarter of a million of human beings, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, and of which the execution, although forbidden to military officers by the orders of President Lincoln, is in accordance with the confiscation law of our enemies, which he has effected to be enforced through the agency of civil officials.

And, finally, the African slaves have not only been incited to insurrection by every license and encouragement, but numbers of them have actually been armed for a servile war—a war in its nature far exceeding the horrors and most merciless atrocities of savages.

And whereas, the officers under command of said Butler have been, in many instances, active and zealous agents in the commission of these crimes, and no instance is known of the refusal of any one of them to participate in the outrages above narrated.

And whereas, the President of the United

States has, by public and official declarations, signified not only his approval of the effort to excite servile war within the Confederacy, but his intentions to give aid and encouragement thereto, if these independent States shall continue to refuse submission to a foreign power after the first day of January next, and has thus made known that all appeal to the law of nations, the dictates of reason, and the instincts of humanity would be addressed in vain to our enemies, and that they can be deterred from the commission of these crimes only by the terrors of just retribution.

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the confederate States of America, and acting by their authority, appealing to the Divine Judge in attestation that their conduct is not guided by the passion of revenge, but that they reluctantly yield to the solemn duty of redressing, by necessary severity, crimes of which their citizens are the victims, do issue this my proclamation, and by virtue of my authority as commander-in-chief of the armies of the confederate States, do order :

First. That all commissioned officers in the command of said Benjamin F. Butler be declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals deserving death! and that they, and each of them be, whenever captured, reserved for execution.

Second. That the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the army of said Butler be considered as only the instruments used for the commission of crimes perpetrated by his orders, and not as free agents; that they, therefore, be treated when captured as prisoners of war, with kindness and humanity, and be sent home on the usual parole that they will in no manner aid or serve the United States in any capacity during the continuance of this war, unless duly exchanged.

Third. That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States.

Fourth. That the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States when found serving in company with said slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different States of this Confederacy.

In testimony whereof I have signed these presents and caused the seal of the confederate States of America to be affixed thereto, at the city of Richmond, on this twenty-third day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

By the President, JEFFERSON DAVIS.
J. P. BENJAMIN,
Secretary of State.

Doc. 86.

PROCLAMATION BY GENERAL BANKS.

In promulgating President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation, General Banks issued the following address to the people of Louisiana :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW-ORLEANS, December 24.

In order to correct public misapprehension and misrepresentation; for the instruction of the troops of this department, and the information of all parties in interest, official publication is herewith made of the proclamation by the President of the United States, relating to the subject of emancipation. In the examination of this document it will be observed :

I. That it is the declaration of a purpose only—the full execution of which is contingent upon an official designation by the President, to be made on the first day of January next, of the States and parts of States, if any, which are to be affected by its provisions.

II. That the fact that any State is represented in good faith in the Congress of the United States, is conclusive evidence, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, that such State, and the people thereof, are not in rebellion against the United States.

III. That the State of Louisiana has not yet been designated by the President as in rebellion, nor any part thereof, and that it has complied with all the conditions of the proclamation respecting representation.

IV. That pecuniary aid to States not in rebellion, which may hereafter provide for immediate or gradual emancipation; the colonization of persons of African descent elsewhere, and the compensation of all citizens who have remained loyal, "for all losses by acts of the United States, including slaves," are among the chief recommendations of this important paper.

It is manifest that the changes suggested therein, and which may hereafter be established, do not take effect within this State, on the first of January prox., nor at any precise period which can now be designated, and I call upon all persons, of whatever estate, condition, or degree, soldiers, citizens, or slaves, to observe this material and important fact, and to govern themselves accordingly. All unusual public demonstration, of whatever character, will be for the present suspended. Provost-marshal, officers, and soldiers are enjoined to prevent any disturbance of the public peace. The slaves are advised to remain upon their plantations until their privileges shall have been definitely established. They may rest assured that whatever benefit the Government intends, will be secured to them, but no man can be allowed, in the present condition of affairs, to take the law into his own hands. If they seek the protection of the Government, they should wait its pleasure.

Officers invested with command will be vigilant in the discharge of their duties. Leave of absence from camp will not be permitted, except

in cases of great emergency. Soldiers enrolled in the regiments of native guards will not be allowed for the present to visit the localities of their enlistment, nor will visitors be received unnecessarily in their camps. These regulations, enforced with all the troops of the United States in the localities where they are enlisted, are now imperatively necessary. These troops will be confined to the duty specified in general orders, and will not be charged with special authority in making searches, seizures, or arrests. It is my purpose to execute faithfully all the orders of the Government, and I assume the responsibility of these instructions as consistent therewith, and require prompt and faithful execution thereof.

Public attention is called to the act of Congress cited in the proclamation, which forbids the return of fugitives by officers of the army. No encouragement will be given to laborers to desert their employers, but no authority exists to compel them to return. It is suggested to planters that some plan be adopted by which an equitable proportion of the proceeds of the crops of the coming year, to be hereafter determined upon the judgment of honorable men justly representing the different interests involved, be set apart and reserved for the support and compensation of labor.

The war is not waged by the Government for the overthrow of slavery. The President has declared on the contrary, that it is to restore the "constitutional relations between the United States and each of the States" in which that relation is or may be suspended. The resolutions passed by Congress before the war, with almost unanimous consent, recognized the rights of the States in this regard. Vermont has recently repealed the statutes supposed to be inconsistent therewith. Massachusetts had done so before. Slavery existed by consent and constitutional guaranty; violence and war will inevitably bring it to an end. It is impossible that any military man, in the event of continued war, should counsel the preservation of slave property in the rebel States. If it is to be preserved, war must cease, and the former constitutional relations be again established.

The first gun at Sumter proclaimed emancipation. The continuance of the contest there commenced will consummate that end, and the history of the age will leave no other permanent trace of the rebellion. Its leaders will have accomplished what other men could not have done. The boldest Abolitionist is a cipher when compared with the leaders of the rebellion. What mystery pervades the works of Providence! We submit to its decrees, but stand confounded at the awful manifestations of its wisdom and power. The great problem of the age, apparently environed with labyrinthic complications, is likely to be suddenly lifted out of human hands. We may control the incidents of the contest, but we cannot circumvent or defeat the end. It will be left us only to assuage the horrors of internecine conflict, and to procrastinate the process of transition. Local and national interests are therefore

alike dependent upon the suppression of the rebellion.

No pecuniary sacrifice can be too great an equivalent for peace. But it should be permanent peace, and embrace all subjects of discontent. It is written on the blue arch above us; the distant voices of the future—the waves that beat our coast—the skeletons that sit at our tables and all the vacant places of desolate and mourning firesides—all cry out that this war must not be repeated hereafter.

Contest, in public, as in social life, strengthens and consolidates brotherly affection. England, France, Austria, Italy—every land fertile enough to make a history, has had its desolating civil wars. It is a baseless nationality that has not tested its strength against domestic enemies. The success of local interests narrows the destiny of a people, and is followed by secession, poverty, and degradation. A divided country and perpetual war make possession a delusion and life a calamity. The triumph of national interests widens the scope of human history, and is attended with peace, prosperity and power. It is out of such contests that great nations are born.

What hallowed memories float around us! New-Orleans is a shrine as sacred as Bunker Hill! On the Aroostook and the Oregon the names of Washington, Jackson, and Taylor are breathed with as deep a reverence as on the James or the Mississippi. Let us fulfil the conditions of this last great trial, and become a nation—a grand nation—with sense enough to govern ourselves and strength enough to stand against the world united!

N. P. BANKS,
Major-General Commanding.

Doc. 87.

SPEECH OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI, DEC. 26.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens, Gentlemen of the House of Representatives and Senate of the State of Mississippi:

AFTER an absence of nearly two years I again find myself among those who, from the days of my childhood, have ever been the trusted objects of my affections, those for whose good I have ever striven, and whose interests I have sometimes hoped I may have contributed to subserve. Whatever fortunes I may have achieved in life have been gained as a representative of Mississippi, and before all, I have labored for the advancement of her glory and honor. I now, for the first time in my career, find myself the representative of a wider circle of interest; but a circle in which the interests of Mississippi are still embraced. Two years ago, nearly, I left you to assume the duties which had devolved on me as the representative of the new Confederacy. The responsibilities of this position have occupied all my time, and have left me no opportunity for mingling with my friends in Mississippi, or for sharing in the dangers which have menaced them. But, wherever duty may have called me, my heart has been with you, and the success of the cause in

which we are all engaged has been first in my thoughts and prayers. I thought, when I left Mississippi, that the service to which I was called would prove to be but temporary. The last time I had the honor of addressing you from this stand, I was influenced by that idea. I then imagined that it might be my fortune again to lead Missisippians in the field, and to be with them where danger was to be braved and glory won. I thought to find that place which I believed to be suited to my capacity—that of an officer in service of the State of Mississippi. For, although in the discharge of my duties as President of the confederate States, I had determined to make no distinction between the various parts of the country—to know no separate State—yet my heart has always beat more warmly for Mississippi, and I have looked on Mississippi soldiers with a pride and emotion such as no others inspired. But it was decided differently. I was called to another sphere of action. How, in that sphere I have discharged the duties and obligations imposed on me, it does not become me to constitute myself the judge. It is for others to decide that question. But, speaking to you with that frankness and that confidence with which I have always spoken to you, and which partakes of the nature of thinking aloud, I can say with my hand upon my heart, that whatever I have done, has been done with the sincere purpose of promoting the noble cause in which we are engaged. The period which elapsed since I left you is short; for the time, which may appear long in the life of man, is short in the history of a nation. And in that short period remarkable changes have been wrought in all the circumstances by which we are surrounded. At the time of which I speak, the question presented to our people was: “Will there be war?” This was the subject of universal speculation. We had chosen to exercise an indisputable right—the right to separate from those with whom we conceived association to be no longer possible, and to establish a government of our own.

I was among those who, from the beginning, predicted war, as the consequences of secession, although I must admit that the contest has assumed proportions more gigantic than I had anticipated. I predicted war, not because our right to secede and to form a government of our own was not indisputable and clearly defined in the spirit of that declaration which rests the right to govern on the consent of the governed, but saw that the wickedness of the North would precipitate a war upon us. Those who supposed that the exercise of this right of separation could not produce war, have had cause to be convinced that they had credited their recent associates of the North with a moderation, a sagacity, a morality they did not possess. You have been involved in a war waged for the gratification of the lust of power and aggrandizement, for your conquest and your subjugation, with a malignant ferocity, and with a disregard and a contempt of the usages of civilisation, entirely unequalled in history. Such, I have ever warned you, were the characteristics of the Northern people—of those with whom our ances-

tors entered into a Union of consent, and with whom they formed a constitutional compact. And yet, such was the attachment of our people for that Union, such their devotion to it, that those who desired preparation to be made for the inevitable conflict, were denounced as men who wished to destroy the Union. After what has happened during the last two years, my only wonder is, that we consented to live for so long a time in association with such miscreants, and have loved so much a Government rotten to the core. Were it ever to be proposed again to enter into a Union with such a people, I could no more consent to do it than to trust myself in a den of thieves.

You in Mississippi have but little experienced as yet the horrors of the war. You have seen but little of the savage manner in which it is waged by your barbarous enemies. It has been my fortune to witness it in all its terrors; in a part of the country where old men have been torn from their homes, carried into captivity, and immured in distant dungeons, and where delicate women have been insulted by a brutal soldiery, and forced even to cook for the dirty Federal invaders; where property has been wantonly destroyed, the country ravaged, and every outrage committed. And it is with these people that our fathers formed a union and a solemn contract. There is indeed a difference between the two peoples. Let no man hug the delusion that there can be renewed association between them. Our enemies are a traditionless and homeless race; from the time of Cromwell to the present moment they have been disturbers of the peace of the world. Gathered together by Cromwell from the bogs and fens of the North of Ireland and of England, they commenced by disturbing the peace of their own country; they disturbed Holland, to which they fled, and they disturbed England on their return. They persecuted Catholics in England, and they hung Quakers and witches in America.

Having been hurried into a war with a people so devoid of every mark of civilisation, you have no doubt wondered that I have not carried out the policy, which I had intended should be our policy, of fighting our battles on the fields of the enemy, instead of suffering him to fight them on ours. This was not the result of my will, but of the power of the enemy. They had at their command all the accumulated wealth of seventy years—the military stores which had been laid up during that time. They had grown rich from the taxes wrung from you for the establishing and supporting their manufacturing institutions. We have entered upon a conflict with a nation contiguous to us in territory, and vastly superior to us in numbers. In the face of these facts the wonder is not that we have done little, but that we have done so much. In the first year of the war our forces were sent into the field poorly armed, and were far inferior in number to the enemy. We were compelled even to arm ourselves by the capture of weapons taken from the foe on the battle-field. Thus in every battle we exchanged our arms for those of the invaders. At the end of twelve months of the war, it was still necessary

for us to adopt some expedient to enable us to maintain our ground. The only expedient remaining to us was to call on those brave men who had entered the service of the country at the beginning of the war, supposing that the conflict was to last but a short time, and that they would not be long absent from their homes. The only expedient, I say, was to call on these gallant men; to ask them to maintain their position in front of the enemy, and to surrender for a time their hopes of soon returning to their families and friends. And nobly did they respond to the call. They answered that they were willing to stay; that they were willing to maintain their position, and to breast the tide of invasion. But it was not just that they should stand alone. They asked that the men who had staid at home—who had thus far been sluggards in the cause—should be forced, likewise, to meet the enemy.

From this resulted the law of Congress, which is known as the conscription act, which declared all men, from the age of eighteen to the age of thirty-five, to be liable to enrolment in the confederate service. I regret that there has been some prejudice excited against the act, and that it has been subjected to harsher criticism than it deserves. And here I may say that an erroneous impression appears to prevail in regard to this act. It is no disgrace to be brought into the army by conscription. There is no more reason to expect from the citizen voluntary service in the army than to expect voluntary labor on the public roads, or the voluntary payment of taxes. But these things we do not expect. We assess the property of the citizen—we appoint tax-gatherers; why should we not likewise distribute equally the labor, and enforce equally the obligation of defending the country from its enemies? I repeat that it is no disgrace to any one to be conscripted, but it is a glory for those who do not wait for the conscription. Thus resulted the conscription act; and thence arose the necessity for the conscription act. The necessity was met; but when it was found that under these acts enough men were not drawn into the ranks of the army to fulfil the purpose intended, it became necessary to pass another conscription act, and another conscription act. It is only of this latter that I desire to speak. Its policy was to leave at home those men needed to conduct the administration, and those who might be required to support and maintain the industry of the country—in other words, to exempt from military service those whose labor, employed in other avocations, might be more profitable to the country and to the government, than in the ranks of the army.

I am told that this act has excited some discontent, and that it has provoked censure, far more severe, I believe, than it deserves. It has been said that it exempts the rich from military service, and forces the poor to fight the battles of the country. The poor do, indeed, fight the battles of the country. It is the poor who save nations and make revolutions. But is it true that in this war the men of property have shrunk from the ordeal of the battle-field? Look

through the army; cast your eyes upon the maimed heroes of the war whom you meet in your streets and in the hospitals; remember the martyrs of the conflict; and I am sure you will find among them more than a fair proportion drawn from the ranks of men of property. The object of that portion of the act which exempts those having charge of twenty or more negroes, was not to draw any distinction of classes, but simply to provide a force, in the nature of a police force, sufficient to keep our negroes in control. This was the sole object of the clause. Had it been otherwise, it would never have received my signature. As I have already said, we have no cause to complain of the rich. All our people have done well, and, while the poor have nobly discharged their duties, most of the wealthiest and most distinguished families of the South have representatives in the ranks. I take, as an example, the case of one of your own representatives in Congress, who was nominated for Congress and elected; but still did a sentinel's duty until Congress met. Nor is this a solitary instance, for men of largest fortune in Mississippi are now serving in the ranks.

Permit me now to say that I have seen with peculiar pleasure the recommendation of your Governor in his Message, to make some provision for the families of the absent soldiers of Mississippi. Let this provision be made for the objects of his affection and his solicitude, and the soldier engaged in fighting the battles of his country will no longer be disturbed in his slumber by dreams of an unprotected and neglected family at home. Let him know that his mother Mississippi has spread her protecting mantle over those he loves, and he will be ready to fight your battles, to protect your honor, and in your cause to die. There is another one of the Governor's propositions to which I wish to allude. I mean the proposition to call upon those citizens who are not subject to the confederate conscription law, and to form them into a reserve corps for the purpose of aiding in the defence of the State. Men who are exempted by law from the performance of any duty, do not generally feel the obligation to perform that duty unless called upon by the law. But I am confident that the men of Mississippi have only to know that their soil is invaded, their cities menaced, to rush to meet the enemy, even if they serve only for thirty days. I see no reason why the State may not, in an exigency like that which now presses on her, call on her reserved forces, and organize them for service. Such troops could be of material benefit, by serving in intrenchments, and thus relieving the veteran and disciplined soldiers for the duties of the field, where discipline is so much needed. At the end of a short term of service they could return to their homes and to their ordinary avocations, resuming those duties necessary to the public prosperity.

The exemption act, passed by the last Congress, will probably be made the subject of revision and amendment. It seems to me that some provision might be made by which those who are

exempt from enrolment now, might, on becoming subject to conscription, be turned over by the State to the confederate authorities. But never let it be said that there is a conflict between the States and the confederate government, by which a blow may be inflicted on the common cause. If such a page is to be written on the history of any State, I hope that you, my friends, will say that that State shall not be Mississippi. Let me repeat that there is much that the reserved corps can do. They can build bridges, construct fortifications, act as a sort of police to preserve order and promote the industrial interests of the State and to keep the negroes under control. Being of the people among whom they would act, those misunderstandings would thus be avoided which are apt to arise when strangers are employed in such a service. In this manner the capacity of the army for active operations against the enemy would be materially increased. I hope I shall not be considered intrusive for having entered into these details. The measures I have recommended are placed before you only in the form of suggestions, and, by you, I know I shall not be misinterpreted.

In considering the manner in which the war has been conducted by the enemy, nothing arrests the attention more than the magnitude of the preparations made for our subjugation. Immense navies have been constructed, vast armies have been accumulated, for the purpose of crushing out the rebellion. It has been impossible to meet them in equal numbers; nor have we required it. We have often whipped them three to one, and in the eventful battle of Antietam Lee whipped them four to one. But do not understand me as saying that this will always be the case. When the troops of the enemy become disciplined, and accustomed to the obedience of the camp, they will necessarily approach more nearly to an equality with our own men. We have always whipped them, in spite of disparity of numbers; and on any fair field, fighting as man to man, and relying only on those natural qualities with which men are endowed, we should not fear to meet them in the proportion of one to two. But troops must be disciplined in order to develop their efficiency, and in order to keep them at their posts. Above all, to assure this result, we need the support of public opinion. We want public opinion to frown down those who come from the army with sad tales of disaster and prophecies of evil, and who skulk from the duties they owe their country. We rely on the women of the land to turn back these deserters from the ranks. I thank the Governor for asking the Legislature to make the people of the State tributary to this service.

In addition to this, it is necessary to fill up those regiments which have for so long a time been serving in the field. They have stood before the foe on many hard-fought fields, and have proven their courage and devotion on all. They have won the admiration of the army and of the country. And here I to-day repeat a compliment I have heard which, although it seems to partake of levity, appears an illustration of the esteem in which Mis-

issippians are held. It happened that several persons were conversing of a certain battle, and one of them remarked that the Mississippians did not run. "Oh! no!" said another, "Mississippians never run." But those who have passed through thirteen pitched battles are not unscathed. Their ranks are thinned, and they look back to Mississippi for aid to augment their diminished numbers. They look back expecting their brothers to fly to their rescue; but it sometimes seems as if the long-anticipated relief would never come. A brigade which may consist of only one thousand two hundred is expected to do the work of four thousand. Humanity demands that these depleted regiments be filled up. A mere skeleton cannot reasonably be expected to perform the labor of a body with all its flesh and muscle on it. You may have many who might assist in revivifying your reduced regiments—enough to fill up the ranks if they would only consent to throw off the shackles of private interest, and devote themselves to the noblest cause in which a man can be engaged. You have now in the field old men and gentle boys who have braved all the terrors and the dangers of war. I remember an instance of one of these, a brave and gallant youth, who, I was told, was but sixteen years of age. In one of those bloody battles by which the soil of Virginia has been consecrated to liberty, he was twice wounded, and each time bound up the wound with his own hands, while refusing to leave the field. A third time he was struck, and the life-blood flowed in a crimson stream from his breast. His brother came to him to minister to his wants, but the noble boy said: "Brother, you cannot do me any good now; go where you can do the Federals most harm." Even then, while lying on the ground, his young life fast ebbing away, he cocked his rifle, and aimed it to take one last shot at the enemy. And so he died, a hero and a martyr. This was one of the boys whose name sheds glory on Mississippi, and who, looking back from their distant camps, where they stand prepared to fight your battles and to turn back the tide of Federal invasion, ask you now to send them aid in the struggle—to send them men to stand by them in the day of trial, on the right hand and on the left.

When I came to Mississippi I was uncertain in which direction the enemy intended to come, or what point they intended to attack. It had been stated, indeed, in their public prints, that they would move down upon Mississippi from the North, with the object of taking Vicksburgh in the rear, while their navy would attack that place in front. Such was the programme which had been proclaimed for the invasion and subjugation of your State. But when I went to Grenada, I found that the enemy had retired from our front, and that nothing was to be seen of them but their backs. It is probable that they have abandoned that line, with the intention of reënföring the heavy column now descending the river. Vicksburgh and Port Hudson are the real points of attack. Every effort will be made to capture those places with the object of forcing the navigation of

the Mississippi, of cutting off our communications with the trans-Mississippi department, and of severing the western from the eastern portion of the Confederacy. Let them all who have at heart the safety of the country, go without delay to Vicksburgh and Port Hudson; let them go for such length of time as they can spare—for thirty or sixty, or for ninety days. Let them assist in preserving the Mississippi River, that great artery of the country, and thus conduce more than in any other way to the perpetuation of the Confederacy and the success of the cause.

I may say here that I did not expect the confederate enrolling officers to carry on the work of conscription. I relied for this upon the aid of the State authorities. I supposed that State officers would enroll the conscripts within the limits of their respective States, and that confederate officers would then receive them in camps of instruction. This I believe to be the policy of your Governor's arguments. We cannot too strongly enforce the necessity of harmony between the confederate government and the State governments. They must act together, if our cause is to be brought to a successful issue. Of this you may rest assured, whatever the confederate government can do for the defence of Mississippi will be done. I feel equal confidence that whatever Mississippi can do will likewise be done. It undoubtedly requires legislation to cause men to perform those duties which are purely legal. Men are not apt to feel an obligation to discharge duties from which they may have been exempted. Ours is a representative government, and it is only through the operation of the law that the obligation toward it can be equally distributed. When the last Congress proclaimed that a certain number of men were required to fill up the ranks of the army, that class of men who were already in the field, and who were retained in service, would not have been satisfied had there been no conscription of those who had remained at home. I may state also, that I believe this to be the theory for the military defence of the Confederacy. Cast your eyes forward to that time at the end of the war, when peace shall nominally be proclaimed—for peace between us and our hated enemy will be liable to be broken at short intervals for many years to come—cast your eyes forward to that time, and you will see the necessity for continued preparation and unceasing watchfulness. We have but few men in our country who will be willing to enlist in the army for a soldier's pay. But every young man who shall have served for two or three years in the army, will be prepared when war comes to go into camp and take his place in the ranks an educated and disciplined soldier. Serving among his equals, his friends and his neighbors, he will find in the army no distinction of class. To such a system I am sure there can be no objection.

The issue before us is one of no ordinary character. We are not engaged in a conflict for conquest or for aggrandizement, or for the settlement of a point of international law. The question for you to decide is: "Will you be

slaves or will you be independent?" Will you transmit to your children the freedom and equality which your fathers transmitted to you, or will you bow down in adoration before an idol baser than ever was worshipped by Eastern idolaters? Nothing more is necessary than the mere statement of this issue. Whatever may be the personal sacrifices involved, I am surprised that you will shrink from them whenever the question comes before you. Those men who now assail us, who have been associated with us in a common union, who have inherited a government which they claim to be the best the world ever saw—these men, when left to themselves, have shown that they are incapable of preserving their own personal liberty. They have destroyed the freedom of the press; they have seized upon and imprisoned members of State Legislatures and of municipal councils, who were suspected of sympathy with the South; men have been carried off into captivity in distant States without indictment, without a knowledge of the accusations brought against them, in utter defiance of all rights guaranteed by the institutions under which they live. These people, when separated from the South and left entirely to themselves, have, in six months, demonstrated their utter incapacity for self-government. And yet, these are the people who claim to be your masters. These are the people who have determined to divide out the South among their Federal troops. Mississippi they have devoted to the direst vengeance of all. "But vengeance is the Lord's," and beneath his banner you will meet and hurl back these worse than vandal hordes.

The great end and aim of the government is to make our struggle successful. The men who stand highest in this contest would fall the first sacrifice to the vengeance of the enemy in case we should be unsuccessful. You may rest assured, then, for that reason, if for no other, that whatever capacity they possess will be devoted to securing the independence of the country. Our government is not like the monarchies of the Old World, resting for support upon armies and navies. It sprang from the people, and the confidence of the people is necessary for its success. When misrepresentations of the government have been circulated, when accusations have been brought against it of weakness and inefficiency, often have I felt in my heart the struggle between the desire for justice and the duty not to give information to the enemy—because at such time the correction of error would have been injurious to the safety of the cause. Thus, that great and good man, General A. S. Johnston, was contented to rest beneath contumely and to be pointed at by the finger of scorn, because he did not advance from Bowling Green with the little army under his command. But month after month he maintained his post, keeping the enemy ignorant of the paucity of his numbers, and thus holding the invaders in check. I take this case as one instance; it is not the only one by far.

The issue then being: will you be slaves; will you consent to be robbed of your property; will you renounce the exercise of those rights with

which you were born and which were transmitted to you by your fathers? I feel that in addressing Mississippians the answer will be that their interests, even life itself, should be willingly laid down upon the altar of their country.

By the memories of the past, by the glories of the field of Chalmette, where the Mississippians, in a general order of the day, were addressed as the bravest of the brave; by the glorious dead of Mexico, by the still more glorious dead of the battle-fields of the Confederacy, by the desolate widows and orphans whom the martyrs of the war have left behind them, by your maimed and wounded heroes—I invoke you not to delay a moment, but to rush forward and place yourself at the disposal of the State. I have been one of those who, from the beginning, looked forward to a long and bloody war; but I must frankly confess that its magnitude has exceeded my expectations. The enemy have displayed more power, and energy, and resources than I had attributed to them. Their finances have held out far better than I imagined would be the case. But I am also one of those who felt that our final success was certain, and that our people had only to be true to themselves to behold the confederate flag among the recognized nations of the earth. The question is only one of time. It may be remote, but it may be nearer than many people suppose. It is not possible that a war of the dimensions that this one has assumed, of proportions so gigantic, can be very long protracted. The combatants must be soon exhausted. But it is impossible, with a cause like ours, we can be the first to cry: "Hold, enough."

The sacrifices which have already been made have perhaps fallen heavily upon a portion of the people, especially upon the noble little city of Vicksburgh. After Memphis and New-Orleans had fallen—two points which were considered to be admirably defended, two points which we had no reason to believe would fall—Vicksburgh became the object of attack. A few earthworks were thrown up, a few guns were mounted, and Vicksburgh received the shock of both fleets; the one which, under Commodore Foote, had descended the river, and the one which, under Farragut, had achieved the capture of New-Orleans. Nobly did the little city receive the assault, and even the women said: "Rather than surrender, let us give them the soil, but with the ashes of our dwellings upon it."

This was the heroic devotion of a people who deserve to be free. Your Governor left his chair, and went himself to the scene of danger. Nothing more profoundly touched me and my duties in a distant land, than to hear that the chief magistrate of my own State was defending the town which the enemy had made the object of his attack, and that the defence was successful. Now we are far better prepared in that quarter. The works, then weak, have been greatly strengthened; the troops assigned for their defence are better disciplined and better instructed, and that gallant soldier who came with me has been pouring in his forces to assist in its protection. Him-

self the son of a Revolutionary hero, he has emulated his father's glorious example upon other fields, and comes to Mississippi to defend, and, I believe, to protect you.

In the course of this war our eyes have been often turned abroad. We have expected sometimes recognition and sometimes intervention at the hands of foreign nations, and we had a right to expect it. Never before in the history of the world had a people so long a time maintained their ground, and showed themselves capable of maintaining their national existence, without securing the recognition of commercial nations. I know not why this has been so, but this I say, "Put not your trust in princes," and rest not your hopes on foreign nations. This war is ours: we must fight it out ourselves; and I feel some pride in knowing that so far we have done it without the good-will of any body. It is true that there are now symptoms of a change in public opinion abroad. They give us their admiration—they sometimes even say to us God speed—and in the remarkable book written by Mr. Spence, the question of secession has been discussed with more of ability than it ever has been even in this country. Yet England still holds back, but France, the ally of other days, seems disposed to hold out to us the hand of fellowship. And when France holds out to us her hand, right willingly will we grasp it.

During the last year, the war has been characterized by varied fortunes. New-Orleans fell—a sad blow it was to the valley of the Mississippi, and as unexpected to me as to any one. Memphis also fell; and besides these we have lost various points on the Atlantic coast. The invading armies have pressed upon us at some points; at others they have been driven back; but take a view of our condition now, and compare it with what it was a year ago—look at the enemy's position as it then was and as it now is; consider their immense power, vast numbers, and great resources; look at all these things, and you will be convinced that our condition now will compare favorably with what it was then. Armies are not composed of numbers alone. Officers and men are both to be disciplined and instructed. When the war first began the teacher and the taught were in the condition of the blind leading the blind; now all this is changed for the better. Our troops have become disciplined and instructed. They have stripped the gunboat of its terrors; they have beaten superior numbers in the field; they have discovered that with their short-range weapons they can close upon the long-range of the enemy and capture them. Thus in all respects, moral as well as physical, we are better prepared than we were a year ago.

There are now two prominent objects in the programme of the enemy. One is to get possession of the Mississippi River and to open it to navigation, in order to appease the clamors of the West, and to utilize the capture of New-Orleans, which has thus far rendered them no service. The other is to seize upon the capital of the Confederacy, and hold this but as a proof that the

Confederacy has no existence. We have recently repulsed them at Fredericksburgh, and I believe that under God and by the valor of our troops the capital of the Confederacy will stand safe behind its wall of living breasts. Vicksburgh and Port Hudson have been strengthened, and now we can concentrate at either of them a force sufficient for their protection. I have confidence that Vicksburgh will stand as before, and I hope that Johnston will find generals to support him if the enemy dare to land. Port Hudson is now strong. Vicksburgh will stand, and Port Hudson will stand; but let every man that can be spared from other vocations, hasten to defend them, and thus hold the Mississippi River, that great artery of the Confederacy, preserve our communications with the trans-Mississippi department, and thwart the enemy's scheme of forcing navigation through to New-Orleans. By holding that section of the river between Port Hudson and Vicksburgh, we shall secure these results, and the people of the West, cut off from New-Orleans, will be driven to the East to seek a market for their products, and will be compelled to pay so much in the way of freights, that those products will be rendered almost valueless. Thus, I should not be surprised if the first daybreak of peace were to dawn upon us from that quarter.

Some time since, for reasons not necessary to recapitulate, I sent to this State a General unknown to most of you, and, perhaps, even by name, known but to few among you. This was the land of my affections. Here were situated the little of worldly goods I possessed. I selected a General who, in my view, was capable of defending my State and discharging the duties of this important service. I am happy to state, after an attentive examination, that I have not been mistaken in the general of my choice. I find that, during his administration here, every thing had been done that could be accomplished with the means at his command. I recommend him to your confidence as you may have confidence in me, who selected him. For the defence of Vicksburgh, I selected one from the army of the Potomac, of whom it is but faint praise to say he has no superior. He was sent to Virginia at the beginning of the war, with a little battery of three guns. With these he fought the Yankee gunboats, drove them off, and stripped them of their terrors. He was promoted for distinguished services on various fields. He was finally made a colonel of cavalry, and I have reason to believe that, at the last great conflict on the field of Manassas, he served to turn the tide of battle and consummate the victory.

On succeeding fields he has won equal distinction. Though yet young, he has fought more battles than many officers who have lived to an advanced age and died in their beds. I have therefore sent Lee to take charge of the defences of Vicksburgh. I have every confidence in the skill and energy of the officers in command. But when I received despatches, and heard rumors of alarm and trepidation and despondency among the people of Mississippi; when I heard even that

people were fleeing to Texas in order to save themselves from the enemy; when I saw it stated by the enemy that they had handled other States with gloves, but Mississippi was to be handled without gloves, every impulse of my heart dragged me hither, in spite of duties which might have claimed my attention elsewhere. When I heard of the sufferings of my own people, of the danger of their subjugation by a ruthless foe, I felt that if Mississippi were destined for such a fate, I would wish to sleep in her soil. On my way here I stopped at the headquarters of Gen. Johnston. I knew his capacity and his resolution. I imparted to him my own thoughts, and asked him to come with me. I found that his ideas were directed in the same channel. He came in the shortest time for preparation, but whatever man can do will be done by him. I have perfect confidence that, with your assistance and support, he will drive the enemy from the soil of Mississippi.

After having visited the army—after having mingled among the people of the State—I shall go away from among you with a lighter heart. I do not think the people of Mississippi are despondent or depressed; those who are so are those on whom the iron tread of the invader has fallen, or those who, skulking from their duty, go home with fearful tales to justify their desertion. Nor is the army despondent; on the contrary, it is confident of victory. At Grenada I found the only regret to be that the enemy had not come on. At Vicksburgh, even without reënforcements, the troops did not dream of defeat. I go, therefore, anxious but hopeful. My attachment to Mississippi, and my esteem for her people, have risen since the war began. I have been proud of her soldiers, and I have endeavored to conceal my pride, for I wished to make no distinction between the States of the Confederacy; but I cannot deny that my heart has warmed with a livelier emotion when I have seen those letters upon the boys' caps that have marked him for a Mississippian. Man's affections are not subject to his will; mine are fixed upon Mississippi. And when I return to where I shall find Mississippians fighting for you in a distant State, when I shall tell them that you are safe here, that you can be defended without calling upon them, and that they are necessary to guard the capital, and to prevent the inroads of the enemy in Georgia and Alabama, I shall be say to them for you that they are welcome to stay.

As to the States on the other side of the Mississippi, I can say that their future is bright. The army is organized and disciplined, and it is to be hoped that at no distant day it may be able to advance into that land which has been trodden under the foot of despotism, where old men have been torn from their homes and immured in dungeons, where even the women have been subjected to the insults of the brutal Federal soldiery—that under the flag of the Confederacy Missouri will again be free.

Kentucky, too, that gallant State whose cause is our cause, the gallantry of whose sons has never been questioned, is still the object of the ardent wishes of Gen. Bragg. I heard him say,

in an address to his troops, that he hoped again to lead them into Kentucky and to the banks of the Ohio River.

I can, then, say with confidence that our condition is in every respect greatly improved over what it was last year. Our armies have been augmented, our troops have been instructed and disciplined. The articles necessary for the support of our troops and our people, and from which the enemy's blockade has cut us off, are being produced in the Confederacy. Our manufactories have made rapid progress; so much is this the case, that I learn with equal surprise and pleasure, from the General commanding this department, that Mississippi alone can supply the army which is upon her soil.

Our people have learned to economize, and are satisfied to wear homespun. I never see a woman dressed in homespun that I do not feel like taking off my hat to her; and although our women never lose their good looks, I cannot help thinking that they are improved by this garb. I never meet a man dressed in homespun, but I feel like saluting him. I cannot avoid remarking with how much pleasure I have noticed the superior morality of our troops, and the contrast which in this respect they present to the invader. I can truly say that an army more pious and more moral than that defending our liberties I do not believe to exist. On their valor and the assistance of God I confidently rely.

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MORGAN'S RAID INTO KENTUCKY.

REPORT OF COLONEL E. H. HOBSON.

HEADQUARTERS, MUMFORDVILLE, }
January 4, 1863. }

George K. Speed, A. A. A. G., Tenth Division:

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit a report of the disposition of the troops under my command at this point during the recent raid of Morgan on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

On the seventeenth of December, 1862, I received information of a rebel force being in the State. I immediately put my scouts on the alert, and waited for the enemy to make some move by which I could detect his design.

On the twenty-fourth I received a despatch from General Reynolds, at Gallatin, stating that a large rebel force had crossed the Cumberland at Gainsville, and were making for Glasgow. I received despatches at the same time, from General Boyle and General Gilbert, confirming what I had formerly heard.

On the evening of the twenty-fourth of December, companies C, L, M, and H, Second Michigan cavalry, under orders from Gallatin to Mumfordsville, captured a man belonging to Morgan's command, who reported a large force in Glasgow. Company C, Lieut. Darrow, met the advance of the enemy in the town and a skirmish ensued, in which our loss was one killed, one wounded, and sixteen prisoners. The loss of the enemy was one major, one captain, one lieutenant, and several

privates killed and wounded, and seven prisoners. It being nearly dark, and the enemy clothed in our uniform, it was with difficulty that friend could be distinguished from foe. After repulsing the advance-guard of Morgan, the Second Michigan fell back to Cave City, their retreat being covered by the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, Colonel Q. C. Shanks, and both returned to camp, the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry to get new arms, which had just arrived, and the Second Michigan cavalry to rest from a march of sixty miles in less than twenty-four hours, men and horses being completely exhausted.

The siege-guns, which were anxiously expected, having arrived on the morning of the twenty-fifth December, at one o'clock, I immediately put a force to work to manufacture the proper technical fixtures, (which I was pained to learn had been entirely neglected in shipping the guns,) and place them in position on the north side of the river. At the same time I had the floor of the bridge planked over to render it safe in crossing, should reinforcements be required on either side. I also telegraphed Gen. Boyle all the information of importance and asked him for additional ammunition for infantry, and sponges, rammers, sights, elevating screws, etc., for the siege-guns. On the twenty-fourth, I had taken all pains to learn the real strength of the enemy, which I found variously estimated at from three thousand to four thousand five hundred, commanded by Major-Gen. Morgan, the regiments by Duke, Gano, Cluke, Chenault, Bennett, Stoner, and Breckinridge, with White's battery of eight guns, the largest a twelve-pounder. White's name is supposed to be Robinson, formerly of Kentucky.

At five o'clock A.M., December twenty-fifth, I again ordered the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, Col. Shanks, to Cave City and beyond to Bear Wallow, with the first and second battalions; the third, under Major Stout, being ordered on the Greensburgh road to Burnt Bridge Ford, north of Green River, and two companies each, Fourth and Fifth Indiana cavalry, Col. J. P. Gray, on the Burksville road, south of Green River, with instructions to each to give battle, and if overpowered by largely superior forces, to skirmish the way back to Woodsonville, sending couriers often to my headquarters.

When near Green's Chapel, six miles from Mumfordsville, Col. Gray attacked the advance-guard of Morgan, and about the same time Col. Shanks attacked the rear-guard at Bear Wallow, twelve miles from this point. The advance-guard fell back on the main body, with a loss of nine killed, twenty-two wounded, and five prisoners; our loss being one killed, two prisoners, and several horses killed. The Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, in the rear, killed one, wounded two, and took two officers and ten men prisoners, with no loss. The force and position of the enemy being ascertained by these movements, the cavalry was ordered back to camp, having videttes to watch the movements of the enemy. I telegraphed Gen. Granger, Gen. Boyle, and Gen. Gilbert every thing of importance, and telegraphed to Gen. Boyle the condition of

the guns and the want of ammunition. I sent despatches frequently, but could get no answer from the operator in Louisville to the call of the operator at this point, during the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, until too late to effect any thing by trains from Louisville. I also telegraphed that it was Morgan's design to attack the tunnel and the works beyond.

At nine o'clock P.M., the twenty-fifth, scouts brought the information that one hundred of the enemy were crossing the river at Burnt Bridge Ford. This was confirmed during the night by reports that the whole force was crossing and moving in the direction of Hammondsville. I immediately ordered Captain Dickey, of the Second Michigan, to proceed to Bacon Creek stockade, reporting to my headquarters by courier at nine and ten A.M., and oftener if necessary, and also ordered the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, Colonel Shanks, toward Hammondsville, to report often by courier. Soon after arriving at Bacon Creek and arranging his pickets, Capt. Dickey was attacked by the advance of Morgan, and flanked by a large force. Captain Dickey having less than eighty men for duty, on account of the exertions of the twenty-third and twenty-fourth, was compelled to fall back on Munfordville, fighting his way. Learning this by courier, I shifted Colonel Shanks, with the exception of two companies, from the Greensburgh road to cover the retreat of the Second Michigan by attacking the enemy, and, gradually falling back on Munfordville, to draw him in and give play for the skirmishers; the Twenty-fifth Michigan infantry, Colonel Moore, on the right, Lieutenant-Colonel Carey, Thirty-first Indiana, in the centre, with the convalescent battalion and Major Hobson commanding Fifteenth Kentucky on the left. The officers and men of these commands acted with great promptness and ease while performing the various evolutions, but the wary foe would not engage them. A few shots were fired by the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, when the enemy fell back to Bacon Creek. During this skirmish our loss was twenty-one men and two officers taken prisoners. Loss of the enemy not known. During the night of the twenty-sixth, believing that Morgan would make an attack on this place from the other side of the river, I made arrangements for ferrying from the south side the only two field-pieces under Lieutenant Hale, Fifth Michigan battery; also, to bring over ammunition by way of the bridge on a hand-car.

I kept the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry in line of battle between Bacon Creek and Munfordville until after dark on the twenty-sixth, and, believing that if an attack was made in the morning, the depot would be burned, I doubled my line of pickets, and removed the stores within the fortifications. The gallant hero of inferior numbers did not attack me on the morning of the twenty-seventh, and I was forced to be content with reinforcing Col. Harlan with the Thirteenth Kentucky infantry, and nine companies of the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, at the urgent request of Col. Shanks, whose services he will of course mention in his report in a proper manner. The troops

were all in readiness for the reception of Morgan. The brass guns, (six-pounders,) under command of Capt. Demarest, Twenty-fifth Michigan infantry, manned by infantry, were placed in positions commanding Bacon Creek and Greensburgh roads and the two siege-guns being in the fortifications, near the bridge, under special charge of Captain Stacey, Inspector-General of the Fifteenth division, whose perseverance in overcoming the difficulties of mounting the guns, without the proper equipments, deserves the highest praise. The officers and men of my command, during these movements, bore themselves with the most soldierly behavior.

I cannot speak too highly of the cavalry commands of Colonel Gray, Colonel Shanks, Captain Dickey, and Captain Twyman, for the valuable services they rendered constantly. Flegle's sharp-shooters were promptly at their post, ready at any time to do their duty as becomes their commands, as also the One Hundred and Seventh Illinois, Lieut.-Col. McCowas. The Twenty-seventh Kentucky, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Ward, also rendered efficient service south of the river—not forgetting to bring to your notice Lieut. Hales, sixth section battery Fifth Michigan, and Capt. Hall, commanding battery Thirty-third Kentucky.

I was materially assisted in my duties of the disposition and movements of my command by J. S. Butler, A. A. A. G., and Captain Stacey, of Gen. Gilbert's staff; also by the energy and efficiency of volunteer aids Lieut. Smith, Thirteenth Kentucky, and Lieut. Dawson, Thirty-third Kentucky; also Post Quartermaster and Lieutenant Cummings.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

E. H. HOBSON,
Colonel Commanding Post.*

LOUISVILLE "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., Dec. 31, 1862.

GENTLEMEN: You will doubtless have, in a few days, an official report of the battles and defeats of our little force at this place by Morgan's cavalry on Saturday, the twenty-seventh instant.

The Ninety-first Illinois regiment, under Col. Day, arrived here on the tenth instant, and was divided into companies and placed at different points on the railroad, leaving only one company here under Captain Fosha.

Colonel Day left here on furlough some two weeks since, and the command devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, a gallant man and perfect gentleman. He established his head-quarters near the depot, and remained there with Major Day until early last week, when he was removed by General Gilbert to the lower trestle.

Col. Day, Lieut.-Col. Smith, Major Day, and staff-officers endeared themselves to the citizens of this town by their gentlemanly deportment; and it is due to Capt. Fosha and his company to say, that we were never visited by a better behaved set of men. There was not a solitary complaint of any outrage or depredations committed by them, even to the burning of a fence-rail, or

* See Doc. 51, page 207, ante.

the killing of a pig or chicken; nor did they offer any insult to a citizen or tamper with a negro, but were busily engaged in endeavoring to complete the stockade. And in saying this much about them, I am certain the statement would be indorsed by every citizen of the town, without distinction of party.

On Thursday, the twenty-fifth, rumors became rife that Morgan was advancing. On Friday, the twenty-sixth, it was reduced to a certainty. On the morning of Saturday, the twenty-seventh, Morgan's pickets were discovered on the Nashville turnpike road, at about one mile distance. At about eight or nine o'clock A.M. Col. Smith arrived in town with six companies of the Ninety-first, and hasty preparations were made for defence with muskets only. One company, Capt. Fosh's, was placed in the unfinished stockade, and Col. Smith placed his men under the embankment of the railroad, intending to fight from that position. The Colonel had so recently arrived that he was ignorant of the amount of Morgan's forces, and, believing that it was only a guerrilla band of some few hundreds, sent out a flag demanding a surrender; but Morgan, being at the head of a force variously estimated between five thousand and ten thousand, with about ten pieces of artillery, treated the demand with contempt, and soon had the town entirely surrounded, which rendered Col. Smith's position untenable, and after firing a few rounds from the stockade and embankment, fell back into town and placed the men in the second story of the houses around the public square. This occurred after Morgan's batteries had opened from the top of the hills on the south part of the town, above the cemetery, at about five hundred yards of the court-house, completely commanding the whole town. His firing commenced without any warning to the non-combatants, including women and children, to leave. Some of Morgan's friends contend that he did send warning for women and children to leave in forty-five minutes; but, if there was such a respite offered, it is certain that no man, woman, or child heard of it; and none could leave, for some attempted to leave town on the west and north side, but were fired on, and driven back by Morgan's men. And before half the time pretended to be given had elapsed, the artillery was banging away and fired one hundred and seven shots of shell and ball into the town, which lay at his mercy—almost under his feet—and, the only wonder is, that the town was not battered down.

Thirty-six shots took effect on buildings, to wit: Mrs. Mulholland's, on the opposite side of the hill, six shots; A. M. Brown's, three shots; Elias Graham's tavern, three shots; C. F. Rowal's, one shot; S. Haycraft's Riddle House, occupied by G. Gunter, four shots; Dr. Anderson's third story, one shot, killing two men; James D. Cully's frame, two shots; Mrs. Leadan's, two shots; Eagle House, seven shots, killing two men; Mr. George L. Miles's house, three shots; Masonic Hall, one shot; Baptist church, one shot, being a shell, went through a king-post, letting down a girder, and exploding in the attic. The Catholic

church, one shot. Nearly all the shot perforated the walls and went through the buildings, many other balls falling in gardens, yards, and streets. Colonel Smith's command fired a great many rounds of musketry, and evinced a commendable disposition to keep up the unequal and hopeless combat. A ball passed through the room where Col. Smith was posted, killing a man and striking the Colonel with a splinter in the face, nearly felling him.

The officers being separated, not affording an opportunity for concert of action, after nearly two hours' fighting, some officer without consulting Colonel Smith gave the signal of a surrender. The Colonel was exceedingly mortified, but it was no doubt the most prudent course. It is true that if they had held out fifteen or twenty minutes longer, Morgan's forces to a considerable extent would have occupied the public square, in which case five hundred of his men could have been killed, but it would have resulted in their final defeat and perhaps the complete extermination of the Federal forces, the burning and destruction of the town, and most likely the death of many women and children. It so happened that not a solitary citizen was killed or wounded, many of them having taken refuge in the basements or cellars, or rooms most remote from assailable points. Our whole force engaged was under five hundred. The officers and men were all paroled.

As soon as Morgan got possession, the destruction commenced, first by burning the railroad bridges, then the depot, the stockade; also parts of buildings which had been converted into a kind of fortress; nearly three thousand five hundred bushels of wheat were consumed in the depot, all belonging to Southern rights men. Then every horse in town worth picking up, indeed, the horse-taking extended many miles round. In the latter, Morgan was impartial, for Southern rights men suffered as much if not more than Union men. Then off came every soldier's overcoat, not sparing officers', boots pulled off men's feet. Captain Hackey's fine boots were taken off by a fellow who said he wanted them for General Morgan.

John Friend, Aunt Beck's clerk at the Hill Hotel, found a soldier with his Sunday-go-to-meeting suit on, and he kept it. Coats, shirts, shoes, hats, and all went indiscriminately in some localities. Some stores were literally used up, doors broken open, and the goods taken *ad libitum*.

Heelburn, a Dutch merchant, had, according to his account, goods taken to the amount of three thousand five hundred dollars, for which not one cent was paid, notwithstanding several Southern rights men appealed to Morgan in his behalf.

They also took from Jacob Kaufman, another Dutch merchant, about two thousand five hundred dollars' worth of goods, for which they refused to pay a cent. From M. N. Parmele they took one thousand dollars' worth. Mr. Parmele appealed to Morgan in person. He asked Parmele if he was a Union man. He replied that he was. Morgan replied that he could do nothing

for him, and as he had some orders to issue, told Parmele to leave the room.

Mr. Richey, a jeweller, was robbed of nearly all he had, and beaten over the head with a pistol. He was supposed to be dead. His loss in jewelry and a horse was about five hundred dollars.

Mendell Arthur, a livery-stable keeper, was robbed of horses, buggies, stages, wagons, etc., to the amount of two thousand dollars.

They went into the hospital and robbed the sick soldiers of their blankets, quilts, provisions, medicines, and the surgeons of their instruments.

Morgan himself went into the store of B. Stadaker & Co., and in a very polite way said he wanted goods and would pay for them in good money; made free to open drawers and boxes and helped himself, all in a very polite way, except now and then charging the merchant with lying, and wound up with a bill of upward of one thousand two hundred dollars in silks and costly merchandise, had them boxed up, and launched down the pay in confederate trash, not worth, as Stadaker says, a continental cent. Others came in, took three or four hundred dollars' worth more of goods, and did not pay a cent.

Private families and residences were generally respected. The soldiers entered nearly all the houses for something to eat, but in all cases behaved civilly, and seemed thankful for the fare.

Many of the poorer classes of farmers are literally ruined, not a horse left to draw a stiek of wood, not an ear of corn or blade of hay left for them, or bread for themselves or children. Many prominent Southern rights men say that they can offer no apology for this wholesale robbery and plundering.

The prisoners were nearly all quartered and guarded in the Baptist church, and in some respects made comparatively comfortable, but they suffered from hunger until Sunday morning, when they were partially supplied to the extent that the citizens in their confused condition were able; and it is but justice to the Southern rights families, with a few exceptions, to say that they bore their part cheerfully and readily. Governor Helm, in person, brought in a liberal supply in two boxes, saying that it was in return for their good behavior and the respect they had shown him, Morgan and staff left at ten o'clock on Sunday, his men having previously left, except a guard.

Early on Monday morning Col. Harlan's brigade, with a battery and the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry passed through in pursuit. We have since heard of some skirmishing, but nothing reliable.

UNION.

LOUISVILLE, December 30, 1862.

I have just had the pleasure of conversing with several officers who participated in the fight at Elizabethtown on the twenty-seventh. From their statements, and from what I know personally of Lieut.-Colonel Smith, I am led not only to believe, but to feel assured, that great injustice has been done to that command. As early as the evening of the twenty-fifth, Col. Smith was apprised of the intended attack, and, in accord-

ance with orders from General Gilbert, he concentrated his force, and prepared for battle. When Morgan made his appearance with his command, Colonel Smith, wishing to gain time, sent him the following note, demanding a surrender:

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, }
ELIZABETHTOWN, December 27, 1862. }

To the Commander of the Rebel Forces:

SIR: I demand of you an immediate and unconditional surrender of yourself and forces under your command. I have you completely surrounded, and will open my batteries upon you in twenty minutes, and compel you to surrender.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. S. SMITH,
Commanding U. S. Forces.

The demand must have surprised Morgan, and was a good joke, if nothing more. John, however, treated the matter very seriously, and returned the following answer, demanding in turn the surrender of the Federal forces:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF KENTUCKY, Dec. 27, 1862.

H. S. Smith, Officer Commanding U. S. Forces at Elizabethtown:

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that I have received your communication of this date, in which you demand an immediate surrender of myself and the forces under my command, stating that you have me completely surrounded. In reply, I would state that I have not yet discovered myself to be in that condition, but that the situation is reversed, and it is your command and not mine that is surrounded, and that in ten minutes my batteries will be in position. Following your example, I have, therefore, to demand an unconditional surrender of yourself and your command. Capt. McGinnis, my A.A.G., has full authority to arrange the terms of the surrender.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JNO. H. MORGAN,
General Commanding.

To this demand Col. Smith sent the following answer, which is manly at any rate:

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., December 27.

General John H. Morgan, Commanding Confederate Forces:

SIR: Yours of this date is received, and contents noted. In reply, I would say that it is the duty of United States soldiers to fight, and not surrender.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. S. SMITH,
Commanding United States Forces.

Immediately after Smith's refusal to surrender, the fight commenced. This was about half-past one o'clock P.M. The fighting continued until four o'clock, the Federals occupying the houses and giving shot for shot, until a circumstance occurred which can scarcely be accounted for. A portion of the troops stationed in one of the houses, and commanded by one Capt. Fouchey, took a vote whether they should surrender or not, and actually hung out a white flag without

consulting with the Colonel commanding; and, as the command was separated and communication cut off, the entire force was betrayed into the hands of the enemy.

I merely state the facts as they were told me by men whom I know to be good, reliable men, and whom I believe to be gallant soldiers.

When the history of this raid shall be fully known, many men who have been loud in their denunciations of good men, will hang their heads in shame because they allowed themselves to abuse those whose every pulse throbbed only with patriotism, and whose every wish is for the honor and glory of our country. There is a habit of throwing blame upon immediate commanders, without reflecting that it is probable they have not only done all that it was possible for them to do, but, perhaps, even gone beyond, and offered suggestions which would have prevented disaster if followed.

OLD SOLDIER.

Doc. 89.

FIGHT AT DUMFRIES, VA.

PHILADELPHIA "INQUIRER" ACCOUNT.

WASHINGTON, January 1.

GENERALS Stuart and Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry, with a battery of artillery, in all about three thousand five hundred men, crossed the Rappahannock, above Burnside's army, on Saturday, the twenty-seventh ult., and advancing between Brentsville and Stafford Court-House, were joined by Hanipton's Legion, when they made a combined attack on Dumfries, on the Lower Potomac, at two o'clock the same afternoon.

Dumfries was garrisoned by a portion of Gen. Geary's division, consisting of the Fifth, Seventh, and Sixty-sixth Ohio regiments, (of the General's old brigade of veterans,) a section of the Sixth Maine battery and the Twelfth Illinois cavalry, all under command of Colonel Charles Candy. The enemy surprised the outpost pickets and captured about fifty of the First Maryland and Twelfth Illinois cavalry, a portion of which was a patrol.

The rebels opened with artillery, shelling our troops in the town, and made repeated charges upon them, each of which was met and repelled with the fire and steadiness which distinguished these troops at Winchester, Cross Keys, Cross Lanes, Port Republic, Cedar Mountain, and Antietam. The fight was vigorously continued on both sides, without intermission, all the afternoon and until a late hour in the evening. At four o'clock the whole force of the enemy was concentrated in an attack upon our flank, but the movement was promptly met and the rebels repulsed. At eight o'clock they retired discomfited and beaten by this force—so inferior to their own, but who have never yet turned tail to the enemy—to the Neobsco River, about four miles above Dumfries, where they encamped for the night.

Our loss, officially reported, was only three

killed, (one commissioned officer,) and eight wounded. As far as could be ascertained from the prisoners taken by our side, and from the citizens, the loss of the enemy was between twenty-five and thirty killed, and about forty wounded.

The attack was promptly telegraphed to General Slocum, commanding Twelfth army corps, at Fairfax Court-House, and Gen. Geary put his division under arms, on Saturday evening, advancing as far as Wolf Run Shoals, and taking both sides of the river, where he awaited daylight, the enemy having possession of the roads in advance, and the work of opening communication to Dumfries was to be effected by dispersing the rebels. The fight, which had already occurred, was necessarily desperate, for Stuart had cut off communication both ways, and the river was behind.

At the gray of dawn Gen. Geary crossed his whole command over the Ocoquan and advanced, General Williams's division following several miles behind, by order of General Slocum. It evidently had been the intention of Stuart and Lee to attack the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania and other regiments at Wolf Run, for during the night our advance drove in a scouting-party of the whole force.

The enemy left their camp on the Neobsco on the same morning, and moved on the road from Brentsville to Ocoquan to near Ocoquan City, and, turning to the left, surprised the Second and Seventeenth Pennsylvania cavalry, routing them by superior force and advantage of position, capturing nearly one hundred, and killing and wounding over twenty. Some of them took refuge in General Geary's lines, who, ten minutes later, hastily took position in line of battle near the Brentsville road, where it crosses the road from Wolf Run Shoals to Dumfries.

General Geary threw out a company of cavalry (the First Maine, Captain Brown) to draw them under his fire. The bait was a good one. In a few minutes, about five hundred of Hampton's Legion charged down the hill upon them, discharging their carbines and yelling like demons. Our infantry opened and admitted our cavalry, and again closing and presenting a solid front, met the advancing foe with volleys of musketry, and Knapp's Pennsylvania battery greeted them with a storm of shell at the same moment. With the rapidity of lightning they turned and fled in confusion, leaving horses dead upon the road, which was strewn with their caps, sabres, and haversacks. As near as could be ascertained twenty of them were wounded, three of whom died. General Geary encouraged his men to the utmost, and himself and staff were assiduously laboring for vanquishing the force before them.

The charging rebels came within about forty yards of General Slocum, who was constantly with the advance, and ever manifesting his proverbial coolness and tact.

The enemy retired to a thick wood, from which they were quickly dislodged by our advancing forces. They then attempted a movement to our right, under shelter, but were speedily driven

back by our artillery. General Geary pressed vigorously upon them, and they finally retired to the Occoquan, which they crossed at Selectman's Ford, two miles above Occoquan City.

The object now was to communicate with our band at Dumfries. The enemy was driven northward, and their return south cut off by Geary's division. Messages were sent back, and all the troops from Fairfax to Alexandria apprised of a probable raid of Stuart. Gen. Williams's division was ordered back to protect Fairfax Court-House and Fairfax Station.

Should the troops to the northward do their duty, Stuart would be completely hemmed in, and these impudent raids suppressed. Geary was awaiting their being driven back for him to take care of, but a screw was loose on the other side of the river somewhere. Making a forced march, our troops bivouacked within a few miles of Dumfries, and troops were sent by the General to strengthen the post to such an extent that they are safe against an immense body of the enemy.

Meanwhile, Stuart and Fitz-Hugh Lee, conversant with all the neighboring country, from a long residence—Lee having lived on Arlington Heights—drove in a battalion of the First Michigan cavalry, near Wolf Run Shoals, and would have advanced to that point but found the Twenty-eighth and other Pennsylvania regiments in line of battle, having been prepared by the information sent back. They then approached the encampment of Geary's division, but found his reserves ready for them. Similar disappointments met them at Fairfax Station, Fairfax Court-House and Chantilly.

They took the road to Annandale and Berks Station, at which latter place they cut the telegraph wire, tore up the railroad track, captured about fifty teams and empty wagons, and a few citizens. From thence they proceeded on the road from near Annandale to Vienna, and from there towards Gum Springs, between Fairfax Court-House and Drainesville, passing between the forces in front of Washington and Fairfax Court-House. Rumors afterward reported them as going to Leesburgh.

On Monday night, Gen. Geary's division, with the exception of the reënforcements left at Dumfries, returned to Wolf Run Shoals, and at Tuesday noon reached camp, near Fairfax.

Dumfries was almost battered down by the immense number of shells thrown into it. This has been the most unsuccessful raid of Stuart, who, flushed with victory, came forward, but found his match. The only regret is, that all were not taken. None of our men were hurt, except at Dumfries.

URBANA "CITIZEN" ACCOUNT.

DUMFRIES, PRINCE WILLIAM CO., VA., }
December 29, 1862. }

FRIEND SAXTON: In the absence of your regular correspondent, I will attempt to furnish one of the series of letters from the Sixty-sixth Ohio, in order that those who have friends here with us may know how we are faring.

Since we have been here we have had a plentiful supply of rations, and we have succeeded in making our quarters reasonably comfortable. Every thing passed off very smoothly up to the twenty-seventh instant, but on that day Major-Gen. Stuart, of "rebel raid" notoriety, with two thousand five hundred cavalry and four pieces of artillery, disturbed the quiet of this unprepossessing locality, and attempted to displace us. About half-past twelve of Saturday we were ordered under arms. The rebels made a vigorous attack upon the south side of the town, with the idea of frightening and chasing us right out, but it happened that we were not in a driving humor. Col. Candy who commands at this point, ordered the two pieces of artillery that we had into position on a hill in the town, to reply to the rebel guns, and ordered the Fifth and Seventh Ohio regiments to support the artillery. Our regiment was ordered out on the Brentsville road to guard against an attack on the right wing, and to prevent a movement on our rear. A detachment of cavalry from the Twelfth Illinois, and also a detachment from the First Maryland, numbering in all three or four hundred, were distributed along the line as skirmishers. During the first hour they brought three pieces of artillery to bear upon us, (twelve-pounders,) and it became evident that they had a strong force of cavalry. They were very daring and persistent in their efforts to effect their purpose, but the promptness of the Fifth and Seventh, the gallantry of our little band of cavalry, and the superior skill of our artillerymen were more than an equivalent for their superior force. After a couple of hours' ineffectual effort to turn our left and break our front, during which time several charges were made by the enemy, which were repulsed and resented by a charge by our cavalry, backed by infantry, and during which time our artillerymen dismounted one of their guns by exploding a shell under it, they shifted around to the right.

During the engagement on the left and front, the Sixty-sixth was not idle by any means. We were on the move most of the time, from point to point, so as to be ready to coöperate with the other regiments, or to be ready to check any demonstration that might be made on our end of the line. About four o'clock P.M. the enemy opened upon a company of cavalry on our right, and in a few minutes they raised their yell and came dashing down for a charge. Just at that moment we were moving toward them, left in front, and the advance of our regiment emerged to their view, when they were about three hundred yards from the cavalry they thought of driving so fast. Company B was deployed as skirmishers, and the regiment was brought into line ready to receive them. Company B poured a volley into them, and at the same time our cavalry let them have a round which sent them back as fast as they had come, our cavalry following up the advantage by a charge on them. We manœuvred for a short time in that locality, to prevent a threatened advance of the enemy, and then the left wing and company C of the

ring wing, were ordered about half a mile to the right to support a piece of artillery, and the remaining four companies were posted on a ridge near the town. As soon as we got into position our gun opened upon the enemy, making some fine shots, which were replied to by a twelve-pounder. The enemy's shell all passed over our heads without doing any damage. A squadron of cavalry dismounted and engaged them, and the picket-guard, which had been drawn in and posted advantageously, also poured into them a heavy fire. The conflict was kept up until dark, and our men maintained every inch of the ground they held at the onset. So far as we can ascertain, we punished them severely for their temerity. At any rate, they became satisfied that we would neither scare nor drive worth a cent, and so they gave it up as a bad job, and put off under the cover of the darkness. They not only filled their ambulances with their wounded, but also a number of sutlers' wagons that they had captured on the road to Fredericksburgh. Some of their men were so badly injured that they were obliged to leave them behind, in care of one of their surgeons.

Colonel Candy manoeuvred his forces with great skill and tact, meeting and repulsing the enemy at every point. He out-generalled and defeated one of the most brilliant officers in the confederate service, Major-Gen. Stuart, who was backed by Brig.-Gen. Fitz-Hugh Lee, and Col. Lee, two of the most promising of the rebel notorieties, and this too with only about eight hundred infantry, three hundred cavalry, and two pieces of artillery. All the officers and men are highly elated with the success, and well they may be.

On our side there were three killed and nine wounded, and about thirty taken prisoners. Not a man of our regiment was either killed or wounded, but nine were taken prisoners while on picket. Their names are as follows: Corporal G. B. Light; privates L. W. Bryan, Chidister, and Stokes, company A; privates Blair, Hendershot and Kesocker, company D; privates—Beightler and Constant, company F.

Gen. Slocum, commanding Twelfth army corps, came in last evening. He had heard of the attack, and feared that we had been taken prisoners, and so started with a strong force for our relief. He reviewed us this morning. He said that he could not leave without thanking us for our gallant conduct; that he was ordered to leave his best troops here, when we first occupied the place, and he believed he had done so.

A want of time forbids my writing more, so I will close by assuring the friends of the regiment that the boys are in fine health and spirits, ready and willing to do their duty. W. A. S.

Doc. 90.

THE CAPTURE OF VAN BUREN, ARK.

DESPATCH FROM GENERAL BLUNT.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF FRONTIER, }
VAN BUREN, ARK., December 23. }

To Major-General Curtis:

GENERAL: The Stars and Stripes now wave

in triumph over Van Buren. On learning that Hindman had been reënforced, and contemplated making another attempt to force his way to Missouri, I determined to attack him. Leaving my transportation north of the mountains, I marched from Prairie Grove at eight o'clock yesterday morning, upon this place, a distance of fifty miles.

At ten o'clock this morning, my advance came upon two regiments of rebel cavalry at Dripping Springs, eight miles north of the river. Dashing upon them with three thousand cavalry and four mountain howitzers, a brisk running fight took place, which was kept up into the town, resulting in the capture of all their transportation, forty wagons, with six mule-teams, camp and garrison equipage, one hundred prisoners, a large amount of ammunition, four steamboats and a ferry-boat. The latter was taken in attempting to cross the river with rebel troops, and was shelled from the howitzer. When in the middle of the stream the boat was disabled and a number of men killed. The remainder jumped overboard and swam to the shore.

Three large steamers heavily laden with supplies, had got up steam and attempted to escape down the river, but were pursued by cavalry five miles and brought to by the fire of their carbines, and returned back to the levee.

The enemy then brought their artillery to the opposite bank of the river and commenced shelling the town, for the purpose of driving out my cavalry, but resulting in no other damage than the destruction of some buildings. My artillery coming up, soon silenced their batteries.

Quite a number of the enemy have been killed. During the day's operations the only casualties on our side are five or six men slightly wounded.

My long-range guns are now shelling the rebel camp across the river, five miles below this place. If the enemy does not retire during the night, I shall endeavor to cross my troops over the river in the morning, and offer them battle.

Respectfully,

JAMES G. BLUNT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., January 3, 1863. }

Since my last report of the battle of Prairie Grove, another dash has been made by our gallant army of the frontier, which, as I suppose, will be soon again forgotten, like all other efforts for the success of the "Flag of our Country" made by this far-off Western army. In the battle of Prairie Grove, it was principally our artillery and infantry that vindicated their valor as veteran soldiers. The incident of which this is to be but a mere recapitulation, must now pass entirely to the credit of the cavalry of the army of the frontier, the artillery only to some degree sharing in the result.

On the twenty-sixth of December last, there was a mysterious bustle visible in the three divisions of the army, occasioned by a verbal order to pick all the best men out of each command—

mounted men to provide themselves with one peck of shell-corn for each animal, and every body to take six rations in his haversack. Each regiment was allowed but two wagons. It was evident that no retrograde movement was in view, as all available ambulances of the whole force were also put in readiness, each having the red flag hoisted.

Early, at six o'clock of the twenty-seventh, each division commenced to move—the First division by way of Cove Creek road, and the Second and Third divisions over the telegraph road, toward Van Buren, Arkansas. The various divisions marched that day toward Lee's Creek and rested there for the night. According to reports, the rebel pickets were but two and a half miles from Lee's Creek, a little back of Oliver's farm, and on account of the close proximity, each company was allowed but one small fire for cooking purposes principally. Pickets were thrown across the creek, and ordered not to build fires. Here we rested until daybreak of the twenty-eighth of December, when the army was set in motion again. The crossing of Lee's Creek presented a novel sight, especially on the telegraph road crossing, where the Second division (under the gallant commander, Col. Daniel Huston, Jr.) and the Third division (under Gen. Herron) crossed. "Frank Leslie's own special artist," or any other of the "special artist" tribe, could have found an item for the "illustrated." The rapid current and deepness of the creek was a little too much for the infantry, and it was therefore ordered that every mounted man should take one of the infantry over on the croup of his horse. This occasioned great merriment, especially as there were many horses that protested forcibly against such intrusion, by constant and rapid elevations of their two hind-quarters, thereby making it somewhat difficult for the fortunately spurless infantry to be comfortably seated. Other cavalry, in top-boots, were carrying logs into the creek for the construction of a bridge, but many a log was drifted down-stream before the bridge could be completed. The current was so swift that even heavy boulders rolled down. Before all hands had crossed the creek, the cavalry of both divisions were ordered forward, accompanied by a few pieces of mountain howitzers, cavalry and infantry, and rest of artillery to limber up at convenience.

The sudden report of musketry in the distance, indicated that our advance had come into close proximity with the rebel pickets, and a lively forward run was observable through the whole line of the cavalry force. (The cavalry of the First division, under General Blunt, joined our force one mile below Oliver's farm, on the telegraph road.) On we went, driving in picket after picket, and this was done with such a speed, that the rebel regiments of cavalry, stationed at a little village called Dripping Springs, (about nine or ten miles north of Van Buren,) had scarcely time to pack their wagons, which they commenced to do when they heard the first firing on their pickets. They left, therefore, the most of their camp

equipage behind them, and took up their usual vocation and skedaddled, helter-skelter, over mountains and ravines, strewing the whole road down to Van Buren, with more than one half of the articles, which the haste in which it was done had allowed them to pack on their wagons. Wagon-covers, tents, carpet-sack and contents, drawers, harnesses, saddles, etc., etc., following one after another, the nature of the road, a constant up and down, adding not a little to the successful emptying of their wagons; smashed ambulances and wagons which were lying along the road, also proving the great hurry in which they must have skedaddled. The distance charged over by our cavalry from Dripping Springs toward Logtown, could have been selected as an admirable ground for one of those old-fashioned breakneck steeple-chases of Auld England.

When our forces neared Logtown, which is but one mile distant from Van Buren, and separated therefrom only by a hill or mountain, our mountain howitzers were brought forward, and the cavalry force deployed to the right and left. After a few shots from the howitzers, the cavalry *en masse* at about twelve o'clock m. made a dash into Van Buren, down-hill. Part of the cavalry went into the city, and some after three stern-wheelboats, which, as was observed from the hill, were making a down-stream skedaddle. These steamboats were loaded principally with corn, and during the downward trip all available hands were engaged in lightening the crafts, by tumbling the corn overboard; the whole Arkansas River, as far as could be seen, was but one floating mass of corn. The hindmost boat, the Frederick Nortrebe, first gave up the contest, by landing about two and a half miles below Van Buren, near the opposite shore, all hands, officers and crew, jumping into the water and wading to the dry land, making their escape into the woods. Before the crew jumped, our men fired into the boat, and landed about twenty shots into the pilot-house and Texas. This firing hastened the speed of the fleeing. About this time the most of the cavalry east of Van Buren, went in pursuit of the other two steamboats, which were then almost rounding the point; only Major Bauzof's command, consisting of company A, First Missouri, and Major M'Kee's command of the Seventh Missouri volunteer cavalry, remaining opposite the Frederick Nortrebe.

After a short time there appeared three persons opposite, one of them carrying a white flag. On our signal, they crossed over to this side in a skiff. General Blunt, who had arrived on the spot in the mean time, and his Adjutant-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Moonlight, and some other officers, jumped into the skiff and oared back to the skiff, with intentions to take a trip on the F. Nortrebe to Van Buren, (General Blunt having first asked what the captain of the Nortrebe would charge for such trip;) and as soon as the boat could get off, (it being aground amidship, the machinery during all this time not having stopped, worked the boat fast aground,) it made its way toward Van Buren. One mountain how-

itzer and one company of cavalry remaining on the spot, to see to the proper fulfilment of the contract entered into by General Blunt and the steamboat captain, who, by the way was a very gentlemanly fellow. The other cavalry, which had gone down under command of Col. Cloud of Kansas, soon secured the other two steamboats, the Key West and Rose Douglass, (one of them being captured by company E, First Missouri volunteer cavalry, Capt. Fuller;) and also a lot of rebel transportation, which was skedaddling fast. Thus ended the downward trips of these boats, and rebel teams of Col. Lane's regiment of Texas Partisan Rangers.

We all then started back toward the city, and arrived just in time to participate in the cheers for the Stars and Stripes which were hoisted on the flag-staff over the court-house, waving defiance at Dixie land. We prepared a small collation, such as soldiers generally carry with them, consisting of hard bread and bacon, and enjoyed this as well as the other fun, when, at about three o'clock P.M., all of a sudden the rapid discharge of cannon was heard from the opposite shore of the Arkansas, followed by the explosion of shells in our midst. Every body secured his horse, and the whole rallied around their commanders, and then marched to the height near the city. As luck would have it, the firing of the rebels was chiefly directed against the largest brick and frame houses, thereby showing that they could well hit the mark, and may it be recorded here, that for the first time I saw them hit something.

The principal damage was done to the citizens of Van Buren. Our loss consisted of two killed—one of the First Iowa cavalry, the other of the Second Kansas cavalry; and the wounded were also two—Second Lieutenant John J. Ault, and private Paul Schleiffarth, both of Captain H. J. Stierlin's company A, First Missouri cavalry. Both will be well again in a week's time. They also killed two children. After about one hour's shelling, our own artillery, which had hastened to the ground, appeared on the height between Van Buren and Logtown, and opened on the rebel batteries, (seven pieces.) The third shot from our guns occasioned a stirring limber up of the rebel pieces, and off they went, while our artillery continued to assist their speed by following them with "a little more shell."

Nothing of note transpired now until after dark, when our whole army of the frontier arrived in and around the city, the artillery placing their pieces all along the landing, looking toward Dixie. At about eight o'clock, firing of cannon was heard some distance eastward of Van Buren, and I learned that one of the Kansas batteries was shelling a rebel camp about five or six miles below Van Buren, on the south side of the river. The rebels found this place too hot, and gently withdrew from the spot. This concluded another Sunday fight of the army of the frontier, crowned with success.

All steamboats having in the mean time effected their landing on the banks of the city, gave,

on the next morning, a lively appearance to the landing, which our men well enjoyed, especially those who had been so long away from navigable rivers, and every body interested took a survey through town toward the river, concluding that every thing was well done. On the levee we found many hogsheads of superior sugar, which was no longer confederate property. In fact, we found ourselves in possession of a large amount of contraband property, such as sugar, corn, cattle, mules, horses, wagons, and almost every thing necessary and useful for man and beast.

On the forenoon of the twenty-ninth, our whole infantry force and two batteries marched *en parade* through the principal streets of Van Buren, the respective field-bands in front, the whole of the streets lined with spectators—even the rebel hospitals nearly emptied to look at the Lincolnites, who went shouting and hurraing with an enthusiasm that awakened in many a rebel heart the feeling of "Oh! could I be among them!" All around you could hear, "What a difference in appearance between these and our troops," or "How far superior they look to our men," etc., etc. In short, as our army was the first of the Federals that ever made their entrance into Van Buren, you may imagine the surprise of the citizens, who, instead of beholding "Pin Indians, Southern Tories, Kansas jay-hawkers, hired Dutch cut-throats, and free negroes," saw nothing but well-clad and well-disciplined troops. When the first cavalry entered Van Buren, the women inquired whether we had any pins along with us; and some unsophisticated Federals, not knowing that they meant Pin Indians, drew forth a few genuine pins to accommodate the ladies, which created some merriment amongst those who knew what the ladies meant.

In the afternoon of the twenty-ninth orders for a return march were given, and again every mounted man provided himself with a peck of shell-corn, of which article the place was full. At about five o'clock a small party, consisting of Brigadier-Generals Blunt and Herron, and Col. Huston, his Adjutant-General, Lieut. Chandler; Medical Director, Dr. Porter, and Major Bauzof, accompanied by Henry L. Stierlin, First Missouri cavalry, and fourteen of his men armed with axes and a few shooting-irons, all on foot, marched down to the ferry-boat, and made a trip across the Arkansas into the interior of Dixie. The officers, except Captain Stierlin, stopped near the shore while the latter and his men went through the woods to destroy some wagons, said to be left somewhere by the rebels. At this time a deserter came in from Fort Smith with the information that Hindman had burned a large part of the fort, including all buildings containing confederate stores; also, that he had burned two steamboats and blown up a magazine, and that he had left with his whole command, as was supposed, to a place called Dardanella. After the above-mentioned command had accomplished its errand, the whole party started back to the ferry-boat; but scarcely had it arrived there, when

three mounted butternuts made their appearance on the bank of the river. Not knowing what they wanted, three men of the First Missouri cavalry were ordered to inquire into their wishes, but before they could reach the butternuts they turned, and our men fired upon them with their revolving carbines, which made the rebels run, as usual. Before the ferry-boat reached the Van Buren side of the river, a whole cavalry force was observed on the opposite shore, but darkness prevented us from further observation.

As soon as the ferry-boat landed, the same command that had gone over with the Generals commenced to cut some kindling-wood from the ferry-boat, and then set it on fire. From this they went to the three steamboats, and a dense smoke soon indicated that they underwent the same process. Another steamboat, the Arkansas, which was lying a little further down-stream, was also set on fire. The two boats, to wit, the Frederick Nortrebe and the Rose Douglas, were first-class boats, and had a splendid outfit. The four boats were valued at about eighty to ninety thousand dollars. The total loss to the confederates on the whole occasion cannot be less than two hundred thousand dollars. While the steamboats were burning, one of the warehouses on the landing caught fire therefrom; it also was entirely consumed. This warehouse had been occupied by the confederates as a storehouse. Thus ended the experience of the army of the frontier at the last attempt as Arkansas travelers, and at about nine o'clock the whole of the army was on its way home to Prairie Grove battle-field and Cane Hill, etc.

The rebels sustained losses by this last dash which cannot be recovered well during the four seasons of 1863, and the Trans-Mississippi army of the C.S.A. received a blow which will be stunning to them, and will assist largely in the demoralization of their available forces. The cavalry of the army of the frontier, to whom the whole credit is due, has now proved to be equally as brave and daring as their comrades, the infantry and artillery, and you may safely bet on the whole army of the frontier.

The loss on the rebel side, as far as learnt, was seven killed and many wounded.

It is here well in place to add that after the battle of Prairie Grove, the rebel regiments in their grand skedaddle marched about half the distance between Prairie Grove and Van Buren with white flags. Their fright must have been complete entirely.

From citizens of Van Buren I learned the following market prices of articles, to wit: For one barrel of common whisky, eight hundred dollars, or a good house and lot; one pound of coffee, two dollars; one sack of salt, two hundred dollars; one pair of coarse boots, forty dollars; if a little larger than common size, sixty dollars. Coffee, salt and tea commanded the highest prices, and would even dig up gold instead of confederate currency. Wheat or rye, instead of Rio coffee, and spice-wood tea, are principally used. The ladies now hunt up their oldest dresses, and

make them do even for Sunday attire. Butternut colors are the prevailing colors in Dixie.

Yours, H. J. ST.

P. S.—In my last report, I forgot to add Henry W. Williams, to the St. Louis rebels in Hindman's army. He is Quartermaster in Frost's division, and as Mother Famer says, looks careworn and old. Louis Kretschmar, son of Clerk Kretschmar, is also in the same army.

Doc. 91.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION.

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

MILLIKEN'S BEND, LA., January 3, 1863, }
TWENTY-FIVE MILES ABOVE VICKSBURGH. }

WE have met the enemy and they are not ours, but, on the contrary, quite the reverse. It was a favorite axiom of Sam Patch that "some things could be done, as well as others;" but that is a rule that has many exceptions, and General Sherman's expedition is one of them. *Veni, vidi, vici*—in a horn. In other words, we came, we saw, and did not conquer. Having failed to take Vicksburgh, the next best thing was to prevent being taken ourselves, and we did it nobly. A dark night is sometimes an excellent institution, especially if it be accompanied with plentiful showers of rain, with a due infusion of fog. Under cover of such a fortunate concentration of events, the right wing of the Thirteenth army corps, under command of Major-Gen. W. T. Sherman, saved its bacon, else your correspondent would now probably be the forced recipient of the hospitalities of the good people of Vicksburgh, and subsisting on "corn bread and common doings," instead of faring sumptuously every day at the bountifully-spread board of the steamer White Cloud.

But the matter is too grave to treat lightly. A stupid blunder, and an ignoble attempt to forestal another general's laurels, have brought shame and calamity to our country, desolation and woe to more than two thousand households, and peril to the cause of liberty and free government.

When on the twentieth of December last, this noble fleet of over a hundred transports, bearing an immense army, proudly steamed out of the port of Memphis, with colors flying and drums beating, who could have imagined the humiliating finale of such an immense enterprise, inaugurated under such hopeful auspices? Why these hopes were blasted, and who is responsible for such a gigantic disaster, are questions which the American people will insist on having answered. When they are answered, the causes will be found in the mismanagement, incompetence, and probable insanity of the commanding general, and the intemperance, negligence, and general inefficiency of nearly the whole of the line and field-officers of his command. Facts, of the most stubborn kind, as they are gradually developed, will bear out this sweeping assertion. From notes made on the way, and throughout this expedition, I will endeavor to give your readers a brief but faithful account of all the events of interest attending it.

On Saturday morning orders were issued for all the troops to embark on their respective transports, and be ready to move by nine o'clock on Sunday morning, but from want of system, many unexpected delays occurred, which detained the fleet until late in the afternoon. The scene of confusion which characterized this embarkation was probably never paralleled, except by an army making a precipitate retreat. Companies were separated from their regiments, and officers from their companies; batteries were on one boat, and caissons belonging to them on another; and the horses and artillerymen on still another. The case was just as bad with the cavalry regiments, if not worse. There seemed to have been no places provided for them, and so they and their horses were scattered about on various boats, in little squads, wherever room could be found, and not the slightest attention was paid to putting the men on the same boats with their horses. In case of emergency, to have put a single company of cavalry on shore, mounted and equipped, would have involved the necessity of landing half a dozen boats. Part of this confusion may have been attributable to the fact that on the day previous the army had been paid off for the first time in several months, and men and officers were nearly all lively with drink.

All the transports were crowded to their utmost capacity, and as they had all been hastily pressed into the service without preparation, of course there were no adequate accommodations for the troops, either for comfort or cleanliness. The men were all huddled between decks and on the guards like so many sheep, and at night were compelled to sleep in a space scarcely sufficient for them to stand comfortably in in the daytime. To make a bad matter worse, nearly every soldier had managed to get a canteen of whisky, enough to keep him drunk for two days with what they had already taken, and for that space of time such a scene of riot and filthiness was scarce ever witnessed. I was shut up on a small boat with such a crowd, and never before realized the full force of the expression: "Hell broke loose." In the cabin, among the officers, affairs were but little better, so far as sobriety was concerned. A large proportion of the officers were drinking and gambling day and night during the entire trip, and their behavior was unbecoming in the extreme. Their conduct excited any other idea, rather than that of a band of patriots going down to fight the battles of their country. Of course there were many noble exceptions, but neither their example nor influence could restrain their more unruly companions.

Until we got below Helena, wood was so scarce on the river, that it was only to be obtained by cutting it, either entirely green or from the water-logged drifts which had caught against the banks. Wherever a good placer was discovered, the boats lucky enough to find it landed and all hands went out with axes, and in a few hours enough was obtained to steam on to the next good place.

When the fleet approached Napoleon, Ark., the Post Boy, which is a transportation boat, was in

the advance, and as she neared the shore she was hailed by a person bearing a flag of truce, with the information that there was a band of guerrillas just below, waiting to fire upon her. At this time she was the only boat visible, but in a short time the remainder of the fleet made its appearance, and the guerrillas, if there were any, concluded no doubt that we were too many for them. At all events, at this point there was no firing. The houses in the town appeared to be nearly all deserted, but in some of them could be seen persons standing back in the door, as if to escape the observation of their neighbors, and waving their handkerchiefs. Napoleon is the place where the first shot was fired at a Federal steamer on the Mississippi River, but there may be some Union people there nevertheless.

HELENA.

As we reached this point, where a large portion of Gen. Sherman's army was camped, very little of the city could be seen for the long line of tents stretched along the bank. The fleet stopped there for the night and took on the troops that were to accompany the expedition, and next morning started on for Friar's Point, the first place of rendezvous. It lay there all night apparently without any object, and about nine o'clock next morning again started down the river, and reached Gaines's Landing, one hundred and fifty miles below Helena, about two o'clock P.M., where it stopped to wood. As the fleet approached this point the bank appeared to be lined with negroes, who all started down the shore hurrahing and shouting and jumping, and cutting all kinds of antics. I learned from some of them that they thought the fleet was going down to set all the slaves free.

When the boats landed, a negro gave information of a large store of wood of the best quality, amounting to more than two thousand cords, secreted in the timber near the bank, in a place where it would not readily have been found. This was a great prize, and was instantly levied on for the use of Unele Sam. Every soldier able to do duty was sent on shore to pack wood, and by nightfall, all the boats were well supplied for nearly the whole trip. Near the wood were some ten or twelve houses, one of them a very fine frame. The negroes said the owners had gone to join the Southern army, and the soldiers, without more ado, burned them all down. Many of the negroes, if not all, came on the boats, and are now under the protection of the army.

At early light the next morning the fleet moved on again, and as General Morgan's division came opposite a little village known as Wood Cottage Landing, some guerrillas, secreted in a clump of undergrowth, fired a volley at one of his transports. To teach them a lesson for the future, Gen. Morgan sent some troops on shore and burnt every house in the neighborhood.

MILLIKEN'S BEND.

This was to be the last rendezvous of the fleet before it started out for active operations on Vicks-

burgh, and we arrived there about dark on the evening of the twenty-fourth December. The next day would be Christmas, and many of the soldiers had the idea that the fleet would sail right in without difficulty, and that they would take their Christmas dinner in Vicksburgh. Many invitations were given among friends for a dinner at the Preston House. They little dreamed of the disappointment in store for them, or that New Year's day would find them on the wrong side of the hill.

On the night of the twenty-fourth, Gen. Sherman sent out a detachment of troops, under command of Gen. M. L. Smith, to tear up a section of the line of the Vicksburgh and Texas Railroad, about ten miles west of Vicksburgh. The work was well and quickly done, and the stations at Delhi and Dallas burned. After tearing up about a mile of the road, General Smith discovered that the road was already broken at a point eight miles from Vicksburgh, so that the damage to the enemy was not as great as had been anticipated. If the fleet had landed a little higher up the river, the expedition might have been as easily sent to Richmond—a little town thirty miles from Vicksburgh, and no further from the river than Dallas or Delhi—and by cutting the road there, could give the rebels some thirty odd miles more of hauling to do, and so embarrassed them very much. As it was, the expedition accomplished nothing of any importance, and the delay was a very serious detriment to the main expedition, as, of course, the enemy had ample time and opportunity to learn of our approach, and spies could count every boat as it passed, and take a very approximate estimate of our strength straight to Vicksburgh.

From two refugees and several contrabands, who came to the fleet while we lay at this point, it was learned very satisfactorily that there were no more than fifteen thousand troops at the outside in Vicksburgh; and that, although there were rifle-pits and breastworks in the rear of the city, there were no soldiers posted there or batteries erected. To take the city was thought to be an easy job.

All of Christmas day the fleet lay at Milliken's Bend, with the troops on the transports, in a state of total inactivity. Nobody knew what it meant, and every body was suffering from listlessness and ennui. A few ineffectual attempts were made to get up Christmas festivities; but the usual staples were *non est*, and the day dragged its slow length along as dismally as can be imagined.

At length, as evening approached, an order was received from Gen. Sherman to prepare to move up the Yazoo early the next morning. Immediately all was life and activity. Long faces disappeared, and the joyful anticipation of at length commencing operations on the enemy was manifested in every countenance.

At daylight next morning all was ready, and the fleet started for its destined port, which it reached on the banks of the Yazoo about noon the same day. Many years ago, about eight miles below the mouth of the Yazoo, the Mississippi

cut a new channel for itself across a bend, coming into the main channel again just above Vicksburgh. The Yazoo followed the old channel, and the mouth of the river is, therefore, really from twelve to fifteen miles below where it was originally; but from the old mouth to the new the river is known to pilots as "Old River." Where the fleet landed was about three miles above Old River, where the right rested, and the left extended to within three miles of Haynes's Bluff, the intervening space being about six miles.

On entering the Yazoo, the first object that attracted the attention was the ruins of a large brick house and several other buildings, which were still smoking. On inquiry, I learned that this was the celebrated plantation of the rebel Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed at Shiloh. It was an extensive establishment, working over three hundred negroes. It contained a large steam sugar refinery, an extensive steam saw-mill, cotton-gins, machine-shop, and a long line of negro quarters.

The dwelling was palatial in its proportions and architecture, and the grounds around it were magnificently laid out in alcoves, with arbors, trellises, groves of evergreens and extensive flower-beds. All was now a mass of smouldering ruins. Our gunboats had gone up there the day before, and a small battery planted near the mansion announced itself by plugging away at one of the iron-clads, and the marines went ashore after the gunboats had silenced the battery, and burned and destroyed every thing on the place. If any thing were wanting to complete the desolate aspect of the place, it was to be found in the sombre-hued pendent moss, peculiar to Southern forests, and which gives the trees a funereal aspect, as if they were all draped in mourning. As on almost every Southern plantation, there were many deadened trees standing about in the fields, from the limbs of all of which long festoons of moss hung, swaying with a melancholy motion in every breeze.

The weather, since the starting out of the fleet, had, up to this time, been very fine; but as evening now approached, a heavy rain commenced, which, from the appearance of things, bid fair to continue for an indefinite period. The Yazoo River was low and the banks steep and about thirty feet high. Along the edge of the water, and reaching to the foot of the bank, is a dense undergrowth of willows, briars, thorns, vines and live oaks, twined together in a most disagreeably promiscuous manner. To effect a landing of the troops and trains, a way had to be cut through this entanglement, from every boat, and this caused such a delay that it was quite dark before all the troops were got on shore. Tents were pitched for the night, pickets sent out, and the army encamped, anxiously awaiting the dawn of the next day.

On the following morning, a scene of confusion ensued which fully equalled that of the embarkation, and, in fact, resulted from it. Companies seeking their regiments, officers seeking their companies; men hunting for missing horses;

wagoners seeking their teams, and every body looking for something which could not be found. The first troops got ashore and brought into line, were Gen. Blair's brigade, of Gen. Steele's division, and a brigade each, from Gen. Morgan's and General M. L. Smith's divisions. These were ordered out on a reconnoissance, Gen. Blair on the left, and the other brigades on the right. The brigade from Gen. Morgan L. Smith's division met the enemy's pickets about a mile and a half from the river, and captured two of them. One of them had quite a number of letters and despatches, which from their tone were certainly manufactured for the occasion, and designed to mislead. It was quite apparent, therefore, that it was intended by the enemy that these pickets should be captured. The brigade from General Morgan's division found the enemy with a battery on the right, two miles from the river, and after a slight skirmish, countermarched and returned to the river, as Gen. Sherman had given peremptory orders that no engagement should be brought on that evening.

Vicksburgh is peculiarly situated, being on a hill, with a line of hills surrounding it at a distance of several miles, and extending from Haynes's Bluff, on the Yazoo, to Warrenton, ten miles below it on the Mississippi. The intervening space is low and swampy, and full of lagoons, lakes, quicksands and bayous. There are few points of approach across it to the hills in the rear of Vicksburgh, and these are extremely difficult. The ridge of hills commencing at Haynes's Bluff, follows the course of the river below at a distance of about four miles, and is about three hundred feet high. Just below Haynes's Bluff comes in Chickasaw Bayou from the Yazoo, and strikes across the bottom-land about midway between the ridge and the river, and heading near Vicksburgh.

On Saturday morning, about ten o'clock, the whole army was drawn up in line of battle, and prepared to make assaults on the enemy's works at several different points. General Steele's division was on the left; Gen. A. J. Smith's on the right; General Morgan's on the left centre, and Gen. M. L. Smith's on the right centre.

At Haynes's Bluff, is a very powerful eight-gun battery and fort, supported by a force of several hundred infantry. This fort was the obstacle to our fleet making any farther ascent of the Yazoo, and our gunboats had assailed it unsuccessfully on the twenty-fourth. While the troops were forming in line of battle, several gunboats were sent up to make another attempt on the battery, but after several hours' cannonading, the attempt was abandoned as impracticable. The gunboat Benton was completely disabled in the affair, numerous balls having penetrated her sides. The firing from this battery was remarkable for its accuracy. There were thirty-four shots fired at the Benton, and of the number, twenty-nine struck her, and three balls entered the same port-hole. Her brave commander, Captain Gwin, was severely, if not mortally, wounded by a cannon-ball, which tore the flesh from his breast

and right arm. Five of his men were killed and several more wounded, all the latter by splinters.

After the line of battle was formed, General Morgan L. Smith's division took the advance, and moved rapidly on the enemy, encountering them about three quarters of a mile from Chickasaw Bayou. Skirmishing immediately began, and was kept up throughout the day, the enemy contesting every inch of the road, but being gradually pushed back toward the bayou. The evening before, a portion of General Steele's division had been reëmbarked on the transports, and landed above Chickasaw Bayou, for the purpose of attempting to take a battery in the rear, which commanded the only point where a crossing could be made on the extreme right. This was at a place known as Mrs. Lake's plantation, and the rebels had a force there in possession of field and house. Owing to the mud and other difficulties, the landing of this portion of Gen. Steele's division occupied the whole of the day of the twenty-sixth, and it did not reach the scene of operations until the morning of the twenty-seventh. While Gen. M. L. Smith's division was skirmishing with the enemy on the right centre, General Blair's brigade and Gen. Morgan's division had advanced on the left by different routes, and came into position nearly side by side, close by Mrs. Lake's plantation. Skirmishing took place with the enemy's infantry, and at the same time a masked battery opened on General Blair's brigade. He ordered Hoffman's battery to return the fire with shell, and in a few minutes the rebel battery was silenced, and their infantry retreated from the plantation to the cover of a thicket not far off.

By nightfall the enemy had been driven a quarter of a mile from where they were first encountered, and the contest then ceased, both forces resting on their arms, ready to renew the conflict in the morning. During the night silence and darkness prevailed in both camps. Not a fire was lighted, or a sound made by which either would betray its position to the other. In the night a light wind sprung up, blowing toward the river from the enemy's position, and the night became clear and frosty. Amid the prevailing silence, and aided by the wind, the sound of cars constantly running could be heard on the Jackson and Vicksburgh Railroad, no doubt bearing reënforcements to the enemy. During the night, the enemy was no doubt busily engaged in erecting rifle-pits and breastworks, as on the following morning, long lines of them could be seen, where none were visible the night before. Several new batteries were also seen on the heights beyond.

It now became a matter of interest among the troops to know where General Grant was. It had been understood all along that he was to cooperate with General Sherman, and as it was now manifest that the enemy was much stronger than had been anticipated, his presence was anxiously looked for, and all kinds of rumors began to spread in camp as to his whereabouts. Although the reports were very conflicting, it came to be

generally believed that he had advanced beyond Jackson, and would join Gen. Sherman on the morning of the twenty-seventh.

A little before daylight on the morning of the twenty-seventh, a large rocket was seen to ascend several miles distant from our right centre in the direction where it was supposed General Grant would come in on the enemy's rear. This was believed by the troops to be the signal of his approach, and the enthusiasm of the men was greatly increased by it.

At daylight on Sunday morning, the enemy commenced the battle by a heavy cannonade on General Blair's brigade and General Morgan's division from the battery across the bayou, which the detachment from General Steele's division had been sent out to flank, and at the same time the conflict was renewed by General M. L. Smith's division, and the enemy in his front, Gen. Smith leading in person. After an hour's hard fighting, he drove the enemy from their position, and seeing that he could drive them across the bayou, started out to the front with his Chief of Staff, Chas. McDonald, Acting Adjutant-General, and two orderlies, to look for a place where he could cross his army in the pursuit, designing to keep the enemy between him and their batteries until he was ready to make a charge on the latter. He discovered a point where a sand-bar had formed in the bayou, and which could be passed without difficulty, and as he was in the act of turning his horse to return to his command, a volley of about seventy shots was fired at him from a force concealed in an adjacent canebrake. One of the shots took effect in his hip, the ball passing in an oblique direction, and lodging in his spine, where it was wedged so tightly that the surgeons could not remove it.

The wound is not supposed to be mortal, but it disables him from further service at present. He evinced great coolness on the occasion, merely turning to his Chief of Staff, and remarking: "Charley, I've got one of them." He then rode on for half a mile as if nothing had happened, hoping to get to the rear without his men knowing that he was wounded, fearing its demoralizing effect on them. He was unable to proceed further, as he rapidly became faint from loss of blood, and had to be taken in an ambulance to his headquarters on one of the transports. The ball has since been extracted, while he was under the influence of chloroform, and his prospect of recovery is now good. He was wounded at a very inopportune moment, and the result was the loss of the advantage he had gained over the enemy, who now retreated successfully across the bayou and took refuge behind their intrenchments. The command then devolved temporarily upon Gen. Stuart, who seemed somewhat bewildered by the sudden charge which had devolved upon him, but in a short time he recovered his equanimity, and kept up during the day a constant skirmishing with his forces, but without accomplishing any thing of importance. The opportunity of successfully storming the enemy's batteries in that position was lost by the delay

necessarily occasioned by the change of commanders, and it could not be regained.

In the mean time General Blair's brigade was busily engaged in building a bridge across the bayou by Mrs. Lake's house, which it succeeded in doing under a very heavy fire, and the brigade passed over in safety, with the loss of but few men. Among these was Col. John B. Wyman, Thirteenth Illinois infantry, who was killed by a ball passing through his right breast, and emerging below the right shoulder-blade. He was an efficient officer and accomplished gentleman, and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

Between General Steele's and General Morgan's divisions there was a long slough, making in from the bayou, and at a point extending into a lake by a few hundred yards extent. During the day it became a matter of importance to establish a communication between these two divisions, and Captains Green, Scammon, and Lokalski, of Gen. Steele's staff, were sent out to reconnoitre for a road. After much seeking, they found a place where infantry could cross, but which was impracticable for artillery or cavalry. As long as they advanced they saw no signs of an enemy, but when they started to return, they found the whole woods full of sharpshooters, and they had to run the gauntlet for a half-mile amid the constant crack of rifles from foes concealed behind trees. They put spurs to their horses, and by rapid flight managed to escape unharmed.

There appears to have been thus far no general plan of battle, in which each commander was assigned a specific part, but the whole operations of the day seem to have been merely a series of skirmishes in which each division commander acted on his own responsibility. Orders were given promiscuously, and obeyed when they suited the ideas of the officer receiving them. In several cases, parts of brigades were taken in command by officers of other divisions than the one to which they were attached, and in one instance grave consequences very nearly resulted. Gen. Thayer had placed his brigade in line with the intention of crossing the bayou, south of Mrs. Lake's house, and had given orders that when the first regiment moved, the other three should follow. Gen. Thayer moved the first regiment forward, and under a heavy fire succeeded in crossing the bayou with considerable loss, and turned his men on a road through the woods, and was soon shut out from view of the remaining regiments, but naturally supposed they were following.

In the mean time Gen. Steele had sent word to Gen. Morgan that he needed reinforcements at a particular point, and asked for a regiment. Gen. Morgan thereupon ordered away the second regiment of Gen. Thayer's brigade, and the third and fourth followed them according to the orders issued by Gen. Thayer. Gen. Morgan sent word to the latter of the change, but the messenger being killed in crossing the bayou, Gen. Thayer had no knowledge of it, and when he reached the enemy's front, found himself in the face of a superior force without any support. He was com-

pelled to beat a hasty retreat at the very moment when he believed himself on the point of accomplishing an important achievement. The day passed without any considerable results. The rattling of musketry and booming of cannon had been incessant throughout the day, but when evening came all the firing ceased, except an occasional gun fired at night by our batteries, and which met with no response. It afterward appeared that the enemy spent the night in constructing a second line of rifle-pits, about two hundred yards in rear of the first.

No accurate estimate could be made of our loss during the day, but from the best accounts attainable it appeared to be small, not exceeding fifty killed and two hundred wounded. The army was still bivouacking, but tents were sent out for the wounded, into which they were conveyed, and received all the attention possible. At sundown, when the firing ceased, General Blair's brigade returned from across the bayou and took a position on Gen. Morgan's right, and to the left of Gen. M. L. Smith's division. At the extreme right was Gen. A. J. Smith's division, where it had remained all day; and Gen. Steele was in the rear on the left, as a reserve.

On Monday morning the enemy still remained intrenched in force on the opposite bank of the bayou, and their line of defences could be seen extending for at least two miles up the bluffs. Batteries were seen planted at every assailable point, and it was evident that the rebels had exerted a most commendable industry during the night and had prepared to make the most determined resistance to our anticipated assault. The position was naturally strong, and all the appliances of military art and skill had been brought into requisition to make it a second Gibraltar. Far back on the highest peak of the hill they had erected a signal station, overlooking all the battle-ground, and far removed from the reach of shot or shell. By the aid of a glass the persons in charge of the station could be easily seen; and, during the entire day, every movement of our troops was signalled to the commanding general. Many spectators were also posted there with glasses, among whom were a number of women.

It had been arranged that at an early hour on Monday morning a concerted attack should be made on the enemy's works, at four different points, and to do this it was found necessary to construct three bridges across the bayou so that artillery could be taken over. Accordingly, by daylight, parties were sent out to undertake this dangerous enterprise. Wherever men appeared with this view, the enemy immediately commenced a heavy cannonade upon them, and their batteries appeared to have been so skilfully placed as to command every point where a bridge was possible. Gen. A. J. Smith, at the extreme right, put a bridge across within two miles of Vicksburgh, but it was not brought into requisition. Gen. Blair had already got a bridge across at Mrs. Lake's house, and Gen. Stuart, commanding Gen. Morgan L. Smith's division, decided to at-

tempt the crossing at the sand-bar, where Gen. Smith had intended to cross when he was wounded. The bank of the bayou, opposite this bar, was about fifteen feet high, and it was further increased by an embankment or levee of three feet in height. This bank was very steep, and the land being sandy, the sides had caved in, so that the brow overhung about a foot and a half. To ascend it was utterly impossible without digging a road, and this would have to be done under a deadly fire from the enemy. The road across the sand-bar was about two hundred yards in length, exposed to a double cross-fire, and the only approach to it was over a flat bottom, covered with fallen trees.

After consultation with Colonel Giles Smith, brother of Gen. M. L. Smith, who had now been assigned the command of the division, General Stuart resolved to attempt the enterprise. The Sixth Missouri regiment, under command of Lieut.-Col. Blood, was detailed to lead the van. It was necessary first to send two companies over to dig away the bank, so that when the brigade came over it could rush up and storm the works. The duty was so perilous, that Colonel Blood was unwilling to detail any companies, and called for volunteers—one company to take picks and spades, and the other muskets. Company F, Capt. Bouton, and company K, Capt. Buck, volunteered for the duty. The plan was to make an excavation under the bank, without breaking the surface through, but so that it could be caved in at any moment. Amid the plaudits of their comrades, the two brave companies started on their perilous march. A perfect storm of bullets met them on the way, and with the loss of more than a tenth of their number, they effected the crossing. No more desperate enterprise was ever undertaken, and none more successfully achieved. Once under the protection of the bank, they commenced plying pick and spade in a manner indicating their appreciation of the fact that they had no time to spare.

In the mean time, to keep down the enemy's sharpshooters, who were endeavoring to reach over and fire at them down the bank, the Thirteenth regulars were posted on the right, and the batteries from General Steele's and General Morgan's divisions on the left. These kept up a continual fire until the work was completed. Meanwhile, Gen. Morgan prepared to assault the hill from the south side of the bayou, supported by Generals Blair and Thayer, but Gen. Blair having already crossed the bayou, led the assaulting himself. The signal for Gen. Stuart's brigade to attempt the crossing at the sand-bar was to be heavy firing from General Morgan's division, the assault then to be made in concert. Gen. Blair, being in the advance, led his brigade upon the first line of rifle-pits, and after a hard but brief struggle, drove the enemy to their second line. Between the two lay a sort of ditch or small slough, with mud and quicksand in the bottom. As Gen. Blair advanced, his horse got inextricably mired, and the General coolly slid down his head, and led his brigade the remainder of the way on foot.

The other mounted officers seeing the difficulty, abandoned their horses also. On arriving at the second line of rifle-pits another charge was made, supported by Hoffman's battery, and the enemy was again routed and driven into a thicket, or willow grove.

The Thirteenth Ohio then came up, and in a hand-to-hand conflict drove them from the thicket and took possession of it, but were in turn driven out by a heavy cannonade from the enemy's batteries on the hill. The enemy then commenced retreating up the hill, General Blair's brigade pursuing them, when all of a sudden, the enemy, from a masked battery, opened a most deadly and destructive fire upon them, with grape and canister. In a few minutes, the ground was covered with the dead and dying. The brigade went into the action with less than one thousand nine hundred men, and of this number, six hundred and forty-five were lost in killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. Colonel Thomas C. Fletcher, Thirty-first Missouri infantry, was wounded and taken prisoner, and Lieutenant-Col. Dister was killed. The Thirty-first Missouri lost sixteen officers in killed and wounded, and the Twenty-ninth Missouri, nine. Of the Fifty-eighth Ohio, only one hundred and seventy-five men were left. This ended the assault on the hill at this point, and Gen. Blair, with the remainder of his brigade, fell back to his position on the right of General Morgan.

The heavy firing from Gen. Morgan's division, which was to have been the signal, not being heard, and the excavation under the bank being completed, the men sheltered themselves under it the best they could and waited as patiently as the circumstances would permit for the next move. Our sharpshooters of the Thirteenth regulars still kept up a fire to prevent firing from the bank, and in some instances their aim was too low, and the consequence was that they shot dead two of our own men. The men sent up a shout, "Fire higher," and the rebels on the banks attempted to drown their voices by superior numbers shouting: "Fire lower." The parties were so close together that when the rebels reached their guns over the bank and depressed them, those below could easily have crossed bayonets with them. Conversation could be easily carried on, and one rebel cried out: "What regiment is below?" On being answered that it was the "Sixth Missouri," he replied: "It is too brave a regiment to be on the wrong side."

It was now nearly evening, and the men had tasted no food since before day, and one of them called out: "Have you got any thing to eat up there, I'm hungry?" Immediately a large loaf of cornbread was thrown on the bank to them, and was welcomed heartily. The signal for the assault still being unheard, and a heavy rain coming up, it was deemed advisable by Capt. Bouton to send back a messenger for further orders, and private Mallsby volunteered to undertake the dangerous exploit. He crossed in safety, and in a few minutes the remainder of the gallant Sixth, led by Lieut.-Col. Blood, started over to their assistance, amid a renewed shower of bullets, and made the

passage with the loss of one sixth their number. Col. Blood was wounded in the left shoulder by a ball, which, striking against a memorandum, glanced, or it would have passed through his body. His wound is not dangerous. Lieutenant Vance was the only officer killed. By the time Lieut.-Col. Blood got his regiment across, the day was hopelessly lost by the repulse of the army at other points, and about dark he received orders to retire at discretion. Under cover of the rain and darkness he brought his regiment back, a company at a time, until all were over, without the loss of a man, and only two wounded slightly.

Not until the night was pitchy dark did the firing all cease, and floods of rain were now descending as if we were to have a second edition of Noah. The ground where the fighting was done was all low and marshy, and soon the water and mud were several inches deep. No preparations, whatever, had been made for the wounded, all the accommodations having been exhausted on the wounded of the day before, and all that pitiless night and all the next day, the wounded lay in their agony on that oozy bed, under a soaking rain, uncared for, and many who had fallen on their faces and were unable to turn themselves, smothered in the mud, and many more died from the exposure. It was horrible to think of.

The only means I had of arriving at any idea of our loss is by common rumor, which places it at about two thousand in killed, wounded, and captured. That is the estimate, made in the rough by the Commanding General, according to common report. I know of nothing to lead me to think the number under-estimated. The heaviest loss was in Gen. Blair's brigade, consisting of the Thirteenth Illinois infantry, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Missouri infantry, and Hoffman's Ohio battery. This brigade acted most heroically, and Gen. Blair showed himself an able and brave commander.

Where all acted so bravely, it seems almost invidious to mention individual cases, but there were several instances which came to my knowledge, which should not be passed over. Sergt. Bailey, of company F, Sixth Missouri infantry, did himself great credit by placing himself at the head of his company, when the commissioned officers were unaccountably absent, and leading them across the bayou under the enemy's heaviest fire. Private Mallsby, company F; Sergt. Mark Anthony, company D, and B. F. Ingrain, Lieutenant-Col. Blood's orderly, also distinguished themselves by acting as volunteer messengers to cross the bayou with despatches, when to do so was apparently to rush on certain death. Each of these brave men crossed three times during the day, and Anthony and Mallsby were both severely wounded.

Private F. W. Taylor, of Belleville, Ill., was promoted for bravery on the field during the last day's action. While the two companies of the Sixth Missouri were crossing the sandbar, five of their number were shot down, and in the hurried advance their picks and spades were not taken up. After they got under the bank it was found very important to have those implements, and private

Madison, company K, went out and got them, and although several hundred shots were fired at him, he was unharmed.

Gen. Sherman expressed himself as well satisfied with the behavior of all his troops, but said the Sixth Missouri deserved to be immortalized. General Stuart said he never read of more heroic conduct in the annals of warfare.

The heavy rains of last night and the consequent condition of the low, swampy ground, prevented the possibility of any military operations on this day, by land. General Sherman sent out parties with flags of truce, to bury the dead and bring away the wounded, and the whole day was consumed in the discharge of this melancholy duty. It was discovered that the enemy had carried off all the slightly wounded as prisoners of war, leaving only those who were unable to walk. All the dead had been robbed of their haversacks, and many of the bodies stripped of their outer clothing. During the day, many rebel soldiers came down to the flags of truce and manifested a disposition to be quite friendly, and in some instances, assisting in burying the dead. They also brought a few Vicksburgh papers of that morning, containing a glowing account of the battle, and jubilating over the repulse of the Yankees. They estimated the numbers engaged in the battle, at three thousand on the part of the rebels, and fifteen thousand on the part of the Federals. The weather had cleared off as suddenly in the morning as the rain had come up on the evening before, and the beauty of the day, with its soft and languid air, illy harmonized with the mournful work in which our army was engaged. By night, the last sad office of burying the dead was completed, and the wounded were borne from the field to the hospital-boats.

The condition of the ground was still such as to prevent any operations on the Yazoo swamps, and Gen. Steele proposed to Gen. Sherman that a division be sent up the Yazoo on the transports, as near to Haynes's Bluff as they could get without coming within range of the guns from the battery, and that the troops then land and assault the works in the rear while the gunboats engaged the batteries in front. After consultation with the other division commanders, General Sherman approved the plan, and detailed General Steele's division to carry it into execution. At an early hour in the afternoon, the troops designated were embarked on the transports, reënforced by the Sixth and Eighth Missouri regiments from General Morgan L. Smith's division. The expedition was ordered to sail at daylight on the following morning, but when daylight came it was accompanied by a dense fog which did not clear away until nearly noon. The expedition was then abandoned.

After the fog cleared away, the troops were again landed, and during the remainder of the day remained idly and listlessly in camp, in momentary expectation of receiving an order for a movement of some kind. Toward evening a horseman was seen riding along the shore distributing orders to the various boats, and soon

the roll of the drums along the lines indicated the reading of an order. Groups of anxious listeners gathered around each regimental commander as he read the order, which proved to be an order for every regiment to embark on its original transport, and be ready to move by daylight in the morning. Soon all was hurry and bustle, loading on horses, teams, batteries, and stores, and mustering the men on board, and long before midnight every thing was on the transports except the hospital teams and ambulances, and a few pickets.

Up to this time the soldiers, although they knew they had been repulsed, had no idea they were defeated; and the construction they put on the movement was, that it was a *ruse* to induce the enemy to advance from their intrenchments into the bottom-land. But why, it was asked, if that is the case, put all the wagons and heavy batteries on board at the expense of so much labor and inconvenience? The answer was, that there were a great many secession sympathizers along with the expedition, and that it was necessary to deceive them also, lest they give information of the *ruse* to the enemy. Daylight came, and the expedition did not move, and noon came and the fleet was quietly moored to the shore. That it was a *ruse* was now no longer doubted, and the pickets brought in word that the enemy was advancing toward us by the left. An order was immediately given for the fleet to sail, while a small force was sent out to hold the enemy in check, assisted by the gunboats.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the last boat passed out at the mouth of the Yazoo, where just one week before it had sailed in so triumphantly. The expedition which was to have taken Vicksburgh so easily, ingloriously and ignominiously fled, leaving the exulting foe in undisputed possession of the battle-ground.

At the mouth of the Yazoo the fleet was met by the steamer Tigress, having on board General McClernand. General Sherman reported to him, and in a short time issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS RIGHT WING ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
STEAMER FOREST QUEEN, MILLIKEN'S BEND, }
January 4, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 5.

Pursuant to the terms of General Order, No. 1, made this day by Gen. McClernand, the title of our army ceases to exist, and constitutes in the future the Army of the Mississippi, composed of two "army corps," one to be commanded by General G. W. Morgan, and the other by myself. In relinquishing the command of the army of the Tennessee, and restricting my authority to my own "corps," I desire to express to all commanders, to the soldiers and officers recently operating before Vicksburgh, my hearty thanks for the zeal, alacrity, and courage, manifested by them on all occasions. We failed in accomplishing one great purpose of our movement, the capturing of Vicksburgh, but we were part of a whole. Ours was but part of a combined movement, in which others were to assist. We were on time. Unforeseen contingencies must have delayed the others.

We have destroyed the Shreveport road, we have attacked the defences of Vicksburgh, and pushed the attack as far as prudence would justify, and having found it too strong for our single column, we have drawn off in good order and good spirits, ready for any new move. A new commander is now here to lead you. He is chosen by the President of the United States, who is charged by the Constitution to maintain and defend it, and he has the undoubted right to select his own agents. I know that all good officers and soldiers will give him the same hearty support and cheerful obedience they have hitherto given me. There are honors enough in reserve for all, and work enough, too. Let each do his appropriate part, and our nation must in the end emerge from this dire conflict, purified and ennobled by the fires which now test its strength and purity. All officers of the general staff not attached to my person will hereafter report in person and by letter to Major-General McClelland, commanding the army of the Mississippi, on board the steamer *Tigress*, at our rendezvous at Gaines's Landing, and at Montgomery Point.

By order of Major-General W. T. SHERMAN.
J. H. HAMMOND, A. A. G.

Very apologetic, and very boastful is the above order. I once read of a boy, who quarrelling with another boy said: "Dern you, if I can't liek you, I can make mouths at your sister." Perhaps the reader may fail to see that General Order No. 5, is an amplified parody of that transaction, but I think not.

It is an old and very true saying, that straws show which way the wind blows. Perhaps I can furnish the public with a straw or two, which will not only show the way it blows, but why it set so strongly in a particular direction. When I was at Holly Springs, just after Gen. Sherman had returned from there, I overheard a conversation at the Provost-Marshal's office, in which one soldier said to another: "I was lying in my tent when Old Bill was here, (meaning Gen. Sherman) and he and General Stuart came by my tent and talked. I heard him say to Gen. Stuart: 'It will never do to let General Grant get to Vicksburgh at the same time we do, or he will take all the credit. If I can get a division from him, it will not weaken him much, and will strengthen me greatly. Then with what forces I can pick up at Memphis and Helena, we can go in kiting.'"

This may possibly account for why he was "on time," and so much ahead of Gen. Grant, who, I presume, was one of the "others" who were "to assist." It was also known to General Sherman that the President had selected and designated Gen. McClelland as "his agent" to command the expedition. This may account for the haste in which Gen. Sherman started from Memphis before he got the expedition half organized. He no doubt expected to take Vicksburgh quite easily, and so confident was he of reaping all the glory, that on the way down he was quite hilarious over the conceit, and wondered "what Mac (meaning General McClelland) would think of it when he

found how he had got the start of him?" Alas for human vanity! The bladder is punctured and the wind let out, and it is to be hoped never to become so inflated again.

All the principal New-York, St. Louis and Chicago papers had correspondents with Gen. Sherman's army, and from time to time, as despatch-boats went up the river from the fleet, sent to their respective papers full and detailed accounts of all matters pertaining to it, that could interest the public, without giving information to the enemy. These accounts were obtained with great labor and at great personal risk, especially the accounts from the battle-field. Gen. Sherman not only detained these accounts, but committed the heinous crime, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary, of violating the seals and perusing the contents. That he will escape all punishment due to his crime, except the condemnation of public opinion, no one can doubt; but nevertheless, he is morally just as guilty as though he had been tried by a jury of his peers and convicted. The outrage is inexcusable in any aspect. If he feared information being given to the enemy, he would have been justified as a war measure in detaining the correspondence, and no correspondent would have complained, although he might have felt unreasonably annoyed; but the violation of the sanctity of a private seal admits of no palliation.

Only two motives suggest themselves for this tyrannical act of surveillance—one, a pitiful inquisitiveness as to what correspondents said of him; and the other, a design of using their notes to assist in making out his official report, in the absence of any adequate arrangements made by him for getting details expeditiously. Major J. H. Hammond, his chief of staff, and in charge of the postal arrangements, lent himself as the pliant tool of Gen. Sherman in this nefarious business, by pretending a great desire to facilitate the transmission of correspondence, but no sooner had he inveigled the unsuspecting victims into trusting their despatches to his care, than he immediately turned them over to his master. Two days before the expedition sailed, Gen. Sherman issued an order, very ingeniously worded, so as not to mention correspondents, but yet placing it in his power to hold them under his thumb when he had once got them in a position where they could not help themselves. Extraordinarily enough, this order was not promulgated until the very moment when the fleet left Helena, and there was no opportunity for any one to return if so disposed. With no possibility of stopping or of returning, the poor correspondents were completely at his mercy. The order was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS RIGHT WING, THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
MEMPHIS, TENN., December 18, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 8.

I. The expedition now fitting out is purely of a military character, and the interests involved are of too important a character to be mixed up with personal and private business. No citizen, male or female, will be allowed to accompany it unless employed as part of a crew or as servants

to the transports. Female chambermaids to the boats, and nurses to the sick alone, will be allowed, unless the wives of captains and pilots actually belonging to the boats. No laundress, officer's, or soldier's wife must pass below Helena.

II. No person whatever, citizen, officer, or sutler, will, on any consideration, buy, or deal in cotton or other produce of the country. Should any cotton be brought on board of any transport going or returning, the brigade quartermaster, of which the boat forms a part, will take possession of it, and invoice it to Captain A. R. Eddy, Chief Quartermaster at Memphis.

III. Should any cotton, or other produce, be brought back to Memphis by any chartered boat, Capt. Eddy will take possession of the same, and sell it for the benefit of the United States. If accompanied by its actual producer, the planter or factor, the Quartermaster will furnish him with a receipt for the same, to be settled for, on proof of his loyalty, at the close of the war.

IV. Boats ascending the river may take cotton from the shore, for bulkheads, to protect their engines or crew, but on arrival at Memphis, it will be turned over to the Quartermaster with a statement of the time, place, and name of its owner. The trade in cotton must await a more peaceful state of affairs.

V. Should any citizen accompany the expedition below Helena, in violation of these orders, any colonel of a regiment or captain of a battery will conscript him into the service of the United States for the unexpired term of his command. If he show a refractory spirit, unfitting him for a soldier, the commanding officer present will turn him over to the captain of the boat as a deck-hand, and compel him to work in that capacity, without wages, until the boat returns to Memphis.

VI. Any person whatever, whether in the service of the United States, or transports, found making reports for publication, which might reach the enemy, giving them information, aid, and comfort, will be arrested, and treated as spies.

By order of Major-General SHERMAN.

J. H. HAMMOND,
Major, and A.A.G.

Notwithstanding General Sherman's pretended zeal to prevent information being given to the enemy, it is a well-known fact that scores of rabid secessionists accompanied the expedition, and generally in Government employment. For instance, many of the pilots, engineers, mates, and captains of the transports were openly avowed Southern sympathizers, and whenever the boats landed, these persons were allowed to go on shore, and communicate with any one they pleased. Especially was this the case at Milliken's Bend, only twenty-five miles from Vicksburg, where the fleet lay for thirty hours.

At this point, four large Parrott guns on the General Anderson, which was the ordnance-boat, were found to have balls rammed home without

powder in them, and the supply-pipe to the boilers was cut in the hold. With great difficulty the balls were gotten out by putting powder in at the touch-hole, a few grains at a time. I did not learn that any investigation had been instituted as to who were the guilty parties, but as two engineers were found missing, it is safe to infer that they were the ones.

On the evening of the seventh the fleet reached the mouth of White River, and for nearly two days lay at its rendezvous at Montgomery Point, just above it. It was understood that a portion of it would go up White River and the remainder up the Arkansas, for some purpose not stated. On the morning of the ninth the steamer White Cloud left the fleet for St. Louis with the mail, and the City of Memphis with the sick and wounded; and on the former boat I took passage as bearer of my own despatches and a multitude of letters from the soldiers to the "loved ones at home." D.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON'S REPORT.*

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH IOWA INFANTRY,
BATTLE-FIELD NEAR VICKSBURGH, MISS.,
December 30, 1862. }

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken in the battle before Vicksburg, on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth inst. by the Fourth Iowa infantry.

Early on the morning of the twenty-eighth, I took the position assigned me on the right of the brigade. In obedience to the orders of the General commanding the brigade, I detailed thirty men from my regiment, under command of First Lieutenant E. C. Miller, of company G, to act as pioneers and skirmishers.

Of those thirty men, one was killed and five wounded during the day.

The regiment remained in position on the right of the brigade all day, at intervals under fire of the enemy's artillery, without becoming generally engaged.

Late in the evening the regiment fell back with the brigade to the transports, and reëmbarked during the night, and moved down the river two or three miles.

At daylight on the twenty-ninth, the regiment again debarked, and took the advance of the brigade, marching about two miles to a point near where General Morgan's division was engaging the enemy.

At this point, the regiment was commanded to halt, where it remained until about half-past three o'clock, when I received orders from the General commanding the brigade to charge the enemy in the intrenchments, about a half-mile distant, near the base of the hill.

There is, near the base of the hill, a slough, or more properly, a swamp, which could only be crossed at one place, (a narrow causeway which had been constructed,) and at that only by the flank of the regiment. As the head of the column emerged from the crossing, it became ex-

* Further reports of this battle will be found in the Supplement.

posed to a terrific fire of musketry from the intrenchments in front, and also to a fire from the enemy's batteries on the right and left flanks. These batteries were so situated as to perfectly command this point.

After effecting the crossing, the head of the column filed right, the left coming forward into line, the right resting on and inside (the side next the enemy) of a strong abattis which had been formed by the enemy for his own protection.

Here I was informed by the General commanding the brigade, that contrary to his orders the regiment was not supported by others, and that should hold the position I then had, until he could ascertain if support was coming, provided I could do so, leaving me to judge of that matter for myself; I held the position for about thirty minutes, under a fire which cannot be described. At the end of this time, seeing that I had no support, and that none was coming; that my regiment was the only one on the field; that my officers and men were suffering dreadfully from a fire that could not be returned effectively, I gave the order to fall back, which was accomplished in good order, though with great loss. The regiment went into the action with four hundred and eighty men and officers, of whom one hundred and twelve were killed and wounded.

Among the killed was Lieut. E. C. Miller, of company G, who had command of the thirty men on the twenty-eighth. No braver officer has fallen in his country's cause.

It would be invidious to speak of individual acts of bravery, as all did well. Every officer and man did his whole duty, and regretted that he could do no more.

Under any circumstances the loss of so many brave men is a matter to be deeply deplored, but in this instance it is doubly painful, as no advantage commensurate with the loss was obtained.

The officers and men of the regiment join me in tendering the General commanding the brigade our heartfelt thanks, both for the part he took in the charge—going as he did at the head of the column—and for the manner in which he spoke of the action of the regiment on the field.

Hereto attached, you will find a list of the killed and wounded.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. A. WILLIAMSON,

Colonel Commanding Fourth Iowa Infantry.

Captain BLACKER,

A. A. General, Third Brigade, Fourth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps, Right Wing.

LOUISVILLE "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

CAMP YOUNG'S POINT, LA., }
January 27, 1863. }

GENTLEMEN: Doubtless you and your readers have seen the unjust and false account published in the Chicago *Times* of the sixteenth instant, of the "Chickasaw Bayou and Bluffs" affair of December twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth. As I was a participant in the affair, I have concluded to give a plain statement of the facts. It is true I will not be able to use the flowery language of "W. E. W.," of the Chicago

Times, but I can and will tell the truth, something which he is not willing or able to do. Colonel De Courcy's brigade is composed of the following regiments, namely, Sixteenth Ohio, Lieut.-Col. P. Kershner; Twenty-second Kentucky, Lieut.-Col. G. W. Monroe; Forty-second Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Don A. Pardee; Fifty-fourth Indiana, Colonel Mansfield. The brigade disembarked on the twenty-sixth, on the south bank of the Yazoo River, and made a reconnoissance through a belt of woods to Mrs. Lake's plantation, to discover a practicable road to Chickasaw Bluffs; exchanged a few shots with the rebel pickets, neither side doing any damage. On the twenty-seventh a general advance was ordered. Generals A. J. Smith on the right, Morgan L. Smith next, G. W. Morgan the centre, Steele the left. In crossing the large open fields known as Mrs. Lake's plantation, the enemy opened fire on us from a dense woods on the other side of the bayou, parallel to our left. Colonel De Courcy changed front toward the woods with the Twenty-second Kentucky, Fifty-fourth Indiana, and part of the Forty-second Ohio, opened fire with these regiments, and Foster's twenty-pound battery. After an engagement of two hours the enemy was driven from the woods, and as night had set in, the brigade bivouacked on the ground. The Forty-second regiment worked all night throwing up a work for the protection of the battery. The casualties in this affair were two killed and twelve wounded. Among the wounded was Sergt. John Peterson, company G, Twenty-second Kentucky, whose parents reside in Iron-ton O. On the morning of the twenty-eighth operations were resumed early. The enemy had taken position in our front and right, the infantry were ordered forward, and, with Lampkins's Michigan battery, opened fire, which was kept up briskly the whole morning, the enemy contesting stubbornly every inch of ground. About two o'clock the Forty-second and Fifty-fourth regiments, supported by the Sixteenth and Twenty-second regiments, were ordered to charge through the woods. Bayonets were fixed and these regiments starting with a cheer, the enemy gave way and retired hastily to his first line of rifle-pits. The brigade followed and was formed in line of battle on the edge of the woods in front of the enemy's first line of works, and an incessant fire of infantry and artillery was kept up until dark. The brigade bivouacked on the ground and threw up a long rifle-pit during the night. The loss in our brigade in killed and wounded was over one hundred. That is what W. E. W. calls a slight skirmish. I think if he had been in front instead of the rear, he would have found it warm enough to call it a pretty well contested fight. General Steele, finding natural obstacles in his front, was ordered to fall back, leaving the enemy's right clear, and thus enabling him to mass his troops on the centre, the point which we attacked next day.

Twenty-ninth.—The plan of attack for this morning was as follows: The hills on the right were to be taken, and when in our possession, the signal for the advance of the centre was to be a gen-

eral volley of artillery. The hills on the right were not taken, but yet the signal for the centre to advance was given. Our brigade was formed, the Fifty-fourth and Twenty-second deployed in line of battle, the former on the left, supported by the Sixteenth in double column, the Forty-second supporting the Twenty-second. At ten minutes before twelve o'clock the brigade was moving forward, the right wing led by Col. De Courcy, and they had advanced but a short distance when we found ourselves in the toils of an almost impassable "abattis" of fallen timber, where it was impossible to preserve our formation in line of battle; the gallant labor of these regiments was of no avail for the object in view, as part of the Twenty-second Kentucky and the Forty-second Ohio came into a deep and wide bayou which separated them from the open ground in front of the enemy's works. The Sixteenth, Fifty-fourth, and part of the Twenty-second having a much easier road to traverse, had dashed across the bayou and commenced the charge over the open ground. Officers and men of the Twenty-second seeing the splendid advance of the Sixteenth, remarked to Colonel De Courcy: "There is the effect of discipline." Not being able to cross the bayou immediately in front of the right wing, the order was given, "By the left flank," and at "double-quick." We now traversed once more, though in another direction, the "abattis," and by a comparative easy slope rushed down and across the bayou, and soon reached, notwithstanding a heavy fire of shell and musketry, the open ground, too late, however, to afford assistance to the brave men in the advance. They had reached the foot of the enemy's works; the Sixteenth, Fifty-fourth, and Twenty-second planted their colors there, but were compelled to fall back. Batteries in front, right, and left, and indeed there were batteries so placed as to command even our rear, (after an advance of one hundred yards over the open ground,) and rifle-pits in every conceivable place filled with men which vomited one sheet of flame on the approach of our men. No troops could stand such an amount of concentric fire, and our men retired. The Forty-second was halted and deployed in line of battle to cover the retreat of repulsed regiments. This regiment performed this duty well, reëntering our lines in perfect order. Gen. Blair's brigade got as far as the enemy's first line of rifle-pits, and moved not beyond them. Colonel De Courcy's brigade *did* go beyond them, and got up to the main line of the enemy's works; and when this brigade had to retreat, Blair's brigade had already left. Much has been said about Gen. Blair's bravery. I do not wish to detract from it, but I can assure you he did nothing that day to merit the ridiculous encomiums heaped upon him. When I got to the bayou I found said General Blair safely ensconced (and very excited) under the high bank. W. E. W., not content with bespattering Blair with indiscreet praise, proceeds to bespatter De Courcy's brigade with mud. But it is the oily, dirty stuff of a liar; for he lies when he says that De Cour-

cy's brigade was late in coming up; that it was the reserve; that Blair's men cried out for the reserve, and saw it not coming to their help. Why, De Courcy's men were started for the charge by the same signal which moved Blair's, and though the distance they had to go over was greater, they advanced far beyond the rifle-pit where Blair's men had stopped, and out of which they did not move until they retreated, many of them throwing away their arms, and nearly all their colors. Why does W. E. W. suppress the fact about the loss of so many colors? De Courcy's brigade brought all theirs back, torn to pieces by shot, shell, and rifle-bullet. What was the state of De Courcy's brigade after the charge? A statement of the losses will alone suffice to show the world how nobly it attempted to do its duty. In short, it is apparent that W. E. W.'s intention is to make a hero of Blair and his men at the expense of De Courcy and his brigade. The question must be put, Why is this attempt made? Is it to make capital for the politician at the expense of the soldier, whose non-promotion proves so clearly that the latter has no friends near the White House, whatever the reason? I am one among the many who are ready to prove that W. E. W. has put that in print about De Courcy's brigade which is false, and which will do injury to their fame unless distinctly denied, and suppressed that which will do it honor. That he has put in print supremely ridiculous and exaggerated accounts of Blair's doings, suppressing *in toto* that which would certainly injure him. This attempt will fail, and fail with a tremendous recoil, for there can be no comparison between the two men. Blair is notoriously ignorant of all matters appertaining to his present profession, and it is well known that he has not the most distant conception of the simplest manoeuvres.

Whilst Col. De Courcy is as well known for his theoretical and practical knowledge of the soldier's art and science, and as a tactician has given proof of the facility with which he can handle any number of regiments—handle them, I mean, in a technical manner. As to bravery, I know not what General Blair's may be. Its quantity and quality may be all that W. E. W. says it is; so be it, for I wish not for a moment to detract from it. But Col. De Courcy I have seen often under fire, and it is his bearing on such occasions which has given him the great hold which he has acquired, notwithstanding the severity of his discipline, over all ranks of the regiments in his brigade. Under fire this officer's tactical perceptions appear to be as clear as on the peaceful drill-ground. His manner is there always cool, and if any confusion takes place, he can, and he always has restored good order. But two things above all. First: He is always under fire whenever and however small a portion of his brigade may be engaged. Second: He never, when danger is in front, orders his men to "go on," as some do, but giving the example, he leads with a "come on." FACTS.

RICHMOND "DISPATCH" ACCOUNT.

VICKSBURGH, Tuesday, December 30, 1862.

On Saturday the enemy made four desperate attempts to force our lines on the Chickasaw Bluffs, with heavy loss. The Seventeenth Louisiana greatly distinguished itself, repulsing, unaided, the assault of three full regiments of Yankees.

On Sunday morning the enemy again advanced on our lines, and were repulsed with heavy loss. All the troops behaved gallantly, but special mention is made of the Twenty-eighth and Seventeenth Louisiana regiments, the former regiment maintaining the ground all day against superior forces. Our loss on Sunday was one killed and two wounded; Eighth Tennessee, four killed and six wounded, Captain C. A. Gently among the killed; Seventeenth Tennessee, two killed and two wounded; Eighty-first Tennessee, one killed, none wounded. One of Gen. Lee's couriers had his leg shot off. Wofford's artillery lost one sergeant killed. No particulars of the casualties in other regiments.

On Monday afternoon eight thousand of the enemy advanced upon our regiments upon the right wing of the Chickasaw Bayou, to storm the works, but were mowed down in large numbers, and upward of four hundred prisoners taken, with five stands of colors. The enemy were driven back to their boats, and afterward sent in a flag of truce for permission to bury their dead, under which some of the prisoners escaped. Fighting still continues, with no important results. The fighting of our troops was splendid. The Twenty-eighth Louisiana again immortalized itself for the gallant manner in which it acted during the battle. The Yankee prisoners say that Morgan is their General commanding.

Severe fighting is going on now. The enemy have destroyed the Vicksburgh, Shreveport and Texas Railroad as far as Delhi, a distance of thirty-three miles. They are also said to have burned the town of Delhi, which is reported to be totally destroyed.

Our casualties in yesterday's fight were small. This morning firing is heard in the same direction, and it is supposed the enemy are again advancing to storm our works. The soldiers are eager to meet the enemy, and are determined to conquer or die.

Doc. 92.

GENERAL CARTER'S EXPEDITION.

GENERAL WRIGHT'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, CINCINNATI, January 8.

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I HAVE just received a despatch from Major-General George G. Granger that the cavalry force about one thousand strong which he sent to East-Tennessee on the twenty-first ultimo, by my order, under Brigadier-General H. Carter, to destroy the East-Tennessee Railroad, bridges, etc., has been heard from.

General Granger has just received a despatch from Gen. Carter at Manchester, Kentucky, stating that on the thirtieth ultimo, he entirely destroyed the Union and Watauga bridges, with ten miles of railroad. Five hundred and fifty rebels were killed, wounded and taken prisoners; seven hundred stand of arms, a large amount of salt and other rebel stores, also, a locomotive and several cars, were captured and destroyed.

A brisk skirmish took place at the Watanga bridge and another at Jonesville. We lost but ten men.

This expedition, as characterized by General Granger, has been one of the most hazardous and daring of the war, attended with great hardship and privation, owing to the almost impracticable nature of the country, the length of the route, (nearly two hundred miles each way,) and the inclement season.

The importance and results of this expedition can hardly be overrated, severing as it does the main rebel artery of communication between Virginia and the South-West.

General Carter, his officers and men deserve the thanks of the country. Great credit is also due to Major-General Granger, under whose immediate supervision the expedition was fitted out, and whose long cavalry experience was a guarantee that nothing tending to its success would be neglected or forgotten.

H. G. WRIGHT,
Major-General Commanding.

WASHINGTON, January 9.

To Major-General Wright, Cincinnati:

The daring operations and brilliant achievements of General Carter and his command are without a parallel in the history of the war, and deserve the thanks of the country.

This expedition has proved the capacity of our cavalry for bold and dashing movements, which I doubt not will be imitated by others.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

GENERAL CARTER'S CONGRATULATORY ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY FORCE, }
IN THE FIELD, RICHMOND, KY., January 9, 1863. }

SPECIAL ORDER, No. 1.

In taking leave of the officers and soldiers comprising the expeditionary force into East-Tennessee, the General Commanding desires to thank you in his own name and that of our common country, for the faithful manner in which you performed the difficult duties assigned you.

In twenty days you marched four hundred and seventy miles, one hundred and seventy of which was in the enemy's country, without tents, and with only such rations as you could carry in your haversacks, in every instance. When you met the rebels you captured, destroyed, or put them to flight. You burned two most important railroad bridges at a time when it was taxed to its utmost capacity, took some four hundred prisoners, killed a number, destroyed six to seven hundred stand of arms, a locomotive, tender and cars, besides a considerable amount of valuable stores. You moved day and night, exposed to rain, snow,

and bitter cold, and much of the time with only such scanty rations as you could procure in your rapid march. You bore such hardships and privations as few of our soldiers have been called upon to encounter, without a murmur or a single word of complaint. You have acquitted yourselves like worthy soldiers of the Republic. "Through the Lord you have done valorously." Your country is proud of your achievements. To your valor and endurance are due the success of our undertaking. With such men few things are impossible.

We drop a tear to the memory of our brave comrades who sleep in the valley of East-Tennessee, and tender to their surviving friends our heartfelt sympathies.

Let it be our pride to emulate their heroism and devotion to our most glorious and holy cause. In future let your conduct as soldiers be in keeping with your recent glorious deeds. Others will respect you all the more because you belonged to the expeditionary force to East-Tennessee.

Soldiers, again the General Commanding thanks you. By command of Brig.-General CARTER.

C. W. COWAN, A.A.G.

Official—C. J. WALKER,

Colonel Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, Major Wm. Reany's Battalion Seventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

WINCHESTER, KY., January 11, 1863.

If your readers will for a moment lay before them their maps of Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee, I will endeavor to lay out to them the route pursued by General Carter in his expedition to East-Tennessee. The First battalion of the Seventh Ohio cavalry, under command of Major Reany, consisting of company A, Captain Green, First Lieutenant A. Hall; company B, Captain Lewis, First Lieutenant J. P. Santmyer, Second Lieutenant W. T. Burton; company C, Captain Simpson, Second Lieutenant M. Schuler; company D, Captain E. Lindsay, Second Lieutenant, Samuel Murphy; Acting Adjutant, D. Sayer; Acting Quartermaster, Second Lieutenant Rich—left this camp on the twentieth of December, under the guidance of Colonel Carter, of the Second Tennessee volunteers, and proceeded to Clarke's salt-works, at the head of the Kentucky River, where we were to meet a force of cavalry, under General Carter, to proceed somewhere, on some important business, no one knew where or what. We arrived at our destination on the twenty-fourth ultimo, ahead of the rest of the force.

Clarke's salt-works is situated near the mouth of Goose Creek, and has never yet been in the hands of the rebels. They attempted to take the place some six months ago, but the mountaineers, being nearly all strong Union men, met them, and drove them from the field; killing four, and wounding eight. They have notified Mr. Brown, the Superintendent, several times, that they were coming to take it; but have, as yet, failed to do so.

On Christmas-day, a courier arrived from Gen. Carter to move up Goose Creek to Hurd's, where

he would join us. At noon General Carter came up with ten companies of the Ninth Pennsylvania cavalry, under command of Major Russell, two battalions. Second Michigan cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, our forces thus united making one thousand and five, rank and file, officers, servants, etc., all told. After feeding here on secesh hay, we proceeded to the Red Bird Fork of the Kentucky River; following up said river to its head-waters, we crossed through War Gap to the Pine Mountain; crossed said mountain, and at its foot struck the Cumberland River; followed up this river to Mt. Pleasant, the county-seat of Harlan County; this is one of the county-seats, and is certainly worth describing. It consists of a court-house, with the gable end out; a log jail, the logs so far apart that a man could crawl between them; half a dozen log huts inhabited by white people, who refused a drink of water to a Union soldier.

Leaving the Cumberland River here, we followed up Martin's Creek to the foot of Cumberland Mountain. At four o'clock P.M., Sunday, the twenty-eighth, we commenced the ascent of the Cumberland, and at half-past ten P.M. we crossed the State line, and the Old Dominion was, from this side, for the first time polluted by "Lincoln hirelings." We crossed the east corner of Lee County during the night, and halted for one hour for feeding. At ten o'clock Monday, twenty-ninth, we crossed Powell's Creek, and ascended Powell's Mountain, where we entered the State of Tennessee. Here we took eight bushwhackers and four horses. At five o'clock P.M. crossed Clinch River and fed our horses. Here our rations commenced to fail. We gave out only about half a cracker to a man. Rumors of plenty of bushwhackers ahead. The General here played a Yankee trick, by taking prisoners all the citizens and placing them at the head of the column. We then proceeded to cross the Clinch Mountain. We took some twenty prisoners during our trip across this mountain, one of them belonging to Floyd's body-guard, and one to the celebrated State Rights guards, the worst specimen of humanity I ever saw. We were again in the saddle all night, going at a brisk trot. On the top of the mountain the First Duty Sergeant of company D, Second Michigan, was killed by a bushwhacker, and the Orderly Sergeant of the same company taken prisoner.

At eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, we entered Blountsville, the county-seat of Sullivan County. As we entered the town, a lady ran to the door, throwing up her hands, exclaiming: "The Yankees! the Yankees! Great God, we are lost!" After stopping here a few minutes to feed our horses, we proceeded toward Zollicoffer, formerly called Union Station, on the Virginia and East-Tennessee Railroad. At this station were encamped about one hundred and fifty of the Sixty-second North-Carolina regiment, confederate soldiers, under command of Major McDowell. Colonel Carter, being in advance, met three citizens, and, after passing the salutations of the morning, inquired the news of the day,

when one of them replied that there was "a rumor that there was a lot of d—d Yankees within a few miles of Blountsville." "Ah! indeed," says Colonel Carter; "who is in command at the station below?" "Major McDowell, sir, and he is now coming up to find out the truth of the report." "Well, gentlemen, you are all my prisoners. Guards, take them to the rear," said the Colonel. In a few minutes Major McDowell rode in sight, and four of our troops filed across the road in his rear, when Colonel Carter approached him, saying: "Major McDowell, I believe?" "Yes, sir, that is my name." "You are my prisoner, sir." "Pray, sir, who may you be?" "Colonel Carter, Second Tennessee regiment, Federal troops!"

The Major looked very much down-hearted, but concluded that resistance was useless, when the Colonel informed him that he would impart to him, with the greatest pleasure in the world, the information he was seeking, namely, that there was a large Federal force in his rear; and, in order to prevent the effusion of blood, it would be policy to advise a surrender of the post. The Major agreed to this, and accordingly advised Lieutenant Inloes to surrender, which he did. We took at this post one hundred and fifty prisoners, with Lieutenants Inloes and Norton. We here destroyed the railroad bridge, seven hundred and twenty feet long, over the Holston River, the county bridge over the same stream, and captured a lot of flour, three car-loads of salt, sugar, coffee, bacon, meal, etc.; also, about three thousand pounds nitre, and seven hundred stand of arms, all of which we destroyed, as well as the telegraph-wires, turn-table, etc. We also captured about thirty horses and mules, marked "C. S. A." Two companies of the Seventh O. V. I., and two of the Ninth Tennessee cavalry, proceeded to Carter's Station, ten miles distant, destroying the road and telegraph, where company E, of the Sixty-second regiment N. C. V. was stationed. Here we had a fight, in which we lost one man killed, Leonda Archard, bugler of company D, Seventh O. V. I., and two men of the Ninth Pennsylvania, wounded, one severely, leg amputated; while the rebel loss was seven killed and fifteen wounded, and seventy-five prisoners. We here destroyed the bridge across the Watauga River, four hundred feet long, with a lot of commissary stores, and captured a locomotive and ten cars, a lumber train. We destroyed the locomotive, and burned the cars. The deed was done. The country was roused. Now for the return.

Rumors rife! enemies in our front! enemies in our rear! enemies on our right flank! enemies on our left flank! Bushwhackers popping at us on all sides, while we "pursue the even tenor of our way." On Wednesday night, while crossing Holston River at Kingsport, the bushwhackers under Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky notoriety, attacked our advance. A brisk skirmish was kept up for half an hour, without any loss on our side. On the first instant, we recrossed Clinch Mountain through Moccasin Gap. Here,

again the bushwhackers commenced, and kept up the fire, until we reached Jonesville, county-seat of Lee County, Va., where we had another brisk skirmish for an hour or so, in which the rebels lost several in killed and wounded; we none. We recrossed Cumberland Mountain, at Hawk's Gap, at three o'clock, January second, safe and sound out of Dixie.

The expedition was arranged by the Carter family, exiles from East-Tennessee, consisting of General Carter, Colonel Carter, Second Tennessee regiment of volunteers, and the Rev. Mr. Carter, who intended accompanying the expedition, but was unable to join us on account of ill-health. It was managed with great secrecy, and an eye to saving the lives of the men of the command, and they deserve well of their country.

The hardships endured by the command may be inferred, when it is known they were for six days and nights only thirty-one hours out of the saddle, the men without any thing hardly to eat, except what they could pick up—generally half-baked corn-bread or corn-meal—all of which they bore without a murmur. As we commenced the ascent of Cumberland Mountain, on the return, our horses commenced giving out, and the road from there to this place is strewn with broken-down horses, saddles, and blankets, and men afoot, making their way to camp the best way they can. The thanks of the command is due to General Granger for the prompt manner in which he sent us rations and forage, which met us at the foot of Big Hill, and our boys hailed a cup of coffee and a hard cracker with great joy. The distance travelled was six hundred and ninety miles. The expedition was the greatest of the war. We lost but two killed, five wounded, and probably ten or fifteen prisoners, whilst the rebel loss was five hundred and fifty killed, wounded and prisoners, among which were Col. Love, of the Sixty-second North-Carolina, a major, two captains, and four lieutenants.

The following officers accompanied the expedition: Colonel Garrett, Colonel Walker, Seventh Kentucky cavalry, Captain Watkins, chief of cavalry of General Granger's staff, all of whom rendered every aid in their power.

EXPEDITION.

RICHMOND "EXAMINER" ACCOUNT.

RICHMOND, January 2, 1863.

A body of Yankee cavalry numbering, it is reported, some four thousand men, made a raid on Monday upon the East-Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, and destroyed two important bridges—one across the Holston, and the other across the Watauga River. The bridge across the Holston, at Blountsville, was guarded by two hundred of our cavalry, who were completely surprised and made prisoners without any resistance. An account of the raid, which we find in yesterday's *Lynchburgh Republican*, says:

The enemy advanced within six miles of Bristol, the terminus of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, but retired without coming to the place. They afterward advanced toward Jonesboro, and

burned the bridge across the Watauga. At this place a small scouting-party of citizens, hastily gotten together, came up with them, and a brisk skirmish occurred, in which one of the enemy was killed and two captured, who were brought into Bristol on Tuesday. They belong to a Pennsylvania regiment, and we learn, reported their forces at five thousand.

The enemy first entered Virginia between Cumberland Gap and Pound Gap, and passing through Estilville, in Scott County, to Blountsville, fulfilled their mission of bridge-burning, and made a demonstration as if it was their intention to visit Bristol. This, as before stated, they failed to do, fearing, doubtless, to venture so far. They continued in the direction of Jonesboro, but it is stated by our scouts, who came into Bristol on Tuesday night, that they were retreating over nearly the same route they had advanced.

The distance from the point at which they entered the State line to Jonesboro, is between ninety and one hundred miles, and the raid is certainly a most daring one, and argues an audacity in the enemy which they were not supposed to possess. They are reported to have been piloted by a militia colonel of Washington County, Tennessee, by the name of Ward, who left his home on Friday, and met them at the mountains.

The damage to the railroad is serious, as, beside burning the bridges named, the track is torn up in many places, and the sills and iron burned. The distance between the Watauga and Holston Rivers is nine miles, and the burning of the bridges across these streams involves a loss of that distance in our railroad communications. It will take several weeks to repair the damages, and they come at a time when the road is taxed to its utmost capacity.

But few of the citizens along their march were molested by the Yankees, nor have we heard of that destruction of private property usual in their raids.

The citizens of Bristol, we learn, behaved nobly on this trying occasion. Old and young prepared with alacrity to meet the invaders of their homes, and to protect their firesides from pollution by their hireling foe.

Doc. 93.

THE LOSS OF THE MONITOR.

REPORT OF COMMANDER BANKHEAD.

UNITED STATES STEAMER RHODE ISLAND, }
January 1, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to report to you that the Monitor left Hampton Roads in tow of the United States steamer Rhode Island, on the twenty-ninth of December, 1862, at half-past two P.M., wind light at south-west, weather clear and pleasant, and every prospect of its continuation. Passed Cape Henry at six P.M.; water smooth, and every thing looking well. During the night the weather continued the same until five A.M., when we began to experience a swell from the

southward, with a slight increase of the wind from the south-west, the sea breaking over the pilot-house forward and striking the base of the tower, but not with sufficient force to break over it. Found that the packing of oakum under and around the base of the tower had loosened somewhat from the working of the tower as the vessel pitched and rolled. Speed at this time about five knots. Ascertained from the engineer of the watch that the bilge-pumps kept her perfectly free—occasionally sucking. Felt no apprehension at the time. The weather during the day, and until six P.M., was variable, with occasional squalls of wind and rain, and toward evening the swell somewhat decreased, the bilge-pumps being found amply sufficient to keep her clear of the water that penetrated through the sight-holes of the pilot-house, hawser-hole and base of tower, all of which had been well caulked previous to leaving.

At half-past seven the wind hauled more to the south, increasing in strength, and causing the sea to rise. Computed position at this time about fifteen miles south of Cape Hatteras shoals. Found the vessel towed badly, yawing very much, and with the increased motion making somewhat more water around the base of the tower. Ordered the engineer to put on the Worthington pump bilge injection and get the centrifugal pump ready, and to report to me immediately if he perceived any increase of the water.

The sea about this time (eight P.M.) commenced to rise very rapidly, causing the vessel to plunge heavily, completely submerging the pilot-house, and washing over and into turret, and, at times, into the blower-pipes. Observed that when she rose to the swell the flat under-surface of the projecting armor would come down with great force, causing a considerable shock to the vessel and turret, thereby loosening still more the packing around its base. Signalized several times to the Rhode Island to stop, in order that I might ascertain if, by so doing, she would ride easier or decrease the influx of water, but could perceive no difference, the vessel falling off immediately into the trough of the sea, and rolling heavily. The engineer at this time reported that it would be necessary to start the centrifugal pump, as the others failed to keep the water under. Ordered him to do so immediately, and report to me the effect. Sea continued to rise; the vessel striking heavily forward. The engineer reported that the pumps were all working well, but produced no effect upon the water, which, by this time, had risen several inches above the level of the engine-room floor.

About half-past ten P.M., having given the pumps a fair trial, and finding the water gaining rapidly upon us, I determined to make the preconcerted signal of distress, which was immediately answered by the Rhode Island. I ranged up close to her and reported that the water was gaining rapidly upon us, and requested her commander to send boats to take off the crew. Finding that the heavy stream cable, used to tow the Monitor, rendered the vessel unmanageable, while

hanging slack to her bow, and, being under the absolute necessity of working the engines to keep the pumps going, I ordered it to be cut, and ran down close under the lee of the Rhode Island, at times almost touching her. Water continued to gain upon the pumps, and was now above the ash-pits.

Two boats reached us from the Rhode Island, when I ordered Lieutenant Green to put as many men into them as they would safely carry. While getting the men into the boats—a very dangerous operation, caused by the heavy sea breaking entirely over the deck—the vessels touched slightly, nearly crushing the boat, and endangering the Rhode Island herself, as our sharp bow and sides would undoubtedly have stove her near the water's edge, had she struck upon us heavily. The Rhode Island steamed slightly ahead, and the vessels separated a short distance.

At half-past eleven, my engines working slowly, and all the pumps in full play, but the water gaining rapidly; sea very heavy and breaking entirely over the vessel, rendering it extremely hazardous to leave the turret—in fact, several men were supposed to have been washed overboard at the time. While waiting for the boats to return, the engineer reported that the engines had ceased to work, and shortly after all the pumps stopped also, the water putting out the fires, and having no pressure of steam. A bailing party had been previously organized, not so much with any hope of diminishing the water, but more as an occupation for the men. The engine being stopped, and no longer able to keep the vessel's head to sea, she having fallen off into the trough, and rolling so heavily as to render it impossible for boats to approach us, I ordered the anchor to be let go and all the chain given her, in hopes that it might bring her up. Fortunately it did so, and she once more swung round, head to wind. By this time, finding the vessel filling rapidly, and the deck on a level with the water, I ordered all the men left on board to leave the turret and endeavor to get into the two boats which were then approaching us. I think, at that time, there were about twenty-five or thirty men on board. The boats approached very cautiously, as the sea was breaking upon our now submerged deck with great violence, washing several men overboard, one of whom was afterward picked up by the boats. I secured the painter of one of the boats, which by the use of its oars was prevented from striking the side, and made as many get into her as she would safely hold in the heavy sea that was running. There were several men still left upon and in the turret, who, either stupefied by fear, or fearful of being washed overboard in the attempt to reach the boats, would not come down, and are supposed to have gone down in the vessel. Feeling that I had done every thing in my power to save the vessel and crew, I jumped into the already deeply-laden boat, and left the Monitor, whose heavy, sluggish motion gave evidence that she could float but a short time longer. Shortly after we reached the Rhode Island she disappeared.

I must testify to the untiring efforts and zeal displayed by Captain Trenchard, and his officers, in their attempts to rescue the crew of the Monitor. It was an extremely hazardous undertaking, rendered particularly so by the heavy sea, and the difficulty in approaching the Monitor. While regretting those that were lost, it is still a matter of congratulation that so many were saved under the circumstances. There is some reason to hope that a boat, which is still missing, may have succeeded in saving those left on board, or may have reached the vicinity of the vessel in time to have picked up some of them after she went down.

Upon mustering the officers and crew on board the Rhode Island, four officers and twelve men were found to be missing, a list of whom I herewith inclose, as well as the report of Second Assistant Engineer Waters, acting Chief-Engineer.

I am firmly of the opinion that the Monitor must have sprung a leak somewhere in the forward part, where the hull joins on to the armor, and that it was caused by the heavy shocks received as she came down upon the sea. The bilge-pumps, alone, up to seven P.M., had easily kept her free, and when we find that all her pumps, a short time after, with a minimum capacity of two thousand gallons per minute, not only failed to diminish the water, but, on the contrary, made no perceptible change in its gradual increase, we must come to the conclusion that there are, at least, good grounds for my opinion.

Before closing my report, I must testify to the coolness, prompt obedience, and absence of any approach to panic, on the part of the officers, and, with but few exceptions, on that of the crew, many of whom were at sea for the first time, and, it must be admitted, under circumstances that were well calculated to appall the boldest heart. I would beg leave to call the attention of the Admiral and of the Department to the particularly good conduct of Lieut. Greene and Acting Master L. N. Stodder, who remained with me until the last, and by their bearing did much toward inspiring confidence and obedience on the part of others. I must also mention favorably Acting Master's Mate Peter Williams, and Richard Anjior, Quartermaster, who both showed on that occasion the highest qualities of men and seamen. The latter remained at his post at the wheel when the vessel was sinking, and when told by me to get into the boat, replied: "No, sir; not till you go." The officers and crew have lost every thing but the clothes they wore at the time they were rescued.

There were no serious injuries received, with the exception of Acting Assistant Surgeon G. M. Weeks, who jammed his hand so badly as to require a partial amputation of several of his fingers. Every attention and kindness has been shown to us by Captain Trenchard and his officers, to whom we all feel deeply grateful.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. P. BANKHEAD, Commander.
Acting Rear-Admiral S. P. LEE,
Commanding North-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COMMANDER TRENCHARD.

UNITED STATES STEAMER RHODE ISLAND, }
HAMPTON ROADS, January 3, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to report, in conformity with your orders of the twenty-fourth ultimo, that the Rhode Island proceeded to sea with the iron-clad steamer Monitor in tow, at half-past two P.M. of the twenty-ninth ultimo, the wind being light from the southward and westward, with a smooth sea. The weather continued favorable during the night, and the Monitor towed easily; speed ranging between five and six miles per hour. At one P.M. of the thirtieth, made Cape Hatteras lighthouse, bearing west-southwest, fourteen miles distant. The weather during the day continued the same. At sunset, when seventeen miles south-east of Cape Hatteras, made the steamer State of Georgia with the Passaic in tow, to the northward and eastward of us, the wind being light at the time from southward and westward, with indications of good weather. Between eight and nine P.M. the wind freshened, hauling more to the southward, and attended with rainy and squally weather.

At nine P.M. the Monitor made signals to stop. We stopped the engines, starting them again soon after. During the interval, the Monitor appeared to be lying in the trough of the sea, laboring heavily, the sea making a complete breach over her. The steamer was then brought head to wind and sea, under easy steam, and the Monitor rode much easier, and made better weather. About two hours afterward, (eleven P.M.,) when about twenty miles south-south-west of Cape Hatteras, Commander Bankhead made signals for assistance, and upon hailing, we learned the Monitor was in a sinking condition. We lowered our launch and first cutter without delay, and commenced getting her crew on board. While so engaged, the Monitor ranged upon our port-quarter, staying in the launch, and to prevent a serious collision, by which the Rhode Island would have been badly injured, it was necessary to force the steamer ahead a little. While under our quarter, ropes were thrown on board the Monitor, but so reluctant did the crew appear to leave their vessel, that they did not take advantage of this opportunity to save themselves.

The vessels now being separated, a third boat was then lowered, to assist the others in getting the crew on board. Acting Master's Mate Brown, the officer in charge of the first cutter, deserves special credit for the skilful manner in which he managed his boat, having made two trips to the Monitor, and rescuing a number of her men. Encouraged by the success attending them, Mr. Brown started on another trip, and soon after was hailed, and directed to lie on his oars, or drop astern, and be towed up, as the Rhode Island would steam for the Monitor as soon as the men could be got on board from the boats alongside, and the boats hoisted up. Mr. Brown, perhaps not understanding the order, proceeded on in the direction of the Monitor, whose red light from her turret was still visible, but by the

time the steamer was ready to turn her wheels, the light had unfortunately disappeared.

Half-past one P.M., on the thirtieth ult.—The steamer proceeded slowly in the direction which the Monitor bore when last seen, and endeavored to keep her position as near as possible throughout the night, burning Coston's night-signals at intervals.

After daylight, not seeing any thing of the missing boat, I decided to cruise between the position she had separated from us and Cape Hatteras, and the extremity of its shoals, with the hope of falling in with her. This plan was carried out, and the day (thirty-first ultimo) was passed in this way, but I regret to say, without success. It is possible, however, that the boat may have been picked up by one of the numerous vessels that were seen off the coast on that day. The boat was buoyant, had a good crew, and no doubt well managed, and I entertain hope that her daring crew have been saved by some passing vessel.

Acting Ensign Taylor, the officer who had charge of the launch, which had rendered good service, speaks in high praise of the gallant conduct of Acting Master's Mate Stevens, who when the launch was manning, went quietly into the boat, took one of the oars, and while alongside the Monitor, in striving to save others, was himself washed from the boat, but was rescued by the first cutter. Mr. Taylor also speaks in high terms of David T. Compton, Cockswain of the launch, who when the boat was stove and rendered unfit for service, oarlocks broken, declared he would not leave the boat, but would go to the Monitor even if he had to scull the boat.

I inclose herewith a list of the men in the missing boat belonging to the Rhode Island.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
STEPHEN D. TRENCHARD,
Commander.

Acting Rear-Admiral S. P. LEE,
Commanding North-Atlantic Blockading Squadron,
Hampton Roads.

Doc. 94.

BATTLE OF PARKER'S CROSS-ROADS,
TENN.

COLONEL DUNHAM'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, PARKER'S CROSS-ROADS, }
NEAR LEXINGTON, TENN., December 31, 1862. }

Brig.-Gen. J. C. Sullivan, Commanding Division:

SIR: In pursuance of your written order of yesterday, the thirtieth instant, I on that day, at about two o'clock P.M., left Huntington, in pursuit of the enemy's force, under Gen. Forrest, toward Lexington, with the brigade under my command, except the Seventh Tennessee, which was by your order left to guard the bridge north of Huntington.

My command consisted of parts of two companies—A and E of the Eighteenth Illinois volunteer infantry, mounted, under Capt. Davis, sixty-five men; the Fiftieth Indiana volunteers, Lieut.-Col. Wells commanding, five hundred and twenty-

five men; the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois, Col. Ranaker; five hundred and twenty-nine men; the Thirty-ninth Iowa, Colonel Cummings, four hundred and five men; and three pieces of the Seventh Wisconsin, under Lieut. Wheelock, thirty men. In all, one thousand five hundred and thirty-four men, rank and file.

Notwithstanding all were weary and worn with constant marches and arduous duties already performed, our little force pushed vigorously forward, and reached Clarksburgh, twelve miles distant, shortly after dark.

As the advance-guard (the mounted infantry under Captain Davis) approached the town, they were met and resisted by a company of the enemy. They promptly dismounted, engaged and repulsed him—killing three, who were left dead on the ground.

Our column immediately moved forward into, and occupied the town, without further resistance. Here we bivouacked for the night.

I ascertained from scouts whom I sent out, that Gen. Forrest, with a large force—said to be his whole command—were bivouacked at Union Church, four miles west of Clarksburgh, on the road leading from McLamoresville into the Huntington and Lexington road at Parker's Cross-Roads, five miles south of Clarksburgh. One of his foraging parties represented his force at eight thousand strong, with twelve pieces of artillery.

I immediately (two o'clock A.M.) sent a courier to you with a despatch, saying, in substance, that he was at the point above designated in considerable force, and that I should try to coax or force a fight out of him in the morning.

My information induced me to believe that he was endeavoring to escape by way of Lexington, and hence would enter the road to that place at the cross-roads aforesaid.

I determined to there intercept him. Our little force had breakfasted, and were in motion before day. The mounted infantry having been upon picket during the night, were left as rear-guard, and company A, of the Fiftieth infantry, under Lieut. Indy, was thrown forward as an advance-guard.

As the advance approached Parker's Cross-Roads, it was attacked by the enemy's pickets, and immediately deployed as skirmishers, and pushed rapidly forward up the hill, the whole column following. As I got with the advance to the top of the hill, I saw what seemed a large company, or two small ones, of the enemy, retreating along the road to the west, upon whom we opened fire, and the retreat became a flight, to Dr. Williams's house, upon a hill near half a mile distant, under the shelter of which, and the outbuildings and timber around it, they rallied.

Desiring to ascertain whether the enemy was there in force, two guns were ordered up, and threw a few shells into the surrounding timber, when a further retreat into the woods to the north-west followed.

Lieut.-Colonel Wells, with the Fiftieth Indiana, was ordered forward, to occupy the hill upon which the house stood, and the woods to the

right, and reconnoitre. He threw three companies (A, D and F) forward as skirmishers, following with the remainder of the regiment, and soon took the position indicated.

No enemy being found, company F, Lieutenant Jones, was sent across a skirt of woods to the north, to reconnoitre, and soon came up with and engaged a company of the enemy's mounted men, at a house a little west of north from that of Dr. Williams, and drove them back across a large field up and over the crest of a ridge. The recall was sounded, and they returned to the house.

Soon the enemy was seen coming down the hill toward the house. Company F had in the mean time been joined by a part of the detachment of the Eighteenth Illinois, (the mounted infantry before mentioned,) and the two again deployed, and drove the enemy back to the top of the ridge.

At this juncture, I saw the enemy deploying a line along, but behind the brow of the ridge, and the recall was sounded, and the skirmishers again rallied to the house. They had barely done so, when the enemy opened upon them with shell from a gun on his extreme right, and soon from another considerably further to the east, and the skirmishing party was withdrawn to the regiment at Williams's house.

Determined to ascertain if possible the force and disposition of the enemy, two pieces of artillery were ordered forward to the edge of the woods, supported by four companies of the Fiftieth Indiana, under Major Atkinson.

From these guns a fire was opened upon the enemy along the ridge. He replied with at least a full battery, and the fire for a little while was intense on both sides.

Seeing that the enemy had put a heavy force in line along and just over the crest of the ridge, and having accomplished all I desired at that place and time, I ordered our fire to cease and the forces there to be withdrawn to the main column at the cross-roads. Two or three of the horses of one gun having been disabled, it was gallantly taken out by a detachment of the Fiftieth, under a heavy fire of grape and shell.

The whole command was then moved south down the Lexington road, half a mile to the Red Mound, and placed in line of battle along and behind the crest of a ridge, which ran back from the road at an angle of about forty-five degrees, about half the length of the line, where it turns still more eastward. The left rested upon the road—the right upon a thick wood and ravine. The artillery was placed at the turn in the ridge.

This position covered a field to the west, a considerable part of the road running south from the cross-roads, and also by our guns a portion of the road from the west to the cross-roads.

The wagon-train was placed in a hollow in the rear, with two companies, one of the Thirty-ninth Iowa and one of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois beyond, to protect it. These dispositions were scarcely made, indeed the artillery had not got fully into position, before the enemy, in heavy column, was seen moving from the woods

on to the road near Williams's house, and along it toward the cross-roads.

Being out of range of musketry, the artillery was ordered to open fire upon the advancing column, which it did, but from some cause, seemingly with but little effect. Lieut.-Colonel Wells was also directed to send two companies of his regiment (the Fiftieth Indiana) toward the cross-roads, to watch and check his advance. Company G, Capt. Carothers, immediately moved up the road at double-quick, deployed in the lane, opened a galling fire, and held his position until forced back by overwhelming numbers. Company B, Lieut. Davis, also moved forward at the same step, and deployed along the edge of the woods, upon which I afterward changed my line, and did valuable service. The enemy moved past the cross-roads eastward, and appeared as if desirous of escaping in that direction.

Our forces were immediately and rapidly moved to the north (toward the cross-roads) and a new line formed nearly perpendicular to a prolongation of the first, along the edge and under cover of the woods, parallel to the enemy's advancing column, the left resting upon the road and the right upon an open field, with three companies thrown perpendicularly to the rear in the edge of the woods, to cover the right flank, and a vigorous attack was commenced.

The disposition of forces at this time was: first, company G, Fiftieth Indiana, in the lane, who, when forced back as aforesaid, took position at the extreme left; second, the Thirty-ninth Iowa; third, the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois; fourth, the detachment of the Eighteenth Illinois; fifth, the Fiftieth Indiana, holding the right; sixth, two companies, company A of the Thirty-ninth Iowa, and one company of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois, at the house on the mound, to cover our rear and protect our train yet in the hollow.

All had moved into position with alacrity and with the steadiness of veterans. The artillery had been ordered forward with a view to being placed between the Thirty-ninth and One Hundred and Twenty-second, where it was thought it would be made most effective upon the enemy's batteries and be supported by these regiments, but it had not yet got into position.

By this time the enemy had got into position, and the fire from his batteries had become intense along our whole line. Our skirmishers had been forced back out of the lane, which the enemy now occupied, and from which, and a small hill behind which he was, to some extent, sheltered, he poured upon our left a galling musketry fire.

I looked for our guns; two, only, had been brought forward, and they, instead of taking the position indicated, were being put in position in front of the extreme left.

I rode along the line to them. When I came up they had opened fire upon the enemy in the lane and upon the hill last mentioned. I again ordered them to be moved to the place designated. To my utter astonishment I was informed by the lieutenant that his ammunition was about

exhausted, and hence that it was useless to change position.

Directing him to do the best he could with his pieces, I turned away to do the best I could without them.

Candor compels me to say, that from some cause our artillery was throughout strikingly inefficient, although both the officers and men with it exhibited the greatest bravery.

The enemy at this time had one battery on the ridge in front of and parallel to our line, one on a ridge nearly perpendicular to, but beyond our line to the right, so situated as to enable him to concentrate a fire upon several portions of our line, and to enfilade a part of it, and his fire had become terrible in its intensity. I determined to take his batteries, at all hazards the one on the right.

The requisite orders had been given, and I was riding along the line to see that they were properly understood, when we were suddenly and furiously attacked from the rear by a heavy dismounted force, which had, under the cover of the hills and woods beyond, turned our right flank and was moving to the rear of our main line in a direction nearly parallel to it, and between it and that of the two companies left to protect the train and rear.

At the same time a regiment of cavalry charged up the Lexington road from the south toward the rear of our left. This was the crisis of the day, and nobly did our gallant men meet it. The main line was faced at once to the rear, and drove the enemy back, inflicting a heavy loss in killed and wounded, and taking a large number of prisoners.

The repulse was complete. The Fiftieth here made a bayonet-charge, never surpassed and seldom equalled, forcing their way entirely through the enemy's line.

The cavalry charging up the road was also completely and severely repulsed by the two companies protecting our rear, who were promptly put in motion for that purpose under the direction of Adjutant Simpson of my staff, but it rallied and made a second charge upon them and was again repulsed.

When the enemy had been repulsed from the rear of our main line, as above described, the Fiftieth Indiana was placed to cover the route by which he had approached. It had barely got into position when its right was furiously charged by a heavy cavalry force from the south, before which it staggered and fell slightly back; but two companies (H, Captain Scott, and C, Captain Marsh) holding the left, quickly changed front and poured into the flank of the charging force a murderous fire, under which it broke and fled, and the right immediately rallied and resumed its place.

This substantially closed the fighting for the day, it being about two o'clock P.M. The repulse of the attack upon our rear had brought our line back to Red Mound, where our first had been formed, but at nearly right angles to it, the left rested where the right of the first had rested. It was in excellent order.

I was passing along it, speaking words of con-

gratulation and encouragement to the men, when a flag of truce, borne by an aid of Gen. Forrest, approached. I rode forward and demanded his message. He answered: "The General understands that you have surrendered." I replied: "The General is entirely mistaken; we have never thought of surrendering."

He said a white flag was hoisted. I answered: "You are mistaken, or if not, it was done without my authority or knowledge, and you will so report to your General."

He departed, but shortly returned with the flag of truce, and said the General demanded an unconditional surrender. I replied: "You will get away with that flag very quickly, and bring me no more such messages. Give my compliments to the General, and tell him I never surrender. If he thinks he can take me, come and try." He left.

In the mean time, Commissary-Sergeant Thompson, of the Fiftieth, had informed me that when the charge had been made upon the two companies left to protect the train and our rear, the waggoners had become panic-stricken, and had driven the train north-westwardly into a hollow, where it had been captured, and that with a single company he could retake it.

I turned to the Thirty-ninth Iowa and asked: "Will any company volunteer to retake the wagons?"

Company G, Capt. Cameron, instantly responded, and was placed under command of Major Atkinson, of the Fiftieth Indiana, and recaptured the train, taking several prisoners, among whom were Major Strange, General Forrest's Adjutant-General; Colonel McKee, his aid, and one or two other officers. This was scarcely accomplished, when I learned that you had arrived from Huntington with Col. Fuller's brigade, and I soon saw his guns moving into position.

It is reported to me by Lieut.-Col. Wells, who held our right, that on the repulse of the enemy's cavalry he appeared to commence withdrawing, under the cover of the woods, his forces past our right southward, and that when Fuller's brigade opened fire, his retreat in that direction became a perfect rout.

We were not during the entire engagement driven from a single position, but on the contrary, whenever opportunity offered, the enemy was driven before us with resistless vigor. Only in a single instance did any part of our command get into the slightest confusion. When our line was ordered to face to the rear and repel the enemy's flanking column, a part of the Thirty-ninth Iowa, some three or four companies of its right, obeyed most handsomely; but the other part, from not properly receiving or not fully understanding the orders, seemed to hesitate, became confused and finally began to break. Seeing this, I rode rapidly to them, hoping to remedy the difficulty. The enemy had seen it also, and concentrated upon them a terrific fire from his musketry in front and the battery on the right, under which they completely gave way and crossed the road

to a skirt of woods, a short distance to the west. Their officers, assisted by my aid, Capt. Silence and Adjutant Simpson, soon rallied them, and they returned in good order to, and resumed their place in the line, in its new position at Red Mound, with their confidence in themselves and mine in them fully restored. It was one of these companies that, under Major Atkinson, retook our wagon train.

When it is recollected that this is a new regiment having had little or no opportunity for drill, that this is not only its first engagement, but its first march, that for nearly two hours it undauntedly maintained its position under the severest fire, and when I call to mind the terrible ordeal of the moment, the wonder is not, that they did no better but so well, and all regret for this single mishap is forgotten in admiration of the courage of these gallant men. Lieut.-Colonel Redfield and Capt. Cameron, of this regiment, were especially conspicuous for their coolness and energy at this time. The former, although severely and dangerously wounded, seemed entirely forgetful of his own sufferings in his efforts to rally his men. Color-Corporal Armstrong also attracted particular attention, for although his companion had fallen at his side pierced by several balls, yet he was ready at every command to put down his flag as a rallying-point. With the exception of this single incident, my entire command throughout the day manifested the greatest enthusiasm and the most perfect confidence in their success, and at no time more than the moment before you arrived with the other brigade.

The One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois deserves especial notice. It is comparatively a new regiment, and part of it was at one time more exposed to the enemy's fire than any other; at any rate, it suffered more in killed and wounded. Its gallant colonel fell severely wounded, yet its courage never flagged, and it met every duty and every danger with unwavering resolution. The detachment of the Eighteenth acted for the most part with it, and deserves the same commendation.

To the Fiftieth Indiana, because of its greater experience, (being an older regiment,) was assigned the most responsible position of the field, and it is only necessary to say that, under its vigilant and brave commander, it so did its duties as to show that the trust was worthily confided.

I should also especially mention Captain Silence and Lieut. John R. Simpson, my Acting Assistant Adjutant-General. By their vigilance and energy in observing and reporting every movement, by their promptness in conveying orders and in seeing to and aiding in their execution, and in many other ways, were they of the greatest service to me. In the discharge of their duties they were often exposed to the enemy's hottest fire. Capt. Silence had two horses shot under him.

My mounted orderly, Fred. L. Prow, of the Fiftieth Indiana, also did good service in conveying orders. I should also acknowledge my per-

sonal obligation to him. When my own horse was shot under me, he rode forward under a terrible fire, dismounted, and gave me his.

I hope to be pardoned for also mentioning a gallant little feat of private E. A. Topliff, of the battery. As our line faced about and pressed back in their engagement of the enemy in our rear, one of the guns of the battery was left behind in the edge of the woods. All the horses belonging to it had been killed but two. After every body had passed and left it, he, fearing that the enemy might capture it, alone and under a smart fire, disengaged the two horses, hitched them to the piece, and took it safely out.

The losses of my command are—killed, twenty-three; wounded, one hundred and thirty-nine; missing, fifty-eight. Total, two hundred and twenty.

Many of the wounds, probably one half, are slight. Among those taken prisoners are Capt. Hungate and Quartermaster Adams, of the Fiftieth Indiana, and Lieut. D. S. Scott, of the Eleventh Illinois cavalry, acting temporarily as my aid. Capt. Hungate had been very unwell for two or three days, but had, with great resolution, kept with his company. The night previous he became, and continued, very sick, and was with the assistant surgeon of his regiment, who, in the rear, had established his headquarters. Lieut. Adams was assisting in arranging the hospital and in making provision for the wounded already being brought in. They, and also the Assistant Surgeon, Hervey, and the hospital steward, were captured by the enemy's cavalry in the charge upon our rear. Dr. Hervey and the hospital steward were detained two hours, our wounded, in the mean time, being left to suffer for want of their attention. Lieut. D. S. Scott, Eleventh Illinois cavalry, was suddenly surrounded and taken whilst zealously discharging his duties.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant;

C. L. DUNHAM,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

COLONEL CUMMINGS'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-NINTH IOWA INFANTRY,
BATTLE GROUND PARKER'S CROSS-ROADS,
December 31, 1862. }

LIEUTENANT: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my regiment in the battle of Parker's Cross-Roads this day:

Upon arriving at the cross-roads we were halted, and remained in that position some time, while the Fiftieth Indiana infantry deployed as skirmishers, and, supported by two pieces of artillery, engaged the rebels upon the hill to the right and west of the road. We were then ordered to file to the right up the lane, take position on the hill, and upon arriving there I was ordered to counter-march and take position about a mile south of the cross-roads, and there formed in front of a few log houses upon the left of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois infantry. About eleven o'clock A.M. I changed front forward on first company and moved north about a quarter of a mile, and again formed on the left

of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois, behind a fence. Here we were exposed to a murderous fire from two pieces of the enemy's artillery in front, and a battery of six guns upon our right, which raked my entire line. We were also exposed to a heavy musket-fire from the enemy's dismounted cavalry. My men were in a low skirt of timber, but returned for a long time with much energy the fire from their rifles. Notwithstanding the grape, canister and shell of the enemy were falling thick upon them, wounding many, they behaved admirably and fought with much coolness, and here allow me to remark that they were greatly encouraged by the presence of Col. Dunham, commanding the brigade, who amid the thickest of the iron hail rode in front and rear of them, urging them to do or die for their country. After fighting an hour or more in this position, some officer came down to my right and gave an order which several of my officers say to me was: "Rally to the rear." Had the officer passed down as far as my colors he would have found me, and, I am satisfied I could, had my command heard my voice, have about-faced the regiment and led them anywhere without confusion. But being raw troops and imperfectly drilled, they mistook the command for an order to retreat, and commenced breaking to the rear from near the right of the regiment, which, despite my efforts, became propagated along the whole line. I hastened toward the right of the retreating men and gave the order to halt and the command to form, and had done much toward re-forming, when we were opened upon by a heavy fire of dismounted men, who had advanced under cover of the thick underbrush to within fifty feet of my men. They then in more confusion fell back toward the fence and received standing the fire of the enemy's artillery, and under it and the fire from the rear, the confusion became worse. Companies F and D, and several from other companies, formed upon the right of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois, which had faced to the rear, and assisted them in driving the rebels back at the point of the bayonet, taking a number of prisoners. Under this fire, so unexpected, from both front and rear, and the enemy's cannon seemed to be entirely concentrated upon our left to save their own force in our rear, about the half of my regiment broke to the left of our line as formed in behind the fence and crossed the road into the corn-field upon the opposite side. Assisted by Col. Dunham, Lieut.-Colonel Redfield, who was severely wounded, Major Griffith, who had been struck on the head by a spent grape-shot, and yourself, I attempted to halt and re-form the scattered men. The enemy turned their cannon upon us and we were fired upon by their cavalry, and I was unable to form a line until we reached a skirt of timber about a quarter of a mile from where we lay in line. Here I formed and marched back upon the left again of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois and Fiftieth Indiana, but they fell in with us and marched back to the battle-ground. Shortly afterward, perhaps half

an hour, and at about half-past one P.M., reinforcements arrived and the battle ended. I have omitted to state that at the cross-roads company A was detached from the regiment and guarded our train. When we fell back to the ground on which the battle was fought, they, or rather all but fifteen of them, with company G of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois, were stationed at the house on the rear of our line of battle. Here they three times repulsed a regiment of cavalry who attempted to force their way through the lane to reach our main body. The fifteen spoken of were near the train, and succeeded in capturing over forty prisoners.

There were many cases of individual bravery among those under my command, but to particularize would make my report too lengthy. I must however say, that from information received through reliable men of my command, who were taken prisoners and paroled, I am satisfied that the rebels had men dressed in our uniform so close in our rear, that they could see our exact position, and know the number of our regiments and strength.

Allow me to add that while I cannot take the room to name the many of my company officers who did their whole duty, I must bear witness to the coolness and bravery of Lieut.-Col. Redfield, (who ceased his labors only when his wound compelled him,) Major Griffith, Surgeon Woods, and Adjt. Tichenor. They rendered me all the assistance possible.

The following figures show the number of my officers and men who took part in the engagement:

Field and staff, five; company officers, twenty-one; enlisted men, three hundred and seventy-nine. Total, four hundred and five.

My report of casualties is as follows:

Killed, three; wounded, thirty-three; missing, eleven. Total loss, forty-seven.

I also add a list of the names of killed, wounded and missing:

Killed.—Corporal Jacob Koontz, Co. G; Corporal J. C. Stearns, Co. H; Color Guard; Demigh Layton, wagoner, Co. K.

Wounded.—Lieut.-Colonel James Redfield, in shoulder, severely; Major J. M. Griffith, in head, spent ball; Capt. J. M. Brown, Co. F, stomach, severely; Second Lieutenant J. B. Rawls, Co. A, in two places by spent balls; First Sergeant John P. Jones, Co. A, in abdomen, slightly; Corporal Jesse Williams, Co. A, in abdomen, slightly; private Thomas Tucker, Co. A, in leg, severely; private Edward Brown, Co. A, in leg, severely; private L. F. Bates, Co. A, in shoulder, severely; private Solomon Pentwies, Co. A, in leg, severely; private John L. Albin, Co. B, in hand, severely; private Wm. H. Chamberlain, Co. B, in head, severely; private Benjamin P. Chase, Co. B, in thigh, severely; Corporal Jerome Coon, Co. D, in face, slightly; private Randal Milliner, Co. D, in shoulder, severely; private George Vaught, Co. D, in arm, severely; private Joseph F. Palmer, Co. D, in head, slightly; Corporal James F. Morris, Co. E, in arm, severely; private Amos

Moler, in neck, slightly; private I. I. Hencyer, Co. F, in arm, severely; private Wm. Thornberg, Co. F, in hip, severely; private W. S. Wilkinson, Co. F, in head, slightly; private Charles Albright, Co. G, in shoulder, severely; private John S. Baird, Co. G, in leg, slightly; private Samuel C. Bazel, Co. G, in leg, severely; private Bartholomew Haffron, Co. G, in hand, slightly; private James Mood, Co. H, in hand, slightly; private Joseph Smith, Co. H, in hand, slightly; private Nathan Russell, Co. H, in breast, slightly; private James Estes, Co. H, in hand, slightly; private Clifford B. Parker, Co. H, in abdomen, slightly; Sergeant Wm. L. Keaggy, Co. I, in leg, slightly; private James C. Evans, Co. K, in head, slightly.

MISSING AND SUPPOSED TO BE PRISONERS.

Private David Fleming, Co. A; Henry Chase, Co. A; Asher W. Holcomb, Co. B; Sergeant Thos. Ashton, Co. C; privates Jack Johnson, Co. D; Benj. Aylott, Co. E; Geo. Armstrong, Co. H; Alfred Warner, Co. I; Musician, Thos. Nicholas, Co. I; private William Farner, Co. K.

Company C, with the exception of five men, were left on picket at Huntington, and did not arrive in time to take part in the engagement.

I am, very respectfully,

H. J. B. CUMMINGS,
Colonel Commanding.

Lieut. JOHN R. SIMPSON,
A.A.A.G., Second Brigade.

CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

CAIRO, January 6, 1863.

The announcement was made from this point yesterday, of the successful battle fought at Parker's Cross-Roads on the thirty-first ultimo, between Brig.-General Jerry C. Sullivan's forces and the celebrated cavalry of the confederate General Forrest. The general results, and a somewhat detailed description of the brilliant battle were also given in the telegram, but many interesting particulars, the history of the campaign and other matters impossible to comprise in a telegraphic despatch, were purposely omitted, to be dealt with separately and at some length in this letter. I have the very best authority for saying that no more thorough knowledge of a fight, its antecedents, concomitants and results could have been obtained than I have of this battle, had I been upon the field and participated in every movement, and carefully noted the minutiae at the moment.

To obtain a full knowledge of the importance of this raid of Forrest's, it will be necessary to start with its history at about the eighteenth of December, when Jackson was "threatened," as correspondents at the time incredulously set forth in their despatches from this point and Columbus. It will appear, perhaps, that Jackson was pretty severely threatened.

My informant, whose notes I have before me, and whose story, being connected and particular, as well as reliable, I shall follow in this narrative as nearly as may be, left Oxford, Mississippi, on the eighteenth of December, and arrived at

Jackson at midnight of the same day. Brig.-Gen. Jerry C. Sullivan, a young Indianian, was in command of the forces at this point. Jackson was in an uproar, consequent upon a report which had gained some credence, that General Forrest, with at the least calculation from twelve to fifteen thousand men and ten or twelve pieces of artillery, had crossed the Tennessee and was rapidly making his way to Jackson by the way of Lexington. Of course the Federal force, being but about five thousand strong, could not be expected to successfully meet so overwhelming a force. General Sullivan had information that seemed to corroborate common report, and fully expected an attack. He had his men under arms, early and late, during the day and night, prepared to do his best in any emergency. On the evening of the eighteenth, Brayman's and Fuller's brigades came up and reënforced Sullivan.

At twelve m. on the ensuing day, the nineteenth, the enemy were reported actually but two miles from Jackson. Gen. Sullivan ordered out the Forty-third Illinois, Col. Engleman, to go to the front and do what they could to harass the confederates. The command was obeyed. Engleman ambuscaded his regiment and waited Forrest's approach. As the rebel advance came in, a volley was fired upon them; several were killed outright, some wounded and three taken prisoners. In this rencontre our loss was one killed and five wounded. At two p.m. on that day Col. Fuller, with his brigade of about five thousand men, arrived at Jackson, from Oxford, forwarded by order of General Grant.

Undoubtedly well informed as to the Federal strength at Jackson, and as correctly posted as to the arrival of reënforcements, harassed by Engleman, and fearing to attack, Forrest commenced throwing shell into the town, hoping to destroy it. During this bombardment, which apparently caused little damage, Generals Sullivan, Haynie, and Webster held a consultation at Sullivan's headquarters. They were well satisfied that Forrest would not deem it prudent to enter the town, and should he desire to do so, could ask for nothing more to their wishes. Brayman's brigade was ordered out then as skirmishers. The roar of artillery from our side soon had the effect of driving the enemy away. At four p.m. Brayman began to overtake their skirmishers only four miles from the town. But they continued to fall back. Brayman followed about two miles further, and then encamped. The rest of Sullivan's forces remained in the place within intrenchments.

Early in the morning of the twentieth, leaving one thousand one hundred men to guard Jackson, Sullivan, with the remainder—about seven thousand—left, having three batteries, with General I. N. Haynie, in pursuit of Forrest. Major Smith, of the Forty-fifth Illinois, was commandant of the town. At ten a.m. the same day, cannon were heard toward the north-east, in the direction of Spring Creek. At two p.m. the same sound seemed to come from the direction of Humboldt. General Sullivan, not knowing whether

this came from Forrest or not, but opined that some body was in trouble, ordered out five hundred men to reënforce Trenton, to go by the way of Humboldt. It was not until four p.m. that reliable news arrived of the destruction of the trestle-work near Trenton, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Men as scouts were immediately sent out as to the matter, and report. They confirmed the evil tidings upon their return. Early the next morning two contrabands came into camp from Murfreesboro, and reported that the rebels, five thousand to seven thousand strong, commenced the retreat from that place the same day that Sullivan left Jackson, and on the twentieth were ten miles out. They gave the capture of Ingersoll at Lexington correctly; also that other captures had been made in the vicinity of men, horses, and other property. At midnight a despatch was received from Trenton, while in camp, that Forrest was east of that place, at Spring Creek, and advancing. This report came from Colonels Fry and Hawkins. General Sullivan also heard that day that Humboldt had been taken, and that five hundred troops, sent up on the railroad, had had the road cut up on each side, confining them to their position or necessitating a return on foot. Thirty rounds were fired upon this train by the rebels; one man killed and four wounded upon it. The fire was returned from the cars, and thirty rebels bit the dust. Col. Ihre, assuming command of the five hundred men, marched them out, pursued the rebels; they fled, he followed and chased them to Humboldt, and still they did not pause in their flight. Twelve of their skeddadling force were killed. Our loss was none killed and but one wounded.

On the twenty-first, not finding the rebels, Gen. Sullivan returned to Jackson, where the fight had not yet subsided, but an attack was continually anticipated. The report had reached the place regarding the recapture of Holly Springs, and it was supposed that Van Dorn was then moving north to gobble up Jackson and the whole country from thence to Columbus.

Soon after Gen. Sullivan returned to Jackson, he ordered troops to report to Gen. I. N. Haynie, for the purpose of going north and "repairing bridges, pitching into the rebels, and opening railroads." At sundown the following forces had reported to the General: One Hundred and Sixth Illinois, Col. Latham, two hundred and ten men; Thirty-ninth Iowa, Colonel Cummings, six hundred and four men; One Hundred and Nineteenth Illinois, Major Watson, two hundred and five men; Iowa Union brigade, Lieut. Colten, two hundred men.

General Haynie was afterward reënforced by ninety of the Eleventh Illinois cavalry, under Capt. Burbridge, and one company of the Eighteenth Illinois infantry. He then transported his troops to the first break in the road, and commenced the labor of making repairs. At night the camp was fired upon. In the morning scouts were sent on to Humboldt, which was found to be quietly in Federal possession. The

road being ready, on the twenty-first General Haynie's force moved on and entered Humboldt, where, making repairs and performing other necessary labor, they remained until the twenty-sixth. Here they were joined by the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Illinois, two hundred and fifty-seven men, and Seventh Tennessee, one hundred and forty-eight men.

The repairs being ready, and General Haynie having been further reënforced by the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois, Col. Ranaker, about six hundred men, and leaving Col. Beardsley with the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Illinois at Humboldt, he moved forward to Trenton, where he arrived at noon on the twenty-sixth, and reported by telegraph to General Sullivan. There had been no opposition to Gen. Haynie's march to Trenton; but upon sending out scouts for the purpose, he found that Forrest had changed front also, and had a portion of his force at Middleburgh, four miles from the road, and the remainder at Dresden, about twenty miles from the road—in fact, that the rebel pickets were not over ten miles distant from his own outposts. The rebel force he could not learn, but had an idea that combined it would reach about five thousand. Gen. Haynie had at that time two thousand four hundred men, all told, in his command, and was extremely desirous of advancing alone upon Forrest; but upon making known his wish, Gen. Sullivan considered it highly dangerous for him to undertake the feat, thinking he might be cut off between the two sections of the confederate cavalry. This was undoubtedly sound advice, and it is well it was followed. There was constant telegraphic communication at this time between Haynie at Trenton and Sullivan, yet at Jackson; and to the fact that there were two cool heads, two energetic and courageous men, backed by good and true Western soldiery, may the success so brilliantly achieved at a later day at the Cross-Roads, be mainly attributed. On the twenty-seventh, General Sullivan started out as reënforcements—troops having been furnished for the purpose from Oxford—the Twenty-seventh Ohio, Colonel Fuller; the Twenty-second Ohio, Colonel Wood; the Thirty-ninth Ohio, Colonel Noyes; the Sixty-third Ohio, Colonel Spaulding; the Fiftieth Indiana, Colonel Dunham; Kidd's Fourteenth Indiana, and a Wisconsin battery. Upon their arrival in Trenton, these regiments were brigaded as follows:

First brigade—Col. Fuller of the Twenty-seventh Ohio commanding; Twenty-seventh Ohio, Thirty-ninth Ohio, and Sixty-third Ohio.

Second brigade—Col. Dunham of the Fiftieth Indiana commanding; Fiftieth Indiana, Thirty-ninth Iowa, One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois, and Seventh Tennessee.

Gen. Haynie commanded the troops enumerated as accompanying him to Trenton, not included in the above, and in the advance occupied the extreme left.

To the infantry in the Twenty-seventh were added the batteries and the cavalry, all of which were ordered to be ready for sudden marching

orders. Colonel Dunham's brigade, in fact, did march that night, immediately upon the arrival of General Sullivan, who came at nine o'clock of that night.

Gen. Sullivan and the remainder of the troops marched early the morning of the twenty-eighth, and encamped that night at Shady Grove, a pleasant place for a bivouac, about half a day's march from Huntington. Capt. Burbridge of the Eleventh Illinois cavalry force was ordered forward at an early hour on the twenty-ninth—about four o'clock A.M.—to occupy Huntington, and hold a bridge over a small stream beyond called Beaver Creek, and if possible, prevent the enemy from crossing to the town. This was promptly performed by the corps. They reached the structure just at the moment that Forrest's advance pickets did, but held the position without loss, the confederates quickly falling back when they found themselves forestalled. The infantry were not long in following the horsemen into Huntington. Immediately upon his arrival, General Sullivan ordered regiments into position at the ends of the principal streets leading into the place, and sent out three hundred men four miles towards Forrest's advance to take and occupy a second bridge on the Dresden road. Major Atkinson of the Fiftieth Indiana regiment had charge of this dangerous duty, and performed it faithfully and with celerity. As the detachment of Indiana troops approached the bridge, they were also met by the rebel pickets and fired upon, one of their number being wounded, but none killed. The fire was quickly returned, and two of the rebels were killed, one wounded, and the remainder fell back and gave up the position. In this manner the night of the twenty-ninth was passed at Huntington.

On the morning of the thirtieth the rebels, finding that they were cut off from passing through Huntington, and would be unable to reach their desired destination, the Tennessee, in that way, moved south and westerly, intending, doubtless, to reach Lexington. Late in the afternoon of that day, this movement having reached Sullivan's ears, he ordered Col. Dunham and his Second brigade to strike out and intercept them. The point where he thought they would meet them was at Clarksburgh, or near there, and, as was shown subsequently, the General made a very close guess on the subject, as the Cross-Roads are but a short distance south of Clarksburgh. It was late evening when the Second brigade reached Clarksburgh, which is about nine miles from Huntington.

Leaving the Generals Sullivan and Haynie at Huntington, let us follow the march of Colonel Dunham's devoted force in the advance from Clarksburgh south, toward Lexington, it being understood that Forrest's force, unknown to the Federals, had made a detour to the westward, and taken a wagon road running in a conical line from a point on the Dresden road, at Hico, across the Trenton road, a little to the eastward of McLemoresville, and reaching the Lexington road a few miles south of Clarksville—Parker's

Cross-Roads—intending thence to strike the road through Lexington for Clifton, their proposed crossing-place of the Tennessee River. The start of Colonel Dunham's force from Clarksville was made early on the morning of the thirty-first. The Cross-Roads were reached at nine o'clock. What was the surprise of Colonel Dunham to find his little brigade confronting, drawn up in a field of about a mile and a quarter in length, and one mile in width, supported in front by three batteries, on elevated points or hillocks, seemingly made expressly for the purpose, and rather encircling with cavalry and dismounted horsemen the road where he should pass, over seven thousand confederates, all under the command of the redoubtable Forrest in person. There was no time to run, if he would—which was not his forte—and all he had before him was to fight it out. This he proceeded coolly to do.

The enemy made the attack with their batteries, which were in position to rake Dunham's brigade completely, situated as they were upon slight knolls or mounds. Their dismounted cavalry, used as infantry, were posted in the rear of the first battery. Behind two columns of these were planted two batteries, and then to the left and right of these, still further to the south, were ranged the main force of the confederates, consisting of mounted riflemen.

Dunham's brigade formed immediately in solid column, in about a straight line south of the batteries, thinking there best to maintain a footing. It was a good stand-point, but overpowering numbers soon made it a bad one, for, toward the close of the fight, the rebels had managed to flank the Federals and deploy men enough to the left and right to cut them off completely from retreat. But this was not until the battle had lasted some three hours, so stubbornly did Dunham's men contest the ground, inch by inch, all the time under the galling fire of the confederate cannon. So strongly did they fight, even before they brought their own battery to position, so accurate was their aim and invincible their wills, that for a time it was not certain they would not drive the entire seven thousand before them. But this could not last. The enemy was fresh; they had ammunition in plenty, and their position that of their own choice. The reader has the scene plainly before him: the small force of Union troops, under the old flag, standing firm before three times their own number; Colonel Dunham and his aids in the thickest of the fight, waving their swords and urging their men to more chivalrous deeds, and all this in the midst of flying shot, rifle bullets, and bursting shell—the din of battle rendering the voice of commanders useless, almost, and drowning all vocal efforts beneath the deep bass of the roaring cannon. The smoke of burning powder; the dust created by ploughing solid shot as it struck the earth, enveloping men, horses, batteries; all, as with the panoply of an impending storm. Through this veil you see the flash of artillery, blaze from musket and rifle, and the shadowy movements

of the soldiers and their officers, as through the gauze and red lights you have witnessed in the denouement of a drama on the mimic stage. You hear, you see, you conceive that something awfully tragic, something terribly sublime, is being enacted before your eyes, yet, until you approach and mingle with the dead and wounded, and see the red life-current at your feet, hear the dying groans of your countrymen, and feel that you are powerless to aid—that a Power higher than a human power can only succeed and protect in that dread hour—you cannot appreciate the feelings of those engaged upon the battle-field.

And still, without hope, almost, without ammunition for his battery—for it had at the end of three hours given out entirely and could not be replenished—Colonel Dunham and his gallant men held their position. The hour had come. They had to fall back. They did so, and each soldier in his place, slowly, steadily, as though on parade; still firing volley after volley, and closely pressed by the confederate cavalry. A sudden movement of the enemy to the right, and our brigade was hemmed in—surrounded: But they did not give up. Yet there was a cartridge in the box, there was a musket in hand, the Stars and Stripes were above their heads. Before their eyes were the rebels, and in their very faces the hated stars and bars were fluttering. The hearts of oak flinched not. Still they fought. Seeing their helpless condition, and not knowing when—if ever—the Yankee commander would consider himself whipped, Forrest ordered a cessation of the conflict, and a parley ensued. A flag of truce came to Colonel Dunham, demanding an unconditional surrender. He sent back word he “never surrendered. If they wanted to take him and his force they had got to fight to the bitter end.” This was gaining time. It was high noon. The First brigade could not be far away. This answer had been returned to Forrest, and he was deliberating what next to do, when, over a knoll, just in sight, came General Sullivan in person, closely followed by General Haynie. Behind them came the artillery, the infantry, all on the double-quick, which, for more than three miles, the entire brigade, led on by the noise of the conflict, had kept up without cessation.

The scene at this moment was impressive in the extreme. The firing had almost ceased. The Federals in compact and orderly array, stood firm, as before stated, entirely surrounded by rebels. The First brigade coming up the lane leading to Parker's house, headed by the artillery and the commanding officers, General Sullivan about a hundred yards in advance of General Haynie, turned on his horse and shouted: “Here they are! Hurry up that artillery!” The order was repeated by Haynie, and the artillery and the infantry did hurry up with a vengeance. It was not until the artillery reached the top of the knoll in the lane, which was crowded with confederate soldiers, had unlimbered, and was preparing to open upon them, the infantry had deployed at double-quick, and was rushing upon them at a charge bayonet, that the confederate

leaders seemed to appreciate the fact they were attacked. In reality, so sudden was the onslaught, that even Colonel Dunham's men forgot to fire upon the enemy, and stood apparently transfixed, until the Second brigade had actually scattered the intervening foe, and captured cannon after cannon of their batteries, the rebels succeeding in escaping with but three out of nine, one having exploded in their hands. The rebels in the lane were dismounted. They scattered like a flock of sheep, but were nearly all captured. Those further on, and upon horseback, did not pause to see the result, but ran for cover of the adjacent forest as fast as their horses could carry them. Forrest himself was one of the first to follow this example. His Adjutant-General Strange was not so fortunate, and became a prisoner. So quickly was the fight ended by their appearance upon the scene, that there was hardly any thing done on either side afterward—except running. The newly arrived battery had not a chance to fire a single gun. The rebel artillerymen fled with the rest, and could not be driven to their position by the most frantic exertions of their officers.

The battle was won. There were then three cheers and a tiger by the First and Second brigades, and after that followed congratulations and words of thankfulness such as men in peril suddenly saved can only speak.

The loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of the Union troops did not exceed one hundred. Among the wounded was Colonel Ranaker, who was struck in the leg with a bullet. His wound is serious, but not considered dangerous. The principal loss chanced to fall upon members of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Illinois regiment. Lieut.-Colonel Redfield was wounded in the shoulder severely. Captain Brown of the Thirty-ninth Iowa, in the chest, supposed mortally. There were no field or commissioned officers on our part killed. Lieutenant Scott of the Eleventh Illinois cavalry, connected with General Sullivan's staff, but acting on this occasion as an aid to Colonel Dunham, was taken prisoner. A few of our privates were also captured, but their names have not as yet been reported.

On the part of the rebels, the actual loss in killed, wounded and taken prisoners, as reported by Forrest himself to a Federal officer he captured, but subsequently released, was fully one thousand. Among the killed were Colonel Nappier, a Lieutenant-Colonel and a Major, names not learned. Among the prisoners were Forrest's Adjutant-General Strange, Colonel McKee, an aid of Forrest's, Colonel Cox of the Tennessee militia, Major Lee, and fifteen other line and commissioned officers. We also captured four hundred men, six guns, all their caissons, limbers and contents, four hundred or five hundred horses, saddles, accoutrements, etc., a large amount of small arms, wagons, ambulances, mules, camp equipage, tents, etc., etc., all of which were forwarded to Lexington on the ensuing day—the initial day of the new year.

Upon returning to Lexington on the first of

January, General Sullivan met Colonel Lawler with a fresh brigade, which force he added to Fuller's brigade, and despatched in pursuit of the flying enemy, Colonel Lawler in command. It was thought that the enemy might be overtaken at Clifton, provided gunboats reported to be there had stopped them, and not permitted them to cross the river. There is as yet no report from this expedition. It is to be hoped that Forrest may not be allowed to quit the country in condition to organize another raid like that of which I have attempted to give the history above.

T. H. W.

CHATTANOOGA "REBEL" ACCOUNT.

Subjoined from the *Chattanooga Rebel* of the thirtieth, is the first Southern account of the fight at Parker's Cross-Roads, between Generals Forrest and Sullivan.

Mr. John P. Lee and Mr. Wm. Leady, of this place, returned to-day (Wednesday) from Clifton, Wayne County, Tennessee, where they met Gen. Forrest's forces returning from Parker's Cross-Roads, West-Tennessee, where they had a desperate fight with an overwhelming force of the abolitionists. These gentlemen were with Col. Russell's command twenty-four hours, and had a fine opportunity of learning the facts, and report them as follows:

On the thirty-first of December, Gen. Forrest was returning from his successful expedition for cutting Grant's and Sherman's communications with the North, and destroying their supplies—having destroyed the Mobile and Ohio Railroad bridges and trestles from Jackson to Union City, tearing up the road and burning the cross-ties and iron, and doing the same for the Memphis and Ohio Railroad—capturing and paroling two thousand prisoners, taking four cannon, and a large number of small arms.

At Parker's Cross-Roads, about thirty miles north-west of Lexington, he encountered a large body of the enemy, seven full regiments, supposed to be five thousand, and they raised the white flag in token of surrender. He approached to receive their arms, when another heavy column of ten regiments came on his flank and rear, and began to fire on his men, and the portion who had raised the white flag treacherously joined in the firing. The gallant Forrest and his brave men returned the fire vigorously. They had only ten rounds of ammunition, fired six rounds, and then fought their way out, with a loss of five hundred in killed, wounded and missing. The killed are estimated at about fifty, the wounded at one hundred and fifty to two hundred. The rest are prisoners. The wounded also fell into the hands of the enemy.

It is said that, in fighting their way out, our brave troops massed themselves in a solid column and charged the enemy's column that had come upon their rear. The cool and intrepid Forrest remained in the rear to select his scattered men and bring them out, and the enemy closed up their column, after the most of Forrest's men had passed through, and came very near catch-

ing him. He escaped by riding at full speed along a ravine and leaping his horse over a ten-rail fence. One who witnessed his escape, said the last he saw of Forrest, he was flying over the fence lying flat on his horse, and hundreds of bullets were flying after him. One bullet passed through his hat. Strange to say, not one man was lost in fighting their way out.

Forrest went over with about three thousand five hundred men, and came back with about three thousand. Besides losing five hundred men, one of his mountain howitzers burst in the last fight, and the enemy captured three, leaving him six cannon—his original number. He crossed the Tennessee River at and near Clifton, Tennessee, a little north-east of Lexington, on Thursday night and Friday morning, and camped at Clinton until Sunday morning. The enemy came, eight thousand strong, Saturday afternoon, and formed a line of battle, and some fighting took place across the river, which was three hundred yards wide. Forrest brought his artillery to bear on the abolitionists, and they retired. It is positively asserted that Forrest, with his pistol, killed one abolitionist across the river. The command rode ninety miles without getting out of their saddles, and with little or nothing to eat. They have returned to Mount Pleasant, Tennessee.

Mr. Leady furnishes us with the following list of casualties:

Killed— — Burgess, Dr. Cowan, T. T. Lipscomb, Logan Reedy, Captain Ed. Wallace, Mike White.

Wounded— Captain R. Whitman, right hand and side; B. Nichols, right side; W. B. Ford, left side; Mixon, left side; Terry, right thigh; Morris, left shoulder; Peter Binford, right leg; Brazelton Skidmore, James W. Franks, D. Morton, Lieut. Arthur H. Beard, Cheshire Thornburg, Wm. Bassett, Joe Wall.

We are promised an official report of our loss in a day or two. The abolition loss is reported heavy, but the number not known.

— *Memphis Argus*, January 31.

Doc. 95.

ATTACK ON GALVESTON, TEXAS.

THE following is the official report of the court of inquiry ordered by Admiral Farragut, to investigate the Galveston disaster:

UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP HARTFORD, }
AT ANCHOR OFF NEW-ORLEANS, Jan. 12, 1863. }

SIR: In conformity with your instructions, we proceed to state the facts in relation to the capture of Galveston, Texas, on the first of January, 1863, as elicited by the testimony before the court of inquiry.

The naval force in possession consisted of the Westfield, Clifton, Harriet Lane, Owasco, Schem, and Corypheus. The two latter had joined only two days previous to the attack, having come up from below, the Schem (steamer) in a broken-

down condition, and the Corypheus as her escort. The positions of the vessels were as shown by the accompanying chart. The United States troops on shore consisted of two hundred and sixty rank and file, commanded by Colonel Burrill, of the Forty-second Massachusetts volunteers, occupying, by advice of the commanding naval officer, a wharf in the town.

It seems that the night previous to the attack, information had been received by the commanding officers of both land and naval forces that such an attempt might be made.

At half-past one A.M., on the first of January, it being bright moonlight, some two or three rebel steamers were discovered in the bay above by the Clifton. The Westfield, from the other channel, likewise made the same discovery. The naval forces, therefore, were not taken by surprise.

Very soon after, our troops on shore learned through their pickets, that the artillery of the enemy was in possession of the market-place, about one quarter of a mile distant.

The attack commenced on shore about three A.M., by the enemy upon our troops, which were defended by the Schem and Corypheus with great energy; our troops only replying with musketry, having no artillery. About dawn the Harriet Lane was attacked, or rather attacked two rebel steamers, one of which, the Bayou City, was armed with a sixty-eight pounder rifled gun, had two hundred troops, and was barricaded with cotton bales some twenty feet from the water-line. The other, the Neptune, was similarly barricaded, and was armed with two small brass field-pieces, and one hundred and sixty men, (both were common river steamers.) The Harriet Lane was under way in time, and went up to the attack firing her bow gun, which was answered by the rebels, but their sixty-eight pounder burst at the third fire.

The Harriet Lane ran into the Bayou City, carrying away her wheel-guard, which did her little or no damage. The other rebel steamer then ran into the Harriet Lane, but was so disabled by the collision that she was soon afterward obliged to back in the flats, where she sank in about eight feet of water, near to the scene of action. The Bayou City turned and ran into the Harriet Lane, and she remained secured to her by catching under her guard, pouring in incessant volleys of musketry, as did also the other steamer, which was returned by the Harriet Lane, with musketry. This drove the Harriet Lane's men from her guns, and probably wounded Commander Wainwright and Lieutenant Commander Lee, the latter mortally. She was then carried by boarding, by the Bayou City, her commander summoned to surrender, which he refused, gallantly defending himself with his revolver until killed.

But five of the Harriet Lane's men were killed and five wounded — one hundred and ten, exclusive of officers and wounded, were landed on shore, prisoners. Her Commander and First Lieutenant were buried on the following day on

shore, in the cemetery, with the honors of war, and her other officers paroled. The Owasco, which had been anchored below the town, coaling, the night before, got under way, moved up at the commencement of the attack, and engaged the enemy's artillery on shore. When it was light enough for her to observe that there were two rebel steamers alongside the Harriet Lane, she moved up to her assistance, grounding several times in so doing, owing to the narrowness of the channel. She could only occasionally bring her eleven-inch gun to bear. She was soon driven back by the incessant fire of the enemy's musketry, and when the howitzers of the Harriet Lane opened on her, she concluded she had been captured, and backed down below the Sachem and Corypheus, continuing her engagement with the enemy on shore. She had all her rifle-gun crew wounded when above, and lost in all one man killed and fifteen wounded.

The Clifton before the action commenced, went around into Bolivar Channel, to render assistance to the Westfield, which had got under way when the rebel steamers were first discovered, soon afterward got hard and fast ashore, at high-water, and then made a signal for assistance. While the Clifton was in the act of rendering this assistance, the flashes of the enemy's guns were first seen in the town. Commander Renshaw then directed Lieut. Com. Law to leave him and to return to the town.

The moon had now gone down, and it became quite dark, yet the Clifton, with some difficulty got around into the other channel, opening the batteries upon Fort Point, which the rebels now had possession of, shelling them out and driving them up the beach as she neared the town. Here she anchored and continued the engagement, but did not proceed up to the rescue of the Harriet Lane, owing to the failure of the Owasco, the intricacy of the channel, and the apprehension of killing the crew of the Harriet Lane, who were then exposed by the rebels on her upper deck.

It was now about half-past seven A.M. A white flag was hoisted on the Harriet Lane. A boat bearing a flag of truce, with a rebel officer and an Acting Master of the Harriet Lane, came down to the Clifton, informing her Commander of the capture of the Harriet Lane, the death of her Commander and First Lieutenant, and the killing and wounding of two thirds of her crew, all of which was corroborated by the Acting Master.

Major Smith, their Commander, now proposed that our vessels should all surrender, and that one should be allowed, with the crews of all, to leave the harbor; otherwise they would proceed down with the Harriet Lane, and all their steamers, (three more of which had appeared in sight after daylight, but were neither armed or barricaded,) and proceed to capture the gunboats in line.

Lieut. Commander Law replied that he was not the commanding officer, and that he could not imagine that such terms could be accepted; but that he would take the Acting Master of the

Harriet Lane, and proceed over to the Westfield, and tender his proposal to Commander Renshaw. This he did, and went in his own boat. Flags of truce were at this time flying on our vessels, and by the parties on shore. During the absence of Lieut. Commander Law, and under these flags of truce, the rebels coolly made prisoners of our troops on shore, got more of their artillery into position, and towed the Harriet Lane alongside the wharf, though it had been understood that every thing should remain in *statu quo* until an answer should have been received. Commander Renshaw refused to accede to the proposition, directed Lieut. Commander Law to return, and get all the vessels out of port as soon as possible, and as he found he could not get the Westfield afloat, he should blow her up and go on board the army transports Saxon and M. A. Boardman, which were lying near him, with his officers and crew.

Upon Lieut. Commander Law's return to his vessel, he proceeded to carry out these directions. The flags of truce were hauled down, the enemy firing upon the vessels as we then left the harbor.

When the Clifton was half-way toward the bar, her commander was informed, by a boat from the Westfield, that in the explosion of that vessel, which they observed some half-hour before, Commander Renshaw, Lieut. Zimmerman, Engineer Green, and some ten or fifteen of the crew, had perished, the explosion being premature. Lieut. Commander Law, now being commanding officer, proceeded to cross his vessel over the bar, and finally concluded to abandon the blockade altogether, considering the Owasco as his only efficient vessel, and regarding her as not equal to resist an attack from the Harriet Lane, should she come out for that purpose.

By eight P.M. they had all left the blockade, although the commander of the Clifton had been notified by an officer on board the M. A. Boardman, that another transport would be down within forty-eight hours, and requested that he would warn her off.

The vessels, which were left in possession of the enemy, were the Harriet Lane, and two coal barks, the Cavallo and Elias Pike. The only injury sustained by the Harriet Lane, appears to have been from an eleven-inch shell under her counter, fired by the Owasco, and the damage to her guard from the collision.

Very respectfully,

JAMES S. PALMER,
Captain.

MELANCTON SMITH,
Captain.

L. A. KIMBERLY,
Lieut. Commanding.

Rear-Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT,
Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

NEW-YORK "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

NEW-ORLEANS, January 4, 1863.

Yesterday, at sunset, a startling rumor reached this city. It was said that the rebels at Galveston, Texas, had made an unexpected attack,

in overpowering numbers, upon the handful of United States soldiers, who, supported by a few war-vessels, have held the place in nominal subjection. That the former had been killed or taken prisoners, the Harriet Lane captured, and, worst of all, the Westfield, the flag-ship of the flotilla, blown to pieces, involving the destruction of Commodore Renshaw, its commander, and a number of officers and men, just as he was abandoning his vessel. Inquiry traced the rumor to a telegraphic despatch received by General Banks from down the river. For an hour or two its purport was questioned, contested, disbelieved—presently admitted, but indefinitely. This morning brings confirmation, in all its appalling particulars.

I derive the following narrative (which I shall endeavor to render as clear and coherent as is possible) from Major W. L. Burt, of Gen. Hamilton's staff, who has this morning returned from the scene of the recent tragedy. He was despatched thither as the General's representative in his future capacity of Military Governor of Texas; his duties comprising the assisting of Union men, and the raising of recruits for the wresting of the State from the bloody misrule of treason now rampant there. With him went also Capt. S. W. Cozzens, of Texas, to be assigned to a command. Both gentlemen left this port in the Mary A. Boardman, on the night of Monday, December twenty-ninth, just six days ago. Before I relate Major Burt's experience, it is advisable to mention a few preliminary details necessary to the understanding of his story.

At Galveston the position of affairs was as follows: The town, attacked and taken by Commodore Renshaw on October tenth, 1862, the rebels flying upon the appearance of the gunboats, had remained, in a comparatively deserted condition, under their control. It was held merely as a landing-place for future operations, and occupied principally by Union refugees, fugitives from the terrorism of the interior. We had barely the city and island upon which it stands, a mere sand-bank, thirty miles long, not over two in width, and connecting with the interior by a bridge of two miles in extent, built upon cedar piles. Over this bridge the Galveston and Houston Railroad crosses West Bay and enters the former city. Unfortunately no attempt had been made to destroy this structure, in consideration of its past and possibly future usefulness, a mark of consideration which the rebels have improved to bloody advantage. They had exclusive possession of it, coming and going at pleasure, controlling it by means of three batteries at Virginia Point—the north, or mainland end—and by another, on the island end, at a spot called Eagle Grove. A sort of tacit compromise seems to have existed, by which the enemy agreed neither to use the bridge for belligerent purposes, nor to molest the Harriet Lane, on duty guarding it, while she refrained from shell practice on the batteries, until an active necessity arose for doing so, contenting herself with mutely menacing them, and commanding both the bridge and the four miles space intervening between it and the city. In

what sanguinary shape the contingency appeared, will presently be narrated.

There were in Galveston, up to within a week of the attack, absolutely no troops, the place being held merely by the naval arm. Two regiments had been ordered thither, the Forty-second Massachusetts, Col. Burrill, the Twenty-third Connecticut, Colonel —, with one battery, the Second Vermont, under command of Capt. Holcomb; also a fraction of the First Texas cavalry, the expected nucleus of a regiment. Of these troops, only the Forty-second Massachusetts embarked for Texas, on or before the twenty-fifth of December, the Twenty-third Connecticut remaining at Ship Island, where it still is. The first-mentioned regiment went in three transports, under the respective charges of its Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Major. The vessels being slow, only three companies of this regiment, under Col. Burrill, had arrived, landing on a wharf near the upper part of Galveston. There they took possession of one of the churches as a look-out, and waited the arrival of their comrades. They were, in all, about three hundred men; not enough to establish pickets. They relied entirely on the vicinity of the gunboats for their safety and protection. The Saxon, which had brought them, still lay in the harbor, outside the bar, in shoal-water, with Commodore Renshaw's flag-ship Westfield, the gunboats Clifton and Owasco, in addition to the Harriet Lane, keeping watch and ward over the silent city. Such was the condition of Galveston up to the thirtieth of December. I append a brief list of the armament of the vessels, in order to complete this part of the subject.

Flag-ship Westfield, Commodore Renshaw—two nine-inch guns, four sixty-eight pounders, two rifled guns.

The Harriet Lane, Captain Wainwright—three nine-inch guns, one thirty-pound rifled gun, four twenty-pounders.

The Clifton, Captain Law—two nine-inch guns, four thirty-two pounders, one pivot rifled gun.

The Owasco, Captain Wilson—one eleven-inch gun, one thirty-pound rifled gun, four twenty-four-pound howitzers.

The Mary A. Boardman, the Honduras, and the Cumbria were excepted. The first (a propeller, built for Chinese waters) was laden with stores and forage; the second carried the Vermont battery before spoken of; and the Cumbria (captured off Charleston) contained a number of Texas refugees, embryo United States cavalymen, with one thousand stand of arms for the use of their loyal countrymen. These vessels were to have left New-Orleans on or about December twenty-seventh. None of them, however, got off until two days later, when, as already related, the Mary A. Boardman steamed southward for Galveston, and with her the Honduras, leaving the slower Cumbria to bring up the rear, full forty-eight hours subsequent. The Mary A. Boardman parted with her companion at the Delta of the Mississippi, on the bar of the South-West Pass, and henceforward held on her way alone. At four o'clock on the afternoon of December thirty-first she arrived

off Galveston. Here an ominous sight awaited her in the ruined lighthouse on Bolivar Point—a long sandy reach stretching toward the town from the east. The upper portion of the tower, of whitewashed brick, had been destroyed, the light extinguished, the house below burned, as afterward appeared, on the night of Sunday, the twenty-eighth, by the rebels, in anticipation of the arrival of Union troops. The signal of the *Mary A. Boardman* being answered by the flagship *Westfield*, that vessel came out to meet her, and Com. Renshaw sent an officer and pilot on board, when the *Mary's* crew learned for the first time that Magruder was in command at Virginia Point, with heavy reënforcements, threatening active hostilities.

The *Mary A. Boardman* crossed the first bar of the harbor in company with the *Westfield*, just at sunset, the day dying magnificently, the declining sun lighting up the windows of the city with dazzling lustre. Passing the inner bar, she came to anchor up Bolivar's Channel, on the eastern side of Pelican Island, in the still water below the town, the flag-ship doing the like, within hailing distance, only a little nearer to Bolivar's Point. Seaward, further down, lay the *Saxon*. A fine, calm, moonlight night succeeded the day; it was a little hazy, but without fog, and very quiet; one could see objects distinctly, hear the dash of the waves on the beach, and their ripple on the bay. And so the last night of the year settled down on Galveston.

Up to half-past two o'clock A.M., every thing remained tranquil, but just then, when the moon was disappearing in the western haze, and the specks of light on the vessels burned all the brighter for the gathering darkness, the *Harriet Lane* signalled suddenly, announcing danger. From her post at the inner extremity of the town she had discerned an uprising within it—an attack upon our three hundred Massachusetts soldiers. Almost simultaneously, four rebel gunboats were discovered, either by the *Clifton* or *Westfield*, coming down the bay. Immediately the signalled vessels answered, and the *Westfield*, hauling up her anchor, got under way, intending to cross the Pelican Spit and run up to the wharves, abreast the town.

The flag-ship aground! A fatal mischance! Drifted by the current directly on to the island, in shoal-water, at full tide, there she struck on her bows and there remained. A thousand-ton boat, one of the best of our blockading fleet, with a rudder at each end, double boilers, and seventy feet breadth of beam, she lay in the sand immovable.

And first she signalled to the *Clifton* (another vessel of the same sort, and, like the *Westfield*, well known to Staten Islanders and holiday New-Yorkers) to come alongside and tug her off, and the *Clifton* tugged and tugged, and could not effect it. At this juncture Commodore Renshaw sent a warning to the *Mary A. Boardman* concerning the rebel gunboats, and resumed his pilot, Mr. Davis, who had remained on board the former. Leaving the *Westfield* for a while, until the tragic

interest of the scene shall culminate in her, let us turn our eyes (still from the deck of the *Mary A. Boardman*) to what is transpiring elsewhere.

The fighting began in the town at from three to half-past three A.M., and raged furiously. It appeared in the upper portion, where Colonel Burrill's men were encamped, above the gas works, at three wharves distance below where the *Harriet Lane* lay. From warehouses, wharves, windows, and house-tops, a hellish fire of musketry had opened upon the devoted three hundred of the Forty-second Massachusetts, while light artillery raked the streets leading to the water-side. To this the *Harriet Lane* responded, first by throwing solid shot from her two nine-inch guns, and then by shell from her rifled cannon and twenty-pounders, throwing them in the direction of the railroad bridge, by which it was only too evident that the rebels were swarming to the attack. Their batteries—the four before mentioned—were all active. They had crossed with upward of three thousand infantry, commanded by Magruder in person, bringing artillery on the cars. At this time it was as dark as Erebus; a blackness illumined only by the flash of cannon, the bursting of shell, and the quick, intermittent sparkle of musketry. The sounds, at once horrible and indescribable, welcoming this ghastly New-Year's morning, need not be dwelt upon.

As soon as the firing began, two of the rebel gunboats had borne down upon the *Harriet Lane* and engaged her. One was a huge, long, high-pressure Mississippi steamer, of the usual two-story build, with her tall chimneys cut down, piled four bales high with cotton, her paddle-boxes hidden by them, faced with planking and cross-pieces, and manned—the upper and lower decks—with sharpshooters. The other, a stern-wheel boat, slow and small, partook of the character of a ram, being armed with one pivot-gun, and faced, even to the top of her solitary chimney, with railroad iron, so that the black smoke exuded as from the conical roof. Both of these anomalous monsters assailed the *Harriet Lane*, evidently intending to board her, she in her turn throwing shell at them, some of which ricocheted for half a mile upon the surface of the water, her object being to strike them below the guards and sink them. This, however, she did not effect, and steadily they approached, the ram careening over to one side, as if ill balanced, and the sharpshooters on the steamer keeping up an incessant fusillade from her decks and the tops of the cotton-bales, where they clustered like bees.

To the assistance of the *Harriet Lane* came the *Owasco* and the little *Sachem*, a combatant worthy of mention. A light-draft steamer, she had put into Galveston in an almost unseaworthy condition, and had been ordered to lie by the wharf to protect Col. Burrill's men; with her one large rifle-gun and two small ones she joined battle with all the courage of a first-class man-of-war.

So, presently, did the *Clifton*, temporarily relinquishing the hope of rescuing the *Westfield*, and making to the scene of action, but her progress was not unchallenged. As she turned to

pass over the bar, suddenly the enemy opened fire upon her with two heavy pieces, from Fort Point, an old battery, hitherto abandoned, but which the rebels had succeeded in remounting during the night. This compliment the Clifton answered, first with her bow-gun, then the rest of her armament, moving rapidly, and throwing shell continuously. Soon she had cleared the Point, and, losing one man by the Minie bullet of a sharp-shooter, held on her course toward the Harriet Lane and the thickest of the fight, which then became general both on land and water.

The doomed vessel, her steam not up, unable to escape, was the centre of a perfectly infernal fire-dance. Seen from the Mary A. Boardman, the spectacle assumed an aspect at once grand and terrific. Overhead and around night was slowly retiring before day; the dim light prevalent being rent by the frequent flashes of cannon, the soaring aloft of shell, and the omnipresent short-lived blaze of musketry, while the hellish discord beggars all description. Prominent amid it, one heard the sonorous boom of the eleven-inch gun of the Owasco, the bellowing of the batteries, and the volleys, shrieks, and detonations pervading the town. But our struggle is nearing its end. The rebel steamer and ram have closed at length, on either side of the Harriet Lane, boarded her, and a bloody struggle is raging on her deck. Her invaders, maddened it is said with whisky, fight like infuriate devils, precipitating themselves headlong on the guards, swarming fore and aft, and pouring an incessant hail of small arms from above and below upon the devoted crew. They contend with an enemy apparently unwilling either to give or take quarter. Sternly they are met, sternly resisted. Gallant Captain Wainwright is killed, and of his one hundred and thirty men, all but ten or twenty share his fate, and the Harriet Lane is captured by the enemy!

The loss has occurred, but it is not, as yet, evident, indeed perceptible. Though her guns are silenced, the Owasco, the Clifton, the brave little Sachem still prolong the contest. Presently the former, seen in the gray light of the morning at about six o'clock stops firing, the others emulate her example. Everywhere the fire ceases or slackens, and on the opposite side of the island two rebel gunboats are deserted, tranquilly looking on, and, in the remote distance, yet two others, only to be distinguished by the long line of black smoke proceeding from their chimneys.

Turn we to the flag-ship Westfield, stranded at three miles' distance. The Mary A. Boardman has abandoned the task of endeavoring to deliver her, rendered the more hopeless by the rapidly-falling tide. A hawser has been discouragingly snapped asunder. Nobody on board of either vessel knows the result of the contest centring about the Harriet Lane, but the silence succeeding it seems ominous. Suddenly, at a little after six, the Owasco, the Clifton, and the Sachem, display their colors.

Up to that moment, no flag, except one, flut-

tering idly at the bow of the Westfield, and another, a rebel one, the "stars and bars," on the huge Mississippi steamer, have been visible. The Mary A. Boardman, with her anchor up, follows the example. It is a moment of doubt, of intense excitement. But the Harriet Lane does not respond. In five more, a boat puts off from her toward the Owasco, manned by a handful of rebels, conveying a paroled officer (it is asserted the only surviving one) bearing his white handkerchief tied to his sword as a flag of truce. He goes to request a suspension of hostilities, and, directly afterward, white flags are flying on the Owasco and the Clifton—but not upon the little Sachem!

The best part of an hour passes in inaction. Then Commodore Renshaw sends a message and his pilot to the Mary A. Boardman, bidding her run up to the town to ascertain what has occurred, instructing Capt. Weir, if fired upon, to raise the white flag. Accordingly, taking the precaution to load her ten-pounder, she steams off from the Westfield, past Fort Point, but presently returns, finding her task anticipated. Capt. Law of the Clifton puts off in a gig from that vessel to Commodore Renshaw, with a message received from Gen. Magruder on shore. It gives the Union fleet until ten o'clock to leave Galveston on peril of destruction.

Almost directly after the return of Capt. Law to his steamer, the second cutter of the Westfield reaches the Mary A. Boardman with orders for her to come as near as possible and lie to, as the Commodore has determined to transfer his men and then to blow up his own vessel. It is asserted—whether with truth I cannot pretend to decide—that he was advised to this course by Captain Law.

The scene that ensued, consequent on the knowledge of Com. Renshaw's resolution, on board both vessels, was one scarcely to be paralleled in the experience of a lifetime. It might have been a quarter-past nine o'clock, hence very little time remained for the transfer of men and baggage—the Commodore, indeed, proposed to allow but fifteen minutes. Instantly, then, all was animation. The Westfield lay at about five hundred feet from the Mary A. Boardman, with all her portholes open and her guns run out, every body on board being promiscuously engaged in endeavoring to secure whatever came uppermost. Hammocks, officers' trunks, seamen's chests, cutlasses, swords, rifles, fowling-pieces, blankets, articles of clothing, even looking-glasses, were thrown pell-mell into the boats, hurriedly stowed away and rowed, each with its due proportion of men, to the Boardman, where all hands labored unceasingly to receive them.

The three boats of the Westfield, the first and second cutter and gig, plied to and fro incessantly. In from fifteen to twenty minutes, one hundred and thirty men were transferred from one vessel to the other, Captain Weir superintending matters forward on the Mary A. Boardman, and Major Burt doing the same aft. To the admirable coolness and presence of mind exhibited by

the former gentleman, the latter attributes the successful rescue of the crew, nor has the writer any doubt whatever that the praise might be honestly shared.

At length, only one cutter remained alongside the Westfield, the gig; another, loaded almost to the water's edge, was at a little distance, and about to put off to the Mary A. Boardman. The cutter awaited but its living freight, in the shape of the Commodore and two others; that obtained, a slow match was to be ignited and the steamer blown to air. She had two magazines on board, and was almost literally full of powder, shells, and ammunition. In another ten—in five—minutes all might have been secure, and Commodore Renshaw and those accidentally hurried into eternity with him living men at this hour. That was not to be. Those who saw them last in this world report as follows:

Commodore Renshaw stood quietly on the fore part of the vessel above one of the open powder-magazines. Near him, a barrel of turpentine, with its head stove in, had been lowered down the hatchway into the fore-castle. But two oarsmen were in the cutter, with some eight or ten passengers. To them descended the Chief Engineer, Mr. W. K. Green, followed by the First Lieutenant, Charles W. Zimmerman. Both gentlemen seated themselves in the boat. All now had quitted the doomed vessel except the Commodore.

He was seen to step down the stairway, to enter the cutter, when the match, prematurely fired (it is said by a drunkard) must have communicated with the turpentine. Instantly a heavy roll of black smoke surged upward, followed by a bright, explosive flame, full ten feet high. No alarm followed this, not a word was spoken; the Commodore turned round and looked back, the heavy boat was alongside with her crowd of passengers, the crew of the Mary A. Boardman and her recent acquisitions were gazing curiously at the bright flame, and the tall thin form of their first officer, when—

A white puff of smoke broke through the hatchway as from the muzzle of a cannon. It was followed by an explosion so tremendous as to move air, water, every thing within its scope, jarring the Mary A. Boardman as though she were shaken by an earthquake; and shooting up in the shape of a monstrous fan, like the eruption of a volcano, soared a reversed cone of fire, while spreading equally in every direction—for there was not wind enough in the calm January morning to disturb them—rolled and billowed the heavy volumes of smoke. High up, too, overhead, adding infinitely to the horror and beauty of the occasion, exploded innumerable shells, a hundred of which had been piled up on the deck, perhaps in anticipation of their destiny. One of the powder-magazines had exploded, utterly destroying the forward half of the Westfield, and leaving the remaining portion a shattered and blasted ruin. The two boats and all within them had disappeared!

Before the shocked and startled spectators on the Mary A. Boardman had recovered from the

concussion of air, (as great as might have been occasioned by the near discharge of a whole park of artillery,) the heavier fragments of the exploded steamer fell with sullen plunges into the water, followed by the lighter, producing a rain-like patter over the surface, in a circle of at least five hundred feet about the centre of ruin. To this extent the troubled water was literally blackened, as though tar had been poured over it. But not more so than the shattered half of the unfortunate Westfield yet afloat, whose smoke-stack and walking-beam were still standing, and over whose bows still waved the American flag. Although her safety-valve had been chained down, her steam got up to the highest point, her boilers had not exploded. The sharp singing of her vapor was distinctly audible on the Mary A. Boardman in the ghastly silence that now prevailed; and—noticeable in it—the captain's gig came slowly drifting down from beneath the bows of the wreck, her gunwale just above the water.

The Westfield remained thus for from five to eight minutes, when she burst into sudden blaze near her smoke-stack. Soon the conflagration had spread throughout the entire ruin; the flagship was one entire sheet of flame. With more shells exploding and cannon going off one by one, as they were accidentally ignited, she was but a dangerous neighbor. The Mary A. Boardman did not wait to witness another explosion by the aft magazine.

The rebel ram and gunboats were now coming down the bay, and the batteries had reopened upon the Owaseo, Clifton, and Sachem; in addition to which the artillery used in slaughtering the Twenty-second Massachusetts had been conveyed by mules to below the town, where they began firing upon our steamers. There seemed nothing for it but flight, and flee they did accordingly, leaving the Harriet Lane in possession of the enemy, and the Westfield a mere chimera of fire and smoke, to burn herself to the water's edge in Galveston Harbor. Their last experience was comprised in the Clifton's throwing a shell into the huge Mississippi steamer, which followed them over the bar, and compelling her to retire.

There is now no Union vessel, save the captured Harriet Lane, in Galveston, Texas.

T. B. G.

REBEL REPORTS AND NARRATIVES.

GENERAL MAGRUDER'S DESPATCH.

HEADQUARTERS, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

This morning, the first January, at three o'clock, I attacked the enemy's fleet and garrison at this place, and captured the latter and the steamer Harriet Lane, and two barges, and a schooner of the former. The rest, some four or five, escaped ignominiously under cover of a flag of truce. I have about six hundred prisoners, and a large quantity of valuable stores, arms, etc. The Harriet Lane is very little injured. She was carried by boarding from two high-pressure cotton steamers manned by Texas cavalry and artillery. The line troops were gallantly commanded by Colonel Green, of Sibley's brigade, and the

ships and artillery by Major Leon Smith, to whose indomitable energy and heroic daring the country is indebted for the successful execution of a plan which I had considered for the destruction of the enemy's fleet. Colonel Bagby, of Sibley's brigade, also commanded the volunteers from his regiment for the naval expedition, in which every officer and every man won for himself imperishable renown.

J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER,
Major-General.

HOUSTON "TELEGRAPH" ACCOUNT.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, January 5, 1863.

As General Magruder was on his way to Texas, accompanied by Judge Oldham, Major Forshey and others, the subject of retaking Galveston Island was brought up. The difficulties of the undertaking were canvassed, and the question came up whether the work was feasible. Major Forshey observed: "General, I think the best plan is to resolve to retake Galveston any way, and then canvass the difficulties." The General replied that he thought so too, and from that point began the undertaking.

Arrived in Texas, the first thing the General set about was a thorough examination of the ground, and a full canvass of such plans as presented themselves for the work. He also gathered all the forces from the various parts of the State that could be spared from other lines of defence. He might have got ready sooner but for the want of field-artillery, which Major Bloomfield, Chief Quartermaster, was pushing from the Mississippi as fast as he could. They reached here only last week.

On Thursday, December twenty-fifth, it was determined to delay no longer, and orders were at once issued to prepare for the attack. It was then hoped that every thing might be got ready by Saturday night, which would have given four hours of darkness for the attack, the moon setting at about two A.M. But the gunboats could not be fixed in time. The utmost energy was displayed, but the work of putting up the bulwarks was not completed in time.

It was found that all things could not be got in readiness before the thirty-first of December, and the night of the thirty-first was fixed for the attack. The Bayou City, a Houston and Galveston packet, had been taken by the State, and fitted up as a gunboat, under charge of Captain Henry Lubbock. She was armed with a thirty-two pounder rifled gun on her bow-deck. Bulwarks of cotton-bales were built on her sides, and a force of one hundred men put on board of her, and on Tuesday she left here to await orders at the head of Galveston Bay. Captain Weir, of company B, Cook's regiment, commanded the gun, and it was manned by a portion of his men and Captain Schneider's, Captain Schneider being second in command. Colonel Green commanded the sharpshooters, who were detailed from his regiment.

The Neptune, another bayou packet, was taken on the twenty-sixth, and, under direction of Major Leon Smith, fitted up as a gunboat as well

as it could be done in the brief time. Bulwarks of cotton-bales were built up also on her guards, and she had much the appearance, when she left here, of a well-loaded cotton-boat, taking her cargo down to Galveston for shipment. She was armed with two howitzer guns, and commanded by Captain W. H. Sangster. Captain Herby, of the C. S. Navy, commanded her guns; Lieutenant Harvey Clark being second in command, and Colonel Bagby, of the Seventh cavalry, commanded the detail of his men who were on board as sharpshooters. The men were detailed from the Sibley brigade; all the brigade having stepped forward on a call for volunteers, and being anxious to take part in the affair. Beside these, there were several volunteers from among our citizens. The full number of men was about one hundred and fifty. The Neptune left here the morning of the same day with the Bayou City.

The Lucy Gwin accompanied the expedition as tender, under command of Major A. McKee, and the John E. Carr, also tender, under command of Captain John V. Lawless. On the Carr there were a number of troops and volunteers, and on the Gwin quite a number of spectators, who went prepared to take a hand in the fight if their services were required.

In addition to these there were some other vessels—the cutter Dodge, the Royal Yacht, etc., that did not come into the action.

The whole naval force was under the command of Major Leon Smith, who was admirably fitted for the command of the expedition, by his experience as a sailor. In fact, better men for all the stations could not have been picked anywhere.

It was ordered that the boats should get in position by twelve o'clock, and await the signal from the land forces for the attack. They went down, and after midnight arrived close by the fleet. They were discovered, and signal-lights from the fleet at once showed that the enemy were awake and watching for them. They looked anxiously for the signal from shore.

Meanwhile the land forces, consisting of detachments from some four or five regiments, under command of Brig.-General Scurry and Col. X. B. De Bray, were moved at about dark from Virginia Point. This is on the main land, and from it a bridge two miles in length crosses Galveston Bay to Galveston Island, being about five miles distant from the city. The battle took place at the city, the gunboats lying along in front of the city in the bay, on the landward side of the island. Colonel De Bray commanded the attacking force, while Gen. Scurry was in command of the reserves.

From the bridge they moved down to the city, but met with unexpected delays, and did not reach their position until after four o'clock. In the mean time the boats had withdrawn to Half Moon Shoals, twelve miles distant, and awaited signal. At about five o'clock (General Magruder says three, and a spectator says four, but we timed it by telegraph and are exact—it was eight minutes before five, Houston time,) all things on shore being in readiness, the ball opened, Gen.

Magruder firing the first gun. The boats at once put on steam and hurried to the scene. They must have been an hour or so on the way, during which time the artillery duel between the ships and the batteries was one of the most terrific on record. Darkness shut out every thing but the flash of the guns.

The scene was at once sublime and appalling. Our men were once driven from their guns, but rallied and fought nobly on. As dawn approached the fire of the enemy appeared to increase in severity, and fearing that our men would be unable to withstand it after daylight gave the enemy a better view of our position, orders were prepared to withdraw. Just as they were about to be issued, however, at about six o'clock, the welcome announcement was made at headquarters that the Bayou City and Neptune had arrived, and opened on the Harriet Lane. Instantly new vigor was infused in our men; they played their pieces with redoubled energy, and seemed determined that the victory should be ours.

The gunboats paid their first attention to the Harriet Lane, the Bayou City leading the attack. The Neptune, being much the weaker, soon received such injuries as to disable her. The Bayou City, however, gallantly continued the fight, and, running aboard the Harriet Lane, swept her decks by boarding, and took possession of the ship. Captain Wainwright and his lieutenants having been killed, the ship was surrendered by the master's mate.

The Westfield now started off, apparently disabled, and made her way over to Bolivar Channel, between Pelican Spit and Bolivar Point. Here she was subsequently destroyed by the enemy during a truce. The propeller Owasco lay in the channel about three fourths of a mile from the Bayou City and Harriet Lane. As the Lane was boarded, the Owasco steamed up to within two or three hundred yards of them, firing into both. The force of the collision drove the Bayou City's stem so far into and under the wheel and gunwale of the Lane that she could not be got out. The Lane was also so careened that the guns could not be worked, and were consequently useless. They both lay, therefore, at the mercy of the Owasco. Herculean efforts were made to extricate them.

The Owasco, evidently fearing the Lane's guns, withdrew to a position about a mile distant. It became plainly evident that unless the Bayou City and Harriet Lane could be separated, the enemy could escape if they wished. To gain time, therefore, a flag of truce was taken to the Owasco and Clifton, now lying close together, and a demand for a surrender. Time was asked to communicate with Com. Renshaw, who was on the Westfield. A truce of three hours was agreed upon. Previous to this, the Forty-second Massachusetts regiment, quartered on Kuhn's wharf, were charged. They were protected by barricades, and had taken up the planks from the wharf, rendering it impassable, and our forces withdrew.

During the truce with the vessels, the uncon-

ditional surrender of these men was demanded and complied with. Their colors consist of a United States flag of silk, and a white flag, having the coat of arms of Massachusetts painted on it, with the motto: "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam"—"Under freedom the sword seeks peaceful quiet." The appearance of the coat of arms is rather singular. In the centre is an Indian with his bow; at the right corner of the shield is a single star, at which he is glancing askance. We might say the savage was coveting the Texas star. Unfortunately, the star is in the ascendant, and the result proved the vanity of his wishes. At any rate the sword of the Forty-second has found peaceful quiet by the aid of Texas freemen.

Before the truce expired, the Federal gunboats drew off, and escaped out of the harbor, utterly routed and defeated, leaving in our hands the city, the harbor, the Harriet Lane, the two barks and a schooner, and vast stores, valuable artillery, etc.

Doc. 96.

ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN

BY THE CITIZENS OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

As citizens of Manchester, assembled at the Free-Trade Hall, we beg to express our fraternal sentiments toward you and your country. We rejoice in your greatness as an outgrowth of England, whose blood and language you share, whose orderly and legal freedom you have applied to new circumstances, over a region immeasurably greater than our own. We honor your Free States, as a singularly happy abode for the working millions where industry is honored. One thing alone has, in the past, lessened our sympathy with your country and our confidence in it—we mean the ascendancy of politicians who not merely maintained negro slavery, but desired to extend and root it more firmly. Since we have discerned, however, that the victory of the free North, in the war which has so sorely distressed us as well as afflicted you, will strike off the fetters of the slave, you have attracted our warm and earnest sympathy. We joyfully honor you, as the President, and the Congress with you, for many decisive steps toward practically exemplifying your belief in the words of your great founders: "All men are created free and equal." You have procured the liberation of the slaves in the district around Washington, and thereby made the centre of your Federation visibly free. You have enforced the laws against the slave-trade, and kept up your fleet against it, even while every ship was wanted for service in your terrible war. You have nobly decided to receive ambassadors from the negro republics of Hayti and Liberia, thus forever renouncing that unworthy prejudice which refuses the rights of humanity to men and women on account of their color. In order more effectually to stop the slave-trade, you have made with our Queen a treaty, which your Senate has

ratified, for the right of mutual search. Your Congress has decreed freedom as the law forever in the vast unoccupied or half unsettled Territories which are directly subject to its legislative power. It has offered pecuniary aid to all States which will enact emancipation locally, and has forbidden your Generals to restore fugitive slaves who seek their protection. You have entreated the slave-masters to accept these moderate offers; and after long and patient waiting, you, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, have appointed to-morrow, the first of January, 1863, as the day of unconditional freedom for the slaves of the rebel States. Heartily do we congratulate you and your country on this humane and righteous course. We assume that you cannot now stop short of a complete uprooting of slavery. It would not become us to dictate any details, but there are broad principles of humanity which must guide you. If complete emancipation in some States be deferred, though only to a predetermined day, still in the interval, human beings should not be counted chattels. Women must have the rights of chastity and maternity, men the rights of husbands, masters the liberty of manumission. Justice demands for the black, no less than for the white, the protection of law—that his voice be heard in your courts. Nor must any such abomination be tolerated as slave-breeding States, and a slave market—if you are to earn the high reward of all your sacrifices, in the approval of the universal brotherhood and of the Divine Father. It is for your free country to decide whether any thing but immediate and total emancipation can secure the most indispensable rights of humanity against the inveterate wickedness of local laws and local executives. We implore you, for your own honor and welfare, not to faint in your providential mission. While your enthusiasm is aflame, and the tide of events runs high, let the work be finished effectually. Leave no root of bitterness to spring up and work fresh misery to your children. It is a mighty task, indeed, to reorganize the industry not only of four millions of the colored race, but of five millions of whites. Nevertheless, the vast progress you have made in the short space of twenty months fills us with hope that every stain on your freedom will shortly be removed, and that the erasure of that foul blot upon civilization and Christianity—chattel slavery—during your Presidency will cause the name of Abraham Lincoln to be honored and revered by posterity. We are certain that such a glorious consummation will cement Great Britain to the United States in close and enduring regards. Our interests, moreover, are identified with yours. We are truly one people, though locally separate. And if you have any ill-wishers here, be assured they are chiefly those who oppose liberty at home, and that they will be powerless to stir up quarrels between us, from the very day in which your country becomes, undeniably and without exception, the home of the free. Accept our high admiration of your firmness in upholding the proclamation of freedom.

January, 1863.

Doc. 97.

CAPTURE OF THE ANTONA.

U. S. STEAMER POCAHONTAS, WESTERN GULF
BLOCKADING SQUADRON, OFF MOBILE, ALA., JAN. 8, 1863. }

ON the morning of the sixth instant we weighed anchor to overhaul a vessel which was descried from the masthead. At a quarter-past nine o'clock came up to it, and she proved to be a United States transport with troops, bound for Ship Island. We put our steamer about to return to our station, when "Sail, ho!" sounded again from the ever-vigilant look-out at the cross-trees; and at the same time a steamer was seen standing close into the beach. We promptly directed our course accordingly, when the steamer, perceiving our movements, at once stood out to sea, and now a highly exciting chase followed.

At ten o'clock A.M., the steamer, with sails set, swept before us at full speed, gaining distance, and soon threatened to be out of sight. We now set all sails that would draw, ran down our colors, and graced our peak with the ensign of her Britannic Majesty. Eleven o'clock, we hold our distance, but gain nothing. Twelve M., commenced feeding our furnaces with pork and junk, which increased our speed considerably, but the steamer, sending forth huge masses of black smoke, told us that she had similar resources, and kept her distance. One P.M., we seem to gain but very little. We fired our rifled gun, which of course fell considerably short. Two P.M., gained about a quarter of a mile, and now saw the English colors hoisted on her main. Three o'clock P.M., same distance as an hour ago. Four P.M., the vessel seems to gain a little, but not much. Five o'clock, trying our engines to the best, were pleased to gain upon her; fired a thirty-two pounder, which, however, dropped short. Six o'clock, a strong breeze sprung up, and we set our storm main-sail, which increased our speed to eleven and a half knots. Darkness sets in, but stationing our look-outs with night-glasses in top and on the fore-castle, are enabled to keep her in sight. Seven o'clock P.M., the moon rose, and the vessel was plainly visible without the aid of glasses. We gained considerable, and had the best of expectations soon to bring her to heave to by a ten-inch shell, when our fore-top-sail gave way, and before it could be mended the steamer gained considerably. Eight P.M., we gain again, and now complimented her with a couple of shell, which fell, however, short. At nine P.M., the steamer's top-sail gave way, her rigging having been cut by a rifle-shot. This gave us considerable advantage, and at half-past nine P.M. another rifle-shot, whizzing over her, brought her to; her engine stopped, and the race was won.

Captain Gamble hailed her, and as the sea was very rough, so that he could send no boat, ordered her to keep close by, disobedience of which would be promptly punished by "Old Ben," (the name of our ten-inch pivot, baptized at Port Royal.

The next morning we boarded her, when she

proved to be the English steamer *Antona*, from Liverpool *via* Havana, bound for the most convenient "seesh port."

The steamer is a fine iron one, built in England in 1861, and about four hundred tons burden. The cargo is a very valuable one, and consists of a complete battery of brass field-pieces, a lot of quinine, opium, several thousand pairs of shoes, numerous boxes of tea, about five hundred kegs of powder, Enfield rifles, medicines, clothing, etc., etc.

Her pilot, who came on board at Havana, left Mobile but two weeks ago, and was promised two thousand dollars for safe pilotage. He seems to be disappointed, but takes it easy, and who knows may become a staunch Union man hereafter?

He says the people in and about Mobile suffer much. Shoes, twelve and fourteen dollars a pair; coffee, one dollar per pound; salt scarce and very dear. He says that the success of the Democratic party at the last election fills the rebels with new hopes. They count upon an early truce, by which they might profit. If the Republican party had had a majority at the last elections, he says the rebels would have laid down their arms; and but for that, peace would have been sought on the best terms possible.

Acting Master Edward Baker has taken command of the *Antona*. He leaves to-morrow for Pensacola to coal ship, whence he will proceed to New-York.
H. A. M.

Doc. 98.

ATTACK ON SPRINGFIELD, MO.

REPORT OF COLONEL CRABB.

HEADQUARTERS SOUTH-WESTERN DISTRICT, Mo., }
SPRINGFIELD, January 10, 1863. }

GENERAL: Owing to the illness of Gen. Brown, and by his request, I have the honor to submit the following report of an engagement at this place on the eighth instant, between the Federal forces, commanded by Brigadier-General Brown, and a rebel force under the command of General Marmaduke:

On Wednesday, the seventh instant, about three o'clock P.M., General Brown received the (first) information that the enemy, estimated from four to six thousand strong, had forced our troops to abandon "Lawrence Mills;" that they had burned the mill and block-house there, and were rapidly approaching this place, by way of Ozark. Not having a force sufficient at that place to contend with the enemy, they were ordered to fall back on this place, with instructions to destroy what Government property they could not carry with them, which order was promptly executed. The enemy entered Ozark a few minutes after our forces had evacuated it. They destroyed the block-house, and then continued their march on this place. Messengers were despatched to the various stations around Springfield to send in reinforcements, and the

E. M. M. was ordered into service. The night of the seventh was spent in making preparations to meet the enemy.

Under the supervision of Lieutenant Hoffman, of Bachof's First Missouri light artillery, two twelve-pound iron howitzers and one six-pound piece, were mounted on wheels as temporary carriages, taken to the blacksmith shop, repaired, and rolled into the fort Number Four by daylight of the eighth instant. Dr. S. H. Melcher mustered some three hundred convalescents from the various hospitals, who were armed and equipped; also, near one hundred soldiers who had recently been discharged from the same, under command of Capt. McAfee, were armed, and many loyal citizens turned out willingly, and were armed to fight in the defence of their homes.

At an early hour on the morning of the eighth, about two hundred or three hundred of the enrolled Missouri militia reported for duty. Scouting-parties were sent to the south and south-east, for the purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of the enemy, and report their movements. At ten A.M. of the eighth the scouts and pickets on the south of the town were fired upon and driven in by the advance of the enemy. They were soon discovered some two or three miles off, formed in line of battle, and advancing slowly across the prairie, from the direction of Ozark. About one half of their command was dismounted, acted as infantry, supporting a battery of some three pieces of artillery, (one piece rifled,) which formed their centre, while their right and left wings were formed of heavy bodies of cavalry. In this manner, with skirmishers and sharpshooters thrown forward, they advanced steadily and slowly, occasionally halting and firing a shot from their rifled piece, apparently trying the range and feeling their way. The cavalry, under command of Colonel King, Third Missouri State militia, Colonel Hall, Fourth Missouri State militia, were ordered forward to meet the advancing foe.

By order, several houses were burned south of the fort, to prevent the enemy from occupying them, and that the artillerymen and riflemen in the fort could have an unobstructed view of their approach. As the enemy continued to advance, the firing became more frequent. Our artillery opened fire upon them as soon as they came within range of our guns. Our cavalry gradually retired within supporting distance of the fort. The artillery and riflemen in the fort drove back the enemy's sharpshooters. The firing gradually increased until about one o'clock P.M., when the forces on both sides were fiercely engaged. Colonel King was ordered to charge with his regiment the enemy's right. He drove them back, when they turned their artillery and sharpshooters upon him. At this time Colonel Hall, with the Fourth cavalry, Missouri State militia, by order, moved forward and engaged their centre, fighting with coolness and bravery, entitling them to high honor: The cavalry being exposed in the open field to the fire of the ene-

my's artillery and infantry, and fearful they would be cut to pieces, they were ordered to retire under protection of the fort, which order was executed promptly and in good order, bringing with them their wounded. The enemy threw forward a regiment of cavalry on our left, which was promptly checked by the Second battalion, Fourteenth Missouri State militia, cavalry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pounds. Meantime the enemy were busy with their artillery, throwing shot and shell at the fort and into the houses occupied by our troops. Our artillery before mentioned, under command of Lieutenant Hoffman, and one field-piece, under command of Captain Landes, Eighteenth Iowa infantry, were driving back the enemy's centre.

But the firing from the guns inside the forts, though well aimed, was not sufficiently rapid, owing to their being manned by volunteers with only five artillery soldiers at the three pieces. The enemy, about two P.M., massed their forces and advanced on our centre and right. Captain Landes with his piece of artillery was ordered to advance to the front and right of the fort, which order he promptly executed. He was supported by parts of three companies of the Eighteenth Iowa, under their respective commanders, Captains Blue, Van Meter, and Stonaker. This piece of artillery, owing to some mistake in the delivery of the order, was placed in a very exposed position. The enemy, perceiving this, made a desperate charge upon it with overwhelming numbers, killing the horses and driving back the support, and captured it after a hard and bloody contest. Captains Blue and Van Meter fell mortally wounded, and Captain Landes and many of their brave comrades fell severely wounded, while some were killed. It was now between two and three P.M. The enemy had captured one piece of artillery, at the same time had taken possession of an unfinished stockade fort that had been used as a prison, and were pressing hard on our centre and right. The "Quinine brigade," which was placed under my command, and who, up to the time, were stationed in various brick buildings in and around the centre of the town, were ordered to move to the front and attack the enemy. I had the honor to lead them in person, assisted by Lieutenant Root, of the Nineteenth Iowa, Lieutenant Wilson, of the Eighteenth Iowa, and Lieutenant Bodenhammer, of the Twenty-fourth Missouri volunteers.

We advanced to the front and west of the fort, and took a position behind a fence, and about fifty to seventy-five yards from the rebels, who were likewise posted behind fences, and in and around a house to our front. After fighting for near an hour, the enemy gave way and fled precipitately from this part of the field. In the mean time they were making strong efforts to turn our right, and after being driven from our centre, threw their main force forward for that purpose, when they were met by the Seventy-second regiment, E. M. M., under the command of Colonel Sheppard, the "Quinine brigade,"

under the command of Lieutenants Root, Wilson, and Bodenhammer, and Captain McAfee, who repulsed them. There were also engaged at this time the Third cavalry, M. S. M., Fourth cavalry, M. S. M., and the Second battery, Fourteenth M. S. M., and five companies of the Eighteenth Iowa, two of which had recently come to our support, under the command of Capt. Evans. The enemy had gained possession of several houses, and were pouring into our ranks volley after volley of musketry, while they were endeavoring to dislodge them.

The cause became desperate; the enemy were pressing hard upon our brave men, and they were yielding before the overwhelming numbers brought against them, when General Brown and staff rode forward to encourage them, when he was treacherously shot from a house by some hidden foe, and fell from his horse.

He immediately remounted, but was unable to remain in the saddle, and was carried off the field.

This was about four o'clock P.M., when I received an order from the General to take command, which I immediately complied with. The fighting at this time was hard. It was one continuous roar of musketry and artillery.

The enemy had advanced at a point beyond the range of the small arms of the fort, but the artillery continued to pour a heavy fire of shot and shell into their midst, which would cause them to falter, but they would again and again rally.

The stockade fort, which they had previously taken possession of, gave them great protection, and in and around which they would mass their forces, and from which they would make their charges. They would drive our men, and then, in turn, be driven back. A little after five o'clock they made the most desperate effort that they had made during the day, to drive back our forces, by throwing their whole force upon our centre and right wing, (but mainly upon the centre.) A party of the Seventy-second E. M. M., Fourth cavalry, M. S. M., (dismounted,) the Second battalion, Fourteenth cavalry, M. S. M., (dismounted,) part of five companies of the Eighteenth Iowa infantry, and the "Quinine brigade," amounting in all to about eight hundred men, had to oppose the major part of the rebel army, amounting to three or four times their own number. But our troops met them promptly, and fought them most gallantly for near one half hour, when a part of our lines began to give back. At this critical time an officer commanding a company in the Second battalion, Fourteenth M. S. M., ordered his men to horse, (as I was afterward informed,) and the whole battalion came running in great confusion to the rear and took to horse. I tried in vain to rally them—they seemed panic-stricken. This caused a partial giving way among the other troops.

I had no difficulty in rallying them, and they went again into the fight. It was now near dark, and the enemy were making an additional demonstration on our left.

By this time, Lieutenant-Colonel Pound com-

manding, had succeeded in re-forming the Second battalion, Fourteenth Missouri State militia. I ordered him to advance on the enemy's right, which order he promptly executed. The enemy fired but a few rounds and again retired, leaving us in full possession of this part of the field. Five additional companies of the Eighteenth Iowa, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Z. Cook, came to the rescue, whooping and cheering, which gave fresh courage to our brave men, who immediately drove the enemy before them and back into the stockade fort. Colonel Cook's troops arrived too late to take an active part in the engagement. Darkness coming on, the firing gradually ceased; after which all was quiet, save occasional firing from the artillery. The enemy, under cover of the darkness, withdrew from the field, carrying away part of their dead and wounded. I expected them to renew the attack on the following morning. On the morning of the ninth, they appeared in full force to the east, and about one mile from town.

Preparations were made to receive them. A cavalry force was sent forward to engage them and check their advance. But they declined another engagement, and retired in haste. We did not have sufficient force to pursue them. We did not have at any one time during the day more than nine hundred to one thousand men engaged. The enemy had some four thousand men, under the command of General Marmaduke, and Shelby, Gordon, Gilkey, Elliott, McDonald, and others, (with three pieces of artillery,) who came with the full expectation of an easy conquest. They had invited their friends in the country to come, and bring their wagons—promising them all the booty they could carry. But thanks to a kind Providence, brave hearts, and strong arms, they were most signally defeated in their designs of plunder. The Seventy-second regiment E. M. M., under command of Colonel Henry Sheppard, fought well and faithfully during the entire contest. Companies A, C, F, G, and H, of the Eighteenth Iowa—numbering one hundred and fifty-six men—fought as "Iowa boys" know how to fight. Their heavy loss and bloody record is proof of their valor. The "Quinine brigade" (made up of men from Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and other States) fought like "heroes," "Spartans," and "veterans," as their respective commanders report. All the troops, with a few exceptions, did their duty.

I cannot forbear to say that to the vigilance of General Brown, his promptness in preparing to meet the enemy, and to his coolness, courage, and personal supervision of the troops in battle, while under his command, are we in a great measure indebted for our success. He has, by his conduct, endeared himself to those under his command. Lieutenant Richard Root, company K, Nineteenth Iowa, (who arrived during the fight,) Lieut. S. A. Wilson, company F, Eighteenth Iowa, Lieut. Bodenhammer, and Captain McAfee, who were in command of the "Quinine brigade," and Captain W. H. Evans, of company

F, Eighteenth Iowa, Dr. Whitney, of the Fourth M. S. M., (cavalry,) (who took a gun and fought,) and the Rev. Mr. Wynes, Post Chaplain, (who, in the face of the enemy, assisted in removing the wounded from the battle-field,) deserve great praise for their gallant conduct during the engagement. I am under many obligations to Major Steger, Lieutenants Campion and Blodget, (members of General Brown's staff,) for the efficient service they rendered me. There are many other officers and men deserving of honorable mention. We lost fourteen killed, one hundred and forty-four wounded, and four missing—making a total of killed, wounded, and missing, one hundred and sixty-two.

The enemy's loss cannot be definitely ascertained. Their own estimate of their losses range from two to three hundred killed and wounded. Among their slain is a major. We captured several prisoners, and among them two commissioned officers. We buried a part of their dead, and have some sixty to eighty of their wounded to take care of.

I send herewith attached a detailed report of the killed, etc.

I have the honor to remain, your most obedient servant,

B. CRABB,
Colonel Commanding.

Major-General S. R. CURTIS,
Commanding Department of the Missouri.

GENERAL HOLLAND'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DISTRICT, E. M. M., }
SPRINGFIELD, January 11, 1863. }

COLONEL: I have the honor to submit the following report;

On the evening of the seventh inst. Brigadier-General E. B. Brown, commanding South-west department of Missouri, received intelligence from a scouting-party, composed of detachments of the Fourteenth M. S. M. and Seventy-third regiment E. M. M., under command of Captain Burch, that a large force of the enemy, said to be six thousand strong, under command of Gen. Marmaduke, were moving on Lawrence Mill, Taney County, from Dubuque, Ark., with the intention of attacking this place, to capture the depot of arms and stores, and to destroy all communication with the army of the frontier and St. Louis.

Immediately orders were despatched by me to Colonel Johnson, Twenty-sixth regiment, Col. Sheppard, Seventy-second regiment, Col. Boyd, Seventy-fourth regiment, E. M. M., to call in all their furloughed men, and concentrate them immediately at this post; also to detached companies in Dade and Lawrence counties.

In the course of the night information was received confirming the report of the enemy's advance. At daylight on the eighth, the troops stationed at Ozark arrived, reporting the enemy had arrived and burned their post; and by ten o'clock A.M. our pickets were attacked, and he appeared on the edge of the prairie, south-east of town.

The enemy at once planted his battery, and commenced firing upon the town and Fort No. 4,

commanding the approach from the south, while the cavalry, consisting of detachments of the Third, Fourth, and Fourteenth M. S. M., were formed on the left of the fort, charged on the enemy's right.

General Brown formed his line of battle with detachments of cavalry on the left, south-east of town, a detachment of the Eighteenth Iowa infantry on their right; Fort No. 4, mounting two guns, garrisoned with company C, Col. Boyd's Seventy-fourth regiment, E. M. M., Capt. Phillips and convalescent soldiers, commanded by Lieut. Hoffman, of the First Missouri artillery, connected with the army of the frontier; and a brick college inclosed on three sides with palisades, used for a military prison, being the centre. Colonel Sheppard's regiment E. M. M. infantry to the right of the college, flanked on his right by detachments of cavalry, with Fort No. 1 about one half-mile to the rear, being the extreme right, which was garrisoned by the Eighteenth Iowa and citizens.

The skirmishing with cavalry on our left, with artillery-firing, continued with but trifling loss until two o'clock P.M., when the enemy extended his left, and advanced his right and whole line toward Fort No. 4. After some sharp fighting he was repulsed from the fort, but succeeded in capturing one piece of artillery, which, in charge of a small detachment of the Eighteenth Iowa, was advanced too far to the front, the horses being killed, and the men compelled to retire with heavy loss. Upon the repulse from Fort No. 4, the enemy combined his attack upon our right wing, composed of Colonel Sheppard's regiment, when the hardest and most decisive fighting of the day took place.

This regiment maintained its ground against overwhelming numbers, for more than an hour, of the enemy's whole infantry, assisted by three pieces of artillery. The two guns from Fort No. 4 played upon the enemy during the latter part of the time, with considerable effect.

Colonel Sheppard was compelled to fall back in the direction of Fort No. 1, taking advantage of the scattered houses to continue the fight as they retired. After falling back some three hundred yards, they were rallied, and made a spirited charge upon the enemy, driving them back south of the Fayetteville road, being assisted on their left by a detachment of Iowa troops under Colonel B. Crabb.

The enemy succeeded in gaining possession of the college building, a strong position, enabling their sharpshooters to check our further advance until night closed the contest.

Late in the day, Major A. C. Graves, of my staff, Brigade Commissary, who was acting as aid-de-camp, was mortally wounded, shot by a musket-ball in left breast. Lieutenant D. J. McCroskey, company A, Seventy-second regiment, E. M. M., killed; Major John Hornbeak, wounded in arm; Lieutenant W. F. Lane, company E, Seventy-second regiment, leg broken; Sergeants Burling and Campbell killed, and Sergeant Rainy mortally wounded.

Annexed in hand is a statement of killed, wounded, and missing, of my command.

I take pleasure in reporting the valuable aid afforded me by members of my staff on the field, Majors Sheppard, Bishop, Graves, and Clarke. Also, volunteer aid, Lieutenant Mathis of Eighth Missouri cavalry, volunteers.

I am proud to report the bravery of my command, being raw troops, who have been greatly maligned by enemies of the Union, and some politicians of the State, and can assure the Commander-in-chief of their readiness to defend the Constitution and support the Government of the United States and this State, not only with words, but by the sacrifice of their lives, as they have so abundantly proved by their conduct on the now still more memorable day, the eighth of January.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
C. B. HOLLAND,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding Fourth District, E.M.M.
To Col. Wm. D. WOOD,
Acting Adjutant-General, Mo.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Monday, January 12, 1863.

On Thursday, the eighth of January, the anniversary of the battle of New-Orleans, a body of rebels under Marmaduke, attacked the city of Springfield, Mo. A battle was fought in the southern suburbs of the town, and the enemy was promptly and effectually repulsed. So much the telegraph informed the readers of the *Times*, several days ago. If steam will do its work as well as lightning, they shall now have a detailed and authentic account of the fight.

General Marmaduke, the commander of the rebel forces in this battle, is, I believe, a graduate of West-Point. Next to General Price, he is the most highly esteemed officer, from Missouri, in the confederate army. In the earlier battles of Cave Hill and Prairie Grove, however, in which he commanded a brigade, he was twice defeated. Marmaduke's brigade is composed of the flower of the Missouri rebel troops, and embraces three regiments, which are commanded respectively by Cols. Gordon, Gilkey, and Thomson. The latter was formerly Coffee's own regiment. In the battle of Springfield, Marmaduke acted as commander of a division, including Shelby's brigade, as well as his own, with the St. Louis Legion under Emmet McDonald, and some other fragmentary squadrons of cavalry. His troops were all cavalry, except one battery of artillery.

The officers whom I have named, foiled in their previous attempts to enter Missouri, determined to proceed down the Arkansas River to Spadry's Bluff, near Clarksville; and thence to make a daring raid upon Springfield, leaving the army of the frontier so far to the west as to be ignorant of the movement, until it should be too late to prevent it. The object of this raid was the destruction of the vast quantities of commissary and quartermaster's stores which are here. Had it been as successful in its execution as it was bold in its conception, the army of the frontier

would have been reduced to terrible straits, and might, perhaps, have even fallen a prey to Hindman.

Before describing the actual conflict, it may be well to mention the condition of affairs in Springfield, before the battle.

The city of Springfield, like most towns in the South and West, is laid out around a large public square in the centre. The court-house, the bank, the hotels, the principal stores—in fact, all prominent edifices—are on or near the central square. From this geographical and mercantile focus, the four principal streets proceed, east, west, north, and south, at right angles to each other. The other streets of the city are parallel to these. In the system of fortification adopted, for the defence of Springfield, the forts are placed as follows:

Fort No. 1 is near the west street, a little north of it, and about one mile from the square. This is a pentagonal fort, with five bastions, and is almost impregnable. It incloses ten acres of ground, and is provided with wells, and a magazine. Its parapet and ditch are each twenty feet in width. It wants but little of entire completion.

Near the same street, but a little south of it, and at about the same distance from the centre of the city, is Fort No. 2, upon a hill directly opposite Fort No. 1. In its present unfinished condition, this fort would be of more service to an enemy attacking us than to ourselves.

On the south street, within the city limits, not one half-mile from the public square, is Fort No. 4, which was the only fort directly attacked by the enemy on last Thursday. It is a small but strong work, with two bastions, one of which projects across the south street, and commands the road in both directions.

Fort No. 5 is another unfinished work upon the east street, about half-a-mile from the square. Other forts are projected, but not yet begun.

The city thus fortified lies half in the prairie and half in the timber. Upon the north and east all is forest; upon the south and west the country is entirely open. The rebels chose to make their attack from the south, which was an error, for two reasons. First, because they were more exposed to our view, in their advance from the south, than they would have been from the east; secondly, because the north and east side of the town were not defended by forts.

At the time of the battle the army of the frontier was at Fayetteville, and in that vicinity. The militia, under Generals Brown and Holland, were very much scattered over South-West Missouri. There were in Springfield not more than one thousand five hundred troops capable of service, if indeed there were so many; while Marmaduke's men numbered from two thousand to two thousand five hundred. Our men were nearly all State militia and enrolled militia, except the Eighteenth Iowa infantry, who were raw; while Marmaduke's command had been seasoned in numerous engagements. The rebels doubtless supposed that we would surrender or retreat at the first fire.

Until the very night before the attack, their approach was entirely unknown, except to a few of their own friends. On Wednesday evening reports were brought to General E. B. Brown, commander of the district of South-West Missouri, that five or six thousand rebel cavalry were moving northward from White River, for an attack on Springfield. Whether the report was true or false, it was impossible to determine, but every preparation was made to defend the place from any force which might make its appearance. During the night the Commissary removed fifty thousand rations to Fort No. 1. The Medical Director organized and armed the "Quinine brigade" of convalescents from the various hospitals. The Quartermaster loaded all his wagons and started them north toward Bolivar. Cannon were mounted on Forts Nos. 1 and 4; ammunition distributed, scouts sent out, hospitals prepared for the reception of the wounded, despatches sent to St. Louis—in a word, the night was turned into day. Even some of the secesh women here were busy, preparing to feast the rebel officers, upon their arrival. At least three rebel spies were in town that night, and Emmett McDonald, the long-haired, sent word by one of them to Mrs. —, that he would take tea with her on Thursday.

On Thursday morning the work of preparation was continued, although the general feeling among the soldiers was: "We *may* hold the town, and we will not give it up without a fight; but we shall probably be whipped."

At one o'clock the enemy showed themselves upon the prairie south of the town. Without one word of notice to remove the women and children, they opened fire upon the town with solid shot, though they knew that scores of their own friends, both women and prisoners, were exposed to the same danger as our loyal citizens. I had thought that this infamy was reserved for Marmaduke alone; but I learn that Hindman did the same thing at Van Buren, in Arkansas. "Gentlemen," said General Brown, who stood on the south-west bastion of Fort No. 4, "this is unprecedented; it is barbarous!"

After several shots from the rebels, our cannon replied, Gen. Brown himself directing the firing. His courage was conspicuous. As the balls whistled close over our heads, the men and even some of the officers would dodge, but the General stood immovable, proudly erect.

The fight then opened with some skirmishing of the cavalry. Our cavalry was posted in front, a half-mile south of Fort No. 4. My blood quickened its flow, as I watched our brave boys gallop forward to the charge, then saw the enemy galloping in a long line to meet them, and heard the sharp, rapid firing of carbines, on both sides. After each charge and fire, both parties would turn and gallop back, with small loss on either side.

This did not last long. The Third M. S. M., (cavalry,) under Col. King, retired to a line running east from the fort; the Fourth M. S. M., (cavalry,) under Col. Hall, retired to a line running west from the fort, and the enemy made their first attack upon Col. King's side. The Seventy-

second enrolled militia, (infantry,) under Colonel Henry Sheppard, were ordered forward with two or three companies of the Eighteenth Iowa infantry, and one brass piece. The enemy moved their battery to a point directly in front of ours, and fought for some time, but with little audacity; then abandoned the attack at this point.

Upon the other side of the fort, and within rifle-range, was a two-story brick building, designed for an academy, but occupied during the summer and winter as a prison for rebels. Around this building was a stockade, fifteen feet high, with loop-holes for muskets. The rebels now determined to approach the fort under cover of this stockade.

After marching back, therefore, they moved in first-rate order, and upon the double-quick, to our right. I must state here, that at this time they were all dismounted and fighting on foot. Having a shorter distance to traverse, they arrived first, and took their position in the following order: Next to the fort were the enrolled militia; upon their right was the Third M. S. M.; and the Fourth M. S. M. were still further to the right. The line extended nearly to Fort No. 1, in which were stationed the Eighteenth Iowa. In Fort No. 4 were the Quinine brigade and some other fragments of companies.

The enemy now approached in good order, until they came within gun-shot, when they began to crawl upon the ground, like Indians, with admirable skill, from one stump to another, sheltering themselves as much as possible, but keeping up a deadly fire. Not many hundred men were engaged at this time, but the crack of rifles was continuous, like the roll of thunder, and the enemy's grape hurtled along over our heads in a way that was dangerous. Col. Sheppard's regiment of enrolled militia bore the brunt of the fight. They had never before been in battle, but they stood their ground like heroes, until the fire became too hot to be endured, when they fell back slowly and in good order, but steadily, in spite of all efforts on the part of their officers to stay them. Their retreat enabled the rebels to take possession of the stockade around the academy, and to approach near enough to the fort to engage the Quinine brigade, who opened a murderous fusillade over the parapet, killing some within fifty yards of the ditch.

Finding it impossible to rally his men, General Holland, of the E. M. M., gave the order to fall back on Fort No. 1. The regiment went steadily back, going slower and slower, until they became ashamed of going back at all. General Holland, perceiving that their courage was returning, cried, "Follow me!" and dashed forward, followed by the whole line, who set up a yell of defiance and delight.

At the same time Gen. Brown proposed to his body-guard to charge, which they did in gallant style, the General riding at their head, almost into the very midst of the rebels. Some miserable wretch took too good aim at him. A ball struck him in the left arm, shattering the bone up to the socket. He fell from his horse and was carried off the field. The command thenceforth

devolved upon Colonel Crabb, of the Nineteenth Iowa.

From this time, the fight was carried on, upon both sides, entirely from behind fences and houses, with little method, and with still less organization. Every man took his own station, and fired at his own pleasure. After the militia stopped retreating and again began to advance, they never lost an inch of ground. The rebels were driven out of one house after another, back to the stockade, from which it was impossible to dislodge them.

As the militia advanced, a brass piece, with two companies of the Eighteenth Iowa, was ordered forward to their support; but, in consequence of some unaccountable blunder in conveying the order, it passed along the wrong street, and actually took its position upon a street-corner in the rear of the stockade, and outside our lines. The enemy saw their advantage, made a rush, and captured the cannon, after shooting every horse, both captains, one lieutenant, and more than half the men.

At night the battle ended, having lasted five hours. Time never before seemed to me to pass so rapidly. The enemy had suffered more severely than we. Their loss was probably over two hundred; but ours was nearly one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, out of not more than one thousand. The enrolled militia, who are universally acknowledged to have been the heroes of the day, had lost more than one sixth of their entire number. Out of our little army, twenty commissioned and non-commissioned officers had fallen.

At the close of the day, the Eighteenth Iowa, from Fort No. 1, marched out South street, in splendid order. A cry was raised that we were reënforced. The men set up a tremendous shout, which must have stricken terror to the hearts of our besiegers; for although they largely outnumbered us, and had actually gained a foothold within the limits of the city, they retreated with all possible silence and secrecy, under cover of the night. They carried their wounded with them, except about eighty, who fell into our hands. They left seventeen dead upon the field, and twenty-four graves of others were afterward found in Col. Phelps's field, south of the town. Among their killed and wounded officers were Major Bowman, Captains Flint, Frazier, Fitzworth, and Woodsmall; and Lieutenants Richardson, Buffington, M. P. Stewart, and F. M. Green.

On Friday morning, the current of feeling in our midst had changed. Our troops were confident and even exultant. They awaited the renewal of the attack, not only with equanimity, but with eagerness. We were, however, disappointed. The battle was not renewed, although a small party of rebel cavalry made a feint at the eastern side of the town, to amuse us and cover the retreat of the main body.

The scenes in Springfield among the women and children were interesting. Our secessionists were delighted in the morning, at night crest-fallen. Several loyal families were left of all pro-

perty by the conflagration of their houses. Dwelling-houses in all parts of the city were pierced with shot and shell. In several houses shell had exploded. One exploded in a room where there were four women and two children lying upon the floor, covered with feather-beds. Windows were shattered by bullets, fences were torn down and destroyed; in many places the ground was soaked with blood. Ruin and desolation were everywhere. But our victory compensates for all, for by that victory we have saved the army of the frontier.

Among our own officers killed and wounded, were Brig.-Gen. E. B. Brown, of the M. S. M.; Major John Hornbeak, Major A. C. Graves, Captains Blue, Landis, and Van Meter, of the Eighteenth Iowa; Lieutenants H. W. Blodgett, A. D. C., A. B. Conway, John Vaughn and D. J. McCroskey.

Special praise is due to the enrolled militia, part of the Eighteenth Iowa, the Quinine brigade, and the citizens, who fought as desperately as the trained soldiers.

Too much praise cannot be awarded General Brown, for his promptness, courage, discretion, and decision; I may add, for his fortitude, also. He has been much overlooked by higher authorities, much maligned by some of those under him, and even accused of cowardice. But his men now regard him with universal confidence and affection. There is one general feeling of sympathy for him, and of regret that his arm is ruined. It was not amputated, but four inches of the bone next the shoulder-joint, including the ball which fitted into the socket, have been extracted, leaving his arm to hang helpless at his side forever.

KICKAPOO.

Doc. 99.

BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE, MO.

REPORT OF GENERAL WARREN.

HEADQUARTERS, HOUSTON, Mo., Jan. 16, 1863.

COLONEL: I have the honor to report the operations of my force against the combined troops of General Marmaduke and Colonel Porter. Immediately on the receipt of a copy of the telegram from Brig.-General Brown, commanding at Springfield, January ninth, informing Major-Gen. Curtis of the advance of a column of six thousand rebels toward Springfield, I ordered Colonel Merrill, of the Twenty-first Iowa, senior officer, to move with seven hundred men, infantry, cavalry, and one section of artillery, by a forced march, to Springfield, to report to the commanding officer there. My own health incapacitated me from the fatigue of the expedition. For greater speed and progress, I sent with them a heavy transportation train for the use of the infantry. They reached Hartsville at six o'clock A. M., Saturday, and learned that Porter's column had passed through, taking the Marshfield road. Here Col. Merrill was reënforced by one hundred and fifty men of the Third Iowa and Third Missouri cavalry, sent by me to overtake and join them. The command pushed on some miles to-

ward Springfield, and halted for supper and rest on Wood's Fork.

No indications of the enemy were observed until the reveille was sounded, at two o'clock Sunday morning, when our scouts reported the advance of a heavy column in the direction of Springfield. Our position was a most unfortunate one, being an open space on the margin of the river, with high swells of ground, covered with timber and brush surrounding. The command was thrown into line of battle, and skirmishers sent out to dispute the advance. Brisk firing was kept up for an hour, during which Captain Bradway, company E, Third Missouri cavalry, was killed, when the enemy fell back in a southerly direction. This was a most favorable moment for us. Had they made a stand with their combined forces, they would have completely enveloped the command, and cut them to pieces. Sending out a pursuing force of cavalry, Colonel Merrill resumed his march on the Hartsville road, and soon discovered that the rebel force was swinging round and moving on Hartsville by the old Springfield road. The cavalry were promptly ordered to a trot, and the artillery thrown to the front, while the infantry came up on double-quick in gallant style. Col. Merrill's dispositions were made with great judgment and coolness. The artillery took position on a favorable location west of the court-house; the Ninety-ninth Illinois formed the right, flanked on the left by the Twenty-first Iowa, both in a cover of low brush, while the left, composed of detachments of the Third Iowa and Third Missouri cavalry, dismounted, extended in an attenuated line on the Lebanon road, also screened by a sparse undergrowth.

Our artillery opened fire at eleven o'clock. The position of their troops was — one thousand thrown out three and a half miles on the Houston road; one thousand held the town approach from Springfield; one thousand rested on the Gasconade, south of town, covered by a high bluff; while twenty-five hundred to three thousand men were in the open field in front of our line, and occupying the court-house and other buildings in the town. Their artillery (five pieces) was in battery on a high bluff east of town, and to occupy it, they used a road cut by my order for the same purpose during my former occupancy of Hartsville. The officers in command with Generals Marmaduke and McDonald were Cols. Porter, Thompson, Burbridge, Shelby, Henkle, Jeffrey, and Campbell. The battle opened, after the fire of artillery, by a charge of Jeffrey's cavalry (seven hundred) on our whole line. The infantry, lying flat, held themselves with great coolness until the line was in easy range, when they fired with great accuracy, and threw the whole force into utter confusion. From this time until half-past four the firing was incessant, but smaller bodies of men were brought out, and although at times both flanks and the centre were heavily pressed, no large column moved up. Our men held their cover and did fine execution, while the artillery shelled the enemy from the

court and other houses. At this time, (three o'clock) had we a reserve of five hundred men, we could have broken their line, and compelled their retreat in disorder, but every man was required to hold our only avenue of retreat on the Lebanon road, where our communication was constantly threatened. The enemy commenced falling back—as I am informed by Lieutenant Brown, of the Third Iowa cavalry, taken prisoner while reconnoitring at Wood's Fork, during the first fight—at three o'clock, and the retreat became general at twilight. In the mean time, our artillery ammunition being nearly spent, Col. Merrill, ignorant of their movements, ordered the detachments to fall back on the Lebanon road, which they did in perfect order, with their whole transportation, losing not even a musket or cartridge-box. Our loss, as by statements appended herewith, is seven killed and sixty-four wounded, five prisoners and two missing. Theirs is large in men and officers. From subsequent details I am satisfied it will exceed three hundred killed and wounded, besides two lieutenants and twenty-seven privates prisoners. Among the killed (whose bodies were recognized at Hartsville) are Brigadier-General Emmet McDonald, Colonels Thompson and Hinkle, Major Rubley, Captain Turpin, and two lieutenants, names unknown, Colonel Porter, mortally wounded—since dead, Captain Crocker, well known in Western Missouri, and two other captains severely wounded. One piece of their artillery was dismounted and abandoned. They retreated toward Houston, but on Monday changed their direction and moved rapidly south toward the North Fork of White River, at the mouth of Indian Creek, where they paroled and released Lieutenant Brown and the other prisoners. General Marmaduke, several times on the march, expressed his wonder at the bravery of our troops, repeating: "Why, Lieutenant, your boys fought like devils."

I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of their conduct. The Twenty-first Iowa and Ninety-ninth Illinois were never before under fire, yet not a single man or officer flinched. Nothing could have been finer than their steadiness and discipline. The Third Iowa and Third Missouri cavalry were equally cool and determined; but they have before seen dangerous service. Where all were so brave, I am embarrassed to distribute commendation.

To Colonel Merrill, in command of the force, I am under high obligations for his prudent firmness and good dispositions. Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlap, Twenty-first Iowa, was conspicuous, much exposed and wounded. He is worthy of high praise. Lieutenant-Colonel Parke, commanding Ninety-ninth Illinois, and Major Crandall of same corps, won honor and did their whole duty. Major Duffield, commanding the cavalry forces, is also to be mentioned in warm terms. But Captain Black, commanding the Third Missouri cavalry, made for himself a most enviable reputation; thirteen shot-holes in his coat sufficiently indicate where he was—in the

hottest of the fire. I respectfully commend him to your attention, and that of Governor Gamble, for one of the vacant field commissions in his regiment, which he has so nobly earned. I should be unjust, did I omit to mention Captain Lemon, of the same regiment, who, at the head of his men, held a most exposed post, and had several narrow escapes from sharpshooters concealed in the brush.

But the artillery saved the battle. Lieutenant Waldschmidt's gunnery was superb, and his coolness astonishing. The enemy's Parrott gun got his range and fired with great precision, compelling him to change the position of his piece constantly.

A courier reached Houston, giving me the information of the engagement at three o'clock A.M. Monday. I at once moved with five hundred men to Hartsville, supposing the enemy still in force. Arriving within seven miles at four o'clock— evening—my reconnoitring parties brought me intelligence that they were retreating in the direction of Houston. Sending back a courier with orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Caldwell, in command, to hold the place until I could reënforce him, I countermarched in all haste, through mud and rain, reaching Houston that evening, and finding all quiet. Colonel Merrill's force rejoined me Thursday, and I am now once more concentrated.

Hoping that our conduct will meet the approbation of the General commanding,

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

FITZ-HENRY WARREN,

Brigadier-General.

To N. P. CHIPMAN,
Colonel and Chief of Staff.

GENERAL WARREN'S ADDRESS.

HEADQUARTERS, HOUSTON, MO.,
January 15, 1863. }

SOLDIERS: You have fought one of the fiercest battles of the war. You have, with eight hundred men actually engaged, met and repulsed six thousand of the enemy. Against their five pieces of artillery you had two. They had their choice of position, and planted their guns on a point which I had selected as being impregnable. With three thousand five hundred in full view; you knew the odds against you. Completely surrounded, except on the line of retreat, you fought for six hours, and then only fell back because your artillery ammunition was failing, and your single outlet menaced. Not an article of property was captured, and your covering infantry held the field after the enemy had retired.

History, in the larger battles of this great rebellion, may make no full mention of your names, but the truth that a determined column, more than half of whom were never before under fire, stood like veterans, without faltering or flinching, before volley after volley, and charge after charge, will be a glorious memory to those who love you, and an honest pride in your own hearts.

But I must not fail to do justice to the five hundred, who, knowing that the enemy were still

in force below, rushed with me to give them battle again, and when I learned of their flank movement toward Houston, countermarched, making some sixty-four miles through mud and rain in twenty-four hours, to defend your camp, and all this in perfect order and discipline, without a murmur or complaint.

Nor may I pass without mention, the cool and determined courage of the weak force left to defend. When my courier came in to warn of the approach of the enemy, with an order to hold to the last extremity, officers and men, invalids and convalescents, stood ready without panic or alarm to defend to the last.

Soldiers! your endurance and your valor are beyond praise; your accomplishment worthy of the highest commendation. Beyond the hope of reënforcement, you have held your position; fought the enemy, saved Lebanon and Rolla, with your post, from burning and sack.

I give you my admiration of your heroism, and my thanks and gratitude that my name can be associated with this brigade as the proudest memory of my future life.

FITZ-HENRY WARREN,
Brigadier-General.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DUNLAP'S REPORT.

HOUSTON, Mo., January 17, 1863.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report to you the part taken by a detachment of the Twenty-first Iowa infantry volunteers, under my command, in the battle of Wood's Fork and Hartsville, on the eleventh instant.

Perhaps these two engagements should occupy two reports, but as they occurred so near together, I have thought proper, with your permission, to combine both battles in one report.

In obedience to your order, I left Houston, with other forces under Col. Merrill, on Friday, the ninth instant, at about noon, to march to Springfield, with the object of reënforcing that place. The first night we encamped for a short time at Beaver Creek. At twelve o'clock at night we moved on, and when within a few miles of Hartsville, we were drawn up in line of battle, as information had been received that the rebel Col. Porter had occupied the place the evening before, and might be there yet. We remained in line of battle until daylight, when it was ascertained that Porter had evacuated the town the night previous. We then moved on to Hartsville, when we halted until the afternoon, getting a little sleep for the men, and a bite to eat. At three o'clock p.m., we again moved on toward Springfield, Colonel Porter being in advance of us, and reached Wood's Fork at dark, when we camped for the night, in line of battle.

At three o'clock next morning, in accordance with orders from headquarters, I was ready to march. A few moments afterward, firing was heard from the pickets, and word came in that a heavy force was in front of us. I immediately got my command in line of battle, and ordered the companies to send their blankets and overcoats to the wagons. I then sent out companies

A and B, under Captains Johnson and Cook respectively, as skirmishers. In this position we remained until nearly daylight, when I was ordered to move my command half a mile in advance. I went down on the double-quick, and formed on the left of the road. The fight here lasted until nine o'clock, when the enemy withdrew.

Soon afterward, with the remainder of the force, I commenced a movement toward Hartsville, guarding the train as we advanced. When within two miles of the town, I was ordered to form my men, and bring them forward on the double-quick. I did so, and arrived on the edge of the town simultaneously with the Ninety-ninth Illinois and the artillery. I drew my detachment up in line of battle on the brow of the hill, on the left of the Springfield road, where the artillery was stationed, my left reaching nearly to the Lebanon road. It was now nearly eleven o'clock (Sunday morning) when we got into line. My position was a very favorable one, being on the edge of the hill descending into the town, and sheltered by underbrush and small trees. The enemy's artillery opened on us immediately. I caused all my men to lie down during the engagement, except a few skirmishers, and to do their firing in this position, except when firing volleys or repelling the charges of the enemy. In a few moments, they charged on us in large force, and we repelled them, with great loss on their part. Several times, with short intervals, they repeated the charge, with reënforcements of fresh troops, and every time they were driven back in disorder. Failing in these charges, they formed a line in the opposite side of the town, so near to us that we could distinctly hear the commands of their officers, and opened on us a brisk fire of musketry, their artillery at the same time pouring into us a heavy fire; we returning the fire with most terrible effect. In a short time, a large body of mounted men poured into the town, and made a charge with terrible yells, upon our artillery at my right. When they approached to within a few rods, simultaneously with the Ninety-ninth Illinois, we poured into their ranks a full volley, causing them to reel and fall back in confusion and disorder. We continued our fire with so much heat as to empty many saddles, and create such a panic in their ranks, that they could not be rallied until they got over the opposite hill, nearly half a mile distant.

Their sharpshooters filled the court-house, and other dwelling-houses in town, who became very annoying to my command. I sent a request to Colonel Merrill to have the artillery turned upon the town; but not being able to find him, I ordered Lieut. Waldschmidt, commanding the artillery, to shell the town, and drive the rebels from their hiding-places. He immediately commenced firing on them with briskness, and after a few rounds, he retired from his position, as I supposed to cool his guns, or repair some slight accidents, but he did not return, and as I afterward learned, he received orders to retreat by the Lebanon road.

The firing now ceased on my right and left, and as I supposed some "strategie" movement

was going on, I ordered my command to increase the vigor of their fire, in order to attract the attention of the enemy, while the remainder of our force changed their position. We kept up a brisk fire for about half an hour, when hearing nothing from the balance of our line, I sent out skirmishers to the right and left to ascertain their whereabouts, and found that they had retired from the field, probably toward Lebanon.

I had received no orders, and being only two hundred and twenty (220) strong, in front of four thousand, I was somewhat embarrassed as to the best course to pursue. To retreat then, would be to disclose our weakness to the enemy, and expose us to destruction; to stay, seemed like embracing death. I determined, however, to hold my position until dark, or lose every man in the attempt, and in this I was sustained by the whole command. I then extended my line as much as possible, by scattering my men to the right and left, with instructions to maintain a vigorous fire, in order to prevent the enemy from ascertaining that our force had gone, at the same time pouring into them a hot fire from the main body.

After this the enemy made three charges on our front, in one instance coming up in four ranks, but each time was driven back in a valorous manner by the Twenty-first Iowa. They now withdrew to the other side of the town, and the second time they formed a line, not with as strong force as before, however. My attention was now called to the hill beyond their line, and to my surprise as well as infinite delight, I discovered the rebels rapidly falling back on the road leading north. First their train went over the hill, followed by long lines of cavalry. Their retreat continued until sundown, by which time their whole force had gone, except a light rear-guard. I kept a brisk firing on the town, and a few moments before dark the rebels had vacated the place, and left us in triumphant possession of the hard-fought battle-field. Not deeming it safe or prudent to remain with so small a command in the vicinity of so large a force of the enemy, even while they were retreating, I concluded to withdraw. When we had gathered up what loose things we could, about an hour after dark, I left the town and the scene of our victory, taking the road to Lebanon, presuming that to be the way our forces had gone. There was not a mounted man left with us on the field, nor a live horse to be found in the vicinity. My horse having been shot in the early part of the engagement, however, it was impossible to send messengers to ascertain the whereabouts of our army. Believing, however, that our troops must have retreated in this direction, I moved on, hoping soon to join the main force. As the night was cold, and our blankets and overcoats had been left in the wagons, we could only make short rests until we reached the train. We continued to march on until three o'clock next morning, when we came up with our train and forces camped at Osap Fork, twenty-five miles distant from Harts-

ville. Finding that the Colonel commanding had gone on to Lebanon the night before, I gave the troops a couple of hours' rest and some refreshments, and taking command of the force, put it in motion for Lebanon, which place we reached in the early part of the next day. In conclusion allow me to sum up as follows:

Between Friday afternoon and Monday morning, the Twenty-first Iowa regiment marched one hundred miles, fought two battles, one of three and the other of eight hours' duration, during the latter of which there was scarcely one moment's lull in the galling fire of artillery and musketry. And for three hours and until the enemy fled from before us, two hundred and fifty of them held their position against the combined force of the rebels, four thousand strong. Owing to the sheltered position that we occupied, and the fact of the enemy firing over us, as the men were principally kept on their faces, the number of casualties was comparatively small.

I make special mention here of no one as having distinguished himself more than another. Every man was brave, cool, and active, and every one was a hero. Too much praise cannot be accorded to the men for their conduct during the whole of this long and severe engagement.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. W. DUNLAP,

Lieut.-Colonel Commanding Detachment, Twenty-first Iowa Infantry Volunteers.

To Brig.-Gen. FITZ-HENRY WARREN,
Commanding Forces at Houston, Mo.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

CAMP AT HOUSTON, TEXAS CO., MO., }
January 14, 1863. }

EDITOR DUBUQUE TIMES: On Friday, the ninth instant, at ten o'clock A.M., a portion of General Fitz-Henry Warren's brigade, under command of Colonel Merrill, received marching orders, and a part of the Twenty-first Iowa, Ninety-ninth Illinois, Third Iowa, Third Missouri cavalry with two pieces of artillery—in all about eight hundred men—for a forced march to Springfield. All was action throughout the camps, all wanted to go, but some were ordered to remain, with a part of the officers, to defend the camp in case of an attack; and military orders are explicit, and each company furnished twenty-five to thirty men. We arrived at Beaver Creek, twenty-two miles distant, at eight o'clock in the evening, and about twelve o'clock at midnight left for Hartsville expecting to arrive there by daylight, but in consequence of our scouts giving information that the town was occupied by the rebels, we were drawn up in line of battle six miles away, awaiting the return of a portion of cavalry sent forward to reconnoitre; they returning, gave information that they had left the night previous at daylight, arriving at nine o'clock A.M. Then for the first time we were refreshed with rations of coffee and meat; while there a man came into camp and supposing us to be success gave us valuable information of spies among the State militia. Left there at two o'clock P.M., arriving at camp for the

night at Wood's Fork, eight miles away on the road to Marshfield, whither the enemy, under Colonel Porter, had gone.

They were reënforced by Marmaduke, who had been fighting at Springfield, and Gen. McDonald with four thousand mounted men was repulsed there. They encamped on the same creek only one half-mile away, and did not know of our approach until our bugle-call in the morning, which prepared them for an attack, or retreat. At five o'clock A.M., as twenty-five of the Third Missouri cavalry, under Captain Brodway, were advancing to get information as to certain signs of an enemy, they fell upon a body of the rebels, who fired a volley among them, killing Captain B., Corporal Boradilla and Thos. Urin. Then we heard another volley and a yell, but the cry was, "For God's sake stop; you are killing your own men," which proved true, as the sixty prisoners taken reported the same facts.

At daylight the artillery was sent forward to draw them out, and commenced shelling the woods; a number were killed and wounded there. Scouts were sent out immediately to ascertain the facts, and reported them retreating in a south-east direction, and the Third Iowa cavalry made a dash and cut off their rear-guard and some of their baggage. Soon after orders were given to move to Hartsville. Immediately we rushed forward, as we were informed they intended to flank us at that place. They succeeded in reaching there one hour previous, and gained a good position near the town on the bluffs and also encircling the place on the east and south side toward Houston and Springfield, cutting off our teams and reënforcements from the former place, proving the fact that if mounted we should succeed much better in this desert and mountainous country, fighting these guerrillas, who are all mounted on the best horses the country affords. They had one rifled twelve-pound and four other cannon, of four to six pounds, and as soon as our cannon and howitzer came into position we opened the ball at one o'clock, and the Twenty-first on the left with the Ninety-ninth on the right came rushing forward on a double-quick of two miles into line of battle, not a minute too soon to meet the foe who were forming at the foot of the hill to occupy it; but were soon convinced we had arrived, and they as rapidly retreated. In the mean time thousands of our foes were on the opposite bluffs, and their sharpshooters occupied every house. But here another disadvantage occurred to themselves, as, when Porter's force was last here, they tore down a palisade fort which would have proved an almost impregnable position to any infantry force.

The pen will fail to give a tithe of the emotions of one who for the first time encounters a deadly foe. As the din of battle commenced we thought of home, wife, mother, and children dear; then nerved to duty and fearless in the cause of right, our little band stood firm; and Iowa may be proud of the Twenty-first.

We remained on the field until dark, and for two hours and a half after the cavalry, artillery,

and teams had retreated toward Lebanon; the Ninety-ninth being out of ammunition, had gone. Expecting every minute an enfilading fire, scouts were sent out to watch the enemy, but we soon found that they were retreating, but kept up camp-fires to deceive us. After dark, as your correspondent was ordered to ascertain the position of our artillery, and hearing that a wounded man back with the ambulance could tell, I went with Lieutenants Dale and Bates, Sergeant Walker, Corporal McFadden and others, who carried on their shoulders some of the wounded, and having ascertained returned to find the regiment. They had gone, and as it was now after dark, and we could only return to assist Surgeon Lucius Benham, who was in charge of the wounded.

The following is the list of killed and wounded:

Lieut.-Col. C. W. Dunlap, commanding regiment, wounded in hand and slightly in breast—horse killed.

Company C—Wm. Jones, Dubuque County, killed, shot through bowels; John M. Miller, Dubuque County, wounded in head, slightly; Richard Cook, Dubuque County, wounded with shell, slightly; Charles Dunham, Dubuque County, reported paroled; Lieut. Alexander, Dubuque County, (commanding company K,) reported seriously wounded with grape.

Company H—Ira Carlton, Delaware County, killed.

Company K—Harrison Hefner, Delaware County, killed, shot through bowels; Freeman Fear, Delaware County, wounded in thigh, serious; Ward White, Delaware County, wounded in breast, and arm broken; Adam Luchinger, Dubuque County, wounded in corner of right eye, slightly; Jacob B. Miller, Delaware County, wounded in arm, slightly; Erastus Smith, Delaware County, wounded in side, slightly; David Hiner, Delaware County, wounded in thigh, serious; James Jackson, Delaware County, wounded in wrist, slightly; George Simons, Delaware County, wounded in head, slightly; H. B. Stone, Delaware County, wounded, severely.

Company I—Jacob Hoops, Dubuque County, wounded in thigh, slightly; John Q. Angell, Dubuque County, wounded in hand, slightly.

Company E—Daniel Wolf, wounded in back, slightly.

Company B—Carl Pehssehl, Clayton County, killed, shot through breast.

Company D—Samuel W. Moore, Fayette County, wounded in arm, slightly.

Killed, four; wounded, sixteen; paroled, one—seventeen.

A number of the others were slightly wounded, but went with the regiment.

To Lieut.-Col. Dunlap, too much praise cannot be given. He acted with caution and promptness, scarce thinking of himself. He was continually exposed, and had his horse shot from under him, also wounded in the hand and side, and had his holsters shot off and sword-belt cut away; but watching every movement of the enemy with a vigilant eye. He changed the position of the regiment to meet every emergency and

his goodness of heart continually showed itself in the care of his men. When shot, grape, and ball were flying in almost every direction, he ordered them to lie flat and load, then advance, and every order was promptly obeyed, for every man has entire confidence in him. When he said, "Now, boys, up and at them—ready—aim—fire!" it was a shock that threw terror into the rebel ranks.

The Ninety-ninth Illinois fought bravely—every man for himself. Their wounded were all from Pike County, where the regiment was raised. Philip Donahue, Company C, knee; Sergeant Lewis Kinman, company C, thigh; David Morris, company G, hand; Lieutenant Thomas Hubbard, company A; Sergeant Dennis Bagdley, company D, knee; Cornelius Johnson, company E, arm; Francis M. Ayers, company B; Sylvester Durrall, company E, shoulder; Wyatt M. Mitchell, company E, leg; Henry Perry, company I, shoulder; Henry Hoskins, company G, hip; Corporal H. Millard, shoulder; Nicholas Cunningham, company E, hand; Jewell Woodard, company D; Daniel Casey, company K; John Rutledge, company C; T. J. Beard, company C; others were slightly wounded.

Lieut. Bates and Corporal McFadden, of company I, were unremitting in their efforts to supply the wants of the wounded. We did not dare to build fires, and were obliged to cover the enemy with leaves. May we never have cause to witness such a sad scene again. But the many instances of cheerfulness under suffering, show moral heroism glorious to witness.

The enemy lost Brig.-Gen. Emmett McDonald, the one who swore he would not cut his hair or shave until the Southern Confederacy was recognized—(he is now released from that oath.) Col. Thompson was killed, and Col. Porter was mortally wounded, and since died. They acknowledged from three to four hundred killed and wounded, and every house is a hospital. They retreated thirteen miles that night, and sent back the next morning a flag of truce to bury their dead. But our force was so small, our officers in command did not think it advisable to remain, and had also retreated toward Lebanon to await reinforcements.

One of the wounded rebel officers said to our surgeon: "If we had known your force, you would not have got off so easily; but we thought by your volleys that you were largely reinforced."

The loss of the Third Missouri is two killed and three wounded; the Third Iowa none; artillery, three wounded.

The Twenty-first Iowa and Ninety-ninth Illinois infantry stood the brunt of the whole battle, and the Twenty-first remained two hours and a half after all the other forces had retreated. It is evident that our small force fought bravely, and that the enemy thought we were largely reinforced. As Lieut. John D. Brown, Sergeant Wm. A. Gray, A. C. Northrup, and Peter Harrett, of the Third Iowa cavalry, (paroled to-day,) who had been on a scout, were returning from

the direction of Springfield, they told them they had just come from there, and they evidently changed their route, moving through the woods to Mountain Stone, a famous rebel retreat and stronghold, by way of Hartsville. They were six thousand strong when they left Arkansas a few days ago, but their loss by desertion and death has weakened their force to their present number.

Brig.-Gen. Warren left this place on Monday, the twelfth, with reinforcements, but fearing an attack on Houston, returned the next day. To-day, the fifteenth, the command under Col. Merrill also returned safely, with all the train, and the boys are anxious for another brush.

Lieut.-Col. Dunlap was unable to return, owing to injuries received on Sunday, and, with Lieut. Alexander, is at Lebanon. RUSSELL.

Doc. 100.

DESTRUCTION OF THE HATTERAS.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDING BLAKE'S REPORT.

U. S. CONSULATE,
KINGSTON, JA., January 31, 1863. }

DEAR SIR: It is my painful duty to inform the department of the destruction of the United States steamer Hatteras, recently under my command, by the rebel steamer Alabama, on the night of the eleventh instant, off the coast of Texas. The circumstances of the disaster are as follows:

On the afternoon of the eleventh inst., at half-past three o'clock, while at anchor in company with the fleet under Com. Bell, off Galveston, Texas, I was ordered by a signal from the United States flag-ship Brooklyn to chase a sail to the southward and eastward. I got under way immediately and steamed in the direction indicated. After some time the strange sail could be seen from the Hatteras, and was ascertained to be a steamer, which fact was communicated to the flag-ship by signal. I continued the chase and rapidly gained upon the suspicious vessel. Knowing the slow rate of the Hatteras, I at once suspected that deception was being practised, and at once ordered the ship to be cleared for action, with every thing in readiness for a determined and vigorous defence. When within about four miles of the vessel I observed that she had ceased to steam, and was lying broadside on and awaiting us. It was nearly seven o'clock and quite dark, but notwithstanding the obscurity of the night I felt assured from the general character of the vessel and her manœuvres that I should soon encounter the Alabama.

Being able to work only four guns on the side of the Hatteras, two short thirty-two-pounders, one thirty-pounder rifled Parrott gun, and one twenty-pounder rifled gun, I concluded to close with her, so that my guns might be effective if necessary. I came within easy speaking distance, about seventy-five yards, and upon asking what steamer is that, received the answer: Her Britannic Majesty's ship Vixen. I replied

that I would send a boat aboard, and immediately gave the order. In the mean time, both vessels were changing their positions, the stranger endeavoring to gain a desirable position for a raking fire. Almost simultaneously with the piping away of the boat, the stranger craft again replied, We are the confederate steamer Alabama, which was accompanied with a broadside.

I at the same moment returned the fire. Being well aware of the many vulnerable points of the Hatteras, I hoped by closing with the Alabama to be able to board her, and thus rid the seas of this piratical craft. I steamed directly for the Alabama, but she was enabled by her great speed, and the foulness of the bottom of the Hatteras and consequently her diminished speed, to thwart my attempt when I had gained a distance of but thirty yards from her.

At this range musket and pistol-shots were exchanged. The firing continued with great vigor on both sides. At length a shell entered amidships in the hold, setting fire to it, and at the same instant — as I can hardly divide the time — a shell passed through the sick-bay and exploded in an adjoining compartment, also producing fire; another entered the cylinder, filling the engine-room and deck with steam, and depriving me of any power to manœuvre the vessel or to work the pumps, upon which the reduction of the fire depended.

With the vessel on fire in two places, and far beyond human power, a hopeless wreck upon the waters, with her walking-beam shot away, and her engine rendered useless, I still maintained an active fire, with the double hope of disabling the Alabama and attracting the attention of the fleet off Galveston, which was twenty-eight miles distant. It was soon reported to me that the shells had entered the Hatteras at the water-line, tearing off sheets of iron, and that the water was rushing in, utterly defying every attempt to remedy the evil, and that she was rapidly sinking.

Learning this melancholy truth, and seeing that the Alabama was on my port-bow, entirely beyond range of my guns, doubtless preparing for a raking fire across the deck, I felt I had no right to sacrifice uselessly, and without any desirable result, the lives of all under my command, and to prevent the blowing up of the Hatteras from the fire, which was making much progress, I ordered the magazine to be flooded, and afterward a lee-gun to be fired.

The Alabama then asked if assistance was desired, to which an affirmative answer was given. The Hatteras was now going down, and in order to save the lives of my officers and men, I caused the armament on the port-side to be thrown overboard. Had I not done so, I am confident the vessel would have gone down with many brave hearts and valuable lives.

After considerable delay, caused by the report that a steamer was seen coming from Galveston, the Alabama sent us assistance, and I have the pleasure of informing the department that every

living being was conveyed safely from the Hatteras to the Alabama.

Ten minutes after leaving the Hatteras, she went down, bow first, with her pennant at her mast-head, with all her muskets and stores of every description, the enemy not being able, owing to her sinking so rapidly, to obtain a single weapon.

The battery of the Alabama brought into action against the Hatteras consisted of the following: Four long thirty-two pounders, one one hundred-pounder, one sixty-eight pounder, and one twenty-four pounder rifled gun. The great superiority of the Alabama, with her powerful battery, and her machinery under the water-line, must be at once recognized by the department, who are familiar with the construction of the Hatteras, and her total unfitness for a contest with a regularly built vessel of war.

The distance between the Alabama and the Hatteras during the action varied from twenty-five to one hundred yards. Nearly thirty shots were fired from the Hatteras, and I presume a greater number from the Alabama.

I desire to refer to the efficient and active manner in which Acting Master Henry Porter, executive officer, performed his duty. The conduct of the Assistant Surgeon, Edward S. Matthews, both during the action and afterward, attending to the wounded, demands my unqualified commendation.

I would also bring to favorable notice of the department Acting Master's Mate J. McGrath, temporarily performing duty as gunner.

Owing to the darkness of the night, and peculiar construction of the Hatteras, I am able only to refer to the conduct of those officers who came under my especial attention, but from the character of the contest, and the amount of damage done to the Alabama, I have personally no reason to believe that any officer failed in his duty.

To the men of the Hatteras I cannot give too much praise. Their enthusiasm and bravery was of the highest order.

I inclose the report of Assistant Surgeon E. S. Matthews, by which you will observe that five men were wounded and two killed. The missing, it is hoped, have reached the fleet at Galveston.

I shall communicate to the department in a separate report the movements of myself and command from the time of the transfer to the Alabama and the departure of the earliest mail from this place to the United States.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. G. BLAKE,
Lieutenant Commanding.

HON. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

U. S. CONSULATE, KINGSTON, JA., January 21, 1863.

SIR: I have to report to you the annexed list of casualties as resulting from a recent brilliant but disastrous encounter with the Alabama:

John C. O'Leary, fireman, Ireland, killed;
William Healy, fireman, Ireland, killed; Edward

McGowan, fireman, Ireland, severe wound in the thigh; John White, first cabin-boy, slight wound in the leg; Edward Mattock; Captain's Mate Delano, slight wound in the hand; Christopher Steptowick, seaman, Austria, slight wound in back; Patrick Kane, landsman, Ireland, slight wound in leg. Acting Master Partridge and five men are missing, all of whom we may hope have reached the fleet off Galveston.

The wounded are in a favorable condition and will soon be able to return to duty again in the service of their country.

Although destitute of medicines, owing to the rapid sinking of the Hatteras, and even of sufficient covering for the wounded, yet no difficulty was experienced in their proper treatment. An ample supply of medicines and medical appliances were placed at my disposal by the medical officer of the Alabama for the use of our sick and wounded.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

EDWARD S. MATTHEWS,
Assistant Surgeon U. S. N.

Lieutenant Commanding R. G. BLAKE.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

UNITED STATES SHIP ST. LAWRENCE, }
KEY WEST, February 17, 1863. }

SIR: Having seen in several papers an account of the loss, and also the armament of the United States steamship Hatteras, I wish to state these facts. On the eighth of January we received orders in New-Orleans to take a draft of men, who had belonged to the Westfield, to the Brooklyn, the flag-ship at Galveston, and commence operations at that place. We arrived on the tenth, and on that afternoon commenced bombarding the fortifications until sundown, when we ceased firing. The next day being Sunday, there was no fighting.

At three o'clock signals from the Brooklyn, announcing a strange sail in the offing, and for us to get under weigh in chase, were made to us. Twenty minutes after three we made the strange sail out to be a bark under easy sail; at half-past six we came within two miles of her, when she hoisted English colors; it now began to grow dark. At seven o'clock we were nearly alongside; at ten minutes past seven our captain hailed her, when she answered it was her Majesty's steamer Petrel. Then our captain answered he would send a boat on board, and had lowered the gig for that purpose, when we received a hail from them, wishing to know what steamer was that, and our captain answered, United States steamer Hatteras. Then he replied: "This is the confederate steamer Alabama—fire!" They had tried to get in a raking position, but we were too wide awake for them.

The moment the order to fire from him was given, we received their starboard broadside, consisting of a hundred-and-five-pounder rifle pivot-gun, four long thirty-twos, one eight-inch double fortified pivot, and one twenty-pounder rifle Dahlgren gun, which we returned with two thirty-two medium guns, and one thirty-pounder rifled gun. Then commenced a running fight. We got our

twenty-pounder rifled gun over on the port side, and well she did her duty; there was no flinching, and our gallant captain well sustained the reputation that fame had given him. "Give it to them, my boys; give it to them," he said; "the Stars and Stripes must never come down," and three hearty cheers followed his words.

But what was a shell like her to a staunch-built corvette like the Alabama? She peeled our iron plates off in a few minutes, and then came the terrible news that our engine was destroyed, and we were on fire in three different places. "Drown the magazine," was the first order. By this time she had seven feet water in the hold, and she had keeled over three streaks to port. The port battery was then thrown over, and in a few moments she righted. Then, when we could not return a single shot, and she was sinking fast, the order was reluctantly given to fire a lee gun, which was done.

The great disparity between the two vessels was in the weight of metal. At her first broadside she threw three hundred and twenty-four pounds at us, which fairly staggered us; and we returned from our port broadside with two thirty-twos and one thirty pound rifle, all the available force we had at command. Weight thrown, ninety-four pounds; disparity between the two broadsides, two hundred and twenty-four pounds. We struck the Alabama seven times between wind and water, and thirteen shots above her water-line. The pumps had to be kept going to keep her afloat from the time of our capture until we arrived at Kingston, Jamaica.

I will give you an exact account of the battery of the Hatteras, and also of the Alabama:

HATTERAS.		ALABAMA.	
Short 32 guns—2700 lbs.,.....	4	Long 32s.,.....	6
30-pounder rifle-guns,.....	2	105-pounder rifle, on a pivot,	1
20-pounder rifle-gun,.....	1	68 double fortified pivot,	1
12-pounder howitzer,.....	1	24-pounder rifle,.....	1
Total,.....	8	Total,.....	9

A REBEL NARRATIVE.

CONFEDERATE STATES STEAMER ALABAMA, }
January 20, 1863. }

ESTEEMED FRIEND: . . . We have at this present seventeen officers and one hundred and one men rescued from the gunboat Hatteras, which we entirely destroyed on the evening of the eleventh of January, 1863. As it is likely you may see the Northern accounts, I will give you the true version, or rather facts as they actually occurred. On the eighth of December last we captured the California steamer Ariel, and obtained late files of New-York papers containing accounts of the formidable Banks expedition. This, we judged, was destined to operate against Galveston, Texas, and as our whereabouts was unknown, we believed that a sudden and unexpected dart into their midst, and the destruction of some of their transports under cover of darkness, would be crowned with success, and consequently put an end to or delay for an indefinite time this part of their campaign. The pros and cons of this matter were fully discussed, and pronounced feasible. Accordingly, on the eighth of January

we shaped our course for Galveston, and at mid-day of the eleventh the lookout reported six men-of-war at anchor off the bar. In accordance with our prearranged plans, (for night attacks,) we hauled in shore, taking the bearings of the fleet, intending when dark came on to make one bold strike for Dixie, and determination in perceptible lines to do or die was traced on each countenance. But, as the result shows, all human calculations, by the will of an overruling Providence, are oft-times brought to naught or entirely subverted. Scarce half an hour elapsed after changing our course when the look-out informed us that a steamer was in chase, showing that we had been under observation; and seeing us heading off shore, concluded at once that our object was to run the blockade.

Under this false impression, the gunboat *Hatteras*, of twelve hundred tons, one hundred and thirty-two men, and mounting seven guns, was sent to capture and bring us into port. We continued our course without alteration until we had succeeded in drawing her beyond reach of assistance, when suddenly furling every thing, we turned to meet her. Every man was at his station, guns loaded with five-second shell, and run out, and in almost breathless silence we awaited the approaching vessel. By this time the deepening shades of twilight had fallen upon us. The enemy, steaming rapidly up, ranged close alongside, and hailed for our name and nationality. Our reply was, "H. B. M. gunboat *Petrel*;" and demanding the same of them, were answered the "U. S. gunboat *Hatteras*." Immediately upon receiving this answer we informed them properly that our ship was the C. S. steamer *Alabama*, and immediately poured a broadside into her. The fire was promptly and vigorously returned, and for a short time shot and shell hurtled thick and fast around us, without doing any material damage. I will give the Yankee credit for fighting well and bravely, but the prestige of the *Alabama's* name hung like a pall over their spirits, and added to this, their own experience of the rapidity and accuracy of our firing was more than they could stand; and in thirteen and a half minutes from the time we opened upon her she was firing lee guns—the token of submission. The order to cease firing was passed, and, with three times three cheers for Dixie, we lowered our boats, as they were anxiously calling for assistance.

None but an eye-witness can conceive the appearance of the wreck. With no standing rigging left, her entire broadside crushed in, and in one place under her guards an immense hole where our entire battery struck almost the same instant, presented a scene of confusion and destruction perfectly indescribable. Many of our shell struck and passed through both sides, tearing and smashing every thing in its way, and exploding on the far side of the vessel. Six shells passed through the engine-room, five exploding and breaking every thing to atoms; two others, entering and exploding in the coal-bunkers, set fire to her in different parts. Their condition was truly horrible, with

the ship on fire and her bottom knocked out. We scarcely had time to clear the wreck after receiving the last man, when with a heavy lurch she went down, leaving visible a small portion of her top-gallant masts. The engagement lasted thirteen and a half minutes, and the entire time occupied in fighting and rescuing prisoners was fifty minutes.

You will be able to form some faint idea of the affair when I tell you the engagement was begun at a distance of forty yards, and at no time were we at a greater distance than seventy yards. The most astonishing thing is, how little loss of life there was. Their loss was two killed, one severely wounded, and six slightly, with twelve missing. We had one shot through the stern, passing through the lamp-room, smashing every thing to pieces; one shell a few feet abaft the foremast, passing through the bulwarks, ripping up the deck and lodging in the port bulwark without exploding, and, in truth, had it exploded, I would scarcely have written you this. A second shell struck a few feet forward of the bridge and tore up the deck. A third and fourth in the main rigging—one striking a chain-plate and doubling it, both entered the coal-bunkers, but only one exploded, and that did no damage further than making a hole in her side. A fifth shot passed through our midship boat, and striking the smoke-stack, passed through and through, scattering iron splinters around like hail. A sixth and last struck the muzzle of the after broadside gun, causing it to run in the truck, passing over the foot of one man and bruising it considerably, without incapacitating him for duty. Our calamities—one man wounded in the chest by a splinter from the smoke-stack. Not unto us, not unto us, O God, but unto Thee be all the praise! After receiving the prisoners on board, we immediately shaped our course for the island of Jamaica, at which place I will mail this.

Your sincere friend,
CLARENCE R. TONGE,
Paymaster C.S.N.

Doc. 101.

BATTLE OF ARKANSAS POST.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL McCLEARNAND.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
STEAMER *TIGRESS*, MISS. RIVER, January 20, 1863. }

Lieut.-Colonel John A. Rawlins, A. A. General,
Department of the Tennessee:

I HAVE the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the forces of which, in pursuance of the order of Major-General Grant, commanding the department of the Tennessee, I assumed command on the fourth inst., at Milliken's Bend, La., resulting in the reduction of Fort Hindman, more generally known as Post Arkansas.

These forces, styled by me for convenience and propriety of description, the "Army of the Mississippi," consisted of parts of two corps d'armee; namely, the Thirteenth, my own, and the Fifteenth, Major-Gen. Sherman's. Desiring to give my undivided attention to matters affecting the

general command, I immediately assigned Brig.-General Geo. W. Morgan, a tried and meritorious officer, to the command of the Thirteenth corps d'armee, in which he was the senior division commander.

The Fifteenth corps, temporarily constituted by me the right wing, was composed of the following troops :

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General F. Steele, commanding.

First brigade, Brig.-Gen. Frank P. Blair, commanding—Thirteenth Illinois, Twenty-ninth Missouri, Thirty-first Missouri, Thirty-second Missouri, Fifty-eighth Ohio, Thirtieth Missouri.

Second brigade, Brig.-Gen. C. E. Hovey, commanding—Seventeenth Missouri, Twenty-fifth Iowa, Third Missouri, Seventy-sixth Ohio, Thirty-first Iowa, Twelfth Missouri.

Third brigade, Brig.-General John M. Thayer, commanding—Fourth Iowa, Thirty-fourth Iowa, Thirtieth Iowa, Twenty-sixth Iowa, Ninth Iowa, infantry.

Artillery—First Iowa, Capt. Griffiths; Fourth Ohio, Captain Hoffman, and First Missouri horse artillery.

Cavalry—Third Illinois, and company —, Fifteenth Illinois.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brigadier-General D. Stuart, commanding.

First brigade—Colonel G. A. Smith, commanding—Eighth Missouri, Sixth Missouri, One Hundred and Thirteenth Illinois, One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois, Thirteenth United States.

Second brigade, Colonel T. Kilby Smith, commanding—Fifty-fifth Illinois, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Illinois, Fifty-fourth Ohio, Eighty-third Indiana, Fifty-seventh Ohio, infantry.

Artillery—Companies A and B, First Illinois light artillery, and Eighth Ohio battery.

Cavalry—Two companies of Thielman's Illinois battalion, and company C, Tenth Missouri.

The Thirteenth corps, forming the left wing, was composed of the following forces :

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General A. J. Smith, commanding.

First brigade, Brig.-Gen. S. G. Burbridge, commanding—Sixtieth Indiana, Sixteenth Indiana, Twenty-third Wisconsin, Eighty-third Ohio, Sixty-seventh Indiana, Ninety-sixth Ohio.

Second brigade, Colonel W. J. Landrum, commanding—Nineteenth Kentucky, Seventy-seventh Illinois, Forty-eighth Ohio, Ninety-seventh Illinois, One Hundred and Eighth Illinois, One Hundred and Thirty-first Illinois, Eighty-ninth Indiana, infantry.

Artillery—Seventeenth Ohio battery, Captain Blount, and Illinois Mercantile battery, Captain Cooley.

Cavalry—One company Fourth Indiana.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brigadier-General P. I. Osterhaus, commanding.

First brigade, Col. L. A. Sheldon, commanding—Sixtieth Indiana, One Hundred and Eighteenth Illinois, One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio.

Second brigade, Col. D. W. Lindsay, commanding—Third Kentucky, Forty-ninth Indiana, One Hundred and Fourteenth Ohio.

Third brigade, Colonel J. De Courcy, commanding—Sixteenth Ohio, Twenty-second Kentucky, Forty-second Ohio, Fifty-fourth Indiana, infantry.

Artillery—First Wisconsin, Capt. Foster, Seventh Michigan, Captain Lamphere.

Having, as already mentioned, assumed command of these forces on the fourth instant, after they had retired from the neighborhood of Vicksburgh, I sailed with them, the same day, in execution of a purpose, the importance of which I had suggested to Gen. Gorman, at Helena, on the thirtieth December ultimo, on my way down the river. That purpose was the reduction of Fort Hindman, which had been laboriously and skilfully enlarged and strengthened, since the commencement of the rebellion; which formed the key to Little Rock, the capital of the State of Arkansas, and the extensive and valuable country drained by the Arkansas River, and from which hostile detachments were constantly sent forth to obstruct the navigation of the Mississippi River and thereby our communications.

A Government transport, the Blue Wing, laden with valuable military stores, only a few days before, fell prey to one of these detachments; and ammunition taken from her was used against us in the engagement of which I am giving an account. Without turning my arms in this direction, my forces must have continued comparatively idle, at Milliken's Bend, until you should have altered your plan for the reduction of Vicksburgh, or recalled them.

Landing at intervals to supply my transports with fuel cut from the forest, or already cut and found upon the bank, the army safely arrived at the mouth of the White River on the eighth inst. Henceforth its operations were controlled by, and but fulfilled the following instructions, previously communicated by me to army corps commanders :

First. Having arrived at the mouth of the White River, the commanders of army corps of the "army of the Mississippi" will lose no time in moving their commands upon their transports, up that river to the cut-off, and through it into and up the Arkansas River to a suitable point on the left bank of the same, near and below Post Arkansas for disembarkation.

Second. The army will move from the mouth of the White River in the following order: The Fifteenth corps, Major-Gen. Sherman commanding, forming the right wing, right in front, *first*; the Thirteenth corps, Brig.-Gen. Morgan commanding, forming the left wing, in the same order, *next*.

Third. Arrived at the proposed point for disembarkation, the two corps will immediately disembark, being careful to preserve their distinctness and to protect their landing by skirmishers and advanced detachments, . . . and rapidly march as follows :

The Fifteenth corps, Major-Gen. Sherman, commanding, by the rear of the post, until the right of the corps has reached the river above the post

. . . . being careful to guard against the surprise of rear attack, and to keep his command clear of the range of our gunboats' fire. The Thirteenth corps, Brig.-Gen. Morgan commanding, will follow the Fifteenth and form in line on its left. . . .

Fourth. Each corps should extend its lines so as to complete the investment of the enemy's works; and if in order to do so, the left wing has to move so far to the right as to leave too great a space between its left and the river, the same will be secured by a detachment of infantry and artillery from the Thirteenth corps, posted in a commanding position for that purpose.

Fifth. Notwithstanding what precedes, the commander of the Thirteenth corps will debark two (2) regiments of infantry, one (1) company of cavalry, and three (3) pieces of artillery, at a suitable point on the right bank of the river, and near and below the post, under instructions to ascend the right bank, (beyond the reach of the enemy's guns on the opposite shore,) to a point on the river above the post, giving control of the river.

Sixth. Skirmishers should, in all instances, precede the movements herein ordered. Cavalry detachments should be sent out in different directions to reconnoitre the country. Reserves should be kept to the rear of the investing lines, ready to be moved to any point, in case the enemy should venture to make a sortie; and to every battery of light artillery, a company of infantry should be detailed, for the purpose of protecting it, and assisting its advance.

Seventh. Having completed the investment, according to the plan indicated, the enemy will be equally cut off from reinforcements and escape, and must, together with his works, and all his munitions of war, become a capture to our arms.

Ascending to Notrib's farm, three miles below the Fort, by the way of the White River, the cut-off and the Arkansas, my object was to deceive the enemy, to the latest moment, as to my destination, and the point upon which the suspended blow would fall; and I have reason to believe that I succeeded in doing so, until I had approached within thirty miles of the Fort.

Landing on the left bank of the river, at Notrib's farm, at five o'clock P.M., on the ninth, the work of disembarking was busily continued until noon the next day, when it was completed.

In the mean time, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Schwartz, of my staff, by eight o'clock A.M., on the tenth instant, I had reconnoitred the river-road, and a portion of the levee, extending at right angles from it, within a mile and a half of the Fort, and discovered that the enemy was abandoning a line of rifle-pits about half a mile above the levee, under stress of the fire of one of the gunboats.

Communicating with Gen. Sherman, I suggested to him the eligibility of the river-road, from which he might diverge at or near the levee, in making a detour for the purpose of investing the upper side of the Fort. His column was put in motion at eleven o'clock A.M., but diverging below that point, the head of it, consisting of Gen. Hovey's brigade, of Gen. Steele's division, after

meeting and dispersing a strong picket of the enemy, soon encountered a swamp, about one fourth of a mile wide. Passing this swamp with much difficulty, the brigade rested upon an open space called "Little Prairie."

Riding up to the point where the brigade had entered the swamp, and witnessing its embarrassment, I sent Col. Stewart, of my staff, and chief of cavalry, with my escort, to the left and front, to ascertain whether the embrasures now discovered, in that portion of the levee farthest from the river, were occupied by cannon, and to verify the practicability of the river-road. He soon reported that there were no cannon in the embrasures; that the levee had been held the night before, as a line of defence, by infantry, who had retired upon the Fort; that he had discovered one brass piece beyond the next line of defence, limbered up for removal, and that the river-road was not only practicable but good. Accordingly, I directed General Sherman to move the second division of his corps, commanded by Gen. Stuart, by that road, which was rapidly and successfully done.

After the rear of Gen. Steele's division, consisting of General Blair's brigade, had crossed the swamp, Major Hammond, Assistant Adjutant-General of General Sherman's corps, brought information from him, that he had learned from a farmer, that the upper side of the Fort could not be gained by any practicable route on that side of the swamp short of seven miles in length, and without crossing a bayou on a narrow bridge.

I immediately crossed the swamp, and informed myself of the situation by personal interrogation of the farmer, and by personal observation. Seeing at once, that for Gen. Steele's division to go forward on a line so extended and remote from the enemy's works, would be virtually to retire it from the pending fight; to separate it by a wide and miry swamp from the rest of my forces; to expose it to rear attack by any hostile reinforcements that might be approaching; to weaken my assaulting columns on the left and centre, and the cover afforded by them to my transports; and to leave it no other way to rejoin the advanced forces, except by crossing the bayou on a narrow bridge, in the power of the enemy to destroy or obstruct by force, I instantly decided that the division ought to return, and so ordered.

Recrossing the swamp with me, Gen. Sherman, in pursuance of my instructions, hastened up the river to General Stuart's division of his corps, the head of which he found resting within half a mile of the Fort. I also hastened forward to the same spot, and finding General Morgan already there, learned that his corps, guided by a member of my staff, was advancing in the same direction, and within a few moments of the head of General A. J. Smith's division, appeared to the right and rear of General Stuart's.

Indicating to Gen. Morgan the ground I wished him to occupy, I ordered Gen. Sherman to move Gen. Stuart's division to the right, and General Steele's, when it should come up, still further to the right, across a bayou on the upper side of the

enemy's works, to the river, in order to let in Gen. Smith's and Gen. Osterhaus's divisions of Gen. Morgan's corps, on the left, and next to the river, so as to complete the investment of the enemy according to my original plan.

Despatching Col. Stewart, of my staff, and chief of cavalry, with my escort, to explore the ground to the bayou on the right, it hastened back, and requested Rear-Admiral Porter, commanding the Mississippi squadron, to advance the gunboats, and open fire on the enemy's works, for the purpose of diverting his attention, while the land forces should gain the positions assigned to them. Promptly complying, the Admiral advanced his boats, and opened a terrific cannonade upon the Fort, which was continued an hour or more, and until after nightfall.

At ten o'clock P.M., Col. Stewart, Chief of Cavalry, rejoined me, and reported that he had pushed his reconnoissance yesterday quite to the enemy's cantonment of log huts, and even beyond, to the bayou, and that there was nothing in the way of an advance to that point, or so far as he could judge, beyond. He also brought with him about one hundred prisoners, whom, still lingering about the cantonments, he had captured. As Gen. Sherman had not yet advanced to the bayou, I hastened Col. Stewart back to communicate the information he had brought, and with an order to Gen. Sherman to lose no time in gaining the bayou.

Meanwhile, Gen. Steele's division had recrossed the swamp, except a detachment of it, left under Gen. Sherman's order, to make a feint in the direction of the bridge mentioned.

During the night, Gen. Osterhaus bivouacked his division near the landing, in a position commanding the neighboring approaches across the swamp, and covering our transports against possible attack from the opposite side of the river.

On the night of the ninth, Col. Lindsay's brigade had disembarked nine miles below Notrib's farm, at Fletcher's Landing, on the right bank of the river, in pursuance of General Morgan's order, and marching across a bight of the river, had taken position, and planted a battery on the bank above the Fort—equally cutting off the escape or reënförment of the enemy by water. This was accomplished early on the tenth inst., and formed an important part of my original plan; for the prompt and skilful execution of which, I accord to Colonel Lindsay great credit.

Passing a cold night without fires and tents, our chilled but faithful men were greeted by a bright and genial sun on the morning of the eleventh.

By half-past ten o'clock A.M., the two corps were in position, and were ready to commence the attack. General Steele's division formed the extreme right of the line of battle, reaching near the bayou. General Stuart's, and General A. J. Smith's divisions were formed on its left. One brigade of Gen. Osterhaus's division, Col. Sheldon commanding, formed the extreme left of the line, resting upon the river, in full view of the

Fort. Another brigade of the same division, Col. De Courey commanding, was held in reserve, while the remaining brigade of the same division, Colonel Lindsay commanding, was disposed on the opposite side of the river, as already explained.

Company A, First regiment Illinois light artillery, Captain Wood commanding, was posted to the left of General Stuart's division, on the road leading into the Post. Company B, of the same regiment, Captain Barrett commanding, was posted in the centre of the same division; the Fourth Ohio battery, Captain Hoffman commanding, in the interval between General Stuart's and General Steele's divisions, and the First Iowa battery, Capt. Griffiths commanding, between Thayer's and Hovey's brigades of General Steele's division.

The First Missouri horse artillery was in reserve, with Gen. Blair's brigade; and the Eighth Ohio battery was posted in the rear of the centre of the general line.

Three pieces of the Seventeenth Ohio battery were advanced to an intrenched position in front of Landram's brigade of General Smith's division, and was supported by the Ninety-sixth Ohio.

A section of twenty-pounder Parrott guns, Lieutenant Webster commanding, was posted by General Osterhaus near the river-bank, within eight hundred yards of the Fort, concealed by fallen trees from the view of the enemy; while two sections of the Illinois Mercantile battery were masked and held by the same officer in reserve.

The Seventh Michigan battery, Captain Lamphere commanding, remained with Colonel De Courey; two twenty-pounder Parrotts, of the First Wisconsin battery, Capt. Foster commanding, and a section of the Illinois Mercantile battery, under Lieutenant Wilson, were with Col. Lindsey.

The cavalry were disposed in the rear, under orders to force stragglers to return to their ranks.

Such was the disposition of the forces under my command on the eve of the battle of the Arkansas. On the other hand, the position of the enemy, naturally strong, was one of his own choosing.

Post Arkansas, a small village, the capital of Arkansas county, is situated on elevated ground above the reach of floods, and defining for some miles, the left bank of the river. It was settled by the French in 1685, is fifty miles above the mouth of the river; one hundred and seventeen miles below Little Rock, and is surrounded by a fruitful country, abounding in cattle, corn, and cotton.

Fort Hindman, a square full-bastioned fort, is erected within this village upon the bank of the river, at the head of a bend resembling a horse-shoe. The "exterior sides" of the Fort between the salient angles were each three hundred feet in length; the faces of the bastions two sevenths of an exterior side, and the perpendiculars one eighth. The parapet was eighteen feet wide on

top; the ditch twenty feet wide on the ground level, and eight feet deep, with a slope of four feet base.

A "banquette" for infantry was constructed around the interior slope of the parapet; also three platforms for artillery in each bastion, and one in the curtain facing north.

On the southern face of the north-eastern bastion was a casemate eighteen by fifteen feet wide, and seven and a half feet high in the clear; the walls of which were constructed of three thicknesses of oak timbers, sixteen inches square, and so the roof with an additional revetment of iron bars. One of the shorter sides of the casemate was inserted in the parapet, and was pierced by an embrasure three feet eight inches on the inside, and four feet six inches on the outside; the entrance being in the opposite wall. This casemate contained a nine-inch columbiad.

A similar casemate was constructed in the curtain facing the river, containing an eight-inch columbiad, and still another nine-inch columbiad was mounted in the salient angle of the south-eastern bastion on a "centre pintle Barbette" carriage. All of these guns commanded the river below the Fort.

Besides these, there were four three-inch Parrott guns and four six-pounder iron smooth-bore guns, mounted on field-carriages on the platform in the Fort; which also contained a well-stored magazine, several frame buildings and a well.

The entrance to the Fort, secured by a traverse, was on its north-western side, and from the salient angle of the north-western bastion extended a broken line of rifle-pits westerly for seven hundred and twenty yards, toward the bayou, intersected by wooden traverses. Along the line of rifle-pits six field-pieces were mounted, of which three were rifled.

Although the neighboring bridge across the bayou had been partially destroyed, yet the latter was passable at several points.

Below the Fort occur the rifle-pits and levee before mentioned. The levee exposed a convex line to our advance, was pierced for ten guns and lined on the inside by rifle-pits. The second line of rifle-pits, with intervals left for six guns, extended across the high land from the river to the swamp, its rear approach being obstructed by an abattis of fallen timber. And still nearer the Fort was a deep ravine, entering the river at right angles and extending inland in different arms, in front of the left of our line. In front of the centre of the line was an open field.

This strip of high land afforded the only available approach from our landing to the enemy's defences, and above the second line of rifle-pits, expanded into a dry plateau, extending to the swamp on the east and north-east, and to the bayou and river on the west and south.

This plateau, crossed by the Brownsville and Little Rock road, embraced the enemy's cantonment, his principal defences and the field of action of this day, which covered a space of about one thousand yards square.

Having placed in battery, at the request of Ad-

miral Porter, two twenty-pounder Parrotts, as already explained, for the purpose of dismounting the gun in the lower casemate, which had seriously annoyed the gunboats on the previous evening, and all my forces being ready for action, I sent word to the Admiral, accordingly, and notified him that as soon as he had opened fire, I would advance to the attack of the enemy's works; and at twelve M. repeated the same communication.

At one o'clock P.M., the gunboats opened fire, immediately followed by the fire of artillery along the right wing of my line, and soon after by the fire of artillery along the left wing. At the expiration of thirty minutes, the infantry were to advance to the charge, and when our men were heard shouting to the gunboats, in order to avoid inflicting injury upon them, were to cease firing.

By half-past one o'clock Hovey's and Thayer's brigades and Giles A. Smith and T. K. Smith's brigades of General Sherman's corps, had crossed in double-quick time, a narrow space of cleared ground, in their front, and gained position in a belt of woods extending, irregularly, some three hundred yards quite to the enemy's rifle-pits; checked here, for a time, by a sudden and severe fire of musketry and artillery from cover of the enemy's works, they boldly resumed and continued their advance, supported by Blair's brigade, as a reserve, until they had approached within short musket-range of the enemy's line, and found shelter in some ravines lined by underbrush and fallen timber.

In executing this movement, General Hovey was wounded by a fragment of a shell, but continued upon the field in the gallant discharge of duty; General Thayer lost his horse, which was shot under him, and Colonel G. A. Smith and T. K. Smith led their commands in a manner challenging the commendation of their superior officers. Wood's and Barrett's batteries also performed valuable service; Hoffman's battery was advanced within two hundred yards of the enemy's intrenchments, and poured in a rapid and effective fire from three successive positions. It was now three o'clock P.M.

The artillery of General Morgan's corps having opened fire about one o'clock, as already mentioned, kept it up with telling effect for some time. Lieut. Webster's twenty-pounder Parrotts, on the river bank, completely enfiladed the two faces of the north-eastern bastion—some of their shots penetrating the embrasure of the casemate, and contributing, with others from the gunboats, to silence the gun inside of it; also the lighter gun in the northern curtain and the gun en barbette in the south-eastern bastion, which appeared to be above the elevation of the gunboats' fire. These results are not only recounted by General Osterhaus as important in themselves, but as bearing honorable testimony to the skill and efficiency of Lieutenant Webster.

Blount's three ten-pounder Parrotts continued to pour a well-directed fire into the enemy's lines until General A. J. Smith's division had passed to the front and neared the enemy's works. It

was probably the fire of these guns that exploded a caisson within the enemy's intrenchments, killing several men and all its horses.

When the enemy and his works had been visibly damaged by the fire of artillery, General A. J. Smith deployed nine regiments of Burbridge's and Landrum's brigades, supported by three regiments in reserve, and steadily moving forward, drove the enemy's advance toward the open ground in front of the right of his defences—seeking shelter behind a cluster of cabins. Col. Guppy, with the Twenty-third Wisconsin, was ordered to charge and dislodge him, which he promptly did, forcing him to flee to his intrenchments. After which, the same regiments, led by their tried and gallant brigade commanders, under the personal direction of Gen. Smith, continued their advance until they had approached within two hundred yards of the Fort, when Gen. Smith sent back word that he could almost shake hands with the enemy.

Meanwhile Col. Sheldon, under Gen. Osterhaus's opportune direction, had ordered up Cooley's battery within two hundred yards of the enemy's defences, and deployed the One Hundred and Eighteenth Illinois on its right, and massed the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio on its left, holding the Sixty-ninth Indiana in reserve. Both infantry and artillery replied to the galling fire of the enemy until the rifle-pits of the latter, in front, were nearly cleared. Seizing the opportunity, the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio dashed forward to carry the east face of the Fort, and only failed because, superadded to the fosse, there was an impassable ravine in the way.

Col. De Courcy's brigade, which with General Blair's had borne the brunt of the repulse near Vicksburgh, was left near the transports to protect them, and to guard the approach across the swamp by which General Steele had counter-marched, and remained there until about three o'clock, when it was ordered up.

Having reënforced General Sherman, at his request, at a quarter-past three o'clock, by sending the Twenty-third Wisconsin, Nineteenth Kentucky, and Ninety-seventh Illinois, from General Smith's division, to take position further to the right; and the engagement, notwithstanding the guns of the Fort had been silenced by the combined fire of my artillery and the gunboats, being sharp and general on both sides, I ordered an assault.

Burbridge's brigade with the two regiments of Landrum's which had been sent to its right, and the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio of Colonel Sheldon's brigade bearing the brunt, dashed forward under a deadly fire quite to the enemy's intrenchments, the Sixteenth Indiana, Lieut.-Col. John M. Orr, with the Eighty-third Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel Baldwin, of Burbridge's brigade, and the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio, Colonel D. French, of Colonel Sheldon's brigade, being the first to enter the Fort. Presenting himself at the entrance of the Fort, Gen. Burbridge was halted by the guard, who denied that they had surren-

dered until he called their attention to the white flag, and ordered them to ground their arms. Immediately after, meeting General Churchill, commandant of the post, he referred him to me, from whom I received the formal surrender of the post, its armament, garrison, and all its stores.

Further to the enemy's left his intrenchments were stormed by General Sherman's command, who immediately ordered General Steele, whose zeal and daring added to his previous renown, to push forward one of his brigades along the bayou, and cut off the enemy's escape in that direction.

Colonel Lindsay, as soon as a gunboat had passed above the Fort, hastened with his brigade down the opposite shore, and opened an oblique fire from Foster's two twenty, and Lieutenant Wilson's two ten-pounder Parrott's, into the enemy's line of rifle-pits, carrying away his battle-flag and killing a number of his men. Eager to do still more, he embarked the Third Kentucky on board of one of the gunboats to cross the river to the Fort, but before it got over the enemy had surrendered.

Thus at half-past four o'clock, after three and a half hours' hard fighting, our forces entered and took possession of all the enemy's defences.

To General Morgan I assigned the command of the Fort, who as a token of the conspicuous merit of General Smith throughout the action, assigned it to that officer. To General Sherman I gave charge of all the other defences and the prisoners outside of the Fort, who in like manner honored General Stuart by giving them into his charge.

Seven stands of colors were captured, including the garrison flag, which was captured by Captain Ennis, one of General Smith's aids-de-camp.

General Burbridge planted the American flag upon the Fort which had been placed in his hands as a tribute to his gallantry, by General Smith, for that purpose. Besides these, five thousand prisoners; seventeen pieces of cannon, large and small; ten gun-carriages, and eleven limbers; three thousand stands of small arms, exclusive of many lost or destroyed; one hundred and thirty swords, fifty Colt's pistols; forty cans of powder; one thousand six hundred and fifty rounds of shot, shell, and canister for ten and twenty-pounder Parrott guns; three hundred and seventy-five shells, grape-stands and canister; forty-six thousand rounds of ammunition for small arms; five hundred and sixty-three animals, together with a considerable quantity of quartermaster and commissary stores, fell into our hands. Of these captures, seven pieces of cannon had been destroyed by the fire of our artillery and the gunboats; beside one hundred and seventy wagons, and a large portion of the stores which were destroyed for want of means to bring them away.

Our loss in killed was one hundred and twenty-nine; in wounded, eight hundred and thirty-one; and missing, seventeen—in all in killed, wounded, and missing, nine hundred and seventy-seven;

while that of the enemy, notwithstanding the protection afforded by his defences, proportionably to his numbers, was much larger.

The prisoners of war I forwarded to the Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners at St. Louis, and utterly destroying all of the enemy's defences, together with all buildings used by him for military purposes, I reëmbarked my command and sailed for Milliken's Bend on the seventeenth instant, in obedience to Major-Gen. Grant's orders.

Noticing the conduct of the officers and men who took part in the battle of the Arkansas, I must refer to the reports of corps, division, brigade and regimental commanders for particular mention of those who specially signalized their merit; but in doing so, I cannot forbear, in justice, to add my tribute to the general zeal and capability of the former, and valor and constancy of the latter.

Gen. Sherman exhibited his usual activity and enterprise; Gen. Morgan proved his tactical skill and strategic talent; while Generals Steele, Smith, Osterhaus, and Stuart, and the several brigade commanders, displayed the fitting qualities of brave and successful officers.

The members of my staff present—Col. Stewart, Chief of Cavalry; Lieut.-Col. Schwartz, Inspector General; Lieut.-Colonel Dunlap, A. Q. M.; Major McMillen, Medical Director; Major Ramsey; Captain Freeman, and Lieutenants Jones, Caldwell and Jayne, Aids-de-camp—all rendered valuable assistance. Lieut. Caldwell, who ascended into the top of a lofty tree in full view of the enemy and within range of his fire, and gave me momentary information of the operations both of our land and naval forces and of the enemy, particularly challenges my commendation and thanks.

To Col. Parsons, A. Q. M., and master of transports, I also offer my acknowledgments, not only for the successful discharge of arduous duties in his department, but for important services as volunteer aid, in bearing orders in the face of danger, on the field. And to Major Williams, Surgeon of the Second Illinois light artillery, I am also indebted for professional usefulness.

The maps and drawings herewith submitted will illustrate the disposition of the land forces, the position of the gunboats, the defences of the enemy, the field of operations, and the surrounding country.

While mourning the loss of the dead and sympathizing with the bereavement of their kindred and friends, and the sufferings of the wounded, we should offer our heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God for the complete success vouchsafed to our arms in so just a cause.

JOHN A. McCLERNAND,*
Major-General Commanding.

REPORT OF GENERAL HOVEY.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
STEAMER CONTINENTAL, January 13, 1863. }

CAPTAIN: Pursuant to orders from General

* Further reports of this engagement will be found in the Supplement.

Steele, the Second brigade debarked on the morning of the tenth instant, at Notrib's plantation, about one mile below "Arkansas Post," and marched in a north-westerly direction, with the view of passing in the rear of the Fort and gaining the river above. The brigade consists of the Seventeenth, Twelfth, and Third Missouri infantry, the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Iowa infantry, the Seventy-sixth Ohio infantry, and the First Missouri horse artillery. Having proceeded one half-mile to near the woods, the enemy's pickets were discovered in force, and Captain Landgrasber was ordered forward and dispersed them with a few shells from his howitzers. Bearing to the right and following the old wood-road, the brigade soon reached an apparently impassable bayou, but a crossing was at last effected, and the route pursued for several miles. Small squads of the enemy's cavalry hovered in our advance, and several were captured. About two o'clock the column was ordered to return to the landing, where it arrived just before dark, and bivouacked for the night.

Hardly had the camp fires been lighted, when orders were received to move immediately by another route and by a night-march to our original destination. Over marshy ground, thickly covered with wood, without a guide and with the only direction, "to take a north-westerly course," we set out. Fortunately, the North Star was in full view, and by its aid we were enabled to reach the point indicated, after a fatiguing march of more than eight hours. It was after two o'clock in the morning when we reached the deserted camps of the enemy. At daybreak Gen. Steele and staff came up, and ordered the brigade to form parallel with the bayou on which its right then rested, move toward the river, and complete the investment of the enemy's works.

Having moved scarcely more than half a mile, we met the enemy in force, their works being in full view. The brigade halted, and skirmishers from the Seventeenth Missouri were sent forward to feel the enemy. They soon became hotly engaged, and the Third Missouri infantry were ordered forward to their support. Here a brave man, Captain Greene, of the Third Missouri, together with two color-bearers, were instantly killed by the bursting of a shell, and a large number wounded. The enemy having now been unmasked and their position partially at least ascertained, a halt was ordered and nothing further was done until the final dispositions for reducing the Fort were made. I had forgotten to state that the Twelfth Missouri was left behind at the landing as a guard for the transports, and that Captain Landgrasber's battery finding it impossible to follow the brigade in its night-march through the woods and swamps, was also left behind.

This brigade occupied the extreme right, and was disposed for the assault as follows: Seventeenth Missouri, under Colonel Hassendeubel, were deployed as skirmishers on the advance, and were also instructed to watch the right bank of the bayou to guard against, or at least to give

notice of a flank attack. Colonel Shepard, of the Third Missouri, followed him, supported by the Thirty-first Iowa, under Col. Smyth. Next to the left, and in continuation of the line of battle, was the Seventy-sixth Ohio, under Colonel Woods, supported by the Twenty-fifth Iowa, under Colonel Stone. At a given signal Colonel Hassendeubel advanced with his skirmishers through the woods along the bayou, and became hotly engaged. He was attacked on the flank much more violently than was anticipated, and was compelled to divert his whole regiment from its original course to repel this assault, leaving Colonel Shepard in the advance on the original line. The Seventy-sixth Ohio, under Colonel Woods, moved off on the double-quick in gallant style, closely followed by the Twenty-fifth Iowa. This column moving over open ground, and in advance of all others, drew the concentrated fire of the enemy's artillery and rifle-pits, but on they moved, nor stopped until within easy rifle-range of the enemy's works. Colonel Woods's sharpshooters immediately silenced two of the enemy's Parrott guns, and not another shot was fired from them during the action.

I wish to call especial attention to the good conduct of this regiment. Though leading the advance, exposed to a concentrated and galling fire, and holding, as I believe, during the entire action, a position considerably in advance of any other regiment, not a man fell out of the ranks; there was no confusion, every man did his duty.

By silencing the Parrott guns in front, the advance of the brigade next on the left, Colonel Smyth's, was rendered comparatively safe. The complication on my extreme right, where the rebels had stationed their cavalry to fire from across the bayou on our rear, and two regiments of infantry to fire on our flank, early attracted my attention. Here I ordered a charge on the enemy's works by the Third Missouri, under Col. Shepard, supported by the Thirty-first Iowa, commanded by Colonel Smyth. They moved forward vigorously, and for a time I confidently expected they would enter the works, but the galling cross-fire of the infantry and artillery, bearing directly on their front and flanks, and coming from a quarter unexpected, and therefore not guarded by Colonel Hassendeubel's sharpshooters, checked the charge, and at length compelled Colonels Shepard and Smyth to resume their original line of battle.

Colonel Hassendeubel, with his regiment of sharpshooters, continued to do excellent service until his ammunition was exhausted. They were then ordered to the rear to re-supply themselves. Finding the enemy had massed a strong force to protect this, the weakest part of his works, I brought forward two twelve-pound howitzers, with the view of shelling back the enemy beyond rifle-range. Two shots only had been fired when the Fort was surrendered.

I have already spoken of the gallant conduct of the Seventy-sixth Ohio and its Colonel; of the Third Missouri and its Colonel, who captured two stands of rebel colors, and of the good ser-

vice done by the Seventeenth Missouri; and I will now add that Colonel Stone, of the Twenty-fifth Iowa, and the majority of his regiment, acted like veterans, but the cowardly conduct of his Major in leaving the field in the face of the enemy, thereby giving countenance to straggling and skulking, cannot be too severely censured. The Thirty-first Iowa lost much of its effectiveness through lack of discipline. This and the Twenty-fifth Iowa are new regiments.

I should not do full justice did I close this report without making honorable mention of my staff-officers, Capt. F. M. Crandal, Lieuts. J. E. Bryant, and F. H. Wilson, and Sergeant Sid. C. Morgan. Inclosed are lists of casualties in the several regiments.

I have the honor to be, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES E. HOVEY,

Brigadier-General.

F. M. CRANDAL, A. A. G.

To Captain J. W. PADDOCK,

A. A. General First Division, Fifteenth Army Corps.

REPORT OF REAR-ADMIRAL PORTER.

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, }
ARKANSAS POST, JAN. 11, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that on the fourth of January, General McClermand concluded to move up the river upon the Post of Arkansas, and requested my coöperation. I detailed three iron-clads — the Louisville, Baron de Kalb, and Cincinnati — with all the light-draft gunboats, all of which had to be towed up the river.

On the ninth we ascended the Arkansas River as high as Arkansas Post, when the army landed within about four miles of the Fort. The enemy had thrown up heavy earthworks and extensive rifle-pits all along the levee. While the army were making a detour to surround the Fort, I sent up the iron-clads to try the range of their guns, and afterwards sent up the Rattler, Lieut. Commanding Watson Smith, to clear out the rifle-pits, and the men behind an extensive breastwork in front of our troops. The Black Hawk also opened on them with her rifled guns, and after a few shots the enemy left the works, and our troops marched in. At two o'clock Gen. McClermand told me the troops would be in position to assault the main fort — a very formidable work — and I held all the vessels in readiness to attack when the troops were in position. At half-past five in the afternoon, Gen. McClermand sent me a message, stating that every thing was ready, and the Louisville, Baron de Kalb, and Cincinnati advanced to within four hundred yards of the Fort, which then opened fire from their heavy guns, and eight rifled guns and musketry. The superiority of our fire was soon manifested. The batteries were silenced, and we ceased firing; but no assault took place, and it being too dark to do any thing, all the vessels dropped down and tied up to the bank for the night.

The Baron De Kalb, Lieutenant Commanding Walker; Louisville, Lieutenant Commanding Owen; and the Cincinnati, Lieutenant Command-

ing Bache, led the attack, and when hotly engaged I brought up the light-draft vessels, the Lexington and Black Hawk, to throw in shrapnel and rifle-shell. The fire was very destructive, killing nearly all the artillery horses in and about the fort.

When the battery was pretty well silenced, I ordered Lieutenant Commanding Smith to pass the Fort in the light-draft iron-clad Rattler, and enfilade it, which he did in a very gallant and handsome manner, but suffered a good deal in his hull in doing so. All his cabin-works were knocked to pieces, and a heavy shell raked him from stem to stern in the hull. Strange to say, two heavy shells struck his iron-plating—three quarter inch—on the bow and never injured it. He got past the Fort, but became entangled among the snags placed in the river to impede our progress, and had to return.

In the evening attack the vessels of all the commanders were well handled, particularly the iron-clads.

It was close quarters all the time, and not a gun was fired from our side until the gunboats were within four hundred yards of the Fort. The condition of the Fort attests the accuracy of fire, and the persons inside give the Baron De Kalb, Lieutenant Commander Walker, the credit of doing the most execution.

I was informed again this morning by Gen. McClermand, that the army was waiting for the navy to attack, when they would assault the works. I ordered up the iron-clads, with directions for the Lexington to join in when the former became engaged, and for the frailer vessels to haul up in the smoke and do the best they could. The Rattler, Lieut. Commanding Smith, and the Guide, Lieutenant Commanding Woodworth, did good execution with their shrapnel, and when an opportunity occurred I made them push through by the Fort again, also, the ram Monarch, Colonel Charles Ellet; and they proceeded rapidly up the river to cut off the enemy's retreat by the only way he had to get off.

By this time all the guns in the Fort were completely silenced by the Louisville, Lieutenant Commanding E. R. Owen, Baron De Kalb, and Cincinnati, and I ordered the Black Hawk up for the purpose of boarding it in front. Being unmanageable, she had to be kept up the narrow stream, and I took in a regiment from the opposite side to try and take it by assault.

As I rounded to, to do so, and the gunboats commenced firing rapidly, knocking every thing to pieces, the enemy held out a white flag, and I ordered the firing to cease. The army then entered and took possession. Colonel Dunnington, the commander of the Fort, sent for me and surrendered to me in person. General Churchill, of the rebel army, surrendered to the military commander.

Our army had almost surrounded the Fort, and would no doubt have carried it with ease. They enfiladed it with rifled field-pieces, which did much damage to the houses and light work, leaving their mark in all directions.

I do not know yet what were the operations on the land side. I was too much interested in my own affair, and in placing the vessels as circumstances required. In all this affair there was the greatest zeal on the part of the officers commanding to carry out my orders, and not a mistake of any kind occurred. No fort ever received a worse battering, and the highest compliment I can pay those engaged is to repeat what the rebels said: "You can't expect men to stand up against the fire of those gunboats."

A large number of persons were captured in the Fort, I don't know how many, and at sundown the army were hurrying in the cavalry and artillery.

I herewith inclose the report of the commanding officers and a list of killed and wounded, and take another occasion to mention to the department the names of those officers who have distinguished themselves particularly, though it is hard to discriminate when all did their duty so well.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DAVID D. PORTER,
Acting Rear-Admiral Commanding Mississippi Squadron.
HON. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT COMMANDING OWEN.

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
UNITED STATES GUNBOAT LOUISVILLE, OFF ARKANSAS POST,
ARKANSAS RIVER, January 14, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to transmit the report of killed and wounded on board this vessel, the damages sustained from the enemy's guns, and the amount of ammunition expended during the engagements of yesterday and to-day with the enemy's batteries at Arkansas Post. The damage sustained in the hull, as shown by the carpenter's report, though serious, has not in the least unfitted her for duty. I can only add that every officer and man did his duty.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. K. OWEN,
Lieutenant Commanding United States Navy.
To Acting Rear-Admiral DAVID D. PORTER,
Commander Mississippi Squadron.

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
ARKANSAS RIVER, ARK., January 11, 1863. }

SIR: The following is a list of the killed and wounded on board the United States gunboat Louisville:

Fred. H. Gilhardy, seaman, wounded in the head, mortally; Adam Bradshaw, seaman, wounded in the thorax, mortally; James Mulheinn, seaman, wounded in the thigh, severely; Jas. Sullivan, seaman, contusion of thorax and abdomen; Thos. Spencer, seaman, wounded in elbow, slightly; Thomas Jackson, seaman, wounded in leg, slightly; Albert Mowry, seaman, wounded in knee, slightly; Jas. Blaisdale, seaman, wounded in hand, slightly; Geo. Holmes, seaman, contusion of shoulder, slightly; J. T. Blatchford, ensign, wounded in leg, severely; Walter Williams, seaman, killed.

W. D. HOFFMAN,
A. A. Surgeon.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT COMMANDING WALKER.

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
 UNITED STATES GUNBOAT BARON DE KALB, }
 ARKANSAS POST, January 12, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that in the attack on this place, on the evening of the tenth, this vessel was struck several times, but with no serious injury to vessel or crew. In the attack on the eleventh, one of the ten-inch guns was struck in the muzzle, and both gun and carriage destroyed; one thirty-two-pounder carriage struck and destroyed; one of the iron plates on forward casemate badly broken by shot; the wood-work about two of the ports badly torn by shot, and one lower-deck beam cut off by a plunging shot through the deck. The other injuries, although considerable, can be repaired on board in a few days. I lost two men killed, and fifteen wounded—two probably mortal and several seriously. The loss was from shot and shell entering the ports. My officers and men behaved with the greatest gallantry and coolness, and the practice with the guns was excellent. I expended forty-five ten-inch shells, nine ten-inch shrapnel, seventy eight-inch shells, and thirty-seven thirty-two-pounder shells.

Inclosed I send the surgeon's report of killed and wounded.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN G. WALKER,

Lieutenant Commanding U.S.N.

Acting Rear-Admiral D. D. PORTER,

Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

Annexed is the surgeon's report of killed and wounded on board the United States gunboat Baron De Kalb, in the attack on Arkansas Post, January eleventh, 1863:

John Ryan, landsman, killed; Theo. Bender, third-class boy, severely wounded, probably mortal; Peter Olton, coxswain; Geo. Smith, seaman, severely; Jos. Bader, seaman; Jno. Farrer, seaman; William Smith, seaman; M. C. Dorechs, slightly wounded; Wm. Swisler, seaman; Joseph H. Malon, seaman; Alfred H. Boyle, yeoman; Oscar Jordan, seaman; Antonio de Uroa, seaman; Geo. Fales, seaman; William Kelley, seaman; Pierre Leon, seaman; John Glenn, seaman.

JOHN WISE,

Acting Assistant Surgeon.

To JNO. G. WALKER,

Lieutenant Commanding.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT COMMANDING BACHE.

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
 UNITED STATES GUNBOAT CINCINNATI, }
 OFF ARKANSAS POST, January 12, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to report having sustained no serious damage in the attack on the tenth. One shell struck us at the water-line forward, and a second went through the upper works. We were equally fortunate during the attack of yesterday, although struck nine times on the bow-casement, pilot-house, and upper work.

This vessel fired the first gun, at half-past one o'clock P.M., and in half or three quarters of an hour the right casement gun of the Fort—the one assigned to us—was silenced, when our fire was

directed on the left casement and barbette guns, and afterward in shelling the interior of the Fort. We engaged the Fort at three hundred yards.

I have the honor to mention Acting Ensign A. F. O'Neil, Acting Master's Mate Henry Boobey, and Acting Gunner John F. Ribblett, the officers commanding the bow-guns, for coolness and skill in directing their fire.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE M. BACHE,

Lieutenant Commanding.

Acting Rear-Admiral D. D. PORTER,

Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT COMMANDING SHIRK.

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
 UNITED STATES GUNBOAT LEXINGTON, OFF POST OF ARKANSAS,
 ARKANSAS RIVER, January 11, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that there were expended on board this ship, during the attack upon this Post, by the forces under your command, on the tenth instant, fourteen Parrott shells and two eight-inch shells, and during the final and victorious assault of to-day, forty-nine eight-inch shells and forty Parrott shells. I am happy to report no casualties. The woodwork of the ship and two of our boats are somewhat damaged.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

JAMES W. SHIRK,

Lieutenant Commander.

Assistant Rear-Admiral D. D. PORTER,

Commanding Mississippi River Squadron.

MISSOURI "REPUBLICAN" ACCOUNT.

ARKANSAS POST, January 12.

The eighth found our fleet on its way back from the ill-planned attack at Vicksburgh, opposite the mouth of White River. There was one change for the better, however. The troops, although somewhat dispirited, were no longer under a leader whom they wholly distrusted. An alteration was needed, and General Sherman was not superseded a moment too soon. General McClelland had taken command in his place.

At the mouth there was a pause, and White River's silent banks, its narrow channel entering into and losing itself almost immediately in the dense forest, became endued with a new interest. That lonely ribbon of water, winding like a serpent out of sight among trees hoary and bearded with the long, gray Spanish moss, had been for two years silent to commerce. Far up it, instead of friendly towns were hostile strongholds, and torpedoes and traps in lieu of other welcome.

Preparations for advancing were made, and early on the eighth the noble fleet turned from the Mississippi into this stream that seemed hardly more than a bayou. It appeared as if we would choke it up, as if as many paddles beating at once might dash all the waters out and leave us imbedded in mud. There were no houses, no farms, nothing but swamps and wilderness, which gave back the echoes of our progress, the hoarse puffs of escaping steam and snatches of songs. A few miles from the mouth of White River we entered the "cut-off" and passed into the Arkansas. These two streams being near each

other, the channel of the latter, back several miles from its mouth, breaks through into the White, thus affording easy communication. We were now in a broader stream and progressed more easily. The weather was delightful, and had there been foliage instead of gray pendent moss upon the trees, it would have appeared midsummer. Overcoats were discarded by many, and shirt-sleeve costume adopted instead. Every thing looked favorable, and feeling saddened at Vicksburgh became cheerful again. Habitations were few, and generally wretched pests, with scanty clearing surrounding. At rare intervals some building more respectable than those of the "poor white trash" greeted us, always built in rambling and roomy style, great porches, and surrounded by negro huts. The latter on these estates were much better than the majority of those belonging to white people. Old, sallow, wrinkled dames, drawn out by curiosity from their nests, and invariably knitting, would occasionally stand gazing at us, silent as if wooden blocks! Surrounded, framed as it were, by the house-moss, they seemed as much witches as those that brewed in Macbeth's time. Arkansas has never had an enviable name, and were the balance of it poor as that bordering its river, it would not be worth opening to trade. Truly, here's the land of the "Arkansas traveller," where a good share of the native talent is devoted to fiddling.

Impoverished and wretched, the people could apparently have no worse fate than being left to themselves. At places, corn-bins were built upon the river's bank, generally empty, their contents having been slid into boats beneath and transferred up-stream. One or two, however, were blazing, and thousands of bushels thus destroyed. Sunken barges and scows, for a couple of years left to themselves, lay broken on bars. Every thing looked as if the people were trying to exhibit as little civilization as they could, while endeavoring, with the least possible labor, to bring forth the least possible crops. Occasionally horsemen — the Texan Rangers, which infest this section — were seen riding at full speed over some field, out of rifle-shot. The skill they exhibited was surprising, making them appear like Centaurs — horse and man joined in one.

Thus passing along without incident, our gun-boats in front finally slackened speed and went to reconnoitring. We were near the rebel position, Arkansas Post beyond, around a bend, and as it was a favorable spot for disembarking, the fleet drew near shore. Night had come on, and orders were given to wait until morning, meanwhile throwing out strong pickets. The fields of "Haunted Farm," a great plantation with a large half-ruined house and numerous negro huts, were chosen to debark upon. Among the slaves it was considered a spirit rendezvous. "Goblins damned" danced at midnight on the deserted cotton-fields, Luna gazing, occasionally flushed blood-red in anger, spirits of defunct negroes cried in the branches, and hens, those staunch

friends of good wives, left off their agreeable lays and went to crowing whenever persons near were threatened by death. John, a negro servant, on board our vessel, the *Ella*, had a nightmare in consequence, and woke us at twelve o'clock by his loud cries. A better feeling already pervaded the army, and night settled down clear and beautiful.

Constant chopping resounded from the woods beyond, where the rebels were busy endeavoring to obstruct our expected advance by felling trees. With unfailing industry they devoted the hours of slumber to perfecting their means of defence.

One doubt was most pleasantly removed; that an evacuation would be attempted. They were there to defend the Post, fortified by so much labor, and would not desert it. Confident in the immense strength of their works, the abatis, rifle-pits, and batteries, they awaited us. Constant skirmishing ensued between the pickets.

At morning's dawn all was bustle in the fleet. Every vessel poured forth upon the shore its crowds of soldiers. Regiments collected, brigades formed, and at nine all moved forward, the intention being to surround the rebel Fort. Only half a mile away were their first line of works, where the levee, making a curve inland, had been raised in front and pitted behind. Among some sheds, grouped just before, preparations for masked batteries were visible, half finished. They had deserted these, and fled back to a second line, still more formidable, six hundred yards in the rear. The Eighth Missouri, Lieut.-Colonel Coleman, was pushed forward as skirmishers. This regiment, well known by its last exploits, decimated in half a dozen battles, and numbering only two hundred and ninety men, entered the woods. Almost instantly rapid musketry told them engaged. The balance of General G. A. Smith's brigade followed. On those earthworks the rebels had placed logs, between the spaces of which they fired. Steadily up the hill, sometimes crawling, again gliding behind trees and trees, went the Zouaves, and back from these pits also, first slowly, then running, retired the confederate sharpshooters. Meanwhile, stretching out in a line to the right, our army had passed from the fields into the woods, the left wing remaining at the river rifle-pits won. After toiling forward for several hours, only to arrive at impassable swamps and bayous, the centre and right had to return. On the river's bank, in full view of the enemy, and commanded by their guns, was an excellent road, leading to a position nearer them, from which the army could then invest, by stretching at a right angle across the point. When friendly darkness came, our forces, thus doubled back upon themselves, passed through the left wing, still waiting there, and out upon this route. Gen. Thayer, with his brigade, led, followed by Gen. Hovey.

It was a toilsome, dangerous, but successful march through a country unknown; having no guide, the troops struggled forward, and at five o'clock next morning reached the opposite side of the bend and commanded the river above.

All Saturday the rebels had fired at intervals, whenever troops appeared in range on the banks, generally using Parrott missiles.

Coöperating with the army was Rear-Admiral Porter, who had brought up three iron-clads and several mosquito vessels from his Mississippi fleet. The former were the Louisville, Lieutenant Commanding E. K. Owen; Cincinnati, Lieutenant Commanding Bache; and De Kalb, (old St. Louis,) Lieutenant Commanding Walker. The Admiral's flag-ship was the armed transport-steamers Uncle Sam.

Saturday evening, at dusk, to determine the enemy's strength, the iron-clads were pushed forward, and engaged the Fort for an hour or two, each being struck, but with trifling loss of life.

Sunday morning was occupied in getting the troops into position and preparing for our struggle.

The enemy, finding themselves outnumbered, had abandoned all their outer works, and retreated to the last and inner line. This, stronger than the others, ran at a right angle from the front to the opposite side of the bend. For hundreds of yards in front, trees and bushes had been felled, giving a wide open space swept by cannon and commanded by musketry. Assaultants must either charge over this, or make it an artillery duel. Their right was the river fort, a work of unusual strength. Walls twenty feet high, a deep fosse or moat surmounting, and mounting nine guns, two of which were protected by immense bomb-proof casemates shielded with iron, the others being *en barbette*.

Across the sand-bar, between it and the long reach or channel, were placed guide-frames, by means of which to train the guns accurately upon any approaching vessel. The Fort could also change its fire to the plain, over which assaultants would have to advance. The strength of their position was such that, although outnumbered, they expected to hold it successfully, and men would occasionally ride along their front, planting rebel flags. Our army stretched across, distant but half a mile, part slightly sheltered by a ravine, the others among the enemy's barracks, which, numerous and strong, gave a measure of protection.

Gen. Sherman's corps held the right, disposed as follows: In Gen. Steele's division, Gen. Hovey's brigade holding the right, Gen. Thayer's the centre, and Gen. Blair's the left.

In Gen. Stuart's division, Acting Gen. G. A. Smith's brigade the right and G. K. Smith's the left. Then General Morgan's corps holding the army's left. A. J. Smith's division, Burbridge's and Landrum's brigades, Sheldon's brigade, in Osterhaus's division, resting on the river-bank, the extreme left. Gens. Lindsay's and De Courcy's commands of the latter division, had been sent along the opposite shore when first landed, to cut off escape on that side.

A simultaneous attack was to take place by both fleet and army. Our batteries had all been placed in position, and the enemy, alarmed, commenced shelling every position of the army ex-

posed to view. Their missiles fell thick, and ambulances commenced going to and fro.

These carts with the red flags soon became busy enough hunting their loads. Just at noon the gunboats moved up, and went into action. The firing was instantaneous and terrific on both water and land; no feeble bombardment and manœuvring, but a joint outburst from both army and navy. The Fort directed its fire upon the fleet, the gunboats pouring their welcomes into the casemates. The rebels hurled at our navy its own nine-inch shell, captured two weeks previously on the Blue Wing. Above the Fort the air was filled with dirt, bars of iron, and splinters. Vessels were hit repeatedly, and occasionally some huge shell would enter a port-hole or penetrate the wood, and burst inside. With the army, all our batteries along its front were in action, and the musketry incessant.

The plain was swept by canister and ball in every direction, shell coming rapidly and accurately from each rebel battery. Behind their works, at short intervals, were placed field-pieces. The horses of these, and the rows of dodging heads, were all that could be seen. Protected by their earth-works, and possessing a great advantage over us, they fully appreciated it, and no portion of flesh belonging to the Confederacy was needlessly exposed. The merciless pelting of bullets into our ranks grew more rapid and deadly as we slowly advanced. As for the artillery, it could not be fired faster than it had been from the first.

Our own batteries did excellent execution, dismounting one or two guns, and slaughtering their horses rapidly. The musketry proved less successful, although half the line was in action. The assailed exposed one tenth of their body, the assaultants the whole, and thus the dice which death was throwing gave them odds of ten to one.

Fortunately, the quarters were not close enough to avail them much. Had they been, the place would now be dearly bought.

General Thayer, as usual, foremost where duty called, had his favorite horse shot under him. His brigade was composed of the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-fourth Iowa regiments, and First Iowa battery, who suffered severely. Acting-General G. A. Smith's brigade was warmly engaged, and he, also, while leading at the extreme front, had his horse shot. The Eighth Missouri, which name seems ever present where gallant actions are concerned, had been pushed into the hottest fire. Well led by Lieutenant-Colonel Coleman, who was slightly wounded, it suffered severely. Five officers were killed and disabled. Brave Kirby, its Major, had his horse shot, and was considerably bruised by the animal falling. Lieutenant Lee Morgan received a ball through the face. Capt. Jameson, wounded in arm at an early moment, refused to retire, and fearlessly led his men through the action. Lieut. B. W. Musselman, although on the sick list, joined his company and did good service.

In General Morgan's corps matters went equal-

ly favorable. That leader, fearless and skilful, handled his troops well. All the Brigadier-Generals did their duty.

Among the batteries most constantly engaged, was Taylor's, from Chicago. Twice charges were made by different commands, but so severe was the musketry directed upon them, that they fell back before getting to the works. The fire from the river fort for some time become feeble, suddenly ceased. The fleet was victorious at that point, and the principal dependence silenced, its bomb-proofs battered to pieces, and every heavy gun either dismantled or broken in two. Thirty artillerists lay dead within the walls, and the few stout buildings intended for protection from shell, were in ruins. Three vessels of the mosquito fleet had passed above, and were shelling the rebels in their rear. Our huge shot had pounded long at the great easemates before gaining admittance, and when they finally entered, the destruction of life was great. What had been intended for places of safety, proved death-haunts. Behind the torn walls, however, sharpshooters still lingered. On land the cannonading and musketry grew more furious as our army pressed still closer. Night approached, the sun was hardly an hour high, and every nerve was strained to conquer before darkness set in. Rebel pieces were deserted, no gunner daring to approach them, so accurate had become our fire. Advancing steadily and surely, but commencing to pay dearly for it, preparations were made to charge in force. All prepared for the struggle they felt coming, when suddenly, while their fire was hottest, it stopped, and a white flag rose above the works; war ceased, as if by magic, and wildly cheering, the troops pressed forward and over the fortifications they battled so hard to gain. Far down along the river for miles, reaching to the transports, the crowds caught up the cry and echoed it back. Such a cheering had never been heard on the Arkansas before. Not that it could be called a great victory, but that it was an inspiring change from the blundering expedition of Vicksburgh. Within the walls were strewed dead and wounded, their number, however, not being large, only about a hundred and fifty. The mortality among horses was remarkable, eight or more of the mangled bodies lying around. Most of the dead men were much disfigured, evidently killed by shell—some ripped open, and their bowels upon the ground, others with heads cut open or limbs torn off. The rebel soldiers were gathered in crowds, evidently not much disheartened at being taken. They were composed of the following regiments: Twenty-fourth Texas, dismounted cavalry, Col. Wilkes; Twenty-fifth, same, Colonel Gillespie; Fifteenth, same, Colonel Sweet; Sixth Texas infantry, Colonel Garland, Colonel Taylor's regiment, and Colonel Darnel's.

Six of the nine guns in the Fort belonged to Captain Hart's Arkansas battery, three pieces being twenty-pound Parrotts.

The Commander-in-Chief of the confederate forces was Brigadier-General Churchill; Captain

Ben. Johnson, Adjutant-General, Captain Wolf, Chief Quartermaster, Captain Little and Captain Brown, aids. Brigade commanders were Colonel Deshler, Colonel Garland, and Colonel Portlock. There was also a large number of captains and lieutenants. They will be sent to Cairo this morning.

Our loss in the engagement was about one hundred killed, and five hundred wounded, who go up on the steamer January.

To-day they are digging the graves and collecting the dead for burial. Fifty or more additional corpses have been found in the woods far back, evidently skulkers from the rebel army, killed by our shell. Prisoners are also constantly brought in, overtaken twelve or fifteen miles away. Of the entire force garrisoning the Fort, one thousand, mostly Texas cavalry, escaped, taking with them a great portion of the baggage-train. These effected an exit on the night our forces were surrounding the place, and before it could be fully accomplished.

The results of the victory are about four thousand five hundred prisoners, about the same number stand of arms, and twenty guns. The post was an important one, and Gen. Churchill affirms he had orders to hold it to the last. Little Rock and the whole State are now open to us whenever we wish to move. Duval's Bluff, on the White River, has probably fallen ere this, under the attack of Gen. Gorman, and thus two tributaries of supply are shut to the rebels.

These movements, although presenting no very brilliant victories, are yet the surest way at present of crippling the rebellion. When unable, for want of subsistence, to mass their armies in one or two strongholds, they will have to come out of Vicksburgh and Richmond, and offer battle. The policy of letting them choose their own places for defence, exhaust military ingenuity in fortifying positions by nature almost inaccessible, then hurl our men madly forward under a dozen disadvantages, should, if disastrous warnings can penetrate the mind of Gen. Halleck, be abandoned. I have good authority for stating that the attack upon Arkansas Post was made without authority of, or suggestion by, the authorities at Washington. Those worthies were apparently busily occupied seeing that the hospitals before Vicksburgh and Fredericksburgh were well filled. I mention but facts in saying that the feeling in this army against what they consider Halleck's blundering career, is universal and bitter.

The soldiers are now busy destroying the works here, and burning the barracks. Every ditch has been dragged by adventurous ones in search of hidden property, and several hundred pistols and swords brought forth. Under floors, in hollow trees, everywhere that opportunity offered, the rebels concealed what they could.

Their sharpshooters boast gleefully of skill in killing officers.

One affirmed yesterday that he fired six times at Gen. Thayer, the fifth shot killing his horse. Our next movement will, it is hoped, be to again

operate against Vicksburgh, this time assisted by General Grant.

On board the gunboats, which did such good service in this last attack, the loss is inconsiderable, about a dozen killed, and thirty wounded. One shell passed through the forward part of the Louisville, and striking the gun-deck, bounded into the steam-condenser, where its fuse was extinguished.

The river fort, upon which the rebels placed so much confidence, and that fell before three vessels of our navy, is a complete ruin. Half its garrison were killed or wounded, a larger proportion than in any similar attack during the war. It is hardly possible now to recognize what were considered by the builders shot and shell-proof casemates. These resembled log-houses, with sides and roof of solid hewn oak timber, three feet thick, and covered by bars of inch iron. The sides faced the river, and out of the casemate in each had peered a nine-inch gun. These, hit by our heavy shot, were two of them broken off near the muzzle, another dismounted, while floors and frames around were clotted with blood as if a slaughter-house for cattle had existed there.

A peculiar feature of this battle was that Texas defended Arkansas. All but a thousand of the men were from the former State. W. E. W.

A REBEL NARRATIVE.

YANKEE STEAMER NEBRASKA, }
OFF THE POST OF ARKANSAS, }
Wednesday, January 14, 1863. }

Editors Richmond Enquirer:

The most remarkable battle of the war has just been fought at this place.

It is the first time in the history of this war that three thousand men have resolved to make a stand against fifty thousand infantry, with an immense quantity of artillery and cavalry, together with a coöperating fleet of gunboats, carrying one hundred guns; and it is the first time, too, in the history of the war, that a land-force has unflinchingly withstood a terrible gunboat fire for two days, lying motionless in the trenches, and receiving, at a distance of only two or three hundred yards, every shell, without being able to return a shot.

This stand was made not because we expected to be enabled, unassisted, to hold our position, but because we were hourly expecting reënforcements, and because Lieut.-Gen. Holmes had telegraphed Brig.-General Churchill, commanding, to hold the position until all should be dead.

We have fought the whole Vicksburgh expedition, and we are now all prisoners of war; but not willingly, nor of our consent. We have been betrayed into the hands of our enemy.

Our gallant Gen. Churchill had determined to fight, and to fight to the last, and each man had made a solemn pledge to the General, and to each other, never to surrender, but to hold the Fort until *all*, all! should die. Every man knew that to conquer was impossible, but to die fighting for his country's honor, was a glorious privilege.

Oh! it was a sublime spectacle to behold our commander as he rode along that little line of

devoted heroes, the Spartan glory that was reflected from face to face. Each and every man seemed to feel that it was indeed sweet to die for his country. There they stood, cheerfully awaiting the hour they should be called upon to yield their lives a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their country.

Oh! shall I ever forget the day when I rode down the lines and looked upon those faces! The enemy stood in their front, in line of battle, fifty thousand strong; one hundred guns were approaching them by water on the right; a large body of cavalry already encircled them in the rear. But there they stood, like martyrs, glorying in the prospect of proving their devotion to their principles, by yielding up their lives in maintaining them.

Before that hour I never knew what patriotism was. How dearly! how devotedly! I loved my country. I felt that each man before me was dearer than a brother, and to embrace him would be a blessing.

The thunders of the right announced that the struggle had commenced. I stood and watched it with eager interest. Boat after boat approached our little fort of three guns, and hurled upon it their angry bolts of metallic fury. But thunders answered thunders, and slowly and solemnly the little fort, with its three guns, poured out its vials of wrath upon the cowardly foe, clad in steel.

But it was of no avail. I saw gun after gun melt away, until none were left. Their boats passed us, but the Fort was not surrendered; for the fifty thousand had now advanced upon our whole line in front, and the small artillery from the Fort, and all along our line, were giving them the strength of Southern principles. Eight times they advanced upon us; as often they were repulsed, running and yelling like cowardly curs.

The battle rages furiously. All our guns are shattered, and every horse is killed. But that devoted band heeds it not, for they were there to die.

Their heroic General had told them in the morning: "Boys, let us whip them, or let us all die in the trenches." And they had answered it with three long, loud cheers, and, "General, in the trenches we will die."

The struggle is renewed: the thunders of a dozen batteries open on us in front, on the right, on the left, and in the rear. Still that little band stands unmoved, alike by the thunders of artillery as well as by the crashing of musketry.

A shout is heard. Churchill, who holds a charmed life amid a shower of bullets and shattering shell, raises his hat and shouts, "Boys, we are driving them," and dashing forward, exclaims, "Come on!" and on we dashed. But alas! my God, shall I ever forget it?

A hundred flags of the hated despot were seen unfurled and floating upon the ramparts of our sacred fort, amid the exultant shouts of a cowardly foe. Oh! can the terrible vision be ever banished from my mind? My heart sank within me.

To surrender to *that* flag? No! never!! never!!! We could not do it; and we did not do it. Some base traitor had denied our gallant leader the realization of his fondly cherished hope; and when he had but begun to prove how faithful he was to his promise to yield his and our lives rather than give up the Fort, this craven wretch raised that symbol of cowardice, the white flag, exclaiming at the same time: "General Churchill says, raise the white flag." The enemy saw it, and, being near the lines, (before it could be arrested,) rushed into our Fort.

"Treachery has done its work; and the gallant Churchill, who was so lately robbed of his most coveted privileges, beheld it like a broken-hearted hero, yet sublime in his mien, and appearing like some superior being amidst the multitude around him."

We are now on our way to Yankeedom, but we are not conquered. R. H. F.

Doc. 102.

BARBARITIES OF THE GUERRILLAS.

HEADQUARTERS CENTRAL DIVISION OF MISSOURI, }
JEFFERSON CITY, January 20, 1863. }

Editors Missouri Democrat:

HEREWITH I inclose you for publication an official communication just received from Colonel Penick, Fifth cavalry, M. S. M., commanding at Independence, that the community may understand and know the kind of foe we have to contend with in Missouri, and whether peace rules supreme within her border.

How very pleasant the reflection that in the endurance of all the hardships imposed by our rulers in their attempts to conciliate traitors, upon the loyal inhabitants, that it is a necessity, to enable them hereafter to live in harmony with such demons as those who have perpetrated these outrages. The devils in hell, by comparison, would show as bright angels of light by the side of such men.

BEN. LOAN,
Brigadier-General M.S.M.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH CAVALRY M.S.M., }
INDEPENDENCE, Mo., January 11, 1863. }

GENERAL: Private Johnson, of the artillery company, was brought in dead to-day. He is the fifth one murdered last week, four from the artillery and one from the militia. If you could see their mangled bodies, you would not wonder why it is that I write you that guerrillas' wives should be forced out of the country. They were all wounded, and killed afterward in the most horrible manner that fiends could devise; all were shot in the head, and several of their faces are terribly cut to pieces with boot-heels. Powder was exploded in one man's ear, and both ears cut off close to his head. Whether this inhuman act was committed while he was alive or not, I have no means of knowing. To see human beings treated as my men have been by outlaws, is more than I can bear.

Ten of these men, armed as they are, with their wives and children to act as spies, are equal

to twenty-five of mine. Guerrillas are threatening Union women in the county. I am arresting the wives and sisters of some of the most notorious ones, to prevent them from carrying their threats into execution. They have also levied an assessment upon the loyal men of the county, and are collecting it very fast. There are many complaints on the subject, as some of those assessed claim to be Southern sympathizers. Some of the Union men have asked me if the order suspending your assessment applies to the one spoken of above. I tell them I do not know, to ask J. Brown Hovey.

Yours truly,

W. R. PENICK,
Colonel Fifth Cavalry M.S.M.

General BEN. LOAN,
Jefferson City, Mo.

A true copy: H. W. SEVERENCE,
Lieutenant and A.D.C.

Doc. 103.

MESSAGE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

JANUARY 12, 1863.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Confederate States:

At the date of your last adjournment the preparations of the enemy for further hostilities had assumed so menacing an aspect as to excite in some minds apprehension of our ability to meet them with sufficient promptness to avoid serious reverses. These preparations were completed shortly after your departure from the seat of government, and the armies of the United States made simultaneous advances on our frontiers on the western rivers and on the Atlantic coast in masses so great as to evince their hope of overbearing all resistance by mere weight of number. This hope, however, like those previously entertained by our foes, vanished.

In Virginia, their fourth attempt at invasion by armies whose assured success was confidently predicted, has met with decisive repulse. Our noble defenders, under the consummate leadership of their General, have again, at Fredericksburgh, inflicted on the forces under General Burnside the like disastrous overthrow as had been previously suffered by the successive invading armies commanded by Generals McDowell, McClellan, and Pope.

In the West, obstinate battles have been fought with varied fortunes, marked by frightful carnage on both sides; but the enemy's hopes of decisive results have again been baffled, while at Vicksburgh another formidable expedition has been repulsed, with inconsiderable loss on our side, and severe damage to the assailing forces.

On the Atlantic coast the enemy has been unable to gain a footing beyond the protecting shelter of his fleets, and the city of Galveston has just been recovered by our forces, which succeeded not only in the capture of the garrison, but of one of the enemy's vessels of war, which was carried by boarding parties from merchant river steamers.

Our fortified positions have everywhere been much strengthened and improved, affording assurance of our ability to meet with success the utmost efforts of our enemies, in spite of the magnitude of their preparations for attack. A review of our history of the two years of our national existence affords ample cause for congratulation, and demands the most fervent expression of our thankfulness to the Almighty Father who has blessed our cause. We are justified in asserting, with a pride surely not unbecoming, that these confederate States have added another to the lessons taught by history for the instruction of man, that they have afforded another example of the impossibility of subjugating a people determined to be free, and have demonstrated that no superiority of numbers or available resources can overcome the resistance offered by such valor in combat, such constancy under suffering, and such cheerful endurance of privation as have been conspicuously displayed by this people in the defence of their rights and liberties. The anticipations with which we entered into the contest have now ripened into a conviction, which is not only shared with us by the common opinion of neutral nations, but is evidently forcing itself upon our enemies themselves. If we but mark the history of the present year by resolute perseverance in the path we have hitherto pursued, by vigorous effort in the development of all our resources for defence, and by the continued exhibition of the same unfaltering courage in our soldiers and able conduct in their leaders as have distinguished the past, we have every reason to expect that this will be the closing year of the war.

The war, which in its inception was waged for forcing us back into the Union, having failed to accomplish that purpose, passed into a second stage, in which it was attempted to conquer and rule these States as dependent provinces. Defeated in this second design, our enemies have evidently entered upon another, which can have no other purpose than revenge, and thirst for blood, and plunder of private property.

But however implacable they may be, they can have neither the spirit nor the resources required for a fourth year of a struggle uncheered by any hope of success, kept alive solely for the indulgence of mercenary and wicked passions, and demanding so exhausting an expenditure of blood and money as has hitherto been imposed on their people. The advent of peace will be hailed with joy; our desire for it has never been concealed; our efforts to avoid the war, forced on us as it was by the lust of conquest and the insane passions of our foes, are known to mankind. But, earnest as has been our wish for peace, and great as have been our sacrifices and sufferings during the war, the determination of this people has, with each succeeding month, become more unalterably fixed to endure any sufferings and continue any sacrifices, however prolonged, until their right to self-government and the sovereignty and independence of these States shall have been triumphantly vindicated and firmly established.

In this connection, the occasion seems not unsuitable for some reference to the relations between the Confederacy and the neutral powers of Europe since the separation of these States from the former Union. Four of the States now members of the Confederacy were recognized by name as independent sovereignties in a treaty of peace concluded in the year 1783, with one of the two great maritime Powers of Western Europe, and had been prior to that period allies in war of the other. In the year 1778 they formed a union with nine other States under Articles of Confederation. Dissatisfied with that Union, three of them — Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia — together with eight of the States now members of the United States, seceded from it in 1789, and these eleven seceding States formed a second Union, although by the terms of the Articles of Confederation express provision was made that the first Union should be perpetual. Their right to secede, notwithstanding this provision, was never contested by the States from which they separated, nor made the subject of discussion with any third power. When, at a later period, North-Carolina acceded to that second Union, and when, still later, the other seven States, now members of this Confederacy, became also members of the same Union, it was upon the recognized footing of equal and independent sovereignties; nor had it then entered into the minds of men that sovereign States could be compelled by force to remain members of a confederation into which they had entered of their own free will, if at a subsequent period the defence of their safety and honor should, in their judgment, justify withdrawal.

The experience of the past had evinced the futility of any renunciation of such inherent rights, and accordingly the provision for perpetuity contained in the Articles of Confederation of 1778 was omitted to the Constitution of 1789. When, therefore, in 1861, eleven of the States again thought proper, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, to secede from the second Union, and to form a third one, under an amended constitution, they exercised a right which, being inherent, required no justification to foreign nations, and which international law did not permit them to question. The usages of intercourse between nations do, however, require that official communication be made to friendly powers of all organic changes in the constitution of States, and there was obvious propriety in giving prompt assurance of our desire to continue amicable relations with all mankind.

It was under the influence of these considerations that your predecessors, the provisional government, took early measures for sending to Europe commissioners charged with the duty of visiting the capitals of the different powers, and making arrangements for the opening of more formal diplomatic intercourse. Prior, however, to the arrival abroad of these commissioners, the United States had commenced hostilities against the Confederacy by despatching a secret expedition for the reënfacement of Fort Sumter, after

an express promise to the contrary, and with a duplicity which has been fully unveiled in a former message. They had also addressed communications to the different Cabinets of Europe, in which they assumed the attitude of being sovereign over this Confederacy, alleging that these independent States were in rebellion against the remaining States of the Union, and threatening Europe with manifestations of their displeasure if it should treat the confederate States as having an independent existence. It soon became known that these pretensions were not considered abroad to be as absurd as they were known to be at home, nor had Europe yet learned what reliance was to be placed in the official statements of the Cabinet at Washington. The delegation of power granted by these States to the Federal government to represent them in foreign intercourse had led Europe into the grave error of supposing that their separate sovereignty and independence had been merged into one common sovereignty, and had ceased to have a distinct existence. Under the influence of this error, which all appeals to reason and historical fact were vainly used to dispel, our commissioners were met by the declaration that foreign governments could not assume to judge between the conflicting representations of the two parties as to the true nature of their previous mutual relations. The governments of Great Britain and France accordingly signified their determination to confine themselves to recognizing the self-evident fact of the existence of a war, and to maintaining a strict neutrality during its progress. Some of the other powers of Europe pursued the same course of policy, and it became apparent that by some understanding, express or tacit, Europe had decided to leave the initiative in all action touching the contest on this continent to the two powers just named, who were recognized to have the largest interests involved, both by reason of proximity and of the extent and intimacy of their commercial relations with the States engaged in war.

It is manifest that the course of action adopted by Europe, while based on an apparent refusal to determine the question, or to side with either party, was in point of fact an actual decision against our rights and in favor of the groundless pretensions of the United States. It was a refusal to trust us as an independent government. If we were independent States, the refusal to entertain with us the same international intercourse as was maintained with our enemy was unjust and was injurious in its effects, whatever may have been the motive which prompted it. Neither was it in accordance with the high moral obligations of that international code, whose chief sanction is the conscience of sovereigns and the public opinion of mankind that those eminent powers should decline the performance of a duty peculiarly incumbent on them, from any apprehension of the consequences to themselves. One immediate and necessary result of their declining the responsibility of a decision which must have been adverse to the extravagant pretensions of the United

States was the prolongation of hostilities to which our enemies were thereby encouraged, and which have resulted in nothing but scenes of carnage and devastation on this continent, and of misery and suffering on the other, such as have scarcely a parallel in history. Had these powers promptly admitted our right to be treated as all other independent nations, none can doubt that the moral effect of such action would have been to dispel the delusion under which the United States have persisted in their efforts to accomplish our subjugation.

To the continued hesitation of the same powers in rendering this act of simple justice toward this Confederacy is still due the continuance of the calamities which mankind suffers from the interruption of its peaceful pursuits both in the Old and the New World. There are other matters in which less than justice has been rendered to this people by neutral Europe, and undue advantage effected on the aggressors in a wicked war. At the inception of hostilities the inhabitants of the Confederacy were almost exclusively agriculturists; those of the United States, to a great extent, mechanics and merchants. We had no commercial marine, while their merchant vessels covered the ocean. We were without a navy, while they had powerful fleets. The advantage which they possessed for inflicting injury on our coasts and harbors was thus counterbalanced in some measure by the exposure of their commerce to attack by private armed vessels.

It was known to Europe that within a very few years past the United States had peremptorily refused to accede to proposals for abolishing privateering, on the ground, as alleged by them, that nations owning powerful fleets would thereby obtain undue advantage over those possessing inferior naval forces. Yet no sooner was war flagrant between the Confederacy and the United States than the maritime powers of Europe issued orders prohibiting either party from bringing prizes into their ports. This prohibition, directed with apparent impartiality against both belligerents, was in reality effective against the confederate States alone; for they alone could find a hostile commerce on the ocean. Merely nominal against the United States, the prohibition operated with intense severity on the Confederacy, by depriving it of the only means of maintaining, with some approach to equality, its struggle on the ocean against the crushing superiority of naval force possessed by its enemies. The value and efficiency of the weapon which was thus wrested from our grasp by the combined action of neutral European powers, in favor of a nation which professes openly its intention of ravaging their commerce by privateers in any future war, is strikingly illustrated by the terror inspired among the commercial classes of the United States by a single cruiser of the Confederacy. One national steamer, commanded by officers and manned by a crew who are debarred by the closure of neutral ports from the opportunity of causing captured vessels to be condemned in their favor as prizes, has sufficed to double

the rates of marine insurance in Northern ports and consign to forced inaction numbers of Northern vessels, in addition to the direct damage inflicted by captures at sea. How difficult, then, to over-estimate the effects that must have been produced by the hundreds of private armed vessels that would have swept the seas in pursuit of the commerce of our enemy if the means of disposing of their prizes had not been withheld by the action of neutral Europe.

But it is especially in relation to the so-called blockade of our coast that the policy of European powers has been so shaped as to cause the greatest injury to the Confederacy, and to confer signal advantages on the United States. The importance of this subject requires some development. Prior to the year 1856 the principles regulating this subject were to be gathered from the writings of eminent publicists, the decisions of admiralty courts, international treaties, and the usages of nations. The uncertainty and doubt which prevailed in reference to the true rules of maritime law in time of war, resulting from the discordant, and often conflicting, principles announced from such varied and independent sources, had become a grievous evil to mankind. Whether a blockade was allowable against a port not invested by land as well as by sea, whether a blockade was valid by sea if the investing fleet was merely sufficient to render ingress to the blockaded port evidently dangerous, or whether it was further required for its legality that it should be sufficient really to prevent access, and numerous other similar questions, had remained doubtful and undecided. Animated by the highly honorable desire to put an end to differences of opinion between neutrals and belligerents which may occasion serious difficulties and even conflicts—I quote the official language—the five great powers of Europe, together with Sardinia and Turkey, adopted, in 1856, the following solemn declaration of principles:

Firstly. Privateering is and remains abolished.

Secondly. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

Thirdly. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under enemy's flag.

Fourthly. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

Not only did this solemn declaration announce to the world the principles to which the signing powers agreed to conform in future wars, but it contained a clause to which those powers gave immediate effect, and which provided that the States not parties to the Congress of Paris should be invited to accede to the declaration. Under this invitation every independent State in Europe yielded its assent. At least no instance is known to me of a refusal, and the United States, while declining to assent to the proposition which prohibited privateering, declared that the three remaining principles were in entire accordance with their own views of international law. No

instance is known in history of the adoption of rules of public law under circumstances of like solemnity with like unanimity, and pledging the faith of nations with sanctity so peculiar.

When, therefore, this Confederacy was formed, and when neutral powers, while deferring action on its demand for admission into the family of nations, recognized it as a belligerent power, Great Britain and France made informal proposals about the same time that their own rights as neutrals should be guaranteed by our acceding as belligerents to the declaration of principles made by the Congress of Paris. The request was addressed to our sense of justice, and therefore met immediate favorable response in the resolutions of the Provisional Congress of the thirteenth of August, 1861, by which all the principles announced by the Congress of Paris were adopted as the guide of our conduct during the war, with the sole exception of that relative to privateering. As the right to make use of privateers was one in which neutral nations had, as to the present war, no interest, as it was a right which the United States had refused to abandon and which they remained at liberty to employ against us, as it was a right of which we were already in actual enjoyment, and which we could not be expected to renounce, *flagrante bello*, against an adversary possessing an overwhelming superiority of naval forces, it was reserved with entire confidence that neutral nations could not fail to perceive that just reason existed for the reservation. Nor was this confidence misplaced; for the official documents published by the British government, usually called Blue Books, contain the expression of the satisfaction of that government with the conduct of the officials who conducted successfully the delicate business confided to their charge.

These solemn declarations of principle—this implied agreement between the Confederacy and the two powers just named—have been suffered to remain inoperative against the menaces and outrages on neutral rights committed by the United States with unceasing and progressing arrogance during the whole period of the war. Neutral Europe remained passive when the United States—with a naval force insufficient to blockade effectively the coast of a single State—proclaimed a paper blockade of thousands of miles of coast, extending from the Capes of the Chesapeake to those of Florida and to Key West, and encircling the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Rio Grande. Compared with this monstrous pretension of the United States, the blockades known in history under the names of the Berlin and Milan Decrees and the British Orders in Council, in the years 1806 and 1807, sink into insignificance. Yet those blockades were justified by the powers that declared them on the sole ground that they were retaliatory; yet those blockades have since been condemned by the publicists of those very powers as violations of international law; yet those blockades evoked angry remonstrances from neutral powers, amongst which the United States were the most

conspicuous; yet those blockades became the chief cause of the war between Great Britain and the United States in 1812; yet those blockades were one of the principal motives that led to the declaration of the Congress of Paris in 1856, in the fond hope of imposing an enduring check on the very abuse of maritime power which is now renewed by the United States in 1861 and 1862, under circumstances and with features of aggravated wrong without precedent in history.

The records of our State department contain the evidence of the repeated and formal remonstrances made by this government to neutral powers against the recognition of this blockade. It has been shown by evidence not capable of contradiction, and which has been furnished in part by the officials of neutral nations, that the few ports of this Confederacy, before which any naval forces at all have been stationed, have been invested so inefficiently that hundreds of entries have been effected into them since the declaration of the blockade; that our enemies have themselves admitted the inefficiency of their blockade in the most forcible manner, by repeated official complaints of the sale to us of goods, contraband of war—a sale which could not possibly affect their interests, if their pretended blockade was sufficient really to prevent access to our coast; that they have gone farther, and have alleged their inability to render their paper blockade effective as the excuse for the odious barbarity of destroying the entrance to one of our harbors by sinking vessels loaded with stone in the channel; that our commerce with foreign nations has been interrupted, not by the effective investment of our ports, or by the seizure of ships in the attempt to enter them, but by the capture on the high seas of neutral vessels by the cruisers of our enemies, whenever supposed to be bound to any point on our extensive coast, without inquiry whether a single blockading vessel was to be found at such point; that blockading vessels have left the ports at which they were stationed, for distant expeditions, have been absent for many days, and have returned without notice either of the cessation or renewal of the blockade. In a word, that every prescription of maritime law, and every right of neutral nations to trade with a belligerent under the sanction of principles heretofore universally respected, have been systematically and persistently violated by the United States. Neutral Europe has received our remonstrance, and has submitted in almost unbroken silence to all the wrongs that the United States have chosen to inflict on its commerce.

The cabinet of Great Britain, however, has not confined itself to such implied acquiescence in these breaches of international law as results from simple inaction, but has, in a published despatch of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, assumed to make a change in the principle enunciated by the Congress of Paris, to which the faith of the British government was considered to be pledged—a change too important and too prejudicial to the interests of the Confederacy to be overlooked, and against which I have

directed solemn protest to be made, after a vain attempt to obtain satisfactory explanations from the British government. In a published despatch from Her Majesty's Foreign Office to her Minister at Washington, under date of February 11, 1862, occurs the following passage:

“Her Majesty's government, however, are of opinion, that, assuming that the blockade was duly notified, and also that a number of ships are stationed and remain at the entrance of a port sufficient really to prevent access to it, *or to create an evident danger of entering it or leaving it*, and that these ships do not voluntarily permit ingress or egress, the fact that various ships may have successfully escaped through it (as in the particular instance here referred to) will not of itself prevent the blockade from being an effectual one by international law.”

The words which I have italicized are an addition made by the British government, of its own authority, to a principle, the exact terms of which were settled with deliberation by the common consent of civilized nations, and by implied convention with this government, as already explained, and their effect is clearly to reöpen, to the prejudice of the Confederacy, one of the very disputed questions on the law of blockade which the Congress of Paris professed to settle. The importance of this change is readily illustrated by taking one of our ports as an example. There is evident danger in entering the port of Wilmington from the presence of a blockading force; and by this test the blockade is effective. “Access is not really prevented” by the blockading force to the same port, for steamers are continually arriving and departing; so that, tried by this test, the blockade is ineffective and invalid. The justice of our complaint on this point is so manifest as to leave little room for doubt that further reflection will induce the British government to give us such assurances as will efface the painful impressions that would result from its language, if left unexplained.

From the foregoing remarks you will perceive that, during nearly two years of struggle, in which every energy of our country has been evoked for maintaining its very existence, the neutral nations of Europe have pursued a policy, which, nominally impartial, has been practically most favorable to our enemies, and most detrimental to us.

The exercise of the neutral right of refusing entry into their ports to prizes taken by both belligerents was eminently hurtful to the Confederacy. It was sternly asserted and maintained. The exercise of the neutral right of commerce with a belligerent whose ports are not blockaded by fleets, sufficient really to prevent access to them, would have been eminently hurtful to the United States. It was complaisantly abandoned. The duty of neutral States to receive with cordiality, and recognize with respect any new confederation that independent States may think proper to form was too clear to admit of denial; but its postponement was obviously beneficial to the United States and detrimental to the Confederacy. It was postponed.

In this review of our relations with the neutral nations of Europe, it has been my purpose to point out distinctly that this government has no complaint to make that those nations declared their neutrality. It could neither expect nor desire more. The complaint is, that the neutrality has been rather nominal than real, and that recognized neutral rights have been alternately asserted and waived in such manner as to bear with great severity on us, and to confer signal advantages on our enemy.

I have hitherto refrained from calling your attention to this condition of our relations with foreign powers for various reasons. The chief of these was the fear that a statement of our last grounds of complaint against a course of policy so injurious to our interests might be misconstrued into an appeal for aid. Unequal as we were in more numbers and available resources to our enemies, we were conscious of powers of resistance, in relation to which Europe was incredulous, and our remonstrances were therefore peculiarly liable to be misunderstood.

Proudly self-reliant, the Confederacy knowing full well the character of the contest into which it was forced, with full trust in the superior qualities of its population, the superior valor of its soldiers, the superior skill of its generals, and, above all, in the justice of its cause, felt no use to appeal for the maintenance of its rights to other earthly aids, and it began and has continued this struggle with the calm confidence ever inspired in those who, with consciousness of right, can invoke the Divine blessing on their cause. This confidence has been so assured that we have never yielded to despondency under defeat, nor do we feel undue elation at the present brighter prospect of a successful issue to our contest. It is, therefore, because our just grounds of complaint can no longer be misinterpreted that I lay them clearly before you. It seems to me now proper to give you the information, and, although no immediate results may be attained, it is well that truth should be preserved and recorded. It is well that those who are to follow us should understand the full nature and character of the tremendous conflict, in which the blood of our people has been poured out like water, and in which we have resisted, unaided, the shocks of hosts which would have sufficed to overthrow many of the powers which, by their hesitation in according our rights as an independent nation, imply doubt of our ability to maintain our national existence. It may be, too, that if in future times unfriendly discussions not now anticipated shall unfortunately arise between this Confederacy and some European power, the recollection of our forbearance under the grievances which I have enumerated may be evoked with happy influence in preventing any serious disturbance of peaceful relations.

It would not be proper to close my remarks on the subject of our foreign relations without adverting to the fact that the correspondence between the Cabinets of France, Great Britain, and Russia, recently published, indicates a gratifying

advance in the appreciation by those governments of the true interests of mankind, as involved in the war on this continent. It is to the enlightened ruler of the French nation that the public feeling of Europe is indebted for the first official exhibition of its sympathy for the sufferings endured by this people with so much heroism, of its horror at the awful carnage with which the progress of the war has been marked, and of its desire for a speedy peace. The clear and direct intimation contained in the language of the French note, that our ability to maintain our independence has been fully established, was not controverted by the answer of either of the cabinets to which it was addressed. It is indeed difficult to conceive a just ground for a longer delay on this subject, after reading the following statement of facts contained in the letter emanating from the Minister of his Imperial Majesty:

"There has been established from the very beginning of this war, an equilibrium of forces between the belligerents, which has since been almost constantly maintained, and after the spilling of so much blood, they are to-day in this respect in a situation which has not sensibly changed. Nothing authorizes the anticipation that more decisive military operations will shortly occur. According to the last advices received in Europe, the two armies were, on the contrary, in a condition which permitted neither to hope within a short delay advantages sufficiently marked to turn the balance definitely and to accelerate the conclusion of peace."

As this government has never professed the intention of conquering the United States, but has simply asserted its ability to defend itself against being conquered by that power, we may safely conclude that the claims of this Confederacy to its just place in the family of nations cannot long be withheld after so frank and formal an admission of its capacity to cope, on equal terms, with its aggressive foes, and to maintain itself against their attempts to obtain decisive results by arms.

It is my painful duty again to inform you of the renewed examples of every conceivable atrocity committed by the armed forces of the United States at different points within the Confederacy, and which must stamp indelible infamy, not only on the perpetrators, but on their superiors, who, having the power to check these outrages on humanity, numerous and well authenticated as they have been, have not yet in a single instance of which I am aware inflicted punishment on the wrong-doers. Since my last communication to you one General McNeil murdered seven prisoners of war in cold blood, and the demand for his punishment has remained unsatisfied. The Government of the United States, after promising examination and explanation in relation to the charges made against General Benjamin F. Butler, has, by its subsequent silence after repeated efforts on my part to obtain some answer on the subject, not only admitted his guilt, but sanctioned it by acquiescence; and I have accordingly branded this criminal as an outlaw, and direct-

ed his execution in expiation of his crimes if he should fall into the hands of any of our forces.

Recently I have received apparently authentic intelligence of another General, by the name of Milroy, who has issued orders in Western Virginia for the payment of money to him by the inhabitants, accompanied by the most savage threats of shooting every recusant, besides burning his house, and threatening similar atrocities against any of our citizens who shall fail to betray their country by giving him prompt notice of the approach of any of our forces. And this subject has also been submitted to the superior military authorities of the United States, with but faint hope that they will evince any disapprobation of the act. Humanity shudders at the appalling atrocities which are being daily multiplied under the sanction of those who have obtained temporary possession of power in the United States, and who are fast making its once fair name a byword of reproach among civilized men. Not even the natural indignation inspired by this conduct should make us, however, so unjust as to attribute to the whole mass of the people who are subjected to the despotism that now reigns with unbridled license in the city of Washington a willing acquiescence in its conduct of the war. There must necessarily exist among our enemies very many, perhaps a majority, whose humanity recoils from all participation in such atrocities, but who cannot be held wholly guiltless while permitting their continuance without an effort at repression.

The public journals of the North have been received, containing a proclamation, dated on the first day of the present month, signed by the President of the United States, in which he orders and declares all slaves within ten of the States of the Confederacy to be free, except such as are found within certain districts now occupied in part by the armed forces of the enemy. We may well leave it to the instincts of that common humanity which a beneficent Creator has implanted in the breasts of our fellow-men of all countries to pass judgment on a measure by which several millions of human beings of an inferior race — peaceful and contented laborers in their sphere — are doomed to extermination, while at the same time they are encouraged to a general assassination of their masters by the insidious recommendation “to abstain from violence unless in necessary self-defence.” Our own detestation of those who have attempted the most execrable measure recorded in the history of guilty man is tempered by profound contempt for the impotent rage which it discloses. So far as regards the action of this government on such criminals as may attempt its execution, I confine myself to informing you that I shall — unless in your wisdom you deem some other course more expedient — deliver to the several State authorities all commissioned officers of the United States that may hereafter be captured by our forces in any of the States embraced in the proclamation, that they may be dealt with in accordance with the laws of those States providing for the punish-

ment of criminals engaged in exciting servile insurrection. The enlisted soldiers I shall continue to treat as unwilling instruments in the commission of these crimes, and shall direct their discharge and return to their homes on the proper and usual parole.

In its political aspect this measure possesses great significance, and to it in this light I invite your attention. It affords to our whole people the complete and crowning proof of the true nature of the designs of the party which elevated to power the present occupant of the Presidential Chair at Washington, and which sought to conceal its purposes by every variety of artful device, and by the perfidious use of the most solemn and repeated pledges on every possible occasion. I extract, in this connection, as a single example, the following declaration, made by President Lincoln under the solemnity of his oath as Chief Magistrate of the United States, on the fourth of March, 1861:

“Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehensions. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the public speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

“*Resolved*, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest crimes.”

Nor was this declaration of the want of power or disposition to interfere with our social system confined to a state of peace. Both before and after the actual commencement of hostilities the President of the United States repeated in formal official communication to the Cabinets of Great Britain and France that he was utterly without constitutional power to do the act which he has just committed, and that in no possible event, whether the secession of these States resulted in the establishment of a separate Confederacy, or in the restoration of the Union, was there any authority by virtue of which he could either re-

store a disaffected State to the Union by force of arms, or make any change in any of its institutions. I refer especially for verification of this assertion to the despatches addressed by the Secretary of State of the United States, under direction of the President, to the Ministers of the United States at London and Paris, under date of tenth and twenty-second of April, 1861.

The people of this Confederacy, then, cannot fail to receive this proclamation as the fullest vindication of their own sagacity in foreseeing the uses to which the dominant party in the United States intended from the beginning to apply their power; nor can they cease to remember with devout thankfulness that it is to their own vigilance in resisting the first stealthy progress of approaching despotism that they owe their escape from consequences now apparent to the most skeptical.

This proclamation will have another salutary effect, in calming the fears of those who have constantly evinced the apprehension that this war might end by some reconstruction of the old Union, or some renewal of close political relations with the United States. These fears have never been shared by me, nor have I ever been able to perceive on what basis they could rest. But the proclamation affords the fullest guarantees of the impossibility of such a result. It has established a state of things which can lead to but one of three possible consequences—the extermination of the slaves, the exile of the whole white population of the Confederacy, or absolute and total separation of these States from the United States. This proclamation is also an authentic statement by the Government of the United States of its inability to subjugate the South by force of arms, and as such must be accepted by neutral nations, which can no longer find any justification in withholding our just claims to formal recognition. It is also in effect an intimation to the people of the North that they must prepare to submit to a separation, now become inevitable; for that people are too acute not to understand, that a restitution of the Union has been rendered forever impossible by the adoption of a measure which, from its very nature, neither admits of retraction nor can co-exist with union.

Among the subjects to which your attention will be specially devoted during the present session, you will, no doubt, deem the adoption of some comprehensive system of finance as being of paramount importance. The increasing public debt, the great augmentation in the volume of the currency, with its necessary concomitant of extravagant prices for all articles of consumption, the want of revenue from a taxation adequate to support the public credit, all unite in admonishing us that energetic and wise legislation alone can prevent serious embarrassment in our monetary affairs. It is my conviction that the people of the Confederacy will freely meet taxation on a scale adequate to the maintenance of the public credit and the support of their government. When each family is sending forth its

most precious ones to meet exposure in camp and death in battle, what ground can there be to doubt the disposition to devote a tithe of its income, and more, if more be necessary, to provide the government with means for insuring the comfort of its defenders? If our enemies submit to an excise on every commodity they produce, and to the daily presence of the tax-gatherer, with no higher motive than the hope of success in their wicked designs against us, the suggestion of an unwillingness on the part of this people to submit to the taxation necessary for the success of their defence is an imputation on their patriotism that few will be disposed to make, and that none can justify.

The legislation of your last session, intended to hasten the funding of outstanding treasury notes, has proved beneficial, as shown by the returns annexed to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury; but it was neither sufficiently prompt nor far-reaching to meet the full extent of the evil. The passage of some enactment, carrying still further the policy of that law, by fixing a limitation not later than the first of July next to the delay allowed for funding the notes issued prior to the first of December, 1862, will, in the opinion of the Secretary, have the effect to withdraw from circulation nearly the entire sum issued previous to the last-named date. If to this be added a revenue from adequate taxation, and appropriation of bonds guaranteed proportionately by the seven per cents, as has already been generously proposed by some of them in enactments spontaneously adopted, there is little doubt that we shall see our finances restored to a sound and satisfactory condition, our circulation relieved of the redundancy now productive of so many mischiefs, and our credit placed on such a basis as to relieve us from further anxiety relative to our resources for the prosecution of the war.

It is true that at its close our debt will be large; but it will be due to our own people, and neither the interest nor the capital will be exported to distant countries, impoverishing ours for their benefit.

On the return of peace the untold wealth which will spring from our soil will render the burthen of taxation far less onerous than is now supposed, especially if we take into consideration that we shall then be free from the large and steady drain of our substance to which we were subjected in the late Union through the instrumentality of sectional legislation and protective tariffs. I recommend to your earnest attention the whole report of the Secretary of the Treasury on this important subject, and trust that your legislation on it will be delayed no longer than may be required to enable your wisdom to devise the proper measures for insuring the accomplishment of the objects proposed.

The operations of the War Department have been in the main satisfactory. In the report of the Secretary, herewith submitted, will be found a summary of many memorable successes. They are with justice ascribed in large measure to the

reorganization and reinforcement of our armies under the operation of the enactments for conscription. The wisdom and efficacy of these acts have been approved by results, and the like spirit of unity, endurance, and self-devotion of the people which has hitherto sustained their action, must be relied on to assure their enforcement under the continuing necessities of our situation. The recommendations of the Secretary to this effect are tempered by suggestions for their amelioration, and the subject deserves the consideration of Congress.

For the perfection of our military organization no appropriate means should be rejected, and on this subject the opinions of the Secretary merit early attention. It is gratifying to perceive that, under all the efforts and sacrifices of war, the power and means of the Confederacy for its successful prosecution are increasing. Dependence on foreign supplies is to be deplored, and should, as far as practicable, be obviated by the development and employment of internal resources. The peculiar circumstances of the country, however, render this difficult, and require extraordinary encouragements and facilities to be granted by the government.

The embarrassments resulting from the limited capacity of the railroads to afford transportation, and the impossibility of otherwise commanding and distributing the necessary supplies for the armies, render necessary the control of the roads under some general supervision, and resort to the power of impressment under military exigencies. While such powers have to be exercised, they should be guarded by judicious provisions against perversion or abuse, and be, as recommended by the Secretary, under due regulation of law.

I specially recommend in this connection some revision of the exemption law of last session. Serious complaints have reached me of the inequality of its operation from eminent and patriotic citizens whose opinions merit great consideration, and I trust that some means will be devised for leaving at home a sufficient local police, without making discriminations, always to be deprecated, between different classes of our citizens.

Our relations with the Indians generally continue to be friendly. A portion of the Cherokee people have assumed an attitude hostile to the confederate government; but it is gratifying to be able to state that the mass of intelligence and worth in that nation have remained true and loyal to their treaty engagements. With this exception, there have been no important instances of dissatisfaction among any of the friendly nations and tribes. Dissatisfaction recently manifested itself among certain portions of them, but this resulted from a misapprehension of the intentions of the government in their behalf. This has been removed, and no further difficulty is anticipated.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy, herewith transmitted, exhibits the progress made in this branch of the public service since your adjournment, as well as its present condition. The

details embraced in it are of such a nature as to render it, in my opinion, incompatible with the public interests that they should be published with this message. I therefore confine myself to inviting your attention to the information therein contained.

The report of the Postmaster General shows that during the first postal year under our government, terminating on the thirtieth of June last, our revenues were in excess of those received by the former government in its last postal year, while the expenses were greatly decreased. There is still, however, a considerable deficit in the revenues of the department, as compared with its expenses, and, although the grants already made from the general treasury will suffice to cover all liabilities to the close of the fiscal year ending on the thirtieth of June next, I recommend some legislation, if any can be constitutionally devised, for aiding the revenues of that department during the ensuing fiscal year, in order to avoid too great a reduction of postal facilities. Your attention is also invited to numerous other improvements in the service recommended in the report, and for which legislation is required.

I recommend to the Congress to devise a proper mode of relief to those of our citizens whose property has been destroyed by order of the government in pursuance of a policy adopted as a means of national defence. It is true that full indemnity cannot now be made; but some measure of relief is due to those patriotic citizens who have borne private loss for the public good, whose property in effect has been taken for public use, though not directly appropriated. Our government, born of the spirit of freedom and of the equality and independence of the States, could not have survived a selfish or jealous disposition, making each only careful of its own interest or safety.

The fate of the Confederacy, under the blessing of Divine Providence, depends upon the harmony, energy, and unity of the States. It especially devolves on you, their representatives, as far as practicable, to reform abuses, to correct errors, to cultivate fraternity, and to sustain in the people a just confidence in the government of their choice. To that confidence and to the unity and self-sacrificing patriotism hitherto displayed is due the success which has marked the unequal contest, and has brought our country into a condition at the present time such as the most sanguine would not have ventured to predict at the commencement of our struggle. Our armies are larger, better disciplined and more thoroughly armed and equipped than at any previous period of the war; the energies of a whole nation, devoted to the single object of success in this war, have accomplished marvels, and many of our trials have, by a beneficent Providence, been converted into blessings. The magnitude of the perils which we encountered have developed the true qualities and illustrated the heroic character of our people, thus gaining for the Confederacy from its birth a just appreciation from the other nations of the earth. The injuries resulting from the interruption of

foreign commerce have received compensation by the developments of our internal resources. Cannon crown our fortresses that were cast from the proceeds of mines opened and furnaces built during the war. Our mountain caves yield much of the nitre for the manufacture of powder, and promise increase of product. From our own foundries and laboratories, from our own armories and work-shops, we derive, in a great measure, the warlike material, the ordnance and ordnance stores which are expended so profusely in the numerous and desperate engagements that rapidly succeed each other. Cotton and woollen fabrics, shoes and harness, wagons and gun-carriages, are produced in daily increasing quantities by the factories springing into existence. Our fields, no longer whitened by cotton that cannot be exported, are devoted to the production of cereals and the growth of stock formerly purchased with the proceeds of cotton. In the homes of our noble and devoted women—without whose sublime sacrifices our success would have been impossible—the noise of the loom and the spinning-wheel may be heard throughout the land.

With hearts swelling with gratitude, let us, then, join in returning thanks to God, and in beseeching the continuance of His protecting care over our cause, and the restoration of peace, with its manifold blessings, to our beloved country.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

RICHMOND, January 12, 1863.

Doc. 104.

AFFAIR AT HARPETH SHOALS, TENN.

CHAPLAIN GADDIS'S REPORT.

CAMP AT MURFREESBORO, TENN., }
February 4, 1863. }

Major-General Rosecrans, Commanding Department of the Cumberland:

SIR: In accordance with your request, I herewith transmit a condensed account of the capture and subsequent destruction of a portion of your transportation by fire, on the Cumberland River, on the thirteenth day of January, 1863, at the head of Harpeth Shoals, thirty miles from Nashville, and thirty-five from Clarksville. I was on the steamer *Hastings* at the time of her being ordered by the guerrillas to land, and at the request of the captain of the *Hastings*, the officers and men on board, (near two hundred and sixty wounded,) assumed command. I answered their hail and order by saying, "that we were loaded with wounded, and could not stop." They again ordered us "to come to;" and backed their orders by three (3) volleys of musketry, after which I ordered the pilot of the *Hastings*: "Round the steamer to the shore." This he immediately endeavored to do. The current being swift, the boat yielded slowly, and the enemy again fired two rounds of artillery, one of the balls taking effect on the steamer, seriously wounding one of the men.

As soon as the boat struck the steamer that had been captured some two hours previously, "a

gang of drunken rebels under command of Colonel Wade took possession of the *Hastings*." Then followed a scene of plunder and theft never before witnessed. They robbed soldiers and passengers indiscriminately. They took from your wounded soldiers their blankets, rations, medicines, and in many instances, their clothing! Robbed the officers of their side-arms, overcoats, hats, etc. The boat of all her freight stores and money, and her officers of their personal property. I demanded of Col. Wade some explanation of his inhuman course; he being so drunk, only made me an idiotic reply. I then looked round for some other officer, and discovered Capt. Buford, Gen. Wheeler's A. A. General, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance. I appealed to him; he was powerless, from the fact that the whole gang were drunk. He, however, reported the facts to Gen. Wheeler, who authorized him to parole the *Hastings* on condition that she carry no more supplies for the Federal Government. I accepted the parole. I then took on board the wounded off of the steamer *Trio*, also from the steamer *Parthenia*, and had succeeded in obtaining permission to pass on, when they for the first time discovered that the deck of the *Hastings* was covered with bales of cotton, on which our wounded were lying. Wade instantly ordered me to put ashore all the wounded (over four hundred) that he might burn the cotton, it being theirs by capture, and with them a contraband of war.

To move the men again was almost impossible; they had been virtually stripped of every thing—medicines, rations, clothing; were thirty-five miles from any military post; night coming on; no place of shelter, no place to put our wounded and dying men, save a muddy corn-field; a heavy snow had begun to fall, and in view of all this, and my sympathy for men, who, for eighteen months, had done their duty as true soldiers, and who for days had fought under you, and only ceased when borne from the field, I demanded other terms. I told him I would not move a soul from the boat, etc. All this was reported to Wheeler (at least they said so) and he ordered that I should be held personally responsible for the burning of their cotton on reaching Louisville, under penalty of my return to their lines as a prisoner of war. I deemed the terms mild, under the circumstances, and I immediately accepted them, in which I claim I did my duty. The passengers and soldiers of the *Trio* and *Parthenia* were robbed in like manner. After they had done us all the harm they could, barely escaping with our lives, they allowed us to cross the river during the burning of the steamers. While they were preparing to burn, the gunboat "*Sidell*" hove in sight, and to all appearance made preparations to drive the enemy away. But from some cause or other Van Dorn made no fight, and surrendered the boat without firing a single shot. They then took possession of her, threw over her guns and arms, fired the three boats, and in a short time nothing remained but the charred hulls. On reaching Clarksville, I reported by telegraph to Major *Sidell*, who ordered me to proceed on as

rapidly as possible to Louisville, and report to Generals Boyle or Wright. This I did, and the inclosed papers will explain the final result of the unfortunate affair. Thus hoping that in all this you will not condemn me, I remain your obedient servant,

M. P. GADDIS,
Chaplain Second Regiment O.V.I.

Mr. Spray, a hospital clerk at Nashville, gives the following account of this affair :

ON BOARD STEAMER HASTINGS, January 15, 1863.

I snatch a few moments from the dreadful scenes that have surrounded us for the past three days, to say that on the twelfth instant, in company with many officers, wounded in the late battle, together with four hundred* wounded soldiers, on the steamers Hastings and Trio, I left Nashville to assist in getting the steamers through to Louisville. Before starting I heard several insinuations that the guerillas would resist our passage, but we being on an errand of merey, thought our mission would be respected and allowed to pass unmolested. No evidences of danger were seen until, approaching Harpeth Shoals, we beheld the smoking hull of the steamer Charter, and several burning houses on the south side of the river. The steamer had been burned by the guerrillas under the notorious Col. Wade, and the houses by Lieut. Van Dorn, of the First Ohio, in charge of the national gunboat Major Sidell. A short distance below was a large fleet of Federal steamers engaged in getting over the shoals, under the protection of the gunboat Sidell. On passing Van Dorn's fleet I hailed him, and inquired as to danger below. He replied: "There is no danger—I have cleaned them out." We passed on, the Trio a mile or so in advance. Near two miles below the gunboat we caught sight of the Trio lying in a cove opposite the shoals. Knowing that she was short of fuel, we concluded that she was engaged in taking on a supply of wood. On nearing her we saw several mounted soldiers drawn up in line along the shore. As many of them had on Federal overcoats, we thought them to be our cavalry. They hailed us, and ordered us to land.

I at once discovered them to be guerrillas, and ordered Capt. Robinson to land. The order was promptly obeyed. The current being strong, the boat did not yield readily to the turn of the pilot, making slow progress in swinging around, causing her to drag slowly down the stream. This caused the guerrillas to think that we were not going to land, and they immediately fired two heavy volleys of musketry, followed by two discharges of six-pound balls, all taking effect on the steamer.

Your correspondent, in company with Captain Robinson and Pilot Kilburn, of Covington, was standing on the hurricane-deck when the firing took place. I hailed them, and told them to fire no more, as we were loaded with wounded, and would land as soon as possible. They tried to kill the man at the wheel, who stood bravely at his post, amidst all the fire, until the boat was tied up. On our near approach to them, I

hastened down to still the dreadful confusion that the firing had caused. Several ladies were on board, and, be it said to their praise, they behaved like true heroines; no fainting or screaming; all as quiet as could be desired under such circumstances. On my return to the front of the boat, I was met by Col. Wade, who, with a horrible oath, ordered Dr. Waterman, surgeon in charge of the wounded, to take his d—d wounded Yankees ashore, as he would burn the boat, and us, too, unless the order was obeyed. I instantly appealed to him in behalf of the wounded. During this time his followers had come on board, and took full possession of every thing.

Here I should like, if I could, to picture out to your readers, and the world at large, the awful scene of pillage and plunder that ensued. All but two or three of them were demoralized by the drink obtained previous to our arrival from the bar of the Trio. I will not attempt to picture the scene; language fails, and words are beggars, in attempting to do so. Near one hundred of the thieving, plundering gang, were engaged in rifling every thing from the clerk's office to the chambermaid's room. For a few moments, the stoutest hearts were appalled, and consternation had seized upon all. On passing around, appealing to them to desist, I met their Assistant Adjutant-General, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance, who instantly promised to do all in his power to save the boat, and stop the plundering. He spoke to Col. Wade, and he ordered them off the boat; but, alas, that overshadowing curse of both armies was there, in full possession of human hearts, that might have been more humane, had not the demon spirit of rum hardened their natural sympathies, and unchained their baser passions. In their maddened thirst for plunder, they trampled on and over our poor wounded men, taking their rations, blankets, overcoats, canteens, and even money out of their pockets. Never was there such a scene witnessed. For a time confusion reigned supreme. During the time Dr. Waterman and myself had come to terms with Assistant Adjutant-General Buford, in regard to the passengers. The officers, able and disable, were to be paroled together with the wounded men, but he insisted on burning the boat. We then asked him to spare one boat, and allow us to go on to Clarksville. This he consented to do, upon my entering into a written agreement that the boat should hereafter carry no other supplies, or do any other work for the Government, other than sanitary work.

In addition to this, the writer was to burn, or have burned, one hundred and eleven bales of cotton that were on the deck of the Hastings, upon our arrival at Louisville. The terms were severe, and Wade would listen to no other; and on my failing to comply with these terms, the men must be put ashore, and left without covering, rations, or medicines, badly wounded, and thirty-five miles from any military post. Military rule and the stern dictates thereof may condemn our conclusion, yet the claims of suffering humanity, under such circumstances, would com-

pel us to go further than the terms called for. The penalty for failing to burn the cotton on our arrival at Louisville was the simple surrender of unworthy self to the confederate authorities; a small penalty, considering the amount at stake. These terms being agreed upon, and Surgeon Waterman having made up a list of the paroled men, the guerrillas left the boat, and the wounded of the Trio, and her crew and passengers were transferred to the Hastings. While the transfer was going on, another steamer hove in sight—the Parthenia, on her way to Clarksville. She was ordered ashore, and the same scene was enacted over in her cabin, save the fact that she had no sick or wounded of any account, but had several passengers. The rangers at once boarded her and for some time utter “madness ruled the hour.” The Parthenia was a new steamer, costing thirty-three thousand dollars, finely finished and furnished. While engaged in rifling her, and piling up combustibles on different parts of the boat to make her burn rapidly, the gunboat Siddell, spoken of elsewhere, hove in sight. Her appearance was a signal of joy to our men and of alarm to the rebels, who immediately mounted their horses, ready to run. We hailed Van Dorn, and told him to anchor in the middle of the stream, and not come between our boat and the range of the guerrillas’ cannon.

To our utter astonishment, instead of getting ready to cover himself with glory in the saving of so much property and several lives, he simply fired his revolver, and then ignominiously and cowardly waved his white handkerchief in token of surrender. The rebels had fired several volleys at him and done no harm, save the wounding of one of Van Dorn’s gunners. He then ordered one of his own men to strike the colors, which he obeyed. They then crossed over to the rebel side, who, with tremendous yells, took possession of her. Having had no sleep for many days, and sick at heart over the misery of this, the most unfortunate expedition of the war, I will close.

Doc. 105.

LOSS OF THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL ELLET.

UNITED STATES STEAMER ERA No. 5, }
BELOW VICKSBURGH, MISS., February 21. }

ADMIRAL: I have the honor to report to you that I left the landing below Vicksburgh, in obedience to your written instructions, on the night of the tenth instant, taking with me the De Soto and coal-barge, and proceeded down the River. We passed Warrenton without interruption, and reached Red River the following evening. I destroyed, as you directed, the skiffs and flatboats along either shore. I ascended Red River, on the morning of the twelfth, as far as the mouth of the Atehafalaya. Leaving the De Soto and coal-barge in a secure position, I proceeded down the stream six miles from its mouth. I met a train of army wagons returning from Simsport. I land-

ed and destroyed them. On reaching Simmsport, I learned that two rebel steamboats had just left, taking with them the troops and artillery stationed at that point. They had left on the bank several barrels of government beef, which I broke up and rolled into the river. I pursued another train of wagons for some distance, but they retreated into the swamps and escaped. One of their wagons, loaded with ammunition and stores, fell into our hands, and was destroyed.

On her return at night, a party of overseers and other civilians, fired into the Queen from behind a levee, and immediately fled under cover of the darkness. First Master J. D. Thompson, a gallant and efficient officer, was shot through the knee.

Anchoring at the mouth of the Atehafalaya, I waited until morning, and then returned to the spot from which we had been attacked. All the buildings, on three large adjoining plantations, were burned by my order. I started up the Red River, on the same day, and reached Black River by night. On the morning of the fourteenth, when about fifteen miles above the mouth of Black River, a steamboat came suddenly around a sharp bend in the river, and was captured before she could escape. She proved to be the Era No. Five, laden with four thousand five hundred bushels of corn. She had on board two rebel lieutenants and fourteen privates. The latter I at once paroled and set ashore.

Hearing of three very large boats lying at Gordon’s Landing, thirty miles above, I decided on making an effort to capture them, intending to return if I should find the battery at that point too strong, and ascend the Washita. I left the Era and coal-barge in charge of a guard. We reached the bend just below Gordon’s Landing, before dusk; the dense smoke of several boats, rapidly firing up, could be seen over the tops of the trees as we approached. I ordered the pilot to proceed very slowly, and merely show the bow of the Queen around the point. From the sharp bend which the river makes at this place, there was no apparent difficulty in withdrawing out of range of the enemy’s guns, whenever it might be desired. The rebels opened upon us with four twenty-three-pounders, the moment we came in sight. Their guns were in a fine position, and at the third shot I ordered Mr. Garvey, the pilot, to back the Queen out. Instead of doing so, he ran her aground on the right-hand shore.

The position at once became a very hot one. Sixty yards below we would have been in no danger. As it was, the enemy’s shot struck us nearly every time. The Chief-Engineer had hardly reported to me that the scape-pipe had been shot away, when an explosion below, and a rush of steam around the boat, told me that the steam-pipe had been cut in two.

Nothing further, of course, could be done. I gave orders to lower the yawl at the stern of the Queen, to carry off Captain Thompson, who lay wounded in my state-room. Some persons had already taken the yawl, however, and it was gone. The other yawl was on the De Soto, a

short distance below. Fortunately, the cotton-bales with which the Queen was protected, afforded an avenue of escape, and a majority of the men and officers succeeded in reaching the De Soto. I ordered this boat to be brought up as far as it was practicable without being struck, and sent her yawl to the Queen. Lieut. Tuthill and Third Master Duncan, bravely volunteered for the purpose. I remained on the De Soto over an hour, picking up men and cotton-bales. Lieut. Tuthill barely succeeded in escaping from the Queen, the rebels boarding her in skiffs as he escaped. The Queen could easily have been burned, but this could not be done while Capt. Thompson was on board, and it was impossible to remove him. All the passages had been blocked up with cotton; the interior of the boat was intensely dark, full of steam, and strewed with shattered furniture. The display of a light enabled the batteries to strike her with unerring certainty. To have brought the De Soto alongside would have insured her destruction, as the light of the latter's furnace would have rendered her a conspicuous mark.

A dense fog sprang up as we started down in the De Soto, and she lost her rudder by running into the bank. Drifting down fifteen miles, I took possession of the Era, and scuttled and burnt the De Soto and barge, knowing that the rebels would lose no time in pursuing. I pushed on down through the fog, throwing the corn off to lighten her. We reached the Mississippi at dawn, opposite Ellis's Cliffs. Mr. Garvey ran the Era, a boat drawing less than two feet of water, hard aground, actually permitting her wheels to make several revolutions after she struck, and it was with the utmost difficulty she could be gotten off. The disloyal sentiments openly expressed by Mr. Garvey, a few hours previous to this occurrence, rendered it necessary for me to place him under arrest, and fix upon me the unwilling conviction that the loss of the Queen was due to the deliberate treachery of her pilot. It is to be regretted that the unfortunate illness of Mr. Scott Long, who piloted the Queen past Vicksburgh, rendered it necessary for me to intrust the Queen to the management of Mr. Garvey.

The next morning, a short distance below Natchez, I met the Indianola. Captain Brown thought that he might be able to ascend Red River, and destroy the battery at Gordon's Landing, and I accompanied him down in the Era, leading the way. I had not gone three miles, when a break in the dense fog disclosed a steamer rapidly moving up-stream, about a mile ahead. I at once rounded to, and caused the whistle to be blown to warn Capt. Brown of her presence. As soon as the rebel steamer, which was undoubtedly the Webb, perceived the Indianola, she turned and fled. The latter fired two shots at her, but without effect. I learned afterward, that three other armed boats had been sent in pursuit of the Era, and had been turned back by the Webb on her retreat. They all went back up Red River. On reaching this stream, Captain Brown decided not to ascend it, and I thought it best to return

at once. Thinking we might be attacked on the way up, I seized a hundred and seventy-five bales of cotton, and protected the Era's machinery as far as practicable. At St. Joseph I landed and seized the mails, and learned from them that Col. Adams was waiting for us at Grand Gulf with two pieces of artillery. Thirty-six shots were fired at the Era while passing the point, none of which took effect.

On reaching Island One Hundred and Seven, a body of riflemen opened a heavy fire upon the Era from the Mississippi shore. Suspecting it to be a *ruse* to draw us to the other side of the river, I decided on keeping the right of the Island. The furnaces of the Era became so clogged at this point, I found it necessary to stop and have them cleaned out—a delay of twenty minutes being caused by this. The Era had barely passed the Island, when a battery of three guns opened upon us from the Louisiana shore. Forty-six shots were fired, but did no injury. At Warrenton the rebels opened fire upon the Era with two rifle twenty-pounder guns. They fired twenty-four shots, but did not succeed in striking her. Extraordinary as it may appear, there is every reason to believe that no one was killed on the Queen. It is probably attributable to the fact that those below got into the hold through the numerous hatches, and thus escaped the effects of the steam. Mr. Taylor, of the engineers, is reported by a deserter from the Webb, to be badly scalded. Twenty-four men were taken prisoners, ten of whom were civilians employed on the boat. Assistant Surgeon Booth was the only commissioned officer captured.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 CHARLES R. ELLET,
 Commanding Ram Fleet.
 Rear-Admiral DAVID D. PORTER,
 Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

STEAMER ERA No. 5, IN RED RIVER, Feb. 15, 1863.

The career of the gallant Queen of the West is ended. Her crew are dispersed; some are wounded, some are killed, and more are taken prisoners. A small remnant, so far escaped from death and capture, are now twenty miles from the mouth of Red River, moving as rapidly as Providence permits, from the scene of one of the most thrilling incidents of the rebellion, toward the far-famed city of Vicksburgh.

We had intended to leave on Monday, the ninth instant, but certain repairs were, at the last moment, found necessary, and we were compelled to remain over the succeeding day.

Col. Ellet decided to run the batteries by starlight, and just at dark the chimneys of the Queen of the West and the De Soto began to vomit forth huge columns of dense black smoke, and we knew that the time of our departure was approaching. Precisely at nine o'clock we swung into the stream, the De Soto, around whose boilers and machinery bales of cotton had been placed, and on whose bow was mounted a huge thirty-two pound rifle, toward the batteries, the Queen of the West next, and the coal-barge on

the outside, all lashed together. In this position we floated down the river. At the risk of being considered a coward, that regard for truth, which I am proud to say has always been a distinguishing feature of my correspondence, compels me to write that I sought the starboard side of the Queen of the West, where the thickness of four bales of cotton and four feet of wood might reasonably be supposed to insure comparative safety.

Silently we floated by, every moment expecting to hear the scream and hiss of shot and shell, every moment looking for the explosion of the ugly missiles over our heads. We were abreast of the batteries, and began to wonder at their reticence. We were at point-blank range, the night was fine, why did they not fire? The suspense was terrible. Presently some one sang out: "We are out of danger, we are below the batteries." It is wonderful how this announcement affected us. Some who were crouching in abject terror became valiant in an instant. They mounted the hurricane-deck and snapped their fingers for joy. What cared they for rebel batteries?

It was at the mouth of Old River that we tied up Wednesday night, sending the De Soto to do picket-duty a mile in advance. The night passed quietly, and at daybreak Thursday we started up Old River, moving cautiously and calling at the plantations on the way. At nine o'clock we entered the mouth of the Atchafalaya. Four miles down the river a long train of heavy army wagons, driven by negro teamsters and guarded by a squad of soldiers, was discovered moving along the river-bank. We halted them, landed, and took possession. The soldiers escaped to the forest skirting the plantations. A detachment of Federal soldiers commenced the work of destruction. Mules were unharnessed and turned adrift, harnesses were thrown into the river, and a few of the wagons cut down and rendered worthless. The rest were left until evening. The Queen then moved down the river to Simmsport, four miles below, where Col. Ellet had heard of a rebel transport.

We arrived too late to capture her, but not too late to seize seventy barrels of beef belonging to the Valverde battery, which the Minerva in her anxiety to escape had left behind. This was destroyed by cutting the hoops of the barrels and tumbling their contents into the river. Colonel Ellet also captured a rebel mail and important letters and despatches at Simmsport, from one of which he learned of the occupation of Berwick Bay by Commodore Farragut. A few confederate cavalry were quietly watching our movements from the bayou to the rear of the village, but a shell from our rifled Parrott bursting over their heads caused them to hunt their holes. From Simmsport we moved down the river a few miles, and came in sight of another heavily laden train, which the negroes from the bank said also belonged to the Texas battery. Upon our approach the teamsters turned into the swamps just within reach of our shells. We

had not men enough, scarcely twenty all told, to send them after the fugitives, and were compelled to fire at them from the boat. This we did till the shades of evening began to gather, with what effect as regards wounding and killing we were unable to learn. One wagon laden with ammunition and officers' baggage fell into our hands. This was burned.

Night was approaching, and we turned the steamer's prow again toward Old River, where during the day the De Soto had waited for us. Just as we had reached the bend where the wagons were captured, and where we intended this evening to destroy them, while the most of us were at supper, all at once we heard the sharp report of musketry, and immediately First Master Thomas fell to the deck seriously wounded; a musket-ball had passed upward, breaking his shin-bones, and making its exit through the knee. From one of the brass guns on deck we replied, and also fired several rifle-shots, but, protected by the levee, the rascals escaped injury. We abandoned our intention of landing, and kept on up the river, the Colonel muttering threats of vengeance.

On Friday morning a person came aboard the Queen and informed Col. Ellet that the firing the preceding night was done by the citizens living along the Atchafalaya, between its mouth and Simmsport. Col. Ellet accordingly determined to pay them a visit. He rounded to near Simmsport, and calling at the plantation of one Graves, who almost acknowledged that he fired at us, he allowed him time to remove his family and furniture, and then burned the house, sheds, and quarters to the ground.

The next plantation had, beside the dwelling-house and negro quarters, a magnificent sugar-mill upon it. These buildings were also burned.

The third belonged to an old gentleman, who, with his son and two daughters, carried on the farm and worked the niggers. One of the young ladies admitted that the brother had fired upon the Queen, and only wished the one had not been a dozen. She abused the Colonel, and berated the Yankees. When she discovered that her abuse failed to move Colonel Ellet, just as the flames began to curl around the house-top, like a brave and gallant girl, as she was, she sang, in a ringing, defiant tone, the "Bonnie Blue Flag," until forest and river echoed and re-echoed with sweet melody.

Colonel Ellet, on leaving the Atchafalaya, announced his intention to go down the Mississippi and attempt to open communication with Commodore Farragut, below Port Hudson; but on reaching the mouth this intention was abandoned, and we turned our vessel into Red River. The air was as balmy as June in our northern climate, the trees were decking themselves with green, men were walking about the hurricane-deck in their shirt-sleeves as we entered the Red. We could not help commiserating poor Northerners, shivering before coal-fires and freezing—"on ice." When we returned we would willingly have ex-

changed positions. Late Friday night we anchored at the mouth of Black River, as before, the De Soto thrown out as our advance picket.

Saturday morning, at daylight, we raised anchor and proceeded up the river. We had heard that the enemy had lately constructed fortifications at Gordon's Landing, eighty-five miles from the mouth, called Fort Taylor. We had heard also that there were heavy guns at Harrisonburgh, near the head of navigation on Black River, and for a time Colonel Ellet was undecided which to attack. He finally settled upon the former, and we moved as rapidly as the tortuous nature of the stream and the ignorance of our pilots would admit, in the hope that we should reach the position and commence the attack before nightfall.

The steamer Louisville, we also learned, had, just before we reached the mouth of the Black, passed up the Red with a thirty-two pounder rifled gun, intended for the gunboat W. H. Webb, then lying at Alexandria.

We had, therefore, incentives for speed. At ten o'clock the look-out reported a steamer descending the river, and shortly after the Era No. 5 hove in sight. She saw us as quickly as we discovered her, and was half turned around, as if attempting to escape, when Col. Ellet ordered a shot to be sent after her. This took effect in her stern, passing through the cook-room, demolishing a stove and slightly wounding the negro cook. The officers and passengers then came on deck, and hoisted white sheets and waved white handkerchiefs in token of surrender. The Queen ran alongside and took possession. The Era No. 5 is a fine boat of a hundred and fifty tons burden, belonging to the Red River Packet Company, and heretofore engaged in transporting supplies for the confederate army. At that time she was laden with four thousand five hundred bushels of corn, intended for the Quartermaster's Department at Little Rock. This was to be taken to Camden, Arkansas, and to be transported thence by army wagons. Among the passengers were fifteen privates of the Fourteenth Texas cavalry, and three belonging to the Twenty-seventh Louisiana, Lieut. Daly, of the Texas State troops, and Lieut. Doyle, of the Fourteenth Texas. The citizens on board were set on shore without parole, the soldiers were set on shore with parole, and the officers were retained. Among the parties retained was a German Jew named Elsasser, who had upon his person thirty-two thousand dollars in confederate money. Col. Ellet thought he was a confederate quartermaster, although he strongly insisted to the contrary, and brought him along. One man dressed in citizen's clothing and claiming to be a non-combatant, and on that account released without parole. We have since learned that he was one of Gen. Hindman's brigadier-generals. His name I did not learn. Our prisoners being thus disposed of, the fleet, now numbering three steamers, moved toward Gordon's Landing. Four miles from the Landing, in a direct line across the country, but fifteen miles as the river runs,

we left the Era with three or four men to guard the boat and prisoners.

We moved slowly up the channel, making the bend with considerable difficulty, until we reached the point below the negro quarters where the land is cleared, when we discovered a long line of dense black smoke moving up the river beyond the fort, indicating the hasty departure of a transport. Our gun upon the bow was immediately placed in position, and two percussion-shells were sent in that direction. These exploding in the vicinity of the transport, which we afterward learned was the Doubloon coming down the river with corn, caused her to disappear toward Alexandria.

The land makes out into the river on the point, leaving an extremely shallow place twenty feet or more from its extremity, which pilots are careful to avoid. Our pilot, whether designedly or otherwise I know not, ran the Queen aground, and at the same instant the batteries opened fire upon us. Recollect, we were not four hundred yards from the fort, and immovable. The pilots tried in vain to back her off, but she would not budge an inch. Shot were flying, shell were bursting, and, worse than all, we could not reply. The enemy had our exact range, and every explosion told with fearful effect. Your correspondent sought the pilot-house, and thus became an unwilling witness of the terrible affair. Three huge thirty-two pounder shells exploded on the deck, and between the smoke-stacks, not twenty feet from our heads.

The air was filled with fragments and exploding shells, which flew before, behind, and all about us. Soon we heard a crash among the machinery below. Word was passed up that the lever which regulates the engines was shot away. Another crash, and we learned the escape-pipe was gone. Still another, and the steam-chest was fractured. The whole boat shook with the rush of the escaping steam which penetrated every nook and cranny. The engine-room was crowded with engineers, firemen, negroes, and prisoners, who had sought that place under the impression that it was the safest. All this time, while we supposed we were blown up, and looked every moment to be launched into eternity, the batteries played upon the unfortunate vessel, and pierced her through and through. Men crowded to the after-part of the vessel. Some tumbled cotton-bales into the river, and getting astride of them, sought to reach the De Soto a mile below. The yawl was tied to the stern, and a man stood there with a loaded pistol threatening to shoot the first one who entered it. The cry was raised for Col. Ellet, and men were sent forward to look after him. The negroes in their fright jumped overboard and many of the poor creatures were drowned. Some of our men were scalded. Word was sent to the De Soto to come alongside to remove us. She came as near as she dare, and sent her yawl, but before it returned, she herself was compelled to move down the river out of range.

As I have before stated, I was in the pilot-

house when the explosion occurred, and took the precaution to close the trap-door, thus keeping out a quantity of steam. There was still enough to make breathing almost impossible that came through the windows in front of us. I had sufficient presence of mind to cram the tail of my coat into my mouth, and thus avoid scalding. Shortly we discovered that to remain would induce suffocation, and we opened the trap-door, and, blinded by steam, sought the stern of the vessel. Groping about the cabin, tumbling over chairs and negroes, I sought my berth, seized an overcoat, leaving an entire suit of clothes, my haversack, and some valuable papers behind, and emerged upon the hurricane-deck. The shell were flying over my head, and here was obviously no place for me to remain. Looking over, I saw the woolly pate of a negro projecting over the stern below me, and, calling to him to catch my coat, I swung myself over by a rope, and landed directly upon the rudder. At this time it was suggested that a boat be sent to hurry up the De Soto, and among those who entered it was your correspondent. We reached it in about ten minutes, passing on the way several men on cotton-bales, among them Col. Ellet and McCulloch of the *Commercial*. Almost exhausted, the occupants remained behind, while another crew was sent up to pick up survivors.

The yawl had reached the boat and was busily engaged in picking up the crew, when three boat-loads of confederate soldiers cautiously approached the vessel and boarded her. Of course there was no resistance, and our boys became their prisoners.

The De Soto hearing several men shout from the shore, "Surrender," was allowed to float downstream, picking up as she floated several who had escaped on cotton-bales. When she reached a point ten miles below, the yawl overtook her with others who had been similarly preserved.

We reached the Era No. 5 and found her all right. Our coal-barge was leaking badly and hard aground. Of course, we had to leave it. The De Soto had unshipped both rudders and became unmanageable, and it was concluded to destroy her, lest, with her valuable gun, she should fall into the enemy's hands. Her pipes were knocked out, a shovelful of live coals placed in her cabins, and she was soon destroyed.

It was now ten o'clock Saturday night, and if we would escape more intimate acquaintance with Southern society and Southern prison life, we must make every exertion now. With a sigh for the poor fellows left behind, and a hope that our enemies would be merciful, the prow of the Era was turned toward the Mississippi. The night was a terrible one, thunder, lightning, rain, and fog. I doubt if under any other circumstances Red River would be deemed navigable. All hands were set to work to throw overboard the corn, to lighten her up, and we are slowly crawling down the river. We know to a certainty that we shall be pursued. The gunboat Webb is lying at Alexandria, and we know that she will start in pursuit of us whenever she learns of the destruction

of the Queen and of the escape of a portion of her crew. Our only hope lies in reaching the Mississippi quickly, whence we shall make the best of our way to Vicksburgh. The Webb is a model of speed, and can make fourteen miles an hour against the current. If we do not get aground, and if our machinery does not break, we hope to outrun her. If I am captured, a visit to Vicksburgh will be my portion. We shall see.

The following is the loss by the capture of the Queen of the West, as far as I can ascertain:

Prisoners.—Cy. Eddison, Second Master; Henry Duncan, Third Master; David Taylor, Engineer, (scalded;); D. S. Booth, Surgeon; First Master Thompson, (wounded on the Atchafalaya;); Adjutant C. W. Bailey; one blacksmith, name unknown; George Andrews, James Foster, carpenters; L. C. Jarbou, Thomas Williams, David McCullom, Charles Launer, Carrol Smith, Ed. Hazleton, Charles Faulkner, John A. Bates, Norton F. Rice, Wm. Brown, Geo. W. Hill, soldiers; Mr. Anderson, of the *Herald*, and about thirty negroes.

Killed.—George Davis jumped overboard from the De Soto, and is supposed drowned.

The above list are the names of those who floated down the river and were not picked up by the De Soto. They will probably be captured by the next confederate steamer in these waters, probably the Webb, as she pursues us.

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FIGHT AT BAYOU TECHE, LA.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

LAFOURCHE STATION, Friday, January 16, 1863.

WE have just arrived here with Gen. Weitzel and the larger number of the forces under him, who are encamped at Thibodeaux, near this place, having accompanied them from their successful expedition up the Bayou Teche, in which they destroyed the rebel gunboat Cotton, and sent the enemy skedaddling.

If you have moral courage enough to examine any detailed hydrographical and topographical map of Southern Louisiana, and lose yourself among the labyrinthine intersections of the countless lakes and bayous there represented—resembling more the plan of a spider's web than any portion of the habitable globe—you will find the Lafourche Station just where the bayou of that name is crossed by the New-Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad, which extends at present, no further than to Brashear City and Berwick's Bay, at the junction of the Atchafalaya River and Lake Palondre.

For the benefit of those of your readers who may not know—and perhaps there are many such—any thing about these extraordinary bayous, or water-courses, it may be well to state that, although when compared with the mighty Mississippi, they sink to the insignificance of mere streamlets—many of them far exceed in volume the river Thames, a very short distance above London,—and the smallest of them would, in any

part of England, be considered a very respectable river.

Although not positively known, it had been, for some time past, pretty generally rumored that an expedition of some sort was about to take place in the neighborhood of Berwick's Bay, but when or how no one could tell. All that we knew was that the rebels were collecting forces above Donaldsonville, in the neighborhood of Plaquemine, that they now and then came in collision with our pickets, run off all the horses, mules, and cattle they could lay their hands on, and that they, moreover, had a steamer, called the J. A. Cotton, lurking somewhere in the Bayou Teche, which had become the terror of that part of the country. It became, therefore, simply necessary to go and clean them out, and the task was allotted to General Weitzel.

The General commenced moving his forces from Thibodeaux on Sunday, the eleventh. These consisted of the Eighth Vermont, One Hundred and Sixtieth and Seventy-fifth New-York, Twelfth Connecticut, Twenty-first Indiana, Sixth Michigan, company B, First Louisiana Union cavalry, Capt. Barrett; four pieces of Bainbridge's artillery, Sixth Massachusetts battery, Capt. W. W. Carruth; First Maine battery, Lieut. Bradley, and one section Fourth Massachusetts battery, Lieutenant Briggs. Capt. Fitch, with a portion of the Seventy-fifth New-York, volunteered as sharpshooters.

The troops commenced embarking from Bra-shear on Monday night; by Tuesday morning they had all safely embarked, and the whole of the infantry—placed upon our gunboats Calhoun, Diana, Kinsman, and Estrella—proceeded up the Atchafalaya River to Patersonville, where they arrived on Tuesday, at two P.M. The cavalry and artillery went by land. There was some little skirmishing on the road, and in one hand-to-hand sabre encounter with the rebel cavalry—a most dashing affair on the part of Capt. Barrett's company—they were driven before us, we losing one man killed, and they several.

At three P.M., Commodore Buchanan, commander of the fleet of gunboats, steamed up the river on board the Diana, and returned at a quarter to four o'clock. At half-past four o'clock the Calhoun, (flag-ship,) Kinsman, Estrella, and Diana all went up the bayou, came to anchor about ten miles below where the bayou was obstructed, made a hawser fast from each quarter to the shore, and staid all night.

Early on Wednesday morning, at six A.M., the Diana, Capt. Goodwin, was ordered to go down the Bayou to Lynch's Point, to take the Eighth Vermont across to the left or northern bank, in order for a flank movement on the enemy. At seven, the Calhoun, Commodore Buchanan, Kinsman, Captain Wiggin, and Estrella, Captain Cook, commenced moving slowly up the bayou, and at eight o'clock reached the formidable obstruction. This was at a place called Corney's Bridge, from a man of that name owning a plantation there. Nothing but the piles of the old bridge remain, protruding about three or four feet above water, and

against these the rebels had sunk an old steamer, filled with brick, and placed all manner of rubbish—making it impossible at that time either for the Cotton to come down to us, or for us to get at her.

At this time, about a quarter to nine, an artillery duel commenced between our gunboats and the gunboat Cotton and the rebel batteries, located where shown on the map. The Kinsman was now in advance, and the Estrella next, and the Calhoun, with Commander Buchanan on board, following up close. The firing continued for some time without any manifest difference to either party. A few desultory rifle-shots had been fired at us from the shore, which our men returned as well as they could against a hidden foe.

Suddenly the Kinsman felt something explode under her; it was a torpedo, and her stern was violently lifted in the air, but fortunately with no damage, as was afterward found. An aid of Gen. Weitzel came galloping up to tell the Kinsman of another torpedo being planted right ahead, a contraband, escaped from the Cotton, having brought the intelligence. Owing to this, and one of her guns being disabled—so the Kinsman's officers all assured me—she was cautiously dropping back, after warning both the Estrella and Calhoun of what had been told her.

Commodore Buchanan, either not hearing or not heeding the information, at once steamed up right ahead of both the Estrella and the Kinsman, and personally seized the post of danger. It was now about ten o'clock, when the rebels, from behind their concealed rifle-pits, poured forth a most murderous volley upon our men; and the Cotton coming down to attack our batteries, the fight became severe and general.

The gallant Buchanan was one of the first to fall. He was standing forward, spyglass in hand, a motionless target for the deadly missiles of the hidden enemy. W. D. Brown, Acting Chief-Engineer, who was near him at the time, having received a spent ball in the thigh, the Commodore said: "Ah! you've got it." The very next moment a ball struck Buchanan in the right cheek, immediately below the temple, passing through to the opposite side. He exclaimed, "My God!" and fell back dead. Some say this gallant officer was rash on this occasion, and threw away his loved and valued life; perhaps so, but it was a rashness which will endear his heroic name forever.

The following are the names of the others who suffered on this occasion on board the Calhoun and Kinsman:

Charles Daverieh, (seaman,) Wm. Neilson, (landsman,) both killed; W. D. Brown, (acting Chief-Engineer,) slightly wounded; H. D. Foster, (Ensign,) badly wounded in the right cheek; John Lewis, Quartermaster, and Geo. Perkins, acting Quartermaster, both wounded while in the wheel-house; Wm. Adams, Coxswain; James Williams, Captain of the Guard, and Geo. Riley, landsman, were also wounded, but not severely; Acting Master A. S. Wiggin, of the Kinsman, badly wounded from the rifle-pits, and the only casualty on the

Kinsman. The fate of this brave officer is a sad one. When the rifle-pits opened their murderous fire on our men, they were commanded to lay down behind the bulwarks. Lieut. Wiggin, from some fatal impulse of pride or bravery, although in a most exposed position, did not do so, and being the only one standing, was a prominent mark for the enemy. He immediately received a Minié ball in his right shoulder, which has compelled his arm to be operated upon at its socket, and a portion of the injured bone taken out. The arm is replaced, but it is feared the suppuration will be such a drain on his system as to endanger life.

To show how terribly murderous was the position in which our boats were placed, it is only necessary to state that, at this point, the bayou was so narrow that the Calhoun, in turning, had her bow and stern aground.

While this was going on, our land forces were by no means idle. The Eighth Vermont, as soon as they had been brought across from Lynch's Point in the Diana, at once attacked the rebels in the rear of their rifle-pits; and during a brisk and sharp engagement killed several, took forty prisoners, and put the rest to flight, their cannon leading the way. But for this sudden and gallant assistance from the Eighth Vermont, there can be little doubt that the Calhoun would have been lost, from the impetuosity with which the rebels were firing upon her.

In the mean time, no less efficient aid was being given by other portions of our troops. Three batteries—the First Maine, Lieut. Bradbury; one section of the Fourth Massachusetts, under Lieut. Briggs, and Capt. W. W. Carruth's Sixth Massachusetts—had gone round by the woods, from Patersonville, to a point above the Cotton, where they could successfully play upon her, and in this they were assisted by some of the One Hundred and Sixtieth New-York, and sixty sharpshooters of the Seventy-fifth New-York, who played havoc among the crew of the rebel gunboat, which was one of those enormous Mississippi steamers, protected by cotton wherever possible, and clad in iron.

Thrice did this ungainly monster retire up the bayou, from the effect of the deadly iron hail poured into her, and thrice did she desperately come up to renew the contest. She came once too often, however; for, after having had her men nearly cleaned out of her, the last time she made her appearance, which was at two o'clock next morning, she was floating, in solitary glory, down the bayou, one sheet of flame.

The game being over, and the ostensible object of the expedition accomplished, our gunboats and land forces returned in perfect order and good spirits, and arrived opposite Brashear at five o'clock on the evening of Friday, sixteenth, in one of the most terrible "Northers" that I ever witnessed. They crossed over, bivouacked for the night, and next day (Friday) returned to camp. I am sorry to have to add the following list of casualties to those already given:

Killed—Second Lieut. E. Whiteside, Co. H,

Seventy-fifth New-York; John Noble, Co. G, Seventy-fifth New-York; John Welsh, Co. B, First Louisiana Cadets; and two others—one of the One Hundred and Sixtieth, and another of the Seventy-Fifth New-York, whose names I could not obtain.

Wounded—Corp. Cayless, Co. A, Seventy-fifth New-York, leg; Benson Sherman, Co. F, Seventy-fifth New-York, thigh; Jas. Mitchell, Co. F, Seventy-fifth New-York, thigh; John Evenden, Co. F, Seventy-fifth New-York, knee, slightly; Adam Michael, Co. C, Seventy-fifth New-York, thigh; John W. Riley, Co. B, Seventy-fifth New-York, back; M. V. B. Van Etten, Co. A, Seventy-fifth New-York, thigh; H. W. Prescott, First Maine battery, thumb; John Thompson, First Maine battery, both arms amputated; Byron Herman, Co. D, Seventy-fifth New-York, thigh; Michael Kennedy, Co. F, Seventy-fifth New-York, thigh; D. S. Devoe, Co. A, Seventy-fifth New-York, thigh; W. H. Tibbs, Co. A, One Hundred and Sixtieth New-York; Corp. Saml. P. Hitchcock, Co. G, Seventy-fifth New-York, knee; James H. Henry, Co. K, Seventy-fifth New-York, chest; George Derby, Co. F, Seventy-fifth New-York, thigh; Bela Burbank, Co. H, Seventy-fifth New-York, leg amputated; Patriek Mulholland, Co. E, Seventy-fifth New-York; Peter Richards, Co. A, Twelfth Connecticut, finger, slightly.

On board the Diana I afterward met and conversed with a rebel lieutenant, who was made prisoner. He told us that their forces did not consist (independently of the Cotton) of more than one thousand one hundred, namely, Fournet's "Yellow Jacket" battalion, of some three hundred men, of which he was a member, and eight hundred of the Twenty-eighth Louisiana; also, Simms's battery and the Pelican battery of Parrott guns, the same who fought us at Donaldsonville and Lapataville. Colonel Gray was commander of the post, a man of some social consideration, who once run for Senator against Benjamin. The rebel loss is not known; but two women who came to Brashear under flag of truce, say they knew of fifteen buried.

Although the ostensible object of this expedition was carried out as clearly and prettily as any one could desire, and bravery was shown there equal to any thing experienced in battles of far greater importance, the grandeur of the result does not strike people here as quite commensurate with the means employed. It is true we have destroyed the Cotton, which, according to current rumors out there, the rebels looked upon as worth an army of twenty thousand to them, and captured a large quantity of cattle, horses, and mules; but then, the obstruction in the bayou still remains; they have at least two other boats up there getting ready; we have come back to precisely the point from which we started, and I see nothing to prevent us from having to go over exactly the same work again.

Had we gone on and taken Franklin—held the ground as we went on, and never stopped till we seized New-Iberia, and with it the mountain of

salt on Petite Anse Island—(miles long by miles in width of solid rock salt, capable of supplying the world)—worth more than an army to the rebels, in their present condition, there would have been something to record really worth crowing over. But of one thing we are all confident here, General Weitzel is capable of any thing he may be set to do; and so let us indulge in the hope of soon recording something of more lasting and important results in the district under his command.

Before closing my narrative, I ought to say that the information which our good friend the contraband from the Cotton gave, respecting a concealed torpedo, proved to be perfectly correct, and exactly where he stated. I saw this infernal machine on board the *Estrella*, and afterward conversed with the poor fellow who rendered us such essential service, and who is now safely in our lines. Judge of my astonishment when, on scraping away the waxen stuff on the brand of this machine, I discovered the following inscription in raised letters:

TAYLOR & HODGET'S CANS,
With Burnett's Attachment,
New-York.

Patented August 21, 1855.

It was shut up in a neat wooden box and labeled, in large letters: "Hospital stores, this side up, with care." The manufacturers are fully welcome to all the benefits of this advertisement. "Hospital stores," forsooth! Rather a grim joke, is it not? One strange thought struck me as I gazed upon this monstrous invention, and that was, that while people in the North are enriching themselves by manufacturing these hellish things to blow our own brave men to atoms, a poor black "animal" down here has friendship and humanity enough to come and warn them off from their terrible doom. I forgot, in my hurry, to write down this negro's name; perhaps it is as well I did not. General Weitzel can easily find him, and surely, if the lives of some dozen or two of our defenders are worth any thing, that faithful fellow should not go unrewarded.

Doc. 107.

THE ESCAPE OF THE ORETO.

The following letter was written by an officer of the United States fleet:

UNITED STATES STEAMER R. R. CUYLER, }
OFF EAST COAST OF YUCATAN, January 21, 1863. }

For the first time within the last five days, I have an opportunity to pen you a few lines, which I fancy may possess more interest than any thing I have written heretofore. The work for which the *Cuyler* was especially appointed, namely, the capture of the rebel steamer *Oreto*, has been laid out before us, and we have failed to accomplish it, thus adding another to the too numerous instances in which we have been foiled by the superior daring, and neck or nothing pluck of the "dashing buccaneers" of Jeff Davis.

The *Oreto* has escaped the blockade, and I will give you the particulars as faithfully as I possibly can. Thursday, the fifteenth, and the night and day before, the wind was south-east, which is nearly on shore; at times it was quite a gale, with thick rain or mist most of the time, so that we could not see the land. Thursday P.M., the wind hauled to the north, and cleared up, and we discovered, at anchor behind Mobile Point, a bark-rigged craft, which we knew to be the *Oreto*, the first time we had seen her since we had been on this station, but had previously seen her at Nassau last August. The circumstance of her showing herself at such a time, so near the outlet of the Bay, was strong evidence that she intended to run the blockade. A sudden change in the wind, and consequent clearing up, revealed him, and we had ample opportunity to prepare for him.

About four o'clock the *Pembina* ran down to us from the flag-ship and spoke us to the effect that the Commadore expected her out, and ordered us to anchor half-way between our present position and the flag-ship, and if she passed us, we, in company with the *Oneida*, to give chase. It had been usual for one of the small gunboats to anchor inside the bar every night, but on Wednesday night there was no boat inside. At dark the wind blew a perfect gale. There was no moon and it was very dark. Altogether it was just the night to run the blockade. Two men were stationed at the chains ready to slip at a moment's notice, and other precautionary measures were taken, but it blew too hard for him the first part of the night.

I was awoke about three o'clock by a shout from several voices, which I made out to be—"The *Oreto*—beat that drum—quarters." I was out of my berth, into my clothes, and at quarters before the drum beat its call. The gunner's mate was just burning the signal appointed for such occasions. At this time she must have been astern. Our chain was slipped, and we on her track as soon as possible under the circumstances. In about thirty minutes we were under way with our battery cast loose ready for action. The reason of the delay of thirty minutes is this. Formerly our orders were, if a steamer were seen, for the commanding officer to slip the anchor and then report; now more red tape is necessary, and the officer reports to the commander, who comes on deck before any thing can be done.

It still wanted two hours of daylight. The *Oreto* was in sight with the night-glass. All was excitement on board, and it was evident we were not gaining on her, and doubt was felt if we caught her at all. She was first seen on our port bow, between us and the flag-ship, under steam alone, and passed within three hundred yards of us. Had our port battery been manned, we could have made four ugly holes in her. As soon as she was fairly by us she dropped her sails and was off, with at least half an hour's start. We put on all sail, got ten tons of coal aft, and all hands aft also, to trim the ship by the stern in order to bring the propeller deeper in the water. Our gun-deck was literally afloat.

We continued the chase all day, but at night in the darkness she changed her course and we lost her.

Had the Oneida accompanied us, as ordered to do, our chance would have been double what it was. We concluded to keep on and run down to Cape St. Antonio in hopes to intercept her there, but did not find her. There were seven vessels of us off the port—we had fifteen hours' warning—and her only way out was through the main ship channel, which at the bar is less than a mile wide. They ran a big risk and won. I should like to see some such daring displayed on our side once in a while. Every thing was done to increase our speed, but I have seen the ship go fourteen knots an hour with steam alone, and on that day her utmost was twelve and a half knots.

The prime cause of her escape was neglect to prepare for her, and remembering Commodore Preble's case, I think the department will soon decide where the fault lies.

Doc. 108.

GOVERNOR VANCE'S MESSAGE.

To the Honorable, the General Assembly of North-Carolina:

WITH the flight of time great events have occurred and are now crowding upon us. Since your adjournment in December, the invaders of our State have concentrated a large force upon our coast, and are again threatening our remaining scaports and lines of communication. Every preparation possible has been made to resist them, and it is hoped not without success. Still, much remains to be done to strengthen our army and add to its efficiency. I beg leave respectfully to offer a few suggestions to you on this subject.

The most serious evils with which our generals have to contend are the inefficient execution of the conscript law and the alarming increase of desertion in the army. A long absence from home, and the severe hardships of our rapid and wonderful campaigns, naturally tend to produce these effects during a protracted war. To arrest these delinquents and return them to duty, the militia have heretofore been employed with some degree of success; but latterly they have been found inefficient, owing to the many obstacles interposed by the law. Should an officer start out to arrest a deserter, the friends of the latter have only to give the alarm, and he is spirited out of the way, or the officer is resisted by open violence. As desertion is not a crime known to the laws of this State, these persons who thus shield the deserter from arrest are liable to no punishment. The consequence is, that numbers of deserters are concealed in many parts of the State, and banding together for company and mutual protection, depredate upon the citizens near them, thus forming a kind of outlawed population in the midst of our quiet and orderly people.

This state of things, ruinous alike to the discipline of our army and the morals of our people,

ought not to be suffered to continue, and might be prevented, in my opinion, by a little prudent legislation. With the consent of the highest military authorities from whose commands they are absent, I propose to give absentees from the army without leave, by proclamation, thirty days in which they may return to duty free of punishment, and after that time to make them liable for the delay, to the severest penalties of the law. To enable the authorities to effect their arrest, I recommend, as I had the honor to do in my regular message to you, that the militia laws be so amended as to subject both officers and privates of any particular company or regiment of the militia to the articles of war, when ordered to perform any duty of this kind at the discretion of the Executive; that power be given the Executive summarily to drop from the rolls officers guilty of gross and wilful neglect of duty; and that it be made a crime to shield or harbor deserters, or to assist them to avoid capture. Should it be deemed best to continue to use the militia of the State for executing the conscript law, these amendments will be indispensable, as Congress has failed in these respects to provide for the enforcement of its own acts.

I have been applied to in several instances, as the appointing power of the regimental officers of our regiments raised originally for three years or the war, to promote men for gallant and meritorious conduct, but on close examination of the law, I find I have no authority to deviate from the regular order of promotion by seniority in the appointment of company officers.

This power ought to reside somewhere—the good of the service requires it. The humblest private in the ranks of the army ought to feel that there is the power and the will to lift him above the humble position to a commissioned officer, as a reward for gallantry and heroism. I therefore recommend that this authority be vested in the Executive, to be exercised upon proper recommendations of commanding officers in the field.

The subject of arresting citizens on charges of disloyalty I beg leave again to allude to. Many have been recently taken up by the confederate officers, and with a spirit of courtesy and respect for State authority, turned over to me for investigation. I am at a loss how to dispose of them. I cannot examine them myself, and of course regard it inconsistent with my duty to set them at liberty without an examination, and I am yet more unwilling to see them placed in the confederate prison at Salisbury, where the tracks of the accused all lead in one direction, and the light of old English liberty is never seen. I therefore recommend the establishing of a commission for the investigation of charges against all such persons, with power to commit for trial before the proper tribunal if sufficient cause appears, etc.

In this connection, I take great pleasure in transmitting a letter from Hon. Jas. A. Seddon, Secretary of War, in relation to the case of R. J. Graves, and in response to the demand for his delivery to the authority of this State, made in

obedience to a joint resolution of your two Houses. Admirable in spirit, ample in explanation of the circumstances under which the arrest was made, and in expressions of regard for the rights and sovereignty of the State, I am sure that, accompanying as it did the prompt surrender of the accused, it cannot fail to give you the satisfaction I experienced on its perusal.

In view of the threatened invasion of the State, I have been advised by the War Department to call out the militia to assist in repelling it. Having consulted with the General in command of this department, I concluded to do so, but am at least doubtful of my authority to take the step, while your body is in session. Not wishing to exercise any doubtful authority when your presence and approbation may so easily make it certain, I most respectfully recommend that I be authorized immediately to call out such portion of the militia as may be deemed sufficient to meet the present emergency.

I have the honor herewith to transmit copies of resolutions on various subjects, of the Legislatures of the States of South-Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, forwarded to me by their respective Executives, with a request that they be laid before you. The most important of these relates to the proposition of guaranteeing to each State of its proportion of the confederate war debt, and to these I invite your early and deliberate attention.

I am also pleased to be able to inform you that the correspondence conducted by me with the War Department at your request, in relation to the burning of cotton in Eastern North-Carolina, was entirely satisfactory, though for prudential reasons I thought it improper to make it public.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 21.

Z. B. VANCE.

Doc. 109.

COLONEL MIX'S EXPEDITION INTO NORTH-CAROLINA.

NEWBERN, N. C., January 22, 1863.

THE Third New-York cavalry, Colonel Simon H. Mix, returned to this point last night, after having accomplished a successful five days' raid into Onslow, Trent, and Jones counties. They left here on last Saturday morning. The command consisted of eight companies, namely, A, B, C, F, G, K, L, and M, divided into two battalions, commanded by Majors Garrard and Cole, and the howitzer battery of the regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Allis, the whole under command of Colonel Mix, seconded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis.

As the regiment passed through the town *en route* for their destination, they rode in columns of fours; every man wearing a smiling countenance, as if going on a holiday parade. They crossed the river at a point near this town, and followed the road on the margin of the river to Pollocksville. They took five days' rations in the wagons, with the usual ambulances and other necessary equipage. On reaching Pollocksville,

twelve miles distant from here, they found the bridge across Mill Creek, a tributary of the Trent, destroyed. This bridge was forty feet long, and was destroyed by the rebels last summer. From this place to Pollocksville the road, although sandy and level, is skirted by dense pine woods, here and there interspersed by swamps; yet it was considered in good order, for this part of the country. Here and there, as the regiment proceeded, was seen an old plantation owner's home, and the usual concomitants in the distance, the frail negro huts.

After reaching Pollocksville, to continue the route of the regiment, it was necessary to rebuild the bridge destroyed near this town. For this purpose the regiment was accompanied by a detachment of contraband negroes, who were styled "native pioneers." The work was at once commenced, and after the expiration of six hours' hard labor, a good deal of sweating and considerable swearing, the work was accomplished.

The regiment then proceeded through Pollocksville. On reaching a point about one mile distant from the bridge, on the road to Trenton, and turning an angle in the road, the troops marching in close column, with an advance-guard fifty yards in front of the main body, the latter were fired upon by a small body of the enemy in ambush. The direction of the fire was so well concealed that nothing was known of it but the peculiar whizzing of the bullets. This fire from the rebels, fortunately, wounded none of our men. The column was halted. Small parties of observation were sent forward, on the return of which, they reported the road blockaded with felled timber as far as they could observe, extending over a mile. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Colonel Mix then ordered his auxiliary corps of contrabands to proceed in the advance, and, with the use of their axes, to clear the road of obstructions. In a few minutes the woods on either side resounded with the music of axes, the melody of which was interrupted with the quaint sayings of the dusky axmen, and the commands of their white superiors. By the time the obstructions were removed, it was deemed unadvisable to move farther during this day, and the regiment encamped to remain through the night. Pickets were thrown out, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise by the enemy. The troops bivouacked in the woods, and enjoyed themselves as best they could over the blaze of the camp-fire.

At daylight the troops were in saddle, having previously discussed their ante-march meal. All were in good spirits, and hilarity and jocundity prevailed along the column. Whenever Colonel Mix, Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis, or the gallant Majors Garrard or Cole would pass the column in conveying orders, they were received with hearty cheers. Their presence seemed sufficient to fire the men with enthusiasm.

Midway between Pollocksville and Trenton, on approaching a gorge in the wood, timber obstructions were found along the way. The contraband auxiliaries were again brought to the front, and

the music of the axes was soon heard. At times the working party was fired upon, but no material damage was done. The obstructions being removed, the regiment dashed along in fine style, the men full of ardor and enthusiasm.

At eleven o'clock A.M., the village of Trenton (on the Trent) was reached, the inhabitants therein, with a few exceptions, fleeing the town. Trenton is a village of eight hundred inhabitants, with about seventy houses. It has the usual appendages of a small town—has a dilapidated appearance. It is the county-seat of Jones County. The natives that were left when our troops entered, said their confreeres had "gone up country," (to Dixie.) The Registrar of the county, a fellow of corpulent dimensions and a jolly red nose, received our troops, acknowledged himself a "secesh," deprecated the war, and swore like a trooper. He was too old for consideration, and his carcass not worth the expense or trouble of making him a prisoner.

I should have stated, that before reaching Trenton, a body of rebel cavalry was seen by our advanced-guard. On observing our troops, they cut the mill-dam, which flowed into the road this side of Trenton. The water rose to about two feet, but this did not impede the advance of our troops. The rebel force, observed at this point, consisted of two companies of cavalry and one of infantry. These rebels got behind one of the blockades near Trenton, but when the howitzer-battery of the cavalry commenced playing upon them, they retreated pell mell. They did not appear to relish the grape and canister compliments.

The rebels burned the bridge across the Trent River, to impede our advance. This bridge was about one hundred feet long. Colonel Mix again ordered the contraband pioneers to the front, planted his howitzers so as to command their operations, and the rebuilding of the bridge was commenced. The bridge completed, the troops crossed, and followed the road leading to Whitehall, distant from Trenton about seven miles. The route was through a dense wood, at times flanked by swamps. They then came up to another bridge, which the rebel runaways had just commenced to destroy. The last rebel, while attempting to move one of the planks of the bridge, was shot dead by one of our carbineers. The attempted destruction of the bridge by the rebels was a failure; it was a success when our troops fired it. This being completed, our troops pursued their route to a point within seventeen miles of Kenansville, on the Wilmington and Goldsboro Railroad, but learning that the enemy were in force at that town, changed our course to a more southerly or circuitous route. The road leading to Kenansville was heavily blockaded with felled timber. The regiment was then countermarched, and returned to Trenton, where it encamped for the night.

The night previous was cold, damp, and chilly. The troops bivouacked in the open air, but not a murmur was heard in the whole command—officers and men sharing the same exposure. The command left Trenton at daylight, proceed-

ing *en route* of march back to within four miles of Pollocksville, the same road the regiment passed over the day previous. From this point they made a detour to another road, marched eight miles, and again reached Young's Cross-Roads, seventeen miles from Trenton. The country in this vicinity was well scoured, farm-houses and barns searched, but nothing in the shape of armed rebels were found. The houses were nearly all deserted, and here and there were observed the ruins of houses destroyed by rebel hands. A bridge, laid down in the military map as crossing a creek, was sought, but nothing but ruins were discovered. The regiment having marched thirty-five miles, the Colonel ordered a halt. The troops bivouacked in a lovely piece of woods, and the men, as they discussed their improvised evening meal, forgot the fatigue of the day and made no murmurs, except their regrets for not getting "a fair show at the rebs." On reaching this point, and before coming to a halt, six rebel cavalymen were discovered, but they retreated on observing our advance. At Young's Cross-Roads the bridge crossing the stream to Onslow Court-House, or Jacksonville, was found destroyed. It was forty feet long, over a deep, rapid stream. On the opposite side the river bank was heavily stockaded and pierced for rifles. On this point the howitzer-battery was brought into use, and for five minutes a brisk interchange of shots was had; but the grape from the battery of the Third regiment soon drove the rebels. At this point the rebel officer in command was shot dead at the first discharge. His body was pierced in three places. During the night the bridge across this stream was partially rebuilt, and was continued until eleven o'clock A.M. the next day, when it was completed.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the regiment crossed the bridge, and started in the direction of Onslow Court-House, twenty-five miles distant from Young's. They had proceeded but five miles when they came upon a rebel cavalry camp. It was in plain sight before the rebels were aware of our approach. Major Cole, of the Third battalion, was in advance, and at once ordered a charge on the rebels, which he did with his squadron, the troops moving at a gallop. The rebels were on the alert and scrambled to their saddles. The charge was amusing. From the first time they saw our troops to the time when we reached the rebel camp, the rebels commenced throwing away their arms, equipments, guns, sabres, haversacks, coats, hats, etc. It was a regular John Gilpin chase, the rebels being the fleetest of foot. In the chase the rebels were fired upon whenever the nature of the ground would permit, at times emptying saddles. When our troops reached a point about six miles from the place where the chase commenced, numerous rebel wagons, loaded with forage and army stores, were overtaken and their contents captured. The rebels attempted to empty the wagons and escape with them, but in this they were frustrated. Our troops next reached a gorge heavily wooded on both sides, a creek running through

the centre, and a bridge crossing the creek. The bridge was prepared in such a manner that, after the retreat of the rebel troops over it, it could be destroyed before our troops could get over it. Colonel Baker, the rebel officer who had charge of the destruction of this bridge, did it skilfully after his retreating troops had passed it. The last rebel crossing this bridge sprung a trap, and the bridge was rendered untenable. On the opposite side of the river the rebels had a splendid redoubt, with just room enough for one horse to enter at a time. From this work the rebels opened a brisk fire of musketry on our troops, which fire was as promptly returned by ours. At the first fire of the rebels, private Charles Morey, of company C, Third New-York cavalry, was shot dead. He was struck in the head by a buckshot. The same volley wounded private Archibald McCarty, of the same company. He was shot in both hands, in the head, and in the leg. His wounds are not considered serious, and he will recover. Several horses were shot dead or wounded.

After the first volley from the rebels, the cavalry howitzer-battery was brought to the front, and a shower of shrapnel sent into the rebel works. It was subsequently learned that the rebel loss in this affair—which was a success to our side—was heavy, including the rebel commander, who was killed. Three horses were seen on the rebel side galloping off without riders.

Under cover of the fire of our howitzers the bridge was rebuilt, before the completion of which the rebels had retreated. This bridge was across what is known as the North-east River, four miles distant from Onslow Court-House. The rebels had got well off in the retreat, and had crossed the bridge of the New River before our troops could overtake them.

When the last of the rebels reached the eastern bank of the river, they were only in time to set the Jacksonville bridge, three hundred yards long—a fine structure—in flames. The rapidity with which the torch was applied to this work, among the best public works of North-Carolina, shows that the rebels had anticipated our movements in that direction, and prepared for the destruction of this bridge. So far as the actual damage to us goes, it is a mere trifle; to the rebels the loss will be severely felt. Should it become necessary for our army to cross this stream at any time, our pontoons can soon be thrown over it. The destruction of this bridge ended for the present the pursuit of the rebels. Late in the afternoon Colonel Mix counter-marched his regiment, and returned to Young's Mills with three rebel prisoners and a numerous staff of contrabands, who joined the rear of our troops to escape from their masters. Some of these negroes had been living secreted from their masters in the woods for upward of five months, and sustained life only with what scanty food they received from friendly negroes. Our troops travelled fifty-two miles in ten hours on this, the fourth day. The regiment reached camp at

eleven o'clock P.M., after being exposed to a most pitiless, cold, drenching rain-storm, the horses sinking hoof-deep at every step. The rebel troops opposed to ours in this raid were Rheinhart's cavalry, Perkins's cavalry, Nethercoate's Partisan Rangers, Oglesby's cavalry, and Ned Wade's cavalry. These troops wear no uniforms. They wear common homespun of various hues, and seem to eschew attempts to appear like soldiers.

The return home was ordered to-day, and the regiment marched from Young's Cross-Roads to Newbern, twenty-one miles, bringing with them the prizes. They entered Newbern with flags flying and trumpets sounding, and, although somewhat bespattered with mud, yet every man bore a cheerful countenance, and seemed ready for another dash at the rebels. From some of the prisoners it was learned that Stonewall Jackson is in command at Wilmington, and Longstreet, each with their respective corps, at Goldsboro. Among the trophies captured at Trenton, were two American regimental standards, one belonging to the Twenty-first brigade North-Carolina militia, and the other to the Eighteenth brigade. Both these regiments held themselves loyal until the pressure of public opinion made them give way. Another important capture by the gallant Third was a numerous pack of bloodhounds, belonging to Mr. McDaniel, which were used for catching runaway negroes. An old negro, the trainer, had charge of them when the capture was made. In reply to a question relative to the leading dog, the old negro replied: "Dat he would fotch a nigger from a swamp quick enough, if he only smell his heel." The result of this raid was, that three counties of North-Carolina—Onslow, Trent, and Jones—on which our troops have never been before, were secured, and the rebels driven out; prisoners, arms, negroes, mules, and colors captured, and much valuable information obtained.

Colonel Mix, Lieut.-Col. Lewis, (recently promoted,) the gallant soldiers Garrard and Cole—both of whose names belong to the history of the battles of Kinston, Whitehall, and Goldsboro—were on this occasion ever on the alert, and were prepared at all times for a desperate opposition to the rebels.

The Government should send to this point without delay at least two additional cavalry regiments. There is a wide field for them here to operate upon, and this measure would afford some relief to the Third cavalry, which have been hard at work for the last year.

Doc. 110.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S SECOND ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, JANUARY 23, 1863. }

The second attempt on the part of the army of the Potomac to obtain possession of the southern

bank of the Rappahannock as a base of operations against Richmond has been foiled. If the weather had continued favorable, we should have succeeded last Wednesday morning in successfully laying the pontoons some miles above Falmouth. We should have thrown a hundred thousand men over to the other side of the river. We should have surprised the enemy, for our preliminary feints and operations had succeeded in puzzling them and dividing their forces, and we were forty-eight hours ahead of them. We should have obtained possession of the fortified heights in the rear of Fredericksburgh, and thus of the whole line of the Rappahannock River. It is even possible that we should have been able to push on, as was proposed, directly to the North-Anna, and seized a base of operations against Richmond twenty miles nearer the rebel capital. This is a large draft we are making on fortune, but it is not unreasonable. The plan was an excellent one. Every military man disapproved the mode of attack adopted last time. Every military man approved the mode of attack adopted this time. It is impossible to help feeling a certain spite at having success, due to us by labor and hope, thus snatched out of our fingers by some elfish fate.

It is now no secret that the point selected for crossing the Rappahannock was Banks's Ford, six miles above Falmouth, and from eight to ten miles removed from the ground occupied by the army. This point of passage was selected at the very last moment, and after every other available locality along the river, for a stretch of fifty miles, had been carefully examined.

The rebels, anticipating that we would, ere long, make another attempt to cross the river, and that when we did, it would be above or below Fredericksburgh, had distributed a corps of observation and double lines of pickets, from the fords of the Upper Rappahannock, twenty-five miles above our position, to Port Royal, twenty-five miles below. They had also busily filled up the interval since the battle of Fredericksburgh, in fortifying every point available for crossing, by throwing up earth-works and digging rifle-pits.

Their experience at Fredericksburgh had taught them all the use of these powerful auxiliaries in barring the passage of a river, and the amount of work they have done, in dotting a line fifty miles long with improvised field-works, rifle-pits and abattis, is almost incredible.

They have been further assisted in guarding this line, by the knowledge that a crossing would hardly be attempted except near one of the fords or shallows of the river. Ordinary military prudence would dictate this on our part, for it would hardly do to put before the army, in case of the destruction of the pontoons, the frightful alternative of an impassable stream between them and retreat. Now, there are only some ten or a dozen of these fords, and it is obvious what an advantage this puts into the hands of the enemy, by limiting the number of points necessary to be guarded by them.

As the rebels had posted a heavy picket-force at each of these points, there remained but one

course—to make preparations as though for crossing at each of them, and so deceive the enemy as to our real intentions. It was quite impossible to make preparations at any one exclusive point with such secrecy that the rebels should not become aware of it; while their central position, distributed along the line of the railroad, and having beside an excellent plank-road, would enable them rapidly to concentrate, meet, and repel us.

This work was well done on our part, for it is now possible to speak of it. Every locality available for crossing was carefully examined. Elaborate preparations for forcing a passage even were made at various points along the river. New roads were cut through the forest to afford readier access to the fords—pontoons were sent to the vicinity, batteries were planted, rifle-pits were dug and cavalry demonstrations were made all along the line. The Chief of Artillery and Chief-Engineer were indefatigable in their riding, surveying, and scrutinizing.

The locality first actually chosen to make the crossing, and determined upon some three weeks ago, was Skinner's Neck, ten miles below Fredericksburgh. Here the river makes a reëntering bend, forming a promontory a couple of miles in extent. The advantages of this position, enabling us to place gunboats on each side of the Neck, and plant batteries perfectly covering our crossing, are obvious enough. This point selected, urgent preparations were set on foot with a view to a crossing.

In the mean time, every rood of the river margin both above and below Fredericksburgh, was surveyed with critical care. The result of this survey was the conviction that the fords some distance above, were on the whole, preferable to the point selected.

The reason of this will become apparent from one or two topographical considerations.

Following the sinuosities of the Rappahannock is a ridge of hills varying from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height. This terrace varies in distance from the river margin—in places coming down flush with it, and elsewhere running back for a maximum distance of a couple of miles. The interval between the river and the ridge is a perfectly level plain, over which the river at one time flowed, the ridge having in geological times, formed the bank of the river. It was this plain over which our troops had to pass, and which was so murderously swept by the rebel artillery on the occasion of the battle of Fredericksburgh, especially on our left wing. It would be well this time to avoid such a slaughter-pen, and the position at Skinner's Neck was open to this cardinal objection.

Not so with the several positions on the Upper Rappahannock. At United States Ford, Banks's Ford, and elsewhere, the bluff runs down almost to the water's edge, whence there is an abrupt ascent up the height to the plateau on its top. Moreover, as the topographical configuration of our side of the river is a precise counterpart of the south side, it was easy to obtain excellent positions, within short range, for our artillery, and we could

thus hope to silence any batteries the rebels might bring to bear our passage. If, then, we should succeed in laying the pontoons, it would simply be a matter of a rush up the heights under cover of the fire of our artillery, and a key position would be gained. It should further be added that the rebels had fortified far more below than they had above; and these considerations determined the choice of some of the fords of the Upper Rappahannock as the point of traverse.

United States Ford, ten miles above Fredericksburgh, was selected as the point. Happily a far greater degree of secrecy than we had hitherto succeeded in preserving as to our projected movements was this time obtained. The pontoons, of which a large additional supply had been obtained in Washington, were sent up by a back-road and under cover of night—at the same time others were sent down the river to other points. Roads were cut to the various fords above; spots were cleared of their timber for positions for batteries—but precisely similar work was carried on at a half-dozen other points.

The weather ever since the battle of Fredericksburgh, with one or two brief exceptions, had been magnificent, and the roads were in excellent condition for military operations. All felt, however, that this season of grace, inviting to action, could not last; that a single night's rain would render the roads impracticable for the whole winter, and we could not help praying that the golden moments might be utilized. Would to Heaven they had!

Although an encouraging degree of secrecy had been observed as to the projected movement, the active preliminary preparations going on—which the rebels were made aware by their numerous spies on this side of the river—admonished them to be on the look-out here. The advance was determined for Tuesday, the twentieth. On the Thursday previous the rebel pickets were sending up signal rockets all night, and the observations of our own signal corps showed that a division of rebel infantry had been moved up to the vicinity of the ford. Presently mounds of the red clay of the region, which began to become apparent through the glass, showed that the watchful enemy was at work throwing up rifle-pits.

On Monday, at one o'clock, the troops were set in motion, Hooker's command moving in column up by one road, Franklin's by another. It was a march of but ten or a dozen miles, and night saw them encamped in the woods, within convenient distance of the fords. The crossing was to have been attempted on Tuesday morning. Information brought by our spies and scouts from the other side of the river determined a day's delay, and, at the last moment, the plan was changed. Instead of attempting the crossing at United States Ford, Gen. Burnside resolved to make it at Banks's Ford—four miles below—and the movement was put off for another day. On Wednesday morning the crossing would take place. With the first gray dawn

the pontoons would be laid under the direction of the corps of engineers, protected by our sharpshooters. It was presumed that a couple of hours would suffice to see this done, and four hours was considered enough for the crossing of the whole infantry force.

The crossing of a river, though in itself an operation belonging rather to tactics than to strategy, may yet be a cardinal point in a whole system of strategic movements. Our hope was that we should surprise the enemy at Banks's Ford. Hooker's and Franklin's grand divisions would then be thrown across the river, while at the same time one of Sumner's corps (the Second) would make a feint with pontoons, etc., some miles below Fredericksburgh. The key of the whole situation is the hills in the rear of Taylor's house, a mile back from the ford, and a mile and a half below it. If we should succeed in making the heights, and taking possession of this position, the game would be entirely in our own hands. The strong rebel position in the rear of Fredericksburgh would thus be turned, and just as soon as this was effected, Gen. Sumner was to cross at the old place, directly opposite Fredericksburgh, and attack the works in front. The reserve grand division of Gen. Sigel was assisting in guarding the line of the river and our lines of communication.

On Tuesday every preparation had been made. That day Gen. Burnside issued a general order, announcing that the army of the Potomac was "about to meet the enemy once more," and that "the auspicious moment had arrived to strike a great and mortal blow to the rebellion, and to gain that decisive victory which is due to the country." This order was read to the men that evening, and night found the infantry encamped in the woods within easy speaking distance. The positions for the batteries had all been selected. The batteries were at hand. The pontoons were within reach, a short distance back of the river.

We were sitting, the editor-in-chief of the *Times* and the present writer, in our tent at headquarters that evening, looking forward to a start on horseback for the scene of operations before daylight the following morning. About nine o'clock a light, ominous pattering was heard on the canvas roof. "It is rain!" was the exclamation, and, looking out from the tent, the heavens showed all the signs of a terrible storm. From that moment we felt that the winter campaign had ended.

It was a wild Walpurgis night, such as Goethe paints in the "Faust" while the demons held revel in the forest of the Brocken. All hopes that it would be a "mere shower" were presently blasted. It was evident we were in for a regular north-easter, and among the roughest of that rough type. Yet was there hard work done that fearful night. One hundred and fifty pieces of artillery were to be planted in the position selected for them by Gen. Hunt, Chief of Artillery—a man of rare energy and of a high order of

professional skill. The pontoons, also, were drawn nearer toward the river, but it was dreadful work; the roads, under the influence of the rain, were becoming shocking; and by daylight, when the boats should all have been on the banks, ready to slide down into the water, but fifteen had been gotten up — not enough for one bridge, and five were wanted!

The night operations had not escaped the attention of the rebels. Early in the morning a signal gun was fired opposite the ford, reminding one of that other signal gun fired by them on the morning of Thursday, the eleventh December, when we began laying the pontoon opposite Fredericksburgh, and which was the token for the concentration of the whole force at that point. It was indispensable that we should secure all the advantages of a surprise; and though our intention was thus blown to their ears early on Wednesday morning, we were, nevertheless, forty-eight hours ahead of them, and with favorable conditions should have been able to carry our position before they could possibly concentrate.

Accordingly a desperate effort was made by the Commanding General to get ready the bridges. It was obvious, however, that, even if completed, it would be impossible for us, in the then condition of the ground, to get a single piece of artillery up the opposite declivity. It would be necessary to rely wholly upon the infantry — indeed, wholly on the bayonet. Happily, if the rebels should prove to be in strong force, the country is too thickly wooded to admit of much generalship, and it was hoped that our superior weight of metal would carry the day.

Early in the forenoon I rode up to the headquarters of Gens. Hooker and Franklin, about two miles from Banks's Ford. The night's rain had made deplorable havoc with the roads. The nature of the upper geologic deposits of this region affords unequalled elements for bad roads. The sand makes the soil pliable, the clay makes it sticky, and the two together form a road out of which, when it rains, the bottom drops, but which is at the same time so tenacious that extrication from its clutch is all but impossible.

The utmost effort was put forth to get pontoons enough into position to construct a bridge or two. Double and triple teams of horses and mules were harnessed to each pontoon-boat. It was in vain. Long powerful ropes were then attached to the teams, and one hundred and fifty men were put to the task on each boat. The effort was but little more successful. They would founder through the mire for a few feet — the gang of Lilliputians with their huge-ribbed Gulliver — and then give up breathless. Night arrived, but the pontoons could not be got up. The rebels had discovered what was up, and the pickets on the opposite bank called over to ours that they "would come over to-morrow and help us build the bridge."

That night the troops again bivouacked in the same position in the woods they had held the night before. You can imagine it must have

been a desperate experience — and yet not by any means as bad as might be supposed. The men were in the woods, which afforded them some shelter from the wind and rain, and gave them a comparatively dry bottom to sleep on. Many had brought their shelter-tents; and making a flooring of spruce, hemlock, or cedar boughs, and lighting huge camp-fires, they enjoyed themselves as well as the circumstance would permit. On the following morning a whisky ration, provided by the judicious forethought of Gen. Burnside, was on hand for them.

Thursday morning saw the light struggling through an opaque envelope of mist, and dawned upon another day of storm and rain. It was a curious sight presented by the army as we rode over the ground, miles in extent, occupied by it. One might fancy some new geologic cataclysm had overtaken the world; and that he saw around him the elemental wrecks left by another Deluge.

An indescribable chaos of pontoons, wagons, and artillery encumbered the road down to the river — supply wagons upset by the roadside — artillery "stalled" in the mud — ammunition trains mired by the way. Horses and mules dropped down dead, exhausted with the effort to move their loads through the hideous medium. One hundred and fifty dead animals, many of them buried in the liquid muck, were counted in the course of a morning's ride. And the muddle was still further increased by the bad arrangements, or rather the failure to execute the arrangements that had been made. It was designed that Franklin's column should advance by one road and Hooker's by another. But, by mistake, a portion of the troops of the left grand division debouched into the road assigned to the centre, and cutting in between two divisions of one of Hooker's corps, threw every thing into confusion. In consequence, the woods and roads have for the past two days been filled with stragglers, though very many of them were involuntary stragglers, and were evidently honestly seeking to rejoin their regiments.

It was now no longer a question of how to go on; if it was a question how to get back. That night (Thursday) the three days' cooked rations which the men had taken in their haversacks when starting, would give out, and the other six days' provisions were in the supply trains, which stuck fast in the mud miles behind. Indeed, the rations had already, in many cases, given out, and boxes of hard crackers were brought up on mules or carried on men's shoulders. An order from General Burnside to withdraw the forces to their old position was momentarily expected. It did not come, but instead, another order stating that Gen. Burnside had "good reasons" for commanding the troops to hold their present position till to-day.

But whether we should move forward or backward, the first requisite obviously was to put the roads in such a condition as would admit of movement at all. Accordingly, all the available

force was at once set to work corduroying the "rotten" roads and putting them into some kind of practical condition.

Early this morning the army was ordered back to its old camping ground, and about noon the infantry began to pass by these headquarters. The lads trudged along tired enough, but jolly withal, and disposed to be quite facetious over the "mud campaign," whose odd experiences will doubtless long form the theme of conversation around many a camp-fire.

Thus ends an enterprise which had every human promise of success, but which has been baulked and brought to naught by causes which mortal ken could neither have foreseen nor prevented. The fatal part played by the elements needs no comment. Whether this drawback might not have been overcome by vigorous effort and hearty coöperation on the part of the military leaders, is a question much mooted here. There are those who assert, that had it not been for the apathy of some in high places of military command, we might still have carried the day. This question, however, is one more fit to be brought to another bar than that of these columns.

There is, however, another point on which I cannot forbear to say a word. One of your Washington telegrams, referring to the causes of the late failure, says: "The Quartermaster's department, as usual, when an important movement is being executed, was behind with its supplies." I have not scrupled in this correspondence to use the privileges of criticism to its fullest extent, and can say to the reader, therefore, that this is a total misapprehension. Abundant supplies were on hand, and there are at this moment more than six million rations stored here in convenient depots. Our chief lack is not in the material, but the moral order. We do not fail for want of food or clothing, or ammunition or arms. The army was never so well supplied with all these things. No! The disease is of a more subtle nature. It is in the blood and brain. We want energy, capacity, faith, devotion.

"'Tis life of which our veins are scant."

The only compensation left us in the failure of a movement, which, if made a week ago, would in all probability have been successful, is that we did *not* succeed in making it at the present time. If the storm which has stopped us on the north side of the Rappahannock had embargoed us on the south side, what is to-day only a misfortune, might have been a great disaster. There has been no opportunity of testing how the men would behave on again meeting the enemy. This time they have been tried by enduring rather than acting. But I believe that, in spite of all the drawbacks, they would have behaved well. And certainly, if "they conquer who suffer," the behavior of the army of the Potomac, amid circumstances so discouraging, may be counted half a battle and a whole victory. —*N. Y. Times.*

Doc. 111.

BARBARITIES OF THE REBELS.

GENERAL DODGE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF CORINTH, MISS., }
January 24, 1863. }

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit a few of the outrages committed upon the citizens of Alabama by the confederate troops. While all their leaders, from the President down, are boasting of their carrying on this war in accordance with the laws which govern nature in such cases, and are charging upon our troops all kinds of depredations and outrages, I think a few simple facts might put them to blush, and make those parties, and our press and people who are seconding the efforts of Davis to cast a stigma upon us, ashamed of the work they are doing. I will state merely what I know to be true.

Abe Canadi and Mr. Mitchell were hung two weeks ago for being Union men. They lived on the Hacklebon settlement, Marion County, Alabama.

Mr. Hallwork and his daughter, of the same county, were both shot for the same cause. The latter was instantly killed; the former is still alive, but will probably die.

Peter Lewis, and three of his neighbors, were hunted down by one hundred bloodhounds, and captured.

The houses of Messrs. Palmer, Welsby, Williams, and the three Weightmans, and of some thirty others, were burned over their heads. The women and children were turned out of doors, and the community was notified that if they allowed them to go into other houses, or fed or harbored them in any manner, they would be served the same.

Mr. Peterson, living at the head of Bull Mountain, was shot.

I am now feeding some one hundred of these families, who, with their women and children, some gray-haired men, and even cripples on crutches, were driven out, and found their way here, through the woods and highways, without food or shelter. All this was done for the simple reason that they were Union men, or that they had brothers or relatives in our army.

The statements of these people are almost beyond belief, did we not have the evidence before us. I am informed by them that there are hundreds of loyal men and women in the woods of Alabama, waiting for an opportunity to escape.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. M. DODGE,
Brigadier-General.

Captain R. M. SAWYER,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Memphis.

Doc. 112.

CAPTURE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

REAR-ADMIRAL DU PONT'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, PORT ROYAL, S. C., }
January 31, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to report the capture, on the morning of the twenty-ninth instant, of the

screw-steamer *Princess Royal*, while attempting to run the blockade into Charleston.

The following are the circumstances connected with her capture :

After standing in a mile and a half, Lieut. Commander Quackenbush observed a steamer standing along the land, in the direction of Charleston. He fired two shots toward her, when her course was altered toward the beach, and she was run ashore. Two officers, and an armed boat's crew, were immediately sent to take possession. She proved to be the iron steam propeller *Princess Royal*, last from Bermuda, four days out, and laden, as far as he could learn, with rifled guns, arms, ammunition, steam-engines for the iron-clads, and an assorted cargo. On taking possession, it was ascertained that the Captain, supercargo, pilot, and some of the petty officers, and a passenger, had left the ship when she struck, and escaped to the shore, which fact was substantiated by the Chief Mate, under supercargo, and Chief-Engineer, as well as by seeing the two missing boats lying on the beach deserted.

By the active exertions of Acting Master E. Van Size, and Acting Ensign R. W. Cornell, of the *Unadilla*, assisted by a boat's crew from the United States steamers *Housatonic* and *Augusta*, and schooners *Blunt* and *America*, aided by two of the engineers of the prize, she was got off without sustaining any injury.

There not being sufficient coal on board the *Princess Royal* to send her North, she was ordered, by the senior officer, to this port, to obtain a supply. No papers pertaining to the ship or cargo, were found on board of her at the time, except the shipping-articles and a log-book ; but after her arrival here, Acting Master Van Size, of the *Unadilla*, the officer in charge of the prize, discovered, accidentally, in looking over the side, certain papers which had lodged in the fender, in the attempt to throw them overboard. These refer principally to the cargo, and with the papers before mentioned, (which were all that were found on board,) will be forwarded to the United States District Judge, at Philadelphia.

The under supercargo, Hoxley ; the Chief Mate, Shaw ; the Captain's clerk, a young man named Hacksley, whose father is said to be interested in the cargo, two of the engineers, and several of the firemen, go North in the prize. The rest of the crew will be sent by the first opportunity.

I desire to call the attention of the department to the fact that in this prize are two complete engines, said to be of great power, and intended for iron-clads. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. DU PONT,

Rear-Admiral Com'g South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.
HON. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

Doc. 113.

BATTLE OF BEAR RIVER, W. T.

DESERET "NEWS" ACCOUNT.

DESERET, February 10.

IN the last issue of the *News*, and the one pre-
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ceding that, we noticed, as far as we had information, "the expedition for the arrest of Indian chiefs, and the fight with the Indians." The volunteers have now returned to their quarters on the beach, east of the city, and through them we learn the facts in detail of the expedition, and of a hard-fought battle, which, though in a locality outside of our territorial limits, will not be the less felt in its results by our citizens. As we have been freely furnished with what information we have requested, we give it as freely to our readers at home and abroad.

At the time we noticed the departure of the infantry under Captain Hoyt, and of the cavalry under Major McGarry. We now learn that the former had sixty-nine men of company K, Third infantry, and the latter had two hundred and twenty men of companies A, H, M, and K, Second cavalry. These, together with twelve mounted men as an escort to the baggage train, and Col. Connor, Major McGarry, Major Gallagher, and Lieut. Berry, constituted the entire fighting force that went North. Guides and others attached to the company are, of course, not counted. Five or six irregulars, among them "Dutch Joe," a gentleman with whom we have no acquaintance, went in and had a free fight, by way of wiping off all scores with the Indians ; so altogether, the force exceeded a little over three hundred men.

The judiciary probably regard the marching of the expedition as an aid to the U. S. Marshal, in serving writs for the apprehension of several chiefs ; but it is quite as probable that the movement was but a part of the campaign upon which Colonel Connor and the volunteers have entered to clear the north and central routes to California of the marauding, thieving Indians, whose murderous hostilities we were so frequently called upon to record last summer. Two previous expeditions under Major McGarry were but the prelude to that which we have now to record, and as far as we can learn, conjecture leads to the conclusion that the end of expeditions has not yet come, and that the Colonel will either make an end of Pocotello and San Pitch, with their bands, this summer, or drive them far enough from the northern route to render it safe for the emigrants.

On reaching Bear River, though it was yet early daylight, by the aid of his field-glass, the Colonel could plainly discover the position of the Indians on the north side of the river. The cavalry dismounted, loaded arms, remounted, and Major McGarry had orders to lead across the river, and, if possible, surround the Indians. Companies K and M, Lieut. Chase and Captain Price, first reached the banks on the north side, after considerable difficulty from the ice in the bottom of the river, and from the masses of ice that were carried along with the current. Companies H and A, Captain McLean and Lieutenant Quinn, followed close behind them. The first companies galloped up the base of a range of hills to the east, and formed in line of battle ; but before all the men had dismounted, the Indians sent a shower of lead among them,

wounding one of the volunteers. The first companies were deployed as skirmishers, and ordered along the front of the ravine. The two other companies were up immediately after, and dismounting, were ordered forward in the same manner.

The Indians had excellent winter quarters in a deep ravine, about three fourths of a mile long, running almost directly due north from Bear River into the mountains that formed their protection on their left. The banks of the ravine east and west were almost perpendicular, with only three places of difficult approach, which the Indians had made for their own convenience, and for the annoyance of any approaching enemy. Anticipating an attack, they had cut steps in the east side of the banks of the ravine, from which they could conveniently fire without exposure, and descend again for perfect security. Besides these natural advantages in the ravine, on each side there were rising benches about ten feet apart, which also gave the Indians the advantage over their exposed enemy, who had to discover suddenly that ready rifles awaited their approach.

In the ravine, the wick-i-ups were planted among the willows, which partly concealed them, and the lower portions were embanked outside with rock and earth. With considerable ingenuity, they had interwoven the willows to the east of their wick-i-ups, with loop-holes through which they could fire without exposure. They had also forked sticks set in the ground to serve as rests for their rifles, and with these, no doubt considered themselves safe enough against any force likely to be brought against them.

As the troops formed in line of battle, the Indians seemed to look upon the coming struggle with particularly good humor. While one of the chiefs rode up and down in front of the ravine, brandishing his spear in the face of the volunteers, the warriors in front sung out: "Fours right, fours left; come on, you California sons of —!" On such a polite invitation, the word was given to "advance," and gradually as the volunteers neared the ravine the Indians retired over the benches, awaited calmly their approach, and sent at them a murderous fire that was sensibly felt everywhere. A large number of men fell dead, several fell mortally wounded, and others threw themselves to the ground to abide their time and adopt another style of fighting. The word was passed along the line for the men not to waste their ammunition, and to protect themselves as much as possible. In the advance of company K, Lieutenant Chase was first wounded in the wrist, and in a moment or two received his mortal wound, but kept his saddle for about twenty minutes longer, urging on his men in the fight. Captain McLean, in the advance with company M, was wounded in the right hand, but kept on toward the ravine with revolver in his left hand, till he received a dangerous wound in the left thigh, which has caused him much suffering, and threatens his life.

The Colonel, seeing the advantageous position of the Indians, resorted to strategy, and sent

Major McGarry with a small detachment of dismounted cavalry to cross the north end of the ravine, to flank the Indians on the left, and take them in the rear. The infantry hearing the firing, while yet distant from the scene of action, hastened up and attempted to cross the river; but it was too deep for footmen, and they had to fall back. Colonel Connor sent over to them the cavalry horses, with which they crossed, and wet and freezing they entered the fight. Capt. Hoyt was ordered to support Major McGarry in the flanking movement, and with his company succeeded in scrambling up the hill, skirmishing as they went, till they finally reached the west side, where, with the troops north and east, they kept up an enfilading fire on the Indians that ultimately drove them down into the central and lower portions of the ravine. The Indians, in the opening of the fight, had the best of it, and the volunteers fell like the leaves in autumn, but the tide of fortune changed, and savage ferocity was outmatched by generalship, brave men and good rifles.

As the work of death progressed, and the result was now clearly seen, the lower portion of the ravine became the object of interest. Capt. Price, with a detachment of men from companies K and M, were doing fearful execution. In the space of five minutes, eight of his men had fallen in death or were mortally wounded; but others taking their places, the contest was kept up, and at the close of the struggle, forty-eight Indians were lying together in a heap, which showed how bravely they had fought for life. Lieut. Quinn, with a small detachment, had entered the ravine from the east, and did, in the language of report, "excellent execution," while Lieutenant Clark, with another detachment, commanded the mouth of the ravine, and did also "his duty," as the Indians were driven toward the river.

By this time the fight had lasted nearly four hours; many of the men with feet so badly frozen that they could scarcely walk, and others with fingers so frozen that they could not tell they had a cartridge in their hands, unless they looked for it there.

The Indians, bravely as they fought, could not withstand the indomitable will and bravery of the troops, and presently the detachments stationed at the mouth of the ravine detected the Indians breaking. A wild yell from the troops announced this fact to the Colonel, and in an instant he had Lieutenants Berry, Quinn, and Conrad with a detachment of mounted cavalry charging furiously down the river, and cut off the Indian retreat at that point. The Indians being thus encircled and brought to bay, an almost hand-to-hand conflict ensued, all along the riverbank. Colonel Connor and Major Gallagher then galloped down among the troops, and another severe fight took place. In a few seconds Lieut. Quinn had his horse shot from under him, and Lieutenant Berry was badly wounded in the right shoulder, and here, also, a number of the men fell. A few minutes after Lieutenant Berry fell, Major Gallagher received a painful wound in the

left arm, the ball passing through it entering his side, while one of the men close by Col. Connor was shot from his horse. Soon the Indians were completely broken, and in full retreat, but very few of them escaped.

We have learned nothing more definite with regard to the number of Indians killed than what we stated last week. From two hundred and fifty to three hundred were undoubtedly killed in the fight, or in the river in the attempt to escape. The chiefs, Bear-Hunter, Sag-Witch, and Lehi, were among the slain.

A thousand bushels of wheat, and a large amount of beef and provisions, together with an abundant supply of powder, lead, bullets, and caps were found in the encampment. There were numerous evidences of emigrant plunder, such as modern cooking utensils, looking-glasses, combs, brushes, fine rifles and pistols, and such things as the Indians were likely to consider worthy of preservation, when they had attacked and robbed the emigrants. Wagon-covers, with the names of their unfortunate owners, were also lying around, and patching up their wick-i-ups. What the command thought worth bringing to camp they took, and destroyed the balance, leaving enough only for the preservation of the squaws and papooses. Among the trophies of war were one hundred and seventy-five ponies that the Indians had tied up to the willows during the fight.

On the side of the volunteers, the following is a carefully prepared

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED AND CASUALTIES.

Second cavalry, company A.—Killed: Privates James W. Baldwin and George German.

Mortally wounded: Private John W. Wall.

Badly wounded: Privates Jas. S. Montgomery, John Welsh, and Wm. H. Lake.

Slightly wounded: William Jay.

Feet frozen badly: Corporal Adolphus Spraggle and private John D. Marker.

Feet frozen slightly: Bugler I. Kearney; privates Samuel L'Hommedieu, R. McNulty, and G. Swan.

Company M.—Killed: Wagoner Asa F. Howard; privates George C. Cox and Geo. C. Hoton.

Seriously wounded: Sergeant Anthony Stevens; Corporal L. W. Hughes; privates W. H. Hood, L. D. Hughes, J. Legget, E. C. Chase, T. Barcafar, and Wm. Davis.

Slightly wounded: Sergeant Lorin Robbins; privates R. Miller, M. Forbes, and P. Hunbert; bugler A. Hoffner.

Feet frozen: Sergeant John Cullen; Corporals A. P. Hewett and Wm. Steel; privates W. W. Collins, James Dyer, and John McGonagle.

Hand frozen: Private A. J. Case.

Company H.—Killed: Privates John K. Briggs and Charles L. Hollowell.

Seriously wounded: Captain Daniel McClean; Sergt. Jas. Cantillon; Corporals Philip Schaub, Patrick Frauley; privates Michael O'Brian, H. L. Fisher, John Franklin, Hen. Connor, Joseph Clowes, Thompson Ridge, James Logan.

Slightly wounded: Privates Barbele, C. Hutchinson, Frank Farley.

Company K.—Killed: Privates Lewis Anderson, Christian Smith, Shelburne C. Reed, Adolphus Rowe, and Henry W. Trepmpf.

Seriously wounded: Lieutenant Darwin Chase; private Wm. Slocum.

Slightly wounded: Privates Albert N. Parker, John S. Lee, Walter B. Welton, Nathaniel Kensley.

Slightly wounded: Sergt. Sylvaniaus S. Longley, Corporal Benjamin Lauds; privates Patrick H. Kelly, Eugene J. Brady, Silas C. Bush, John Daley, Robert Hargrave, Morris Illig, Alonzo A. P. V. McCoy.

Frozen feet: Sergt. Wm. L. Beach; Corporals William L. White and James R. Hunt; privates Stradge Ansley, Matthew Armone, David Briston, Fred. W. Becker, Nathaniel Chapman, Samuel Caldwell, Joseph Chapman, John G. Hertle, Chas. B. Horse, Joseph Hill, George Johnston, Jefferson Lincoln, Arthur Mitchell, James McKown, Alonzo R. Palmer, Charles Wilson.

Third infantry, company K.—Killed: Privates John E. Barker, Samuel W. Thomas.

Seriously wounded: Sergeant A. J. Austin, E. C. Hoyt; privates John Hensley, Thos. B. Walker.

Frozen feet: Sergeants C. J. Herron, C. F. Williams; Corporals Wm. Bennett, John Lattman, John Wingate; privates Joseph German, James Urquhart, Wm. S. John, Algeray Ramsdell, James Epperson, A. J. F. Randell, William Farnham, John Baurland, Giles Ficknor, Alfred Peusho, B. B. Bigelow, J. Anderson, F. Bouralso, Wm. Brouch, A. L. Bailey, William Charleton, D. Donahue, C. H. Godbold, J. Heywood, C. Heath, J. Manning, Wm. Way.

RECAPITULATION.

Co.	Regiment.	Killed.	Wounded.	Feet frozen.	Total.
A,	Second cavalry,	2	5	7	14
H,	Second cavalry,	2	11	16	29
K,	Second cavalry,	5	14	21	40
M,	Second cavalry,	3	15	8	26
K,	Third infantry,	2	4	27	33
Totals,		14	49	79	142

DIED AFTER THE BATTLE.

Private William Davis, company M, Second cavalry, February 2, at Ogden.

Lieutenant Darwin Chase, company K, Second cavalry, February 4, at Farmington.

Sergeant James Cantillon, company H, Second cavalry, February 5, at Camp Douglas.

Private William Slocum, company K, Second cavalry, February 5, at Camp Douglas.

Sergt. A. Stevens, company M, Second cavalry, February 6, at Camp Douglas.

Private M. O'Brian, company H, Second cavalry, February 6, at Camp Douglas.

Corporal P. Frawley, company H, Second cavalry, February 8, at Camp Douglas.

Private W. Wall, company A, Second cavalry, February 8, at Camp Douglas.

The moment the battle was over, the first at-

tention was given to the wounded, and before the sun had set and closed to them that memorable day, Colonel Connor had them all transported to the south side of the river, where Dr. Reed rendered them every surgical aid, and, as well as possible, dressed their wounds to prepare them for the return journey to camp. The living gathered up the dead and placed them in the baggage-wagons, and bivouacked in the snow for the night. Next morning the wounded were started homeward on sleighs, in which they travelled as far as Farmington, where they were changed into carriages and wagons, and continued their journey homeward till they arrived at camp during the night of the second instant. On the evening of the fourth, Colonel Connor and the survivors of his command returned to their quarters, and so far ended their expedition.

On Thursday, the fifth, fifteen of the dead were interred with military honors by the entire command, which attracted a large concourse of spectators from the city.

At dress-parade on Sunday afternoon the following complimentary order was read to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT UTAH, }
CAMP DOUGLAS, U. T., February 6, 1863. }

The Colonel Commanding has the pleasure of congratulating the troops of this post upon the brilliant victory achieved at the battle of Bear River, Washington Territory.

After a rapid march of four nights, in intensely cold weather, through deep snow and drifts, which you endured without murmur or complaint, even when some of your number were frozen with cold, and faint with hunger and fatigue, you met our enemy, who have heretofore on two occasions defied and defeated regular troops, and who have, for the last fifteen years, been the terror of the emigrants—men, women, children, and citizens of these valleys—murdering and robbing them without fear of punishment.

At daylight on the twenty-ninth of January, 1863, you encountered the enemy, greatly your superior in numbers, and in a desperate battle, continued with unflinching courage for over four hours, you completely cut him to pieces, captured his property and arms, destroyed his stronghold, and burned his lodges.

The long list of killed and wounded is the most fitting eulogy on your courage and bravery.

The Colonel Commanding returns you his thanks. The gallant officers and men who were engaged in this battle, without invidious distinction, merit the highest praise; your uncomplaining endurance and unexampled conduct on the field, as well as your thoughtful care and kindness to the wounded, are worthy of emulation.

While we rejoice at the brilliant victory you have achieved over your savage foe, it is meet that we do honor to the memory of our brave comrades—the heroic men who fell fighting to maintain the supremacy of our arms; we deeply mourn their death and acknowledge their valor.

While the people of California will regret their

loss, they will do honor to every officer and soldier who have by their heroism added new laurels to the fair escutcheon of the State.

By order of Colonel CONNOR.

WM. L. USTICK,
First Lieut. Third Infantry, C. V., A.A.A. General.

Doc. 114.

THE LOSS OF THE ISAAC SMITH.

REPORT OF REAR-ADMIRAL DU PONT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., }
February 3, 1863. }

SIR: On Saturday, when I received information of the affairs off Charleston, referred to in my previous despatch No. 53, there were also vague rumors that two gunboats, holding Stono Inlet, had been engaged, heavy firing having been heard in that direction. At two o'clock A.M. of the first instant, the Commodore McDonough came into Port Royal, and, I regret to say, reported the capture, by three rebel batteries, of the United States steamer Isaac Smith.

It appears from Lieutenant Commanding Bacon's reports, herewith inclosed, that on the afternoon of the thirtieth ultimo he sent the Isaac Smith, Acting Lieutenant Conover, up Stono River to make a reconnoissance, as had been frequently done for weeks previous. She passed some miles beyond Legareville without seeing the enemy, and was on her way back; when about a mile above that place, and in a bend of the river, three batteries, heretofore concealed, opened a concentrated fire upon her, firing heavy rifled guns.

Lieutenant Commanding Bacon, who, with the Commodore McDonough, was anchored lower down the river, immediately on hearing the firing, proceeded to her assistance. Soon after he had got under way he discovered that a white flag was flying from the Isaac Smith, and that the firing from the shore had ceased. On arriving abreast of Legareville, she was seen to be aground about a quarter of a mile above the bend in the river, and two of her boats were observed going on shore loaded with officers and men.

The Commodore McDonough stood up toward the bend with the intention of either towing her off or destroying her. But after reaching the bend, she was fired upon by the same three batteries—one on the bend, one half a mile above the bend on St. John's Island, mounting six heavy guns, and one back and to the left of Legareville. Lieutenant Commanding Bacon immediately returned the fire from his rifled guns, and by keeping his vessel in motion, going ahead and backing, succeeded in escaping injury from the enemy's shell, which struck all around the ship. It becoming dark, he ceased firing, and dropped down to the entrance of the bar.

Lieutenant Commanding Bacon reports that the Isaac Smith was under a heavy cross-fire, and just before it ceased a large cloud of steam was ascending from her, which probably rendered her unmanageable, and caused her to run aground.

Notwithstanding all the vigilance exercised by the commanding officers of the Isaac Smith and Commodore McDonough, the enemy, who hold complete possession of the surrounding country and islands, succeeded in erecting the batteries by which the Isaac Smith was taken, masking them so skilfully that their existence was unknown.

I have had no means of ascertaining the casualties on board the Isaac Smith, but it is my purpose to do so by a flag of truce at the earliest moment; though I presume the department will receive information through Southern sources on this point before it can be obtained here.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. F. DU PONT,

Rear-Admiral Com'g South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Doc. 115.

BATTLE OF THE DESERTED HOUSE, VA.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

SUFFOLK, Va., January 31, 1862.

THE engagement with the rebels, which took place yesterday, proves to have been more important and formidable than was at first supposed, and we have won a dear-bought victory.

Our loss is now ascertained to be twenty-four killed and eighty wounded, while that of the rebels must have been about the same, if not greater. The enemy managed to carry off their killed and wounded, with the exception of one major, a lieutenant, and a number of privates, whose bodies, divested of boots and whatever of clothing there was time to take away, were found upon the field as our troops returned from the pursuit of the retreating foe. The conflict was a sanguinary one, and nothing but the indomitable courage of our soldiers and the judicious management of Gen. Corcoran and Col. Spear saved to us success.

I learn the following particulars this morning: It seems that Gen. Pryor pushed his way across the Blackwater last Sunday, as it is supposed, on a foraging expedition, and augmented his force up to Thursday, when he took position about nine miles from Suffolk, at a point known as the "deserted house," a locality commanding the road from this town to Franklin, and completely protecting his forage train. Our scouts brought in information of the whereabouts of the enemy, and at a late hour on Thursday night Gen. Peck despatched a force under command of Gen. Corcoran. Our troops prepared with great alacrity for the expedition, and departed for the scene of action about eleven o'clock.

Colonel Spear, whose perfect knowledge of the road rendered his services invaluable to the command, led the advance with the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry. The utmost secrecy was observed in regard to the movements, a precaution at once valuable and necessary. The reports of the scouts proved to be correct, and at the point of the road suggested by Col. Spear, the outer pickets of the rebels were come up with by an

advance-guard of the Pennsylvania cavalry, led by Lieutenant Roper. At this time the moon had gone down, and it was impossible to distinguish the exact position of the foe. The pickets fled at the approach of our cavalry, and Lieut. Roper was ordered to proceed cautiously and "feel" the strength of the post.

After proceeding a short distance he descried a party of men drawn across the road as if to dispute his passage. He immediately dashed forward and asked: "Who are you?" A volley was the response, and Lieut. Roper retired to make report. Follett's battery was then wheeled into position, and at twenty minutes to four o'clock the action commenced in earnest. Then ensued an exhibition of artillery practice such as has been rarely seen in this war. For three hours and eleven minutes this artillery duel continued, and the service of the guns on both sides is said to have been unexcelled. During this time the enemy was slowly giving way before the superiority of our cannonading. Their pieces were all silenced by seven o'clock, and they had been driven two miles from the "deserted house."

Pryor had the advantage of position, and the direction of his artillery was equal to ours, but his infantry and cavalry proved no match for ours. As the enemy's battery seemed to become weaker and weaker, Col. Spear advised that the time had arrived for a charge, and Gen. Corcoran gave the order to advance upon the position. It must be confessed that the ordeal was a fearful one for untried troops. The only way to advance was through a sort of gorge, with heavy timber and swamp-land on each side of the road. It was indeed entering the "valley of the shadow of death," for the enemy's cannon swept the narrow defile as with the besom of destruction.

But that was the road to victory; there was no other, and along that terrible pathway our soldiers were required to pass. The moment was one of peril. To delay was to lose the chance of triumph; and, although death and danger marked the hour, it was the time to show the bravery of heart and the strength of arm of our noble Union soldiers. Shame to record it, the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh regiment Pennsylvania militia—drafted men—was not equal to the emergency. Like the veriest cravens that ever cursed a noble cause, nearly every man of this regiment skulked, and all were as deaf to the calls of their commanding general as they were insensible to the demands of patriotism and the ordinary dictates of manhood.

The delay occasioned by the supineness of the Pennsylvania regiment lost us the golden opportunity to capture a large portion of the enemy's cannon and many prisoners. Time was afforded the enemy to resume his retrograde movement and take up a new position. Skirmishing continued for some seven miles along the road, and at about five o'clock the rear-guard of the rapidly skeddaddling rebels was overtaken, and another sharp engagement between the infantry took place about two miles from Carrsville. Night

coming on, it was not deemed expedient to make further pursuit, and the enemy was allowed to make his way to the Blackwater without interruption.

The battle was exceedingly well contested. The number of troops on each side was equal, the enemy having the advantage of choice of position. In open field fighting it was fully demonstrated that the rebels are lacking in the stamina possessed by the Northern troops. They fought desperately, it is admitted, but with a bravery no doubt more stimulated by the stomach than the head—they were fighting for provender, not from principle.

The coolness and judgment displayed by Gen. Corcoran is highly praised, and the encomiums bestowed upon him are shared in by Col. Spear. Both of these officers displayed in a brilliant manner all the characteristics of the finished soldier and the accomplished gentleman. Our victory has been dearly bought, considering the result attained, but still it is a triumph to be proud of.

The enemy has been driven back to his lair by an equal force, and if our loss is great in view of the numbers engaged, the rebels have undoubtedly lost six to our one, as evidenced by their hospital arrangements along the route of their retreat. An idea of the determined resistance of the enemy and the perseverance of our troops may be gained in the fact that the fight and pursuit covered a period of over thirteen hours. Our troops all came into camp this morning, and the wounded are being well cared for. S.

GENERAL PECK'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES, }
SUFFOLK, VA., FEBRUARY 1, 1863. }

The Commanding General desires to express his warmest thanks to Brigadier-Gen. Corcoran and the troops assigned to his command for their good conduct and gallant bravery in the engagement of the thirtieth of January, 1863, at the Deserted House, and which resulted in driving the confederate forces to the Blackwater. Most of the regiments were under fire for the first time, and furnished those others so unfortunate as not to have part in the expedition with examples of patriotism worthy of imitation.

The misconduct of some of the troops has been brought to his notice; but he forbears to specify them, in the belief that those conscious of deserving censure will avail themselves of the first opportunity to retrieve the past.

Especial commendation is due to the wounded for their bravery on the field, and for their patience under suffering. They are cared for by the kind and skilful officers of the medical department, under the able superintendence of Surgeon Hand.

The families and friends of the dead have the sympathies of all patriots, and the precious recollection that they fell in the great cause of constitutional liberty. By command of

Major-General PECK.

BENJ. B. FOSTER,

Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.

PETERSBURGH "EXPRESS" ACCOUNT.

PETERSBURGH, February 2.

Immediately after the arrival of the eight o'clock train from Weldon, Saturday morning, a great many rumors of an engagement between General Pryor and the enemy, which it was alleged occurred on Friday, found currency in our streets. These rumors generally gave out that our arms had met with a sad reverse; but as they could be traced to no really trustworthy source, little credit was given them. Saturday afternoon a courier from Gen. Pryor arrived in the city, bringing a despatch for headquarters. This despatch we have been permitted by the Commanding General at this post to copy. It will be seen that so far from General Pryor's command meeting with any thing like a reverse, the advantages of the fight were all in our favor. The following is a copy of General Pryor's official despatch:

CARRSVILLE, ISLE OF WIGHT, January 30, 1863.

Brigadier-General Colson, Petersburg, Va.:

GENERAL: This morning, at four o'clock, the enemy, under Major-General Peck, attacked me at Kelly's Store, eight miles from Suffolk. After three hours' severe fighting, we repulsed them at all points and held the field. Their force is represented by prisoners to be between ten thousand and fifteen thousand. My loss in killed and wounded will not exceed fifty—no prisoners. I regret that Col. Poage is among the killed. We inflicted a heavy loss on the enemy.

Respectfully,

ROGER A. PRYOR,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

From a member of Captain Wright's battery, which is composed chiefly of volunteers from Halifax County, Va., and who were in the fight, we have obtained a few additional particulars:

Some two hours or more before the dawn of day Friday, our pickets were driven in by two regiments of mounted men, and a few minutes thereafter the enemy's artillery opened on our bivouac fires. We immediately replied with guns of Captain Colt's S. C. battery, and one section of Capt. Wright's. The enemy's shell fell thick and fast in our immediate vicinity, but our boys stood manfully to their guns, and gave the vandals as much and as good as they sent.

At daylight the artillery duel ceased, and the fight was then maintained with musketry for about one hour, when the enemy ceased firing and fell back. We held our position, but the enemy not advancing and showing no disposition to renew the fight, General Pryor retired to Carrsville, eight miles from the Blackwater River, where he remained undisturbed at last accounts.

The following are all the casualties that we have been able to obtain:

There were four killed in the Fifth Virginia regiment. Among the number is Colonel Poage, of Pulaski County, a gallant officer who distinguished himself in the Western Virginia campaign, under Gen. Floyd. Col. P. was struck in the thigh by a fragment of shell, which severed the main artery, and he bled to death in a few minutes.

Capt. Dobbins, of the Twenty-seventh Virginia

battalion, from Floyd County, was killed by a Minie ball.

In Wright's battery, Captain W. was slightly wounded in the left leg by a piece of shell. Lieut. Watkins was also slightly wounded. Charles W. Hughes, of Halifax, had a leg broken, and was also wounded in the hip. Geo. R. Watts, of Halifax, was slightly wounded.

The bodies of Col. Poage and Capt. Dobbins, reached here yesterday morning on the train from Weldon. They will be forwarded to their friends for interment.

Two of Capt. Coit's battery were slightly disabled—one having been spiked by the breaking of a priming-wire, and the other becoming useless from the lodgment of a ball, which it was found impossible to remove.

Gen. Pryor now occupies a strong position at Carrsville, and is prepared for the enemy, let him come in any force he may.

GENERAL PRYOR'S ADDRESS.

HEADQUARTERS FORCES ON BLACKWATER, }
February 2, 1863. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 7.

The Brigadier-General congratulates the troops of this command on the results of their recent combat.

The enemy endeavored, under cover of night, to steal an inglorious victory by surprise, but he found us prepared at every point; and despite his superior numbers, greater than your own, in the proportion of five to one, he was signally repulsed and compelled to leave us in possession of the field.

After silencing his guns and dispersing his infantry, you remained on the field from night till one o'clock, awaiting a renewal of the attack, but he did not again venture to encounter your terrible fire.

For the slight loss sustained on our side, you inflicted an adequate retribution on the three hundred of his men killed and disabled in the fight.

When the disparity of force between the parties is considered, with the proximity of the enemy to his stronghold, and his facilities of reinforcements by railway, the result of the action of the thirtieth will be accepted as a splendid illustration of your courage and good conduct.

By order of Brig.-Gen. ROGER A. PRYOR.

W. A. WHITNER,
A.A. General.

Doc. 116.

FIGHT OFF CHARLESTON, S. C.

REAR ADMIRAL DU PONT'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, PORT ROYAL, }
February 2, 1863. }

SIR: I have to report that about four o'clock on the morning of the thirty-first ultimo, during the obscurity of a thick haze, two iron-clad gunboats came out of Charleston by the main ship channel, unperceivable by the squadron, and commenced a raid upon the blockading fleet.

Most of the latter were of the light class of pur-

chased vessels, two of the heaviest men-of-war, the Powhatan and the Canandaigua, being at this port coaling and repairing.

The Mereedita was the first vessel attacked. Her officers and crew had been particularly watchful during the night to look out for suspected vessels, and at three o'clock had slipped her cable and overhauled a troop-steamer running for the channel by mistake. She had returned to her anchorage, and Captain Stellwagen had gone to his room for a short time, leaving Lieut. Com. Abbott on deck, when one of the iron-clads suddenly appeared. Her approach was concealed by the haze and moist of the atmosphere. The vessel was immediately hailed, and an order given to fire; but the iron-clad being close aboard, and lying low in the water, no guns could be brought to bear upon her. A heavy rifle-shell was fired from the enemy, which, entering the starboard side of the Mereedita, passed through her condenser and the steam-drum of her port boiler, and exploded against her port side, blowing a hole in its exit some four or five feet square, killing the gunner, and by the escape of steam scalding a number of the men, and rendering her motive power apparently useless.

Unable to use his guns, and being at the mercy of the enemy, who was alongside on his starboard quarter, all further resistance was deemed hopeless by Captain Stellwagen, and he surrendered. The crew and officers were paroled, though nothing was said of the ship, the Executive Officer, Lieutenant Commander Abbott, having gone on board the enemy's gunboat and made the arrangement.

The iron-clad, leaving the Mereedita to her fate, to sink or not, next engaged the Keystone State, Commander Leroy, who was attacked by the other. Their fire was gallantly returned, but a shell exploding in the fore-hold of this vessel, she was set on fire.

Commander Leroy kept off until the fire was got under, when he steered again for the iron-clad, having ordered on a full head of steam, determined to try to run her down. The guns had been trained and depressed for a plunging fire at the moment of collision, and the ship had acquired a speed of twelve knots, when a shell or shot from the enemy passed through both the steam-chests, wholly disabling her boilers, and rendering her powerless.

Ten rifle-shell struck the Keystone State, and two burst on the quarter-deck; but most of them struck the hull, being near and below the water line.

In the mean time, the Augusta, Commander Parrott, the Quaker City, Commander Frailey, and the Memphis, Acting Lieut. Watnough, kept up a fire upon the enemy, diverting their attention from the Keystone State, which was soon after taken in tow by the Memphis, and drawn away from the fire.

The Augusta and Quaker City were both struck in their hulls.

The Memphis was only struck in her rigging. The Housatonic gave chase, and a shot from

her struck the pilot-house, doing, it is thought, some damage, and carrying away one of her flags.

The rebel vessels then passed to the northward, receiving the fire of our ships, and took refuge in the Swash channel behind the shoals.

The only casualties were on the *Mercedita* and the *Keystone State*.

On the *Keystone State* they are very large—about one fourth of her crew were killed and wounded, and among the former is the medical officer of the ship, Assistant Surgeon Jacob H. Gotwold, who was scalded to death, while rendering surgical aid to one of the wounded men.

Most of those who died perished from the escape of steam when the boilers and steam-chimneys were penetrated, and among the wounded the greater number received their injuries from the same cause.

As the *Mercedita* was the only vessel that surrendered, I have directed a Court of Inquiry to examine into the circumstances of the case as well as into the terms under which the surrender was made. This investigation has been asked for by Capt. Stellwagen.

I received this intelligence on Saturday, at three P.M., by the *Augusta*, which ship immediately returned to Charleston.

The *Mercedita* soon after arrived, and the *Keystone State*, in tow of the *Memphis*, when the latter vessel was at once sent back to her station.

The *James Adger*, Commander Patterson, was also towed back. She was just coming into Port Royal, and was ordered back to Charleston.

The *Powhatan*, through the commendable zeal of Captain Gordon, was also got ready by nine o'clock P.M. I had the channel and bar buoys lighted, when she passed out safely.

I forward herewith copies of the reports of Capt. Stellwagen, Lieutenant Commander Abbott, and Commander Leroy; also, the reports of the casualties on board the *Mercedita* and the *Keystone State*.

On the *Mercedita* there were four killed and three wounded, and on the *Keystone State* twenty killed and twenty wounded.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. DU PONT,

Rear-Admiral.

To the Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

COMMANDER STELLWAGEN'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER *MERCEDITA*, }
PORT ROYAL, January 31, 1863. }

Rear-Admiral S. F. Du Pont:

SIR: I have to report that at half-past four this morning two iron-clad rams from Charleston, in the obscurity of a thick haze, and the moon having just set, succeeded in passing the bar near the ship channel, unperceived by the squadron, and made an attack upon it, this ship being the first encountered.

Particular vigilance was exhibited by the officers and crew in the expectation of a vessel to run the blockade.

At three o'clock in the morning we had slipped our cable and overhauled a troop-steamer run-

ning for the channel. At four I lay down. Lieutenant Commander Abbott was on deck giving an order to Acting Master Dwyer, about recovering the anchor, when they saw a smoke and the faint appearance of a vessel close at hand.

I heard them exclaim, "She has black smoke!" "Watch, man the guns!" "Spring the rattle!" "Call all hands to quarters!"

Mr. Dwyer came to the cabin door, telling me "A steamboat was close aboard."

I was then in the act of getting my pea-jacket, and slipped it on as I followed him out. I jumped to the poop-ladder; saw the smoke and a low boat, apparently a tug, although I thought it might be a little propeller for the squadron.

I sang out, "Train your guns right on him--be ready to fire as soon as I order."

I hailed the steamer, "Ahoy! Stand clear of us and heave to. What steamer is that?" I then ordered my men to fire on him, and told him: "You will be into us. What steamer is that?"

His answer to the first and second hail was: "Halloo!" The other replies were indistinct, either by intention or from having spoken inside of his mail armor until in the act of striking us with his prow, when he said: "This is the Confederate States steam ram."

I repeated the order, "Fire!" "Fire!" "Fire!" but no gun could be trained on him, as he approached us on the quarter, and struck us just abaft our after-mast with a thirty-two-pounder, and fired a heavy rifle through us diagonally, penetrating the starboard side through our Normandy condenser, the steam-drum of our port boiler, and exploding against the port side of the ship, blowing a hole in its exit some four or five feet square.

The vessel was instantly filled and enveloped with steam. Reports were brought to me: "That we were shot through both boilers; that the fires were put out by the steam and smoke; that a gunner and one man were killed, that a number of men were badly scalded; that the water was over the fire-room floor, and that the vessel was sinking fast."

The ram had cut us through at and below the water-line on one side, and the shell had burst on the other side almost at the water's edge.

After the ram struck she swung around under our starboard counter, her prow touching us, and hailed: "Surrender or I'll sink you. Do you surrender?"

After receiving the reports, I answered: "I can make no resistance, my boiler is destroyed."

The rebel then cried out: "Do you surrender?"

I said, "Yes," having found my moving power destroyed, and that I could bring nothing to bear but muskets against his shot-proof coating.

He hailed several times "to send a boat," and threatened to fire again. After some delay a boat was lowered, and Lieutenant Commander Abbott asked if he should go in her, and asked for orders what to say.

I told him to see what they demanded, and to tell him the condition we were in. He proceeded

aboard, and according to their demand, gave his parole on behalf of himself and all the officers and crew. His report accompanies this.

The ram having been detained a half-hour or more, now ran out for the steamer Keystone State, which vessel and three others we tried to alarm by lights.

We saw a shell explode as it struck the ram without injuring her. Saw the Keystone State struck several times, and saw the steam and smoke blowing from her.

The firing then receded to the northward and eastward, and was pretty brisk at the head of the line. I set every body at work taking care of our wounded, pumping the ship, stopping leaks, examining the engines, etc.

About six A.M. got things in order to stop a little steam, and hove up anchor. The Stettin and Flag, seeing our condition, I told them they might be wanted to the southward to pick up men, the fighting now being over.

In conclusion, I have to say that in the squadron, where all the vessels were conspicuous for vigilance, this ship has never been found wanting. Every thing was done that circumstances permitted, and in a proper manner.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. S. STELLWAGEN.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ABBOTT'S REPORT.

SIR: In obedience to your order, I proceeded to the rebel ram, and was received by Lieutenants Parker and Phyrock, and conducted by the former inside of the house, where I was received by her captain. His name I did not learn. I told him I had come in the name of Capt. Stellwagen to give up the U. S. steamer Mercedita, she being in a sinking and perfectly defenceless condition.

They asked me about the condition of our boats and the number of the crew. I told them our boats were not large enough, nor in a proper condition to carry our number of crew.

After privately consulting with the Commodore the Captain returned to me, saying: "That they had concluded to parole our officers and crew, provided I would pledge my sacred word of honor that neither I or any of the officers and crew of the Mercedita would again take up arms against the confederate States during the war, unless legally and regularly exchanged as prisoners of war."

Believing it to be the proper course to pursue at that time, I consented. I was then informed that I could return to the Mercedita.

I will here state in this report that I was on deck at the time the smoke of the ram was discovered, and in less than two minutes she was into us.

Your order to fire into her could not be obeyed, as no gun in the ship could be depressed or trained to hit her, though every effort was made to do so, she being so low in the water, and coming upon us "quartering." We had only time to get the watch to their quarters, and before we

could slip our cable, we were without steam, a shell having passed completely through the ship and boilers.

I am, very respectfully,

T. ABBOTT,

Lieutenant Commander.

Captain HENRY S. STELLWAGEN,

U. S. Steamer Mercedita.

COMMANDER LEROY'S REPORT.

SIR: I have to report that about five o'clock on this day, January thirty-first, while at anchor off the main entrance of the harbor of Charleston, the ship was approached by what was supposed to be a steamer, but regarding her appearance as suspicious, I ordered the cable slipped, and fired a gun, which was responded to by a shell, when I ordered the guns to be fired as they could be brought to bear upon the object. On putting my head to the eastward it was discovered that there was one on either quarter, and we made them out from their peculiar construction to be iron-clads after the model of the Merrimac.

Owing to a fire in the hold, we stood to the northward about ten minutes, and shoaling water kept south-east about ten minutes, to enable us to subdue the fire; and then I turned around, and, under full steam, proposed attempting to run down the ram; but about six A.M. a shell from one of them entered on the port-side under the forward wheel-house guard, passing through the port steam-chimney, and landed in the star-board, depriving us of our motive power. Ten rifle-shell struck the ship and two burst on the quarter-deck; most of them striking the hull, being near and below the water-line. Our steam-chimneys being destroyed, our motive power was lost, and our situation became critical. There were two feet of water in the ship, and leaking badly, the water rising rapidly and the fire-hold on fire.

Others of the squadron coming along, the ram that had injured us so much altered her course, and before our wheels entirely stopped we were enabled to get a hawser from the Memphis, and were taken in tow.

I regret to report our casualties very large. Some twenty were killed and twenty wounded. Among the killed I have to mention the surgeon of the ship, Assistant Surgeon Jacob H. Gotwold, who was killed while in the act of rendering assistance to some of the wounded. Captain Watmaugh, of the Memphis, kindly gave us the services of Acting Assistant Surgeon Brown, to whom I feel much indebted for the attention he has exhibited in caring for the wounded. Being unable to communicate with the senior officer present, personally or by signal, I deemed it my duty (Commander Frailey advising the step) to make the best of my way to Port Royal; Commander Frailey, by my request, advising the senior officer that I would leave in tow of the Memphis unless he gave other orders.

Accompanying please find list of casualties. In conclusion, I beg to call attention to the desire manifested by all under my command to destroy the enemy, and particularly to the cool and

efficient manner in which I was seconded by Lieutenant Commander Thomas H. Eastman, the executive officer of the ship.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM E. LEROY,
Commander.

Acting Assistant Surgeon Mason of the *Meredita* makes the following report of the killed and wounded on board that vessel:

Killed—Jacob Atmee, gunner, by a shell; James Gale, second-class fireman, scalded to death.

Wounded—Wm. Eastwood, slightly; James Armstrong, slightly; John Riley, mortally; Jas. Gallagher, mortally—the two latter have since died.

The following is a report of the killed and wounded on the *Keystone State*:

Killed—Jacob H. Gotwold, Surgeon, scalded to death; Samuel W. Bayle, Steward, scalded to death; James Bau, fireman, scalded to death; George A. Nelson, fireman, scalded to death; Edward Livermore, Orderly Sergeant, scalded to death; Wm. A. Grau, Corporal, scalded to death; Thomas Riley, marine, scalded to death; Robert McKinsey, second-class boy, contraband, scalded to death; Robert Wellinger, scalded to death; David L. Caldwell, ordinary seaman, killed by a shell; Wm. H. Clark, killed by a shell; John E. Bunsom, landsman, killed by a shell; Owen J. McGowen, killed by a shell; R. H. B. Thomas, killed by a shell; James W. Armstrong, marine, killed by a shell; Wm. Dietz, marine, killed by a shell; John H. Conway, killed by a shell; Wm. Peyton, killed by a shell; Patriek Herriek, killed by a shell.

Wounded—H. Bellville, James Wright, Patriek Loftus, Robert Atkinson, R. A. Konk, Wm. Loftus, James Hovey, Alexander McKnight, Patriek Farrar, F. Hight, John McRenney, John Burns, Hugh Golden, R. Gould, William Coffin, Moses O'Connor, Thomas Kelley, John Sullivan, John Quinn, Michael Seott.

REBEL REPORTS AND NARRATIVES.

REPORT OF FLAG-OFFICER INGRAHAM.

OFFICE NAVAL STATION, CHARLESTON, }
February 2, 1863. }

SIR: I have honor to inform you, that upon the night of the thirtieth ultimo, I left the wharf at this place, in company with the steam ram *Chicora*, Commander John R. Tucker, at a quarter-past eleven o'clock, and steamed slowly down to the bar, as, from our draft, we could not cross until high-water. At half-past four we crossed the bar, with about a foot and a half to spare, and soon after made a steamer at an anchor—stood directly for her, and directed Lieutenant Commanding Rutledge to strike her with our prow. When quite near we were hailed: "What steamer is that? Drop your anchor, or you will be into us." He was informed that it was the confederate steamer *Palmetto State*. At this moment we struck her and fired the seven-inch gun into her, as he gave an order to fire. I then inquired if he surrendered, and was answered in

the affirmative. I then directed him to send a boat aboard, which was done. After some delay, Lieutenant Commanding Abbott came on board, and informed me that the vessel was the United States steamer *Meredita*, Commander Stellwagen, and that she was in a sinking condition, and had a crew of one hundred and fifty-eight, all told, and wished to be relieved; that all his boats were lowered without the plugs being in, and were full of water. At this time the *Chicora* was engaged with the enemy, and the alarm was given. I knew our only opportunity was to take the enemy unawares, as the moment he was under way, from his superior speed, we could not close with him. I then directed Lieutenant Commanding Rutledge, to require from Lieutenant Commanding Abbott his word of honor for his commander, officers and crew, that they would not serve against the confederate States until regularly exchanged, when he was directed to return with his boat to his vessel to render what assistance he could. I then stood to the northward and eastward, and soon after made another steamer getting under way. We stood for her, and fired several shot at her, but as we had to fight the vessel in a circle, to bring the different guns to bear, she was soon out of our range. In this way we engaged several vessels, they keeping at long-range, and steering to the southward. Just as the day broke we made a large steamer (supposed to be the *Powhatan*) on starboard bow, with another steamer in company, which had just got under way. They stood to the southward under full steam, and opened their batteries upon the *Chicora*, who was some distance astern of us. I then turned and stood to the southward to support the *Chicora*, if necessary, but the enemy kept on his course to the southward. I then made signal to Commander Tucker to come to an anchor, and led the way to the entrance of Beach channel, where we anchored at forty-five minutes past eight A.M., and had to remain seven hours for the tide, as the vessels cannot cross the bar excepting at high-water.

The sea was perfectly smooth, as much so as in the harbor; every thing was most favorable for us, and gave us no opportunity to test the sea qualities of the boats. The engines worked well, and we obtained a greater speed than they had ever before attained.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the conduct of Commander Tucker and Lieutenant Commander Rutledge; the former handled his vessel in a beautiful manner, and did the enemy much damage. I refer you to his official report.

Lieutenant Commanding Rutledge also fought the *Palmetto State* in a manner highly gratifying to me. Every officer and man did his duty nobly and deserves well of their country.

We had but little opportunity of trying our vessels, as the enemy did not close, and not a single shot struck either vessel.

I am highly indebted to Commodore Hartstene who gallantly volunteered to take charge of three steamers, with fifty soldiers on board, who accompanied us in case we should need their ser-

vices; but they could not get over the bar, but joined us after daylight at the north-channel, and rendered us their assistance in getting through the channel, which is very narrow.

Of the conduct of Mr. Gladden, the pilot of the Palmetto State, I cannot speak in too high terms. He was perfectly cool under the great responsibility he had in taking the vessel over at night with so great a draught, and during the action rendered me great assistance in pointing out the vessels as we approached them in the uncertain light.

I send the reports of Commander Tucker and Lieutenant Commander Rutledge.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. N. INGRAHAM,
Flag-Officer Commanding.

Hon. S. R. MALLORY,
Secretary of the Navy, Richmond, Va.

REPORT OF COMMANDER TUCKER.

CONFEDERATE STATES STEAMER CHICORA, }
January 31, 1863. }

SIR: In obedience to your order, I got under way at half-past eleven P.M. yesterday, and stood down the harbor, in company with the confederate States steamer Palmetto State, bearing your flag. We crossed the bar at twenty minutes to five A.M., and commenced the action at twenty minutes past five A.M., by firing into a schooner-rigged propeller, which we set on fire, and have every reason to believe sunk, as she was nowhere to be seen at daylight. We then engaged a large side-wheel steamer, twice our length from us, on the port bow, firing three shots into her, with telling effect, when she made a run for it. This vessel was supposed to be the Quaker City. We then engaged a schooner-rigged propeller and a large side-wheel steamer, partially crippling both and setting the latter on fire, causing her to strike her flag; at this time the latter vessel, supposed to be the Keystone State, was completely at my mercy, I having a raking position astern, distant some two hundred yards. I at once gave the order to cease firing upon her, and directed Lieutenant Bier, First Lieutenant of the Chicora, to man a boat and take charge of the prize, if possible to save her; if that was not possible, to rescue her crew. While the boat was in the act of being manned, I discovered that she was endeavoring to make her escape by working her starboard wheel, the other being disabled. Her colors being down, I at once started in pursuit, and renewed the engagement. Owing to her superior steaming qualities, she soon widened the distance to some two hundred yards. She then hoisted her flag and commenced firing her rifled gun; her commander, by this faithless act, placing himself beyond the pale of civilized and honorable warfare. We next engaged two schooners, one brig, and one bark-rigged propeller; but, not having the requisite speed, were unable to bring them to close quarters. We pursued them six or seven miles seaward. During the latter part of the combat, I was engaged at long-range with a large bark-rigged steam sloop-of-war, but

in spite of all our efforts was unable to bring her to close quarters, owing to her superior steaming qualities. At half-past seven A.M., in obedience to your orders, we stood in shore, leaving the partially crippled and fleeing enemy about "seven miles clear of the bar," standing to the southward and eastward. At eight A.M., in obedience to signal, we anchored in four fathoms water, on the Beach channel.

It gives me pleasure to testify to the good conduct and efficiency of the officers and crew of the Chicora. I am particularly indebted to the pilots, Messrs. Payne and Aldert, for the skilful pilotage of the vessel. It gives me pleasure to report that I have no injuries or casualties.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. R. TUCKER,

Commander C.S.N.

Flag-Officer D. N. INGRAHAM, C.S.N.,
Commanding Station, Charleston, S. C.

THE JOINT PROCLAMATION.

HEADQUARTERS LAND AND NAVAL FORCES, }
CHARLESTON, S. C., January 31. }

At about five o'clock this morning the confederate States naval force on this station attacked the United States blockading fleet off the harbor of the city of Charleston, and sunk, dispersed, or drove off and out of sight for the time the entire hostile fleet.

Therefore we, the undersigned, commanders respectively of the confederate States naval and land forces in this quarter, do hereby formally declare the blockade by the United States of the said city of Charleston, South-Carolina, to be raised by a superior force of the confederate States from and after this thirty-first day of January, A.D. 1863.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,

General Commanding.

D. N. INGRAHAM,

Flag-Officer Commanding Naval Forces in South-Carolina.

Official: THOMAS JORDAN,
Chief of Staff.

SECRETARY BENJAMIN'S CIRCULAR.

The following is a copy of the circular addressed by Secretary Benjamin to the foreign consuls in the Confederacy:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, RICHMOND, Jan. 31, 1863.

*Monsieur Bettancourt, Consular Agent of France,
at Wilmington, N. C.:*

SIR: I am instructed by the President of the confederate States of America to inform you that this government has received an official despatch from Flag-Officer Ingraham, commanding the naval forces of the Confederacy on the coast of South-Carolina, stating that the blockade of the harbor of Charleston has been broken by the complete dispersion and disappearance of the blockading squadron, in consequence of a successful attack made on it by the iron-clad steamers commanded by Flag-Officer Ingraham. During this attack one or more of the blockading vessels were sunk or burned.

As you are doubtless aware that, by the law of nations, a blockade, when thus broken by superior force, ceases to exist, and cannot be subsequently enforced unless established *de novo*

with adequate forces, and after due notice to neutral powers, it has been deemed proper to give you the information herein contained for the guidance of such vessels of your nation as may choose to carry on commerce with the now open port of Charleston.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. P. BENJAMIN,
Secretary of State.

DESPATCHES FROM REAR-ADMIRAL DU PONT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., Feb. 11. }

SIR: In my previous despatch, No. 70, written just as the mail was closing, I informed the department that I would send a refutation, in official form, of the statement made in General Beauregard's proclamation as to the blockade of Charleston, published in the Charleston and Savannah papers, and accompanied by assertions made with the apparent sanction of certain foreign functionaries.

The emphatic letter of Captain Turner (No. 1,) the clear and decided statement of the officers, (No. 2,) which he forwards, with the previous inquiries and examination of the log-books made by Captain Godon, of the Powhatan, who was the senior officer present previous to the arrival of the New Ironsides, and whom I had despatched to Charleston the day of the raid, leave me nothing to add, save to call the especial attention of the department to the facts thus elicited.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. F. DU PONT,

Rear-Admiral, Commanding the South-Atlantic Squadron.
To the Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE NEW IRONSIDES, }
OFF CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 10, 1863. }

Rear-Admiral Du Pont, Commanding South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

ADMIRAL: I have the honor to forward to you a certificate, signed by all the commanding officers of the vessels that were lying off Charleston bar on the morning of the attack of the rams upon the squadron, excepting only three, one of which is on duty at a distance, and the other two the commanders of the two vessels which were sent to Port Royal to repair damages, and which were the only two which were injured, notwithstanding the report of the enemy in the Charleston papers, as the result of the engagement, that two vessels were sunk, four set on fire, and the remainder driven away.

Your personal knowledge of these gentlemen, and your entire confidence in their truth and uprightness of character, will give to their statements the force that is necessary to refute satisfactorily and effectually that which has been given to the world by the authorities of Charleston and their sympathizers, as to the facts of this engagement.

It is with unaffected pain that I am called upon to forward a document reflecting so severely, but justly, upon functionaries holding the high position of consuls, and, one of them, if this statement has been made by his authority, the com-

mander of a vessel of war of her Britannic Majesty. Nor can I account for it in any other way than its being a premeditated act on their part to draw up a report that would prejudice our cause in the eyes of the world, or that these events were seen by them with the distorted optics of prejudiced and partisan witnesses.

The facts are so clear, both as to the disposition of the blockading squadron during the day succeeding the engagement, and as to the amount of the damage done our vessels in it, that it does not admit of a doubt that these gentlemen have given the seal of their high offices to this version of the affair, which could not have been by any possibility, either by inference or personal observation, forced upon their convictions as truth.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
T. TURNER,
Captain United States Steamer New Ironsides.

OFF CHARLESTON, Feb. 10, 1863.

We, the undersigned, officers commanding the various vessels of the blockading squadron off Charleston, have seen the proclamation of Gen. Beauregard and Commodore Ingraham, herewith appended, as also the results of a so-called engagement, namely, two vessels sunk, four set on fire, and the remainder driven away, and also a statement that the British Consul and the commander of the British war steamer Petrel had personally gone five miles beyond the usual anchorage of the blockade, and could see nothing of them with their glasses.

We deem it our duty to state that the so-called results are false in every particular. No vessels were sunk. No vessels were set on fire seriously. Two vessels alone are injured of consequence. The Mercedita had her boiler exploded by a shell from the only gun fired at her, when surprised by an attack at night; a thick haze was prevailing. The Keystone State also had her steam-chest injured at the moment of attempting to run down one of the rams. The Keystone State was at once assisted by the Memphis, which vessel exchanged shots with the iron ram as she was withdrawing toward the bar, after firing at the Keystone State, as did also the Quaker City. So hasty was the retreat of the rams, that although they may have perceived that the Keystone State had received serious damage, no attempt was even made to approach her.

The Stettin and Ottawa, at the extreme end of the line, did not get under way from their positions till after the firing had ceased, and the Stettin merely saw the black smoke as the rams disappeared. The Flag was alongside the Mercedita after, it seems, she had yielded to the ram, supposing herself sinking. The rams withdrew hastily toward the harbor, and on their way were fired at by the Housatonic and Augusta until both had got beyond the reach of their guns. They anchored under the protection of their forts and remained there. No vessel, iron-clad or other, passed out over the bar after the return of the rams inshore.

The Unadilla was not aware of the attack un-

til the Housatonic commenced firing, when she moved out toward that vessel from her anchorage. The Housatonic was never beyond the usual line of the blockade. The Quaker City, in the forenoon, picked up her anchor, which she had slipped, to repair to the point of firing. The Flag communicated with the senior officer on board the Housatonic that forenoon, soon after the firing ended, and the blockade continued as before. No vessel ran in or out of the port that day, nor was any attempt made to run the blockade. The Keystone State was necessarily ordered to Port Royal for repairs. The Unadilla returned to her usual anchorage after communicating with the senior officer, where she remained during the day.

Two small tug-boats remained apparently in attendance on the rams, under cover of Forts Moultrie and Beauregard.

The prize steamer Princess Royal, which had been alongside the Housatonic, was despatched to Port Royal one hour and a half after the rams had retired to the cover of the batteries, and the firing had ceased, or about half-past nine A.M. These are the facts, and we do not hesitate to state that no vessel did come out beyond the bar after the return of the rams, at between seven and eight A.M., to the cover of the forts.

We believe the statement that any vessel came anywhere near the usual anchorage of any of the blockaders, or up to the bar, after the withdrawal of the rams, to be deliberately and knowingly false. If the statement from the papers, as now before us, has the sanction of the Petrel and the foreign consuls, we can only deplore that foreign officers can lend their official positions to the spreading before the world, for unworthy objects, untruths patent to every officer of the squadron.

WM. ROGERS TAYLOR,
Commanding United States Steamer Housatonic.
J. H. STRONG,
Commanding United States Steamer Flag.
JAS. MAD. FRAILET,
Commanding United States Steamer Quaker City.
E. G. PARROTT,
Commanding United States Steamer Augusta.
P. G. WATMOUGH,
Commanding United States Steamer Memphis.
C. J. VAN ALSTINE,
Commanding United States Steamer Stettin.

HEADQUARTERS ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIXTH REGT., }
PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA, }
ST. HELENA ISLAND, S. C., February 21, 1863. }

SIR: Having seen a proclamation issued by Gen. Beauregard and Commodore Ingraham, to the effect that upon the morning of the thirty-first ult., they had, by force of arms, succeeded in dispersing the blockading fleet which was lying off Charleston harbor, and also a statement purporting to have come from the English Consul at that port, and the commanding officer of the English man-of-war Petrel, that they had gone out to a point five miles beyond the usual anchorage of the blockading fleet, and that not a single vessel could be seen, even with the aid of powerful glasses, and that consequently the blockade had been

most effectually raised; and knowing, as we do, the above statement to be utterly false in every particular, we feel constrained to tender our evidence, as corroborative of that already furnished.

On the evening of January twenty-ninth, the One Hundred and Seventy-sixth regiment Pennsylvania militia (with which we are connected) left Morehead City, N. C., on board the steamer Cossack, destined for Port Royal. Upon the morning of the thirty-first, when nigh Charleston, we could hear firing distinctly. Upon our arrival off the harbor, which was at about half-past eight in the morning, we found lying there the blockading squadron, some of which were at anchor, and also the prize steamer Princess Royal. The distance from land at which they were was estimated to be from four to five miles, and although the morning was somewhat hazy, yet the land could be plainly seen on each side of the harbor. Vessels also could be descried in the inlets, and by the aid of a glass, a fort, said to have been Fort Sumter, was visible. We were right in the midst of the fleet; indeed, so near as to be able to carry on a conversation with the Housatonic, and were boarded by officers from it and the Quaker City. We remained there until about nine o'clock, and shortly after, we departed. The Princess Royal followed.

Being thus near the scene of the engagement, and so soon after it came off, we do not hesitate in the least to pronounce the statement that the blockade was raised, not only *absurd*, but *utterly and wilfully false* in all particulars. And the statement of the English Consul, and the commander of the Petrel, that the squadron could not be seen, even with the aid of powerful glasses, is one equally false, and one that impels us to conclude that it would require a powerful glass truly to be able to discover one particle of truth or honesty in the composition of these *gentlemen*. The entire regiment can substantiate the above facts, and burn with indignation that individuals occupying high stations, as they do, should resort to such base fabrications to prop up a failing cause.

We have the honor, sir, to be

Your most obedient servants,

A. A. LECHLER,
Col. Com'g One Hundred and Seventy-sixth
Regiment Pennsylvania Militia.
W. F. FUNDENBERG,
Surgeon One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Regt. Pa. Mil.
— NEWBERRY,
Captain Steamship Cossack.

To Rear-Admiral S. F. DU PONT,
Commanding South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

CHARLESTON "COURIER" ACCOUNT.

CHARLESTON, February 2, 1863.

The countenances of the dwellers in our ancient city have not beamed with so bright a light as they did on Saturday morning, since the joyous news was passed from mouth that Major Anderson had struck his flag, and Fort Sumter had yielded to General Beauregard. We annex the account of an eye-witness:

At eleven o'clock, Friday night, the gunboat

Palmetto State, Capt. Russell, bearing the flag of Commodore Duncan N. Ingraham, left her moorings, and proceeded out the harbor toward Fort Sumter. Abreast of Fort Sumter, passed the three steamers acting as tenders—the General Clinch, Etiwan, and Chesterfield. At half-past four A.M., the Palmetto State crossed the bar, and stood out at sea, in the direction of the blockading fleet. At twenty minutes past five A.M., we came up to the United States steamer Mercedita, and was hailed by the watch on deck, when the following colloquy took place:

Watch.—“What steamer is that? Drop your anchor—back—back—and be careful, or you will run into us!”

Captain Rutledge.—“This is the confederate States steamer Palmetto State!”

As the answer was given, the Palmetto State, with full steam up, ran into the Mercedita, her bow striking her right about midships, and making an entrance of about three feet. At the same time, our bow-gun fired with a seven-inch incendiary shell. We immediately backed out, when the Mercedita hauled down her flag. They were ordered to send a boat to us, and Lieut. T. Abbott Commanding, came off with a boat's crew, and surrendered his vessel in the name of Commodore Stellwagen, of the Mercedita, carrying seven guns and one hundred and fifty-eight men. He stated that his vessel was in a sinking condition, and begged our officers to relieve them. A shot had pierced her boiler, which had burst and scalded a large number of men. Lieut. Abbott begged Commodore Ingraham to take the men with him on board the Palmetto State, as in their haste to come to us they had neglected to put in the plug, and their small boat was only kept afloat by the strenuous exertions of the men bailing the boat. He also stated that the water in the Mercedita had, at the time of his leaving, already risen as high as the engine-floor.

Commodore Ingraham regretted that he could not comply with the request, as he had no room to accommodate them aboard of his vessels, and no small boats or any other means of affording them relief. Lieut. Abbott then pledged his word and honor, for the officers and crew of the Mercedita, not to serve in any manner against the confederate States, until regularly exchanged. Upon which condition, he was sent on board his own vessel. The Mercedita was taken completely by surprise. They were roused from their slumbers by the shock, the men not having scarcely time to dress themselves. Lieut. Abbott, and the men with him, were entirely destitute of clothing.

The Palmetto State, leaving the Mercedita to her fate, stood out to sea, and engaged several other vessels of the abolition blockading fleet, occasionally exchanging shots. The latter, however, fled at our approach, firing at long distances, and leaving us far astern. One or two shots were exchanged with the United States frigate Powhatan. The latter, however, followed the example of her companions, and fled. We then stood northward, toward the Chicora, which at this time was almost surrounded by the enemy's vessels. At

eight A.M., there being no more of the abolition fleet in sight, we stood back to the entrance of Beach channels, having signalled the Chicora to return. On passing, we were saluted by Forts Moultrie, Sumter, and Ripley, and arrived at the wharf, in the city, a little before six P.M.

The Chicora, Captain John R. Turner, started from her wharf at half-past eleven o'clock, Friday night, and crossed the bar at half-past four A.M. We commenced action at five minutes past five. The Palmetto State engaged an abolition vessel on the right, while we engaged the one on the left. As we passed the blockader on the right, the Palmetto State was lying alongside of her. Keeping on our course, we proceeded to within fifty yards of the vessel on the left, and then gave her a shot from our bow-gun—the blockader at the time being under full headway. We rounded to, and gave her the full benefit of our broadside guns and after-gun. She immediately rang her bell for fire, and made signals of distress to the rest of the fleet. The last seen of her, by Signal-Officer Saunders, she was stern down, very low in the water, and disappeared very suddenly. This vessel is supposed to have gone down. Notwithstanding the Chicora immediately steamed toward her, nothing could be discovered of the vessel.

The Chicora, proceeding further out to sea, stood northward and eastward, and met two vessels, apparently coming to the relief of the missing steamer. We engaged them. One of them, after firing a few guns, withdrew. Standing to the northward, about daybreak, we steamed up to a small side-wheel, two-masted steamer, and endeavored to come up to close quarters. She kept clear of us, driving away as rapidly as possible; not, however, without receiving our compliments, and carrying with her four or five of our shots. Shortly after, the steamship Quaker City, and another side-wheel steamer, came gallantly bearing down upon the Chicora, and commenced firing at long-range.

Neither would permit our boat to get within a respectable distance. Two of our shots struck the Quaker City, and she left, apparently perfectly satisfied, in a crippled condition. Another side-wheel, two-masted steamer, with walking-beams, now steamed toward the Chicora, coming down on our stern. Captain Tucker perceiving it, we rounded to, and proceeded until within about five hundred yards, when the belligerent steamer also rounded to, and gave us both broadsides, and a shot from her pivot-gun. We fired our forward pivot-gun with an incendiary shell, and struck her just forward of her wheel-house, setting her on fire, disabling and stopping her port wheel. This vessel was fired both fore and aft, and volumes of smoke observed to issue from every aperture. As we neared her, she hauled down her flag, and made a signal of surrender, but still kept under way, with her starboard wheel, and changed her direction. This was just after daybreak. We succeeded in catching this vessel, but having surrendered, and the Captain supposing her boilers struck, and the escaping steam

preventing the engineers from going into the engine-room to stop her, ordered us not to fire. She thus made her escape. After this vessel had got out of our reach, to the perfectly safe distance of about three miles, she fired her last rifled gun, again hoisted her flag, and setting all sails, fired her rifled gun repeatedly at us as she left.

The *Chicora* now engaged six or more of the enemy's vessels, at one time—three side-wheel steamers and three propellers—all at long-range. Discovering that the flag-boat had ceased firing, and was standing inshore, orders were given to follow her. On our return, we again came across a three-masted, bark-rigged vessel, which we engaged, firing our guns as we passed, striking her once or twice. We then kept on our course to the bar, having sustained no damage in the action, nor a single casualty on board. The last ship mentioned above, kept firing at us until we got out of range, and we giving them our return compliments. One of the blockaders was certainly sunk. We engaged her at the distance of only one hundred yards, and she settled down with her stern clear under water.

The *Chicora* anchored in Beach channel, at half-past eight A.M., and arrived at her wharf, in the city, about six o'clock, receiving a salute from all the forts and batteries as she passed on her return.

Doc. 117.

FIGHT AT MINGO SWAMP, MO.

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

St. Louis, February 16, 1863.

ON the morning of the second of February, detachments from seven companies of the Twelfth were ordered to form a junction at Dallas, Missouri, on the night of the second instant, which was done by nine P.M. During the night small parties scoured the country south and west, as low down as Castor, which it was found impossible to ford just then. In the course of the morning our parties came in with a number of prisoners, and twenty saddles that had been concealed in the woods by the rebels. Being somewhat decayed, they were burned. At eight A.M. on the morning of the third instant, Major Reeder having learned that the enemy were in the neighborhood of Big Mingo, gave the order to fall in, determined by a forced march to surprise the rebels. When six miles from the ford, at Bolling's Mill, Adjutant Macklind was ordered forward, with twelve men, to try the ford and to secure any parties in the vicinity. Wishing to see the result, I joined the party. A sharp gallop soon brought us to the ford, when on the opposite bank at the mill we discovered a few men mounting their horses. They were ordered to halt under the range of our rifles, and the Adjutant crossed in a canoe with a few men, and secured the prisoners, gaining from them exact information as to the position of the rebels. A brief examination decided the ford practicable. A messenger was despatched to Major Reeder,

and in a short time the head of our column was in sight. The crossing was soon effected without serious accident. It being impossible to bring wagons through the stream, they were ordered back to Jackson, and preparations made for a rapid movement on the stronghold of the rebels, under the immediate command of the notorious guerrilla chief Dan McGee, said to number sixty men, stationed, as they supposed, in an impenetrable swamp to any thing in the shape of cavalry. The crossing being effected, the Major called for volunteers and the best horses. Sixty men responded with alacrity. Fours right! trot—forward! and away we went, the remaining force being ordered to join us as rapidly as possible. On we went for eight miles over a contemptible "apology" for a road, when the guide announced the vicinity of Sim. Cato's, the headquarters of the guerrillas. The command, "Draw pistols—prepare to charge!" passed along the line. In a moment all were ready, when a sudden turn in the road discovered to Major Reeder, Macklind, and Lieutenant Chaveaux, in the advance, the presence of the enemy at a few hundred yards distance. "Charge!" rang sharp and clear on the winter air, and we were upon them. They grasped their arms in vain—in vain they sought to mount their horses. Our men were among them dealing death; they were completely surprised; a brief struggle, and the forest was again quiet; the sharp report of the pistol and carbine had ceased. McGee and eight of his men were killed and twenty wounded—all but four too seriously to be removed. Leaving the dead and wounded to the neighborhood, and being now joined by the remainder of the command, we pushed forward to Bloomfield. Our road lay through the Big Mingo Swamp. Night was gathering around, and a drifting snow-storm swept in wild eddies through the deep forest—blinding horse and rider—ever and anon down went some luckless trooper through the treacherous crust of the Mingo; thus for three weary hours the little column struggled through snow, ice, mud, and tangled underbrush, vines and creepers stooped from the branches overhead, and chucked you under the chin, or doffed your cap "sans" ceremony—your cap gone, it was a bootless task to think even of again possessing it; still on, on we went, plash, plash, curses low but deep might be heard, as some half-blinded trooper lodged against a sapling, or in a grape-vine across the path; all else was silent; the troopers and their snow-covered garments and horses looked like great phantoms making their nocturnal grand rounds; anon a wild hog, startled from his lair, would rush by with a snort, and all again be quiet save the plash, plash of many feet. At last the joyful sound of "The swamp is crossed!" ran along the lines; a twinkling light in the distance assured us that we belonged yet to the upper world. A few minutes brought us to the house of a good Union man—a curiosity in these parts—where the troopers shook the snow from their great-coats, and fed their horses, a halt for an hour being ordered, while your correspondent sought the cheer-

ful face of a blazing fire, in an ample chimney. The good dame soon prepared a snack, the first we had tasted since morning. This was soon despatched—to horse sounded. Brushing the snow hastily from their saddles, the troop mounted, and we moved on through the darkness, to Bloomfield, yet fifteen miles distant. The snow still came down in great white flakes. Three hours brought us to the once charming capital of Stoddard County. The column closed up and the order to charge into the town was given, and right gallantly was the charge made—a few minutes and every road was secured and house under our command. The report that a force of three hundred of the rebels proved false—they having fell back to Chalk Bluffs some days previous; the rebel Provost-Marshal, one Sickle, from New-York, having fled with the rest. Bloomfield, once a flourishing town, presents a dreary and deserted appearance, its rebel proclivities have left the mark of Cain upon its once fair face.

On the morning of the sixth instant, took up our line of march for Jackson, where the command arrived in safety, having accomplished a distance of two hundred miles in three days, and completely defeated a gang of desperadoes that have been a terror to South-east Missouri from the beginning of the war.

The officers and men behaved throughout with credit to themselves and the army. Major Reeder, Adjutant Macklind, W. Pape, Lieut. Chaveaux, and Capt. Bangs, deserve especial notice for their coolness and efficiency. I shall long remember the "gallant" Major's "Close up! close up!" through that dreary night march; and the many courtesies shown me by the officers and men of the command, not forgetting their gallant and efficient commander, Lieut.-Colonel B. F. Lazear.

H.

Doc. 118.

ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON, TENN. COLONEL HARDING'S LETTER.

FORT DONELSON, February 4, 1863.

DEAR SIR: On the third, while sitting down to dinner, messengers reported that Major-General Wheeler, Brig.-General Wharton, Col. Forrest, and five thousand or six thousand men, with ten or twelve cannon, were only two miles away, and marching on Donelson. I telegraphed Colonel Lowe, who replied, inquiring for further and more definite information, and that he would get ready to relieve us. Two steamers were lying at the landing, but no gunboats. We had but six hundred men fit for duty of the Eighty-third Illinois. Our battery of four guns in hands of the Lieutenant, Capt. Woodbury being absent. Capt. Hamrick and his fine company were gone to guard a boat to Nashville. Our cavalry had been sent, four hours before, to reconnoitre, but had not returned. They were captured, except four, who returned after the fight. I despatched to Colonel Lowe, but the operator replied: "Line has gone up." Sent three mounted men, with each a mes-

sage, to make wide detour and reach Fort Henry. Ordered steamboats to take on the women and leave—one of them, the Wild Cat, to hasten down the river and hurry up a gunboat, to leave her barges, etc. Sent Capt. McClanahan up the river to skirmish with the approaching enemy.

They deployed, and but half a mile out met the enemy. They continued to fire on the enemy, and slowly fell inward. Company A, Captain Reed, with same orders, upon the road leading south. Placed our guns, with infantry supports, and fixed my line of battle at the right place, as the result proved. I had no sooner decided upon my plan of fight than a large white flag was seen on the enemy's left wing up the river. I sent orders not to allow it to come within our lines, but their message was brought me. My reply was in writing, that I declined to surrender, and accepted the consequences, with compliments, etc. In the mean time, as they continued to move up their right wing, that part of our line being protected by two guns and two companies, one of which was company C of our infantry, I sent Lieut.-Col. Smith there—the point is at the graveyard—to maintain that position. He commenced firing; the foe then halted in that direction, and we waited for them to get our answer. There they opened at first with six guns, and then with two more. We replied with our thirty-two-pound gun and four brass guns, bearing upon the points of the enemy's line. I called in my skirmishers and put them on our line of defence, which was in the form of a crescent, one flank on the river and the other held by company A, Captain Reed, at the brick building near his intrenchments.

I began, hoping to give you a full account, but have, to this time, stopped and recommenced eight or ten times, and so I think I will say that the enemy were stronger than we at first supposed; that they fought us from noon until half-past seven o'clock P.M., and then sent in another flag of truce, which verbally demanded a surrender; that they had not brought into action half their force, and that we had done more already than brave men were required to do. I thanked Major Buford, who brought the message, and told him I declined to accede to his courteous demand; that I entertained no idea of yielding; that my force was not exhausted, and that I had not, by three fourths, the strength I had ready to meet them yet engaged, (I referred to the gunboats, which I had looked for every moment of the preceding two hours, and to troops from Col. Lowe.) This ended the parley.

The enemy, although it was an hour and a half after sundown, began to re-form their army for another struggle. I put my men in a square within some low rifle-pits, and with fixed bayonets and cool determination, and in ominous quiet, awaited their approach. A distant gun, far down the river, gave hopes of our gunboats, and anon, in the rear of our position, stalked black and grave-looking Lexington. Up went the cheers of the Eighty-third and of our brave battery boys, whose guns were silenced two hours before and one captured by the enemy. Quickly I ordered Lieut.-

Col. Smith on board to point out the foe to our naval friend, and very soon had the grim satisfaction of witnessing the facts that make our gunboats terrible. To me I never heard sweeter music. Although her shells were thrown over us to the foe, yet were we quiet as children in the cradle, confident that our kind nurse would not harm us. Her guns roared like thunder, and the shells fell like rain into the frightened and fleeing masses in the ravines and valleys before us. The Post rooked almost from the concussion, when five of her gloomy brothers arrived and chimed in.

During the battle I felt no fears, but was conscious of great danger; was frequently urged to stay out of harm's way, etc. I took my chances, and in the last charge upon the enemy's right wing, which had passed our left and threatened the rear of our right, I, with the brave Capt. Gibson, led the charge, with wearied and some reluctant soldiers, to victory. Here we took forty-two prisoners, and routed many more.

Captain Gibson was shot in both hands. One only of our boys was killed, but many wounded.

Our losses are sixteen killed and sixty wounded. The rebel killed is full one hundred and fifty, and their wounded four hundred. We took one hundred and fifty prisoners, and lost about fifty.

I can't tell you all, but must say that Quartermaster Bissell, Colton's successor, acting as my aid, lost his arm and shoulder by my side, and died soon after. The brave old hero, Capt. McClanahan, fell at the same moment.

A. C. HARDING,
Colonel Commanding.

COLONEL LOWE'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES,
FORTS HENRY, HIEMAN, AND DONELSON, }
February 9, 1863. }

COLONEL: I desire to express to you, and through you to the officers and soldiers of your command, the warmest thanks for gallant behavior during the action of the third instant. Attacked by a determined enemy, outnumbering your own little band of heroes as seven to one, nothing short of the most determined bravery on the part of every officer and soldier could have saved you from utter annihilation. As it is, your victory is complete, and this, too, with such fearful odds against you, that I consider the case without a parallel in the record of the rebellion. Your troops were mostly new and untried, some of them never before having been under fire. You numbered less than eight hundred—the enemy counted their force by thousands, and they were reckoned veterans unaccustomed to defeat. Their loss was so great that every individual soldier of your command may safely claim to have made "his mark." Where all did their whole duty, fearlessly and nobly, to mention names might be to do injustice, but I feel assured that no one will feel his services the less appreciated if I mention, for conspicuous bravery, such names as Lieutenant-Col. Smith, Major Brott, and Adjutant Casey, of the Eighty-third, and Lieutenants Moore and McIntyre, of Flood's battery. In truth, all are alike entitled to share in the laurels of this most bril-

liant achievement. By it, another bright page has been added to the honorable war record of Illinois.

I am, Colonel, your obedient servant,
W. W. LOWE,
Colonel Commanding

To COLONEL A. C. HARDING,
Commanding Fort Donelson.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER FITCH'S REPORT.

The Navy Department has received the following:

U. S. GUNBOAT FAIRPLAY, OFF DOVER, }
TENNESSEE, February 4, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that on the third instant I left Smithland, Kentucky, and with a fleet of transports, and the gunboats Lexington, Fairplay, St. Clair, Brilliant, Robb, and Silver Lake, as a convoy up the Cumberland River. When about twenty-four miles below I met the Steamer Wild Cat with a message from Col. Harding, commander of the post at Dover, informing me that his pickets had been driven in, and he was attacked in force. I immediately left the transports and made a signal to the gunboats to follow on up as fast as possible. A short distance below the town I met another steamer, bringing the intelligence that the place was entirely surrounded. Pushing on up with all possible speed, I arrived here about eight P.M., and found Colonel Harding's force out of ammunition, and entirely surrounded by rebels in overwhelming numbers, but still holding them in check. The enemy, not expecting the gunboats, had unwisely posted the main body of his army in line of battle in the graveyard at the west end of the town, with his left wing resting in a ravine that led down to the river, giving us a chance to throw a raking fire along his line. Simultaneously the gunboats opened fire up this ravine, into the graveyard, and over into the valley beyond, where the enemy had horses hitched and most probably kept his reserve. The rebels were taken so much by surprise that they did not even fire a shot, but immediately commenced retreating. So well directed was our fire on them that they could not even carry off a caisson that they had captured from our forces, but were compelled to abandon it after two fruitless attempts to destroy it by fire. After having disposed of the main body of the enemy, I stationed the Robb and Silver Lake below the town to throw shell up the ravine and prevent the rebels from returning to carry off the wounded, while the Lexington, Fairplay, St. Clair, and Brilliant went above and shelled the roads leading out to the eastward, supposing the retreating forces would follow the river for a short distance. I sent the Lexington and St. Clair on up to shell the woods and harass and annoy the enemy as much as possible, while this boat and the Brilliant lay opposite the upper ravine and threw shells up the roads. About ten P.M. we ceased firing, with the exception of now and then a random shell up the roads. At eleven P.M., learning from Col. Harding that the enemy had entirely disappeared, we ceased firing and took a position

to guard the roads approaching the town. Although much of our firing was at random, we have the gratification of knowing that scarcely a projectile went amiss, and that, out of the one hundred and forty buried to-day, the gunboats can claim their share. Even when the Lexington and St. Clair went above, many of their shells fell in the midst of the retreating rebels, killing and wounding many. It is reported that the attacking force numbered some four thousand five hundred, with eight pieces of artillery, under the command of Major-Gen. Wheeler and Brigadier-Generals Forrest and Wharton. It is certainly very gratifying for us to know that this entire force was cut up, routed, and despoiled of its prey, by the timely arrival of the gunboats, and that Colonel Harding and his gallant little band were spared to wear the honor they had so fairly won. At first I regretted I was not here sooner with the gunboats, but, upon reflection, I do not think I could better have arranged the time had it been in my power. Had we been here before General Wheeler, he would not have made the attack, but most probably would have marched on Fort Henry. Had we arrived during the day, he would have seen our strength, and would have retreated but with little loss. Arriving as we did, after dark, and when he least expected us, and was so sanguine of success, we caught his forces arranged in the most favorable position to receive a raking fire from our guns. The officers and men were very glad to have a shot at these river infesters, and only regret that they did not remain within the reach of our guns a little longer. As it is, they claim the honor of dispersing them and saving Fort Donelson.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LEROY FITCH,

Lieutenant Commanding.

To Captain A. M. PENNOCK, U.S.A.,
Commandant Naval Station, Cairo, Ill.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

FORT DONELSON, February 5, 1863.

One of the most gallant fights of this or any other war has just occurred at this post. Our forces consisted of nine companies of the Eighty-third Illinois, Col. Harding, two sections of Flood's (Illinois) battery, under Lieut. Moore, and part of one company of the Fifth Iowa cavalry, in all, six hundred effective men. The attacking force was four thousand five hundred strong — some rebel prisoners estimate it as high as eight thousand — under Wheeler and Forrest; the former said to have lately been made a Major-General. Col. Harding, who was in command of the post, had one siege-gun, a thirty-two-pounder in position. Fort Donelson proper has never been occupied by our forces. It has no advantages as a position, save to command the river below. The old village of Dover, nearly a mile farther up the river, has been partially fortified and occupied by our forces. It is surrounded on all sides by high ridges, frequently broken by ravines, and partially covered with underbrush and timber. The attack, though anticipated for a week, was

not known to be imminent until noon on Tuesday, the third. At three P.M. a battery of rebel artillery took position on the ridge to the west, at the distance of three fourths of a mile, and opened fire upon the town with shell. Soon their artillery was playing upon our forces from three or four directions, and their forces completely encompassed the town in a semi-circle of perhaps three miles in extent, from river to river. After thus formidably displaying the strength of his forces, the rebel General sent a flag of truce to Colonel Harding, demanding an unconditional surrender of the place. It was promptly refused, the Colonel declaring he would fight as long as he had a man left. The attack was renewed with great vigor, charge after charge was made by the rebels, who were all mounted, but the Springfield rifles of the Eighty-third were unerring, and each charge resulted in repulse and a score of emptied saddles. A body of rebels, dismounting and leaving their horses, forced their way into the town, fired on our men from such houses as they could secure, till they were driven out at the point of the bayonet or captured. At about five P.M. the rebel Adjutant-General approached our lines waving a white handkerchief.

"What in — do you want now, with that white rag?" sung out Capt. Bond of the Eighty-third. "Do you cowardly villains out there want to surrender?"

"I wish to see your commanding officer," was the reply.

Capt. Bond.—I shall have to blindfold you," fumbling for his handkerchief.

"I give you my word of honor that I will report nothing that I see," said the General.

Captain Bond could not find his handkerchief. "Come on," said he; "— — you, we can whip you any how, I don't care what you see!"

His Generalship was conducted to Col. Harding, when the following parley ensued:

Colonel, you have made a gallant defence — more could not be expected of you; but we do not wish to shed blood needlessly. I have come to demand again an unconditional surrender."

"General, I have had no orders to surrender. Really, I could not think of it."

"But it is folly for you to hold out longer. We have shown you but one half of our force. You must surrender or take the consequences!"

"Well, sir, I have shown you but about one fifth of my force. You may return and tell your men to pitch in—I'll take the consequences!"

So the fight began again. Every man fought where he thought himself most needed, took deliberate aim, and made his shots tell whenever a butternut showed himself within rifle-range. Such fighting, against such odds, has not yet been recorded in the history of this rebellion. By eight P.M. Flood's battery had lost forty-eight out of sixty-four horses, had fired its last cart-ridge, and lost one piece. But the rebels too were out of ammunition, and actually began to retire before the stubborn bravery of the "noble six hundred." At this juncture a gunboat reached the scene of action from below, and did

splendid execution by shelling the retreating rebels so long as they were within range.

Reënforcements were promptly sent from Fort Henry by Col. Lowe, as soon as the approach of the rebels was telegraphed him, but they arrived at three o'clock next morning, too late to participate in the glory, as well as loss, of the gallant Eighty-third.

Forrest admits a loss of two hundred killed, including one Alabama colonel, left where he fell (on the very steps of Col. Harding's headquarters) while boldly leading a charge, besides several other officers; his wounded must exceed that number. Of the latter, we have in our hands over sixty, including three captains and several lieutenants. Forrest's son is reported dangerously wounded. Woodward is also said to be wounded. Gen. Wheeler was at first reported killed, but the body proved to be that of Colonel McNary, above mentioned. Our loss is comparatively small, but includes some of the finest officers in the Eighty-third. Capt. P. E. Reed, of company A, and Quartermaster Bissell are killed. Capts. McClanahan, of company B, and Gillson, of company E, are wounded. Lieuts. Moore, of the battery, and Sykes, of company I, Eighty-third, are wounded. Fourteen of our men are killed and fifty-one wounded—a few fatally. Two officers and twenty-seven men of the Fifth Iowa cavalry, with several of the Eighty-third, and a number of Captain Flood's men were captured. The men were paroled and have returned, and the officers—with whom paroling is "played out," as you are aware—managed to escape. One of them, Lieut. Lene, spiked one of their guns before leaving, and made his escape on one of their best horses. He reports them in a sorry condition, destitute of ammunition and of food, save what they could glean from inhabitants along the line of their retreat. One of our men, paroled, reports that they gave him nothing to eat, and gave as a reason that they had nothing—the men having fasted since the morning before the battle—thirty-six hours. They left one hundred and fifty of their dead for our men to bury. Among them were many mere boys. I saw one, with his brains oozing from a ragged hole in his narrow forehead, who could not have been more than fourteen; but, except that of Col. McNary, I sought in vain for a physiognomy indicating any thing but brutality and a total lack of ordinary intelligence. I was particularly struck with the strange and vivid contrast between rebel common soldiers and our own, as illustrated by these. I would not have admitted it except on the testimony of my own senses.

Although I think this is the last attempt Forrest or Wheeler will make in this vicinity, it is to be regretted that we have not cavalry enough to follow up this brilliant repulse by the capture or destruction of the whole force, any thing short of which is not complete victory.

VID.

RICHMOND "WHIG" ACCOUNT.

FRONT OF FORT DONELSON, February 3.

The booming of the cannon has scarcely ceased

as I snatch a moment to inform you of one of the most hotly contested fights of the war. And, desperate as the fighting was, strange to say the loss on either side was insignificant. The enemy was protected by his breastworks, and our troops by the excitement and wide firing of the foe. About the last of January, Gen. Wheeler, fresh from the Cumberland, and fatigued with a difficult campaign, started out in his ambulance one night, and, travelling constantly, arrived the next evening in Franklin, where he had ordered Gen. Forrest, Wharton, and Major Hodgson (commanding part of the First brigade) to rendezvous. Taking up the line of march thence to Dover, the command traversed nearly a hundred miles over miserable roads, in weather severely cold. The progress of the artillery being arduous, the march was necessarily slow. At two o'clock, February third, our troops came into possession before the outworks in front of Dover, the pickets and skirmishers of the enemy being driven in—(Old Donelson, you remember, is dismantled.) A flag of truce was sent to Col. Hardin, of the Eighty-third Illinois regiment, demanding the surrender of the Fort. He refused, and, as we afterward understood, took occasion then to harangue his troops, informing them that if captured, they would all be slaughtered.

Our batteries were now in position to command the outworks. The Fort is constructed in the centre of the town, around the court-house—the outworks and rifle-pits surround the town in a semi-circle, one end resting upon the river. The rear of the town is unfortified and unprotected beyond the guns of the inner Fort, which sweep the streets in that direction. Hardly had the flag reached our lines before the artillery of the enemy opened upon us. Gen. Wharton, with his men dismounted, had gained the rear of the town, while Gen. Forrest, with his brigade mounted, and in line of battle, stood under the brow of a hill in front; Wheeler, on a hill that commanded a view of the whole scene, had charge of the battle. He despatches two aids to order the charge. The guns of our batteries belch forth their hurtling iron, and their sound is not echoed back before they again sweep the outworks. Forrest turns in his saddle, tells his troopers that "they must plant their banners upon the inner works before Wharton comes up on the other side," and orders the charge. The bugle sounds. His brigade in line, more than a mile long, at first walks off. Forrest is seen in its front. It gains the eminence. A shower of bullets greet it. As if disdainful of the enemy, the horsemen now strike a trot, until they have descended to the bottom of the hill. The fire of the enemy is now furious. On the next hill are the rifle-pits and ditches. The bugle sounds again, but now its notes are more thrilling and rapid. The general of an hundred battles rises in his stirrups and waves his sword. The men dash forward at full speed. The earth fairly trembles beneath their tread. Woe to those poor fellows! What a storm of lead is thinning their ranks. They will be repulsed. No! Hurrah! The enemy leaves his

rifle-pits. On go the horsemen at full charge. Now they are among the rifle-pits. Now they jump the ditch. Now they pursue the fugitives into the town. Now they are up to the main Fort itself. We expected every moment to see the confederate flag on the parapet. The enemy has taken refuge in the houses. The Yankees fire both from them and the Fort. Our brave boys can go no further. They are falling every moment. They must retire. Slowly they fall back, dismount, and charge again. Again they gain the town. Again the fire from a hidden foe drives them back. The ammunition is spent, night is coming on, and the command is at last ordered from the field.

Just at this crisis two gunboats come into action, and we retire beyond their range.

While Forrest was charging so gallantly, Wharton, in the rear, was slowly driving them back. He holds every inch of ground he gains. He captures a battery after driving the gunners from it, with his own artillery. Such was the precision of his firing that all the guns but one were dismounted. This one he brings off. At night-fall he also is forced to retire.

Many instances of individual gallantry were displayed in this action, and the desperation with which our men generally fought has never been surpassed. We mourn the loss of several officers killed and wounded. Strange to say, our whole loss will hardly amount to one hundred in all. The loss of the enemy is less.

Unable to close this note until the ninth, I will add that the enemy sent out Jeff. C. Davis's division from Nashville to intercept us. Suffice it to say, they didn't get us. It is now at Franklin.

ALHAMBRA.

Doc. 119.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LETTER

TO THE CITIZENS OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.*

MANCHESTER, February 10, 1863.

THE following letter and inclosure were received yesterday by the Mayor of Manchester, Abel Heywood, Esq.:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, }
LONDON, February 9, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to transmit to you, by the hands of Mr. Moran, the Assistant Secretary of this Legation, a letter of the President of the United States, addressed to you as chairman of the meeting of workingmen, held at Manchester, on the thirty-first of December, and in acknowledgment of the address which I had the pleasure to forward from that meeting.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

ABEL HEYWOOD, Esq.,

Chairman, etc., Manchester.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, January 19, 1863.

To the Workingmen of Manchester:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt

* See Doc. 96, page 344 ante.

of the address and resolutions which you sent me on the eve of the new year.

When I came on the fourth of March, 1861, through a free and constitutional election, to preside in the Government of the United States, the country was found at the verge of civil war. Whatever might have been the cause, or whosesóever the fault, one duty, paramount to all others, was before me, namely, to maintain and preserve at once the Constitution and the integrity of the Federal Republic. A conscientious purpose to perform this duty is the key to all the measures of administration which have been, and to all which will hereafter be pursued. Under our frame of government and my official oath, I could not depart from this purpose if I would. It is not always in the power of governments to enlarge or restrict the scope of moral results which follow the policies that they may deem it necessary, for the public safety, from time to time to adopt.

I have understood well that the duty of self-preservation rests solely with the American people. But I have at the same time been aware that favor or disfavor of foreign nations might have a material influence in enlarging and prolonging the struggle with disloyal men in which the country is engaged. A fair examination of history has seemed to authorize a belief that the past action and influences of the United States were generally regarded as having been beneficial toward mankind. I have, therefore, reckoned upon the forbearance of nations. Circumstances—to some of which you kindly allude—induced me especially to expect that, if justice and good faith should be practised by the United States, they would encounter no hostile influence on the part of Great Britain. It is now a pleasant duty to acknowledge the demonstration you have given of your desire that a spirit of peace and amity toward this country may prevail in the councils of your Queen, who is respected and esteemed in your own country only more than she is by the kindred nation which has its home on this side of the Atlantic.

I know, and deeply deplore, the sufferings which the workingmen at Manchester, and in all Europe, are called to endure in this crisis. It has been often and studiously represented that the attempt to overthrow this Government, which was built upon the foundation of human rights, and to substitute for it one which should rest exclusively on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain the favor of Europe. Through the action of our disloyal citizens, the workingmen of Europe have been subjected to severe trial, for the purpose of forcing their sanction to that attempt. Under these circumstances I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. It is indeed an energetic and re-inspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity, and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained

by your great nation; and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in assuring you that they will excite admiration, esteem, and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that, whatever else may happen, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exist between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Doc. 120.

THE FIGHT AT OLD RIVER, LA.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT THOMPSON.

PROVIDENCE, LA., February 17, 1863.

Capt. S. Smith, A.A.A.G., Col. Deitzler's Brigade:

SIR: I have the honor to submit to you the following report of a skirmish which took place between the command of Captain F. Tucker, company F, First Kansas volunteers, consisting of a detachment of infantry, numbering seventy men, detailed from the First Kansas infantry, Ninety-fifth Illinois, Seventeenth Illinois, and Sixteenth Wisconsin, together with company F, First Kansas volunteers, mounted, and numbering between twenty and thirty men, and the First battalion, Third regiment Louisiana cavalry, at Old River, on the tenth of February, 1863.

We met the enemy, numbering, according to the statement of prisoners, (and intelligent and reliable contrabands,) between three and four hundred, and whipped them badly.

The boys behaved as Western troops always do, which, I hope, they will all think praise enough for their good conduct during the fight. I desire, however, to call the attention of the Commanding Officer to the conduct of Private Daniel Updegraff, of company F, First Kansas volunteers, who was not one of the detail, but, when the fight commenced, took a gun from a man who was sick and went into the fight; he stood and took the fire of five rebels, and then rushed on them with his empty gun, calling upon them, in language much more forcible than polite, to surrender, which they did, and he marched them to the rear. I also desire to call attention to the fact, that after Captain Tucker was knocked off his horse by one shot, and lying on the ground, within thirty feet of the enemy, unable to rise, an officer ordered one of his men to shoot him, which he did. We had one man killed and seven wounded; and killed four, wounded seven, and took one second lieutenant, one sergeant, one corporal, and twenty-three privates, prisoners.

Appended you will please find a list of killed and wounded.

I have the honor to be yours to command,

S. P. THOMPSON,

First Lieutenant, Company F, First Kansas Volunteer Infantry.

Daniel H. Dow, First Sergeant, company F, First Kansas, killed; Theron Tucker, Captain, company F, First Kansas, wounded; Simon Atch-

ison, Sergeant, company F, First Kansas, wounded; Milton Spencer, private, company F, First Kansas, wounded; John F. Johnson, private, company F, First Kansas, wounded; Rees Davidson, private, company K, First Kansas, wounded; Curtis Benton, sergeant, company K, First Kansas, wounded; C. R. Stevenson, sergeant, company G, First Kansas, wounded; John Kennedy, corporal, company A, Ninety-fifth Illinois, wounded; John Sexton, private, company B, Ninety-fifth Illinois, wounded; Thomas Cahill, private, company E, Ninety-fifth Illinois, wounded; Dennis Kellogg, private, company E, Seventeenth Illinois, wounded.

Doc. 121.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR CURTIN.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, HARRISBURGH, }
February 12, 1863. }

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

GENTLEMEN: I desire to call your attention to a subject of moment.

When the present infamous and God-condemned rebellion broke out, Congress was not in session, and the occurrence of such a state of things not having been foreseen in former times, no adequate legislation had been had to meet it. At the same time, the life of the country being at stake, it appeared necessary that some means should be taken to control the small band of traitors in the loyal States, so as to prevent them from machinations which might be injurious, if not fatal, to the national cause. Under these circumstances, the general government resorted to the system of military arrests of dangerous persons, and, having thus commenced acting under it, have continued (at long intervals, in this State) to pursue it. The government of the United States acts directly on individuals, and the State executive has no authority or means to interfere with arrests of citizens of the United States made under the authority of that government. Every citizen of Pennsylvania is also a citizen of the United States, and owes allegiance to them as well as (subject to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States) he owes it to Pennsylvania. If he be unlawfully deprived of his liberty, his only redress is to be had at the hands of the judiciary. In such times as the present, it is more than ever necessary to preserve regularity in official action. Great efforts have been, and are perhaps still being, made by persons blinded or ill-disposed, to throw us into a state of revolution—that is to say, to create anarchy and confusion, and ultimately to bring about the destruction of life and property among us. Any irregular, much more illegal, interference by your executive with matters which by the Constitution, are not intrusted to his cognizance—and especially any such interference with the action of the executive of the United States, or with the functions of the judiciary—would be in the existing crisis, emphatically dangerous; it

would have a direct revolutionary tendency—in fact, it would be to commence a revolution.

The courts of justice are open, and, no doubt, all personal wrongs can be properly redressed in due course of law.

I do not know how many arrests of the kind herein before referred to have been made in Pennsylvania, as I have at no time been privy to the making of them, but I believe they have been few. I was under the impression that there would be no necessity for more of them, otherwise I might have referred to them in my annual message, but recent events having shown that this impression was erroneous, I deem it my duty now to invite your attention to the subject.

The contest in which we are engaged is one for the preservation of our own liberty and welfare. The traitors at the South hate the great body of our people who are loyal, and hate and bitterly despise the few who are ready for submission. Unless the rebellion be effectually suppressed, we must lose our pride of country, the larger portion of our territory, and the elements, not only of greatness, but of prosperity, and even of security to life, liberty, and property. Notwithstanding all this, it is, I fear, an undoubted truth, that a few wretches among us, false to all our free and loyal traditions—false to the memory of their fathers, and to the rights of their children—false to the country which has given them birth, and protected them—only stopping short of the technical offence of treason—in the very madness of mischief, are actively plotting to betray us—to poison and mislead the minds of our people by treacherous misrepresentations, and to so aid and comfort the rebels, that our fate may be either to abandon the free North, and become hangers-on of a government founded in treachery, fraud, and insane ambition; or, at best, to dissolve the Union under which we have prospered, and to break this fair and glorious country into fragments, which will be cursed by perpetual discords at home, and by the contempt and ill-usage of foreign nations, from which we shall then be too weak to vindicate ourselves.

That such offences should be duly punished no good citizen can doubt, and that proper legislation by Congress is required for that purpose can be as little doubted. Whether such legislation should include a suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in any and what parts of the country, is a question which belongs exclusively to the legislative authorities of the United States, who, under the Constitution have the right to determine it. That great writ ought not to be suspended, unless to the wisdom of Congress the present necessity shall appear to be urgent.

Therefore, I recommend the passage of a joint resolution, earnestly requesting that Congress shall forthwith pass laws defining and punishing offences of the class above referred to, and providing for the fair and speedy trial by an impartial jury, of persons charged with such offences, in the loyal and undisturbed States, so that the guilty may justly suffer, and the innocent be relieved.

A. G. CURTIN.

Doc. 122.

CONFISCATION IN TENNESSEE.

PROCLAMATION BY GOV. JOHNSON.

Whereas, Many persons owning and possessing real and personal estate, situate in that portion of the State of Tennessee within the jurisdiction of the Government of the United States, come within the provisions of sections fifth and sixth of an act of Congress approved July seventeenth, 1862, and have failed and refused to avail themselves of the provisions of the fifth section within the sixty days, which expired under the Proclamation of the President of the United States, on the twenty-third day of September, 1862; and,

Whereas, Many such persons are now within the so-called confederate States, having left such property in charge of agents, who collect the rents, issues, and profits thereof, and forward the same to the parties, or retain and invest it for their benefit; therefore, in pursuance of said act of Congress, I, Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of the State of Tennessee, do hereby warn all persons holding, renting, occupying, or using any such real or personal estates, or the rents, issues, and profits thereof, belonging to any such parties, as well as all agents, not to pay the same over to said parties or their agents, but to retain the same until some person suitable has been appointed in the name and behalf of the United States, to receive the same, and hold it subject to the order of the said Government of the United States.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
Military Governor of Tennessee.

February 20, 1863.

Doc. 123.

COLONEL CORNYN'S EXPEDITION

TO FLORENCE AND TUSCUMBIA, ALA.

THE Huntsville *Advocate* of the eleventh of March contains a letter from Tuscumbia, giving the particulars of what it calls the "late raid of the Abolition hell-hounds into North-Alabama."

It says: "Early on Sunday morning, the twenty-second of February, five Yankee gunboats came up the Tennessee River; they did not land at Tuscumbia Landing, but proceeded on up to Florence. Here two of them landed and destroyed the ferry-boat; the other three went on up to Bainbridge, at the foot of Muscle Shoals, and destroyed the ferry-boat at that place. The confederate States steamer Dunbar had been lying at Bainbridge for some time, but had taken advantage of the high water and gone over the shoals, where the gunboats could not follow. About three o'clock the gunboats all went down the river, without making any attempt to land, or showing any warlike disposition, except giving three cannon shot at a party of little boys on this side the river.

"Late in the evening, when the excitement caused by the gunboats had in a great measure subsided, the rattle of small arms and the gallop-

ing of horses announced the arrival of the Yankee cavalry. There was at this time about thirty of Baxter's battalion in town; about sixteen of them were quietly finding their horses and getting supper at their barracks on Maine street; the balance were scattered over town. At the first alarm, these sixteen men got into line, Baker (Baxter being absent) telling them to stand firm, that it took more than one Yankee to stampede his men. The advance-guard of the Yankees, about sixty men, charged upon these sixteen men; our boys gave a yell, and galloped to meet them; the Yankees turned and fled as fast as their horses could carry them; our boys pursued them back a mile, until they met the main body of the enemy, consisting of the Tenth Missouri, Fifth Ohio, two battalions of Illinois, one company of Mississippi and one of Alabama cavalry, with a battery of mounted howitzers, in all about one thousand two hundred men—some estimate them at eight hundred. The enemy fired several volleys and charged in turn, our boys falling back slowly until they were about to be flanked, when they retreated hastily into town; here they made a short stand, killing the orderly of the Yankee commander, and one or two others.

"By this time the Yankees, guided by renegade Alabamians, had got the remaining few of our boys nearly surrounded; but they made a desperate effort, and broke through the enemy's ranks and escaped. We lost six men taken prisoners, but not a man was killed or wounded on our side. It was now dusk, and the enemy did not pursue beyond the suburbs of the town. The wagons, tents, and camp equipage of Baxter's battalion were saved, having been sent out in the morning when the gunboats appeared."

The letter then gives a dreadful account of outrages committed upon "fences, shrubbery," etc., and says: "You have had Mitchel and Turchin with you; compared to Cornyn (Colonel F. M. Cornyn, Tenth Missouri cavalry) and his set, they were angels."

The letter proceeds: "Here is a *fac-simile* of several writs that were served upon citizens of the town and neighborhood:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
MAJOR F. P. BLAIR'S DIVISION, TUSCUMBIA, ALA., }
February 23, 1863. }

EDICT FIRST.—The United States Government, having ordered assessments to be made upon the wealthy citizens of the States now in rebellion against said Government, I have ordered an assessment upon your property to the amount of — dollars, payable immediately.

You are therefore commanded to pay over to Major W. H. Lusk, Paymaster of this brigade, the above sum, or the same will be collected from you at the sacrifice of your property.

FLORENCE M. CORNYN,
Colonel Tenth Missouri Cavalry, Commanding Brigade.

"The lowest assessment that I have heard of under this edict was five hundred dollars, the highest five thousand dollars. One gentleman, Mr. Wm. Warren, for failing to pay his assessment, was carried off.

"To our inexpressible relief the scoundrels left town on Wednesday afternoon, taking with them about fifty bales of cotton, all the mules and horses they could find, and about as many negroes as they could force off, about sixty in all. They took the plantation teams to haul their cotton. Owing to the bad roads, they left fourteen bales of cotton between town and the mountain, and I understand they were compelled to leave much more further on, which they burned.

"The enemy came through Frankfort, to which place they came on the Fulton road. By this means they were enabled to get here without our having warning, as nobody dreamed of their coming that roundabout way. Nearly every person they met or saw they brought along with them. Some of them they compelled to walk thirty miles. When they arrived here they had one hundred citizens prisoners. These, together with the citizens they got in town, made a big show. No doubt the official report of the expedition will mention having captured one hundred and fifty prisoners, not ten of whom will be confederate soldiers.

"As they subsisted wholly on the country, our loss is enormous. Our farmers say they will not try to make crops in the valley this year, unless protection is given them. There are immense quantities of corn in this valley, enough to feed a very large cavalry force all the year round. All the Yankees have to do is to come and get it."

This letter is written by a "Colonel" North A. Messenger, editor of the *North Alabamian*, published at Tuscumbia, and himself a renegade from the free States.

Messenger gives the following account of his own experience during the time our forces were at Florence. While we read it, we can only regret that he got off so well:

"I had been confined to my room for a week before the devils came in; was dragged out the first night in rain and mud; kept standing in the streets, under charge of a drunken Dutchman, until a late hour, and then put into a cold room, with the bare floor to rest on. Next day, fearful lest so obnoxious a creature as a rebel editor should die on their hands before he was sufficiently punished, I was given a comfortable room in the hotel, and a Yankee doctor sent to see me. I managed to keep up my spirits by abusing every Yankee that came near me; and, when the balance of the prisoners were marched off, I watched for an opportunity and walked off. A Dutchman ordered me to halt; I told him that I was released, walked around the town and concealed myself until they all left."

Doc. 124.

CAPTURE OF THE INDIANOLA.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BROWN'S REPORT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23, 1863.

SIR: At this, my earliest opportunity, I respectfully submit to the department a report of the operations of the steamer *Indianola*, while be-

low Vicksburgh, Miss.; also the particulars of the engagement with the rebel armed rams Queen of the West and William H. Webb, and the armed cotton-clad steamers Dr. Batey and Grand Duke, in which the Indianola was sunk, and her officers and crew made prisoners.

In obedience to an order from Acting Rear-Admiral Porter, commanding the Mississippi squadron, I passed the batteries at Vicksburgh and Warrenton, on the night of the thirteenth of February last, having in tow two barges, containing about seven thousand bushels of coal each, without being once struck, although eighteen shots were fired, all of which passed over us.

I kept on down the river, but owing to dense fogs, made but slow progress until the morning of the fifteenth. When about ten miles below Natchez, I met the steamboat Era No. Five, having on board Colonel Ellet, of the ram fleet, and a portion of the officers and crew of the steamer Queen of the West. I then learned, for the first time, of the loss of that boat, and after consulting with Colonel Ellet, I concluded to continue on down as far as the mouth of Red River. On the afternoon of the same day, I got under way, the Era No. Five leading. On nearing Ellis's Cliffs, the Era made the prearranged signal of danger ahead; soon after which I made out the rebel steamer William H. Webb. Before I got within range of the Webb, she had turned, and was standing down-stream with great speed. I fired two shots from the eleven-inch guns, but both fell short of her. She soon ran out of sight, and in consequence of a thick fog setting in, I could not continue the chase, but was obliged to anchor.

I reached the mouth of the Red River, on the seventeenth of February, from which time, until the twenty-first of the same month, I maintained a strict blockade at that point.

I could procure no Red River pilots, and therefore did not enter that river. The Era No. Five being unarmed, and having several prisoners on board, Col. Ellet decided to go up the river, and communicate with the squadron, and sailed at noon, on the eighteenth of the same month, for that purpose.

On learning that the Queen of the West had been repaired by the rebels, and was nearly ready for service, also that the Wm. H. Webb, and four cotton-clad boats, with boarding parties on board, were fitting out to attack the Indianola, I left the Red River, for the purpose of getting cotton, to fill up the space between the casemate and wheel-houses, so as to be better able to repel the boarding parties.

By the afternoon of the twenty-second of the same month, I had procured as much cotton as I required, and concluded to keep up on the river, thinking that I would certainly meet another boat the morning following, but I was disappointed. I then concluded to communicate with the squadron as soon as possible, thinking that Col. Ellet had not reached the squadron, or that Admiral Porter would expect me to return when I found that no other boat was sent below.

I kept the bunkers of the Indianola filled with

coal, and would have sunk what remained in the barges, but knowing that if another boat was sent below Vicksburgh, I would be expected to supply her with coal, I concluded to hold on to the barges as long as possible. In consequence of having the barges alongside, we could make but slow progress against the tide; the result of which was, I did not reach Grand Gulf until the morning of the twenty-fourth of the same month, at which point, and at others above, we were fired on by parties on shore. As I knew that it would be as much as I could do to get past the Warrenton batteries before daylight the next morning, I returned the fire of but one party.

About half-past nine P.M., on the twenty-fourth of the same month, the night being very dark, four boats were discovered in chase of us. I immediately cleared for action, and as soon as all preparations were completed, I turned and stood down the river to meet them. At this time the leading vessel was about three miles below, the others following in close order. As we neared them, I made them out to be the rams Queen of the West and William H. Webb; and two other steamers, cotton-clad and filled with men.

The Queen of the West was the first to strike us, which she did, after passing through the coal-barge lashed to our port side, doing us no serious damage. Next came the Webb. I stood for her at full speed. Both vessels came together, bows on, with a tremendous crash, which knocked nearly every one down on board of both vessels, doing no damage to us, while the Webb's bow was cut in at least eight feet, extending from about two feet above the water-line to the keelson. At this time, the engagement became general, and at very close quarters. I devoted but little attention to the cotton-clad steamers, although they kept up a heavy fire with field-pieces and small-arms, as I knew that every thing depended on my disabling the rams. The third blow crushed the starboard barge, leaving parts hanging by the lashings, which were speedily cut. The crew of the Indianola not numbering enough men to man both batteries, I kept the forward guns manned all the time, and fired them whenever I could get a shot at the rams. The night being very dark, our aim was uncertain, and our fire proved less effective than I thought at the time. The peep-holes in the pilot-house were so small that it would have been a difficult matter to have worked the vessel from that place in daylight, so that during the whole engagement the pilots were unable to aid me by their knowledge of the river, as they were unable to see any thing—consequently they could do no more than obey such orders as they received from me in regard to working the engines and helm. No misunderstanding occurred in the performance of that duty, and I was enabled to receive the first five blows of the rams forward of the wheels, and at such angles that they did no more damage than to start the plating where they struck.

The sixth blow we received, was from the Webb, which crushed in the starboard wheel, disabled the starboard rudder and started a

number of leaks abaft the shaft. Being unable to work the starboard engine, placed us in an almost powerless condition, but I continued the fight until we received the seventh blow, which was given us by the Webb. She struck us fair in the stern, and started the timbers and starboard rudder-box, so that the water poured in in large volumes. At this time I knew that the Indianola could be of no more service to us, and my desire was to render her useless to the enemy, which I did by keeping her in deep water until there was two and a half feet of water over the floor, and the leaks were increasing rapidly as she settled, so as to bring the opening made by the Webb under water.

Knowing that if either of the rams struck us again in the stern, which they then had excellent opportunities of doing, on account of our disabled condition, we would sink so suddenly that few, if any, lives would be saved, I succeeded in running her bows on shore by starting the screw engines. As further resistance could only result in a great loss of life on our part, without a corresponding result on the part of the enemy, I surrendered the Indianola, a partially sunken vessel, fast filling with water, to a force of four vessels, mounting ten guns, and manned by over one thousand men.

The engagement lasted one hour and twenty-seven minutes. I lost but one killed, one wounded, and seven missing, while the enemy lost two officers and thirty-three men killed, and many wounded. Before the enemy could make any preparations for endeavoring to save the Indianola, her stern was under water. Both rams were so very much crippled, that I doubt whether they would have tried to ram again had not their last blow proved so fatal to us. Both signal-books were thrown in the river by me a few minutes before the surrender.

In conclusion, I would state that the nine-inch guns of the Indianola were thrown overboard, and the eleven-inch guns damaged by being loaded with heavy charges and solid shot, placed muzzle to muzzle, and fired by a slow match, so that they were rendered useless.

This was done in consequence of the sham Monitor sent from above, having grounded about two miles above the wreck of the Indianola.

I have the honor to remain,

Very respectfully, your obed't serv't,

GEO. BROWN,

Lieut. Commander U. S. Navy.

To Hon. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D.C.

MEMPHIS "ARGUS" ACCOUNT.

MEMPHIS, March 5, 1863.

The Indianola met with no adventure worth recording, until reaching a point thirty-five miles below Vicksburgh. Here she put in for a short time, for what reason we have not been advised. This was on Tuesday afternoon, the twenty-fourth ult. She had not been there long before the outlines of two or three boats were discovered, as far as the eye could reach, below. It was

evident that they had on a full head of steam, and Captain Brown at once divined their character and purpose. They were none other than the long-expected rams, and hard fighting was to be the order of the next few hours.

The Indianola at once put on steam, and was soon out in the channel. She started up-stream—leisurely, it may be said with truth, for at her highest rate of speed her movements were snail-like compared to theirs—but so well in hand as to be brought into action at a moment's warning. The rams advanced rapidly, the Queen of the West naturally in the lead, the Webb, Grand Duke, and another, whose name could not be obtained, following close in her wake.

The Webb was formerly a lower river tow-boat, and is noted for her speed and great powers of endurance. She carries a number of guns of heavy calibre, is of wooden material, but has her machinery and boilers guarded by heavy iron plates. We believe she can be used as a ram, having an iron prow, but in this instance depended upon her batteries, leaving the others to come to close quarters.

The Indianola's heaviest and best guns are on her bow. Of this fact the advancing rams were evidently aware, for they sheered off to right and left as often as she changed position to get them in range, and managed, by the greater ease with which they could be handled, to give her no opportunity to use them with effect.

Of course the Indianola was clumsy; iron cannot be as easily handled as wood, and one large man is seldom able to gain material advantage in a rough-and-tumble struggle, over three or four small ones who act in concert and determinedly.

The ball opened. A shot from the Webb came whistling in the air. It passed over the Indianola, and went down with a splash a few hundred feet behind. Another came, with similar effect. The rams darted here and there, advancing and retreating, endeavoring to get near enough to try their iron prows against the gunboat's sides, but by no means anxious to receive a shot from one of her heavy guns. Had she been able to get a fair range, she would doubtless have crippled either of her assailants by one well-directed shot, but this she obtained no opportunity of doing. The firing proceeded rapidly. The available guns on the Indianola were run out and fired as rapidly as circumstances would permit, while the Webb and Queen of the West kept up a lively cannonading from their bull-dogs.

Those who witnessed the gunboat and ram fight opposite Memphis have some idea of the manner in which the latter do their work. The Webb, although gradually advancing, kept at a respectful distance, but so engaged the Indianola's attention that the latter had little time to devote to the rams, which fairly danced in the waters on all sides, watching an opportunity to give her a poke with their iron noses. With nothing but the Webb before her, the Indianola would have had but little work on her hands. She would doubtless have made short work of her in little

time, and proceeded on her way comparatively unharmed.

The experience of this war on the Mississippi has shown that, notwithstanding the labor and treasure expended in bringing gunboats to that point known as invulnerability, common steamboats with iron prows, and vital portions well protected, have been able, in the hands of fearless commanders, to perform exploits which the iron-clads dare not attempt. The experience held good in this instance. While the Webb was pouring in the shots, the rams managed to nearly surround the gunboat, and one of them soon found an opportunity to use her prow with force on one of the Indianola's sides. Another closed with equal success. They ran back, then forward, meeting squarely and glancing off, sinking two coal-barges which the gunboat had in tow, and, incredible as it may appear, succeeded in eluding all of her shots.

Every engagement must have a termination, and this one was soon over. The Webb and Indianola briskly kept up their firing, the rams their butting, and presently the contestants were in close quarters. The Indianola had made a gallant fight, but was literally overpowered. She had sustained many hard blows from the rams, and her commander received information that the water was coming into her hold. He arrived at the conclusion that she was in a sinking condition, and that further resistance was useless.

He accordingly went on deck and waved a white handkerchief in token of surrender. This was evidently regarded at once in the light in which it was intended, and the firing ceased on the Webb. As soon as communication had been established, Captain Brown was ordered to run the boat to the Louisiana shore. He complied; the confederate fleet came over, and the boat's officers and crew, with the exception of one man, became prisoners of war.

Doc. 125.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INDIANOLA.

REAR-ADMIRAL PORTER'S DESPATCH.

U. S. MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, YAZOO RIVER, March 10, }
via Memphis and Louisville, 13th. }

The Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

I HAVE been pretty well assured for some time past that the Indianola had been blown up, in consequence of the appearance of a wooden imitation mortar, which the enemy sunk with their batteries. The mortar was a valuable aid to us. It forced away the Queen of the West, and caused the blowing up of the Indianola.

The following is an account of the affair, taken from the Vicksburgh *Whig* of the fifth instant:

"DESTRUCTION OF THE INDIANOLA.—We stated a day or two since that we would not enlighten our readers in regard to a matter which was puzzling them very much. We alluded to the loss of the gunboat Indianola, recently captured from the enemy. We were loth to acknowledge she had been destroyed, but such is the case.

"The Yankee barge sent down the river last week was reported to be an iron-elad gunboat. The authorities, thinking that this monster would retake the Indianola, immediately issued an order to blow her up. The order was sent down by courier to the officer in charge of the vessel.

"A few hours afterward another order was sent down, countermanding the first, it being ascertained that the monstrous craft was only a coal-boat; but before it reached the Indianola she had been blown to atoms—not even a gun was saved. Who is to blame for this folly—this precipitancy?

"It would really seem as if we had no use for gunboats on the Mississippi, as a coal-barge is magnified into a monster, and our authorities immediately order a boat that would have been worth a small army to us to be blown up."

D. D. PORTER,

Acting Rear-Admiral Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

REAR-ADMIRAL PORTER'S LETTER.

U. S. MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, }
YAZOO RIVER, Thursday, February 26, 1863. }

MY DEAR —: We are all in quite a state of excitement here, in consequence of the appearance of the ram Queen of the West at Warrenton, seven miles below Vicksburgh, with the rebel flag flying. She was discovered early yesterday morning lying there with steam up, ready for a start. The account I received from Commodore Ellet led me to believe that she was in such a condition that she could not be repaired for some time; you may judge of my surprise, then, when told she was near Vicksburgh. I always thought that the ram crew skedaddled without any necessity, and now I am pretty well convinced of it; at all events, they spoiled a very important operation—holding possession of the Mississippi River between Vicksburgh and Port Hudson, and cutting off all supplies. The rebels had only one vessel on the whole river; that was the Webb, a worn-out, leaking vessel, and not in any way to be feared; hence we should have had things all our own way. There were on the way and past Vicksburgh twelve good guns, such as they have not got in all "rebellion"—at least in this part of it—and three vessels; one, it is true, was an old ferry-boat that we had captured, but she had a gun on, and would have answered to protect the coal-barges while the other two cruised together. Well, all that was knocked in the head by the ram getting ashore, through the treachery of the pilot, under a battery.

The prize New Era, and the persons who escaped, were only saved from capture by meeting the Indianola, which vessel made the Webb turn back, and she (the Webb) escaped up Red River. I knew that Brown could take care of the Webb by himself, but I have no idea that he will be a match for the Queen and Webb both ramming him at the same time. The Indianola is a weak vessel, and the only good thing about her is her battery.

Amid the incidents of war ridiculous things

occur, and I must tell you of a little affair that happened here, and has created great mirth on our side, notwithstanding the loss of the Queen. I think the loss of that vessel is worse than the affair of the Galveston squadron. I have scarcely patience to write about it or to be amused at any thing.

During the time of the running the blockade by the Queen of the West and the Indianola, five of the guns in the forts at Vicksburgh were burst and dismounted; therefore it was an object to make the enemy fire as much as possible. I got a mortar in easy range and opened on that part of the town where there was nothing but army supplies, and soon provoked a fire of four of their heavy batteries. The shell at first fell over the mortar and around it, bursting close to our men, but the range began to grow shorter, until they let us have it all our own way.

Finding that they could not be provoked to fire without an object, I thought of getting up an imitation monitor. Eriesson saved the country with an iron one — why could I not save it with a wooden one? An old coal-barge, picked up in the river, was the foundation to build on. It was built of old boards in twelve hours, with pork-barrels on top of each other for smoke-stacks, and two old canoes for quarter-boats; her furnaces were built of mud, and only intended to make black smoke and not steam.

Without knowing that Brown was in peril, I let loose our monitor. When it was descried by the dim light of the morn, never did the batteries of Vicksburgh open with such a din; the earth fairly trembled, and the shot flew thick around the devoted monitor. But she ran safely past all the batteries, though under fire for an hour, and drifted down to the lower mouth of the canal. She was a much better looking vessel than the Indianola.

When it was broad daylight they opened on her again with all the guns they could bring to bear, without a shot hitting her to do any harm, because they did not make her settle in the water, though going in at one side and out at another. She was already full of water. The soldiers of our army shouted and laughed like mad, but the laugh was somewhat against them when they subsequently discovered the Queen of the West lying at the wharf at Warrenton. The question was asked, what had happened to the Indianola? Had the two rams sunk her or captured her in the engagement we heard the night before? The sounds of cannon had receded down the river, which led us to believe that Brown was chasing the Webb, and that the Queen had got up past him.

One or two soldiers got the monitor out in the stream again, and let her go down on the ram Queen. All the forts commenced firing and signalling, and as the monitor approached the Queen she turned tail and ran down river as fast as she could go, the monitor after her, making all the speed that was given her by a five-knot current. The forts at Warrenton fired bravely and rapidly, but the monitor did not return the fire with her

wooden guns, but proceeded down after the Queen of the West. An hour after this the same heavy firing that we had heard the night before came booming up on the still air.

A rain commenced which defies all efforts to describe, and has been falling ever since, inundating every thing around here, and shutting out all sounds excepting the thunders of heaven, which are reverberating all the time, day and night. You can form as good an idea of affairs below as I can. I shall not believe in the safety of the Indianola until I see her.

The firing of the heavy guns may have been a *ruse* to entice some more of our gunboats down there, but it won't succeed. Brown may be there and out of coal, and I am afraid to set a coal-barge adrift for fear the ram might pick it up and be enabled to cut around with it, for they have a short supply now.

D. D. PORTER.

RICHMOND "EXAMINER" ACCOUNT.

RICHMOND, VA., March 7, 1863.

In the early part of the war, the Southern Confederacy was much diverted with the Yankee fright at "masked" batteries, little thinking the day would soon come for them to turn the tables on us and join in a general guffaw over our panic at gunboats. During the summer of 1862, the newspapers (believed by the immense Conrad) pleaded earnestly for the fortification of coasts, harbors, and rivers, and endeavored to prepare the public mind for the disasters which would inevitably ensue as soon as the gunboats began to swim in our waters. But Mr. Davis sneered at navies, placed his reliance in the somnolent Mallory, and expended his energies in the creation, on the average, of two brigadiers to each private.

True to the prediction of the newspapers, cherished by the noble Conrad, the gunboats came. They knocked down the mud-banks at Hatteras and alarmed the good people of the Old North State beyond measure. Their next essay was upon Fort Henry, a little pen, which Mr. Benjamin supposed to be placed, as near as he could guess, at the confluence of the Nile and the Ganges. After that the gunboat panic seized the whole country, and it became a serious question at the navy department whether liberty and the Southern Confederacy could exist in the presence of a cannon floating on a piece of wood in the water.

In this state of direful trepidation the unhappy South remained until the night at Drury's Bluff. On that eminence the fragmentary crews of Mr. Mallory's exploded navy were assembled to contest the advance of this modern horror—the iron gunboat. Sailors, marines, and middies did their best, and, with the aid of Providence and some spunky clod-hopper artillery from the neighborhood, succeeded in driving the gunboats off. Here was bravery and skill; but the exploit was no greater than the Chinese had performed on the Peiho. Yet the whole Confederacy threw up its hat, wept, danced, chuckled, and shouted as if Leonidas and Thermopylæ had been found

again. The event was great in that it dissipated in a moment the gunboat panic. Since then gunboats have been regarded with such indifference that the gentlemen who are acting during Mr. Mallory's permanent nap have discarded navies altogether, and turned over all marine operations to a wild Tennessee cavalry under Wheeler, mounted on scraggy ponies.

The horse-marine system has answered admirably till now. But of late a new terror has turned up. The telegraph brings us tidings of something which is tremblingly described as a "Turreted Monster." Gunboats are deemed not more dangerous than dug-outs, but when the case is altered to an interview with a "Turreted Monster," then the brave defenders of the Father of Waters can do nothing better than make two-forty toward the mountains.

The reported fate of the Indianola is even more disgraceful than farcical. Here was perhaps the finest iron-clad in the Western waters, captured after a heroic struggle, rapidly repaired, and destined to join the Queen of the West in a series of victories. Next we hear that she was of necessity blown up, in the true Merrimac-Mallory style, and why? Laugh and hold your sides, lest you die of a surfeit of derision, O Yankee-dom! Blown up because forsooth a flat-boat or mud-scow, with a small house taken from the back-garden of a plantation put on top of it, is floated down the river before the frightened eyes of the Partisan Rangers. A Turreted Monster!

"A most unfortunate and unnecessary affair," says the despatch. Rather so! "The turreted monster proved to be a flat-boat, with sundry fixtures to create deception!" Think of that! "She passed Vicksburgh on Tuesday night, and the officers, (what officers?) believing her to be a turreted monster, blew up the Indianola, but her guns fell into the enemy's hands." That is passing odd. Her guns fell into "the enemy's hands after she was blown up!" Incredible! Mallory and Tatnall did better than that with the Merrimac.

"The Queen of the West," continues the facetious despatch, "left in such a hurry as to forget part of her crew, who were left on shore." Well done for the Queen of the West and her brave officers. "Taken altogether," concludes the imitable despatch, "it was a good joke on the Partisan Rangers, who are notoriously more cunning than brave." Truly an excellent joke — so excellent that every man connected with this affair (if any resemblance of the truth is contained in the despatch) should be branded with the capital letters "T. M." and enrolled in a detached company, to be known by the name of "The Turreted Monster," henceforth and forever. We employ the conditional tense because, as the reader will perceive by General Pemberton's telegram of a later date, some doubt yet exists as to the true story. General Pemberton does not precisely contradict the original statement relative to the turreted panic, but indicates that the guns did not fall into the enemy's hands, because one of them burst, and the vessel itself is sunk in the river.

Doc. 126.

GENERAL LEE'S ORDER

IN REFERENCE TO OPERATIONS IN VIRGINIA, IN 1862.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
February 25, 1863. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 29.

The General Commanding announces to the army the series of successes of the cavalry of Northern Virginia during the winter months, in spite of the obstacles of almost impassable roads, limited forage, and inclement weather.

1. About the first of December, General Hampton, with a detachment of his brigade, crossed the Upper Rappahannock, surprised two squadrons of Union cavalry, captured several commissioned officers, and about one hundred men, with their horses, arms, colors, and accoutrements, without loss on his part.

2. On the fourth of December, under the direction of Colonel Beale and Major Waller, with a detachment of sixty dismounted men of the Ninth Virginia cavalry, Gen. William F. Lee's brigade crossed the Rappahannock below Port Royal, in skiffs, attacked the enemy's cavalry pickets, captured forty-nine, including several commissioned officers, with horses, arms, etc., and recrossed the river, without loss.

3. On the eleventh December, Gen. Hampton crossed the Rappahannock with a detachment of his brigade, cut the enemy's communications at Dumfries, entered the town a few hours before Sigel's corps, then advancing on Fredericksburgh, captured twenty wagons with a guard of about ninety men, and returned safely to his camp. On the sixteenth December he again crossed the river with a small force, proceeded to Occoquan, surprised the pickets between that place and Dumfries, captured fifty wagons, bringing many of them across the Occoquan in a ferry-boat, and beating back a brigade of cavalry sent to their rescue. He reached the Rappahannock with thirty wagons and one hundred and thirty prisoners.

4. On the twenty-fifth December, Gen. Stuart, with detachments of Hampton's, Fitz-Hugh Lee's, and W. F. Lee's brigades, under the command of their officers, respectively, made a force reconnoissance in the rear of the enemy's lines, attacked him at Dumfries, capturing men and wagons at that place, advanced toward Alexandria, drove his cavalry with considerable loss toward Occoquan, captured his camp on that stream, burned the Accotink bridge on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, then passing north of Fairfax Court-House, returned to Culpeper with more than two hundred prisoners and twenty-five wagons, with a loss on his part of six men wounded, and Capt. Bullock, a most gallant officer, killed.

5. On February sixteenth, Captains McNeil and Stamp, of Gen. Imboden's cavalry, with twenty-three men, attacked near Romney a supply-train of twenty-seven wagons, guarded by about one hundred and fifty cavalry and infantry, routed the guard, captured seventy-two prisoners, and one hundred and six horses, with equipments, etc., and though hotly pursued, returned to his camp with his captives without the loss of a man.

This is the third feat of the same character in which Captain McNeil has displayed skill and daring.

6. Gen. W. F. Lee, with a section of his artillery, under Lieut. Ford, on twenty-fifth February, attacked two of the enemy's gunboats at Tappahannock, and drove them down the river, damaging them, but suffering no loss on his part.

7. Gen. Fitz-Hugh Lee, with a detachment of four hundred of his brigade, crossed the swollen waters of the Rappahannock on the twenty-fifth of February, reconnoitred the enemy's lines to within a few miles of Falmouth, broke through his outposts, fell upon his camps, killed and wounded many, took one hundred and fifty prisoners, including five commissioned and ten non-commissioned officers, and recrossed the river with the loss of only fourteen killed, wounded, and missing.

8. On twenty-sixth February, Brig.-Gen. W. E. Jones, with a small force, attacked two regiments of cavalry, belonging to Milroy's command, in the Shenandoah Valley, routed them and took two hundred prisoners, with horses, arms, etc.; with the loss on his part of only two killed and two wounded.

9. Major White, of General Jones's command, crossed the Potomac in a boat, attacked several parties of the enemy's cavalry, near Poolesville, Maryland, and beside those he killed and wounded, took seventy-seven prisoners, with horses, arms, and wagons, with slight loss to himself. Capt. Randolph, of the Black Horse cavalry, has made many bold reconnoissances in Fauquier, taking more than two hundred prisoners, and several hundred stand of arms. Lieut. Mosby, with his detachment, has done much to harass the enemy, attacking him boldly on several occasions, and capturing many prisoners. A detachment of seventeen men of Hampton's brigade, under the brave Sergeant Michael, attacked and routed a body of forty-five Federals, near Wolf Run Shoals, killing and wounding several, and bringing off fifteen prisoners, with the loss on our part of Sergeant Sparks, of the Second South-Carolina regiment, who, a few days before, with two of his comrades attacked, in Brentsville, six of the enemy sent to capture him, killed three and captured the rest.

In announcing these achievements, the Commanding General takes special pleasure in advertising to the promptness of the officers in striking a successful blow whenever the opportunity offered, and the endurance and gallantry with which the men have always supported their commanders.

These deeds give assurance of vigilance, fortitude, and activity, and of the performance of still more brilliant actions in the coming campaign.

ROBERT E. LEE, General.

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DESTRUCTION OF THE NASHVILLE.

ADMIRAL DU PONT'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., }
March 2, 1863. }

SIR: I have the satisfaction to inform the de-

partment of the destruction of the privateer Nashville, while lying under the guns of Fort McAllister, on the Great Ogeechee, Georgia, by the Montauk, Commander J. L. Worden, whose inclosed report states succinctly the interesting particulars.

The department is aware that I have had this vessel blockaded for eight months, and I am indebted to the extreme vigilance and spirit of Lieut. Commander J. L. Davis, of the Wissahickon, Acting Lieut. Barnes, of the Dawn, and later of Lieut. Commander Gibson, of the Seneca, that I have been able to keep her so long confined to the waters of the Ogeechee.

For several months the Nashville was loaded with cotton, but, though constantly on the alert, she never ventured to run out. She then withdrew up the Ogeechee, and reappeared, after a length of time, thoroughly fitted as a privateer, and presenting a very fine appearance.

Fort McAllister was strengthened, the river staked, with a line of torpedoes in front, to prevent its ascent by light vessels to cut her out. She has been frequently seen under the Fort, ready to make a dash if the opportunity offered, or was quietly waiting for an iron-clad to convoy her to sea.

If I am not misinformed, she had a heavy rifle-gun on a pivot, as a part of her armament, was proverbially fast, and would doubtless have rivalled the Alabama and Oreto in their depredations on our commerce. I have, therefore, never lost sight of the great importance of keeping her in; or of destroying her, if I could. I have accomplished both, through the zeal and vigilance of my gunboat captains mentioned above, and the quick perception and rapid execution of Commander Worden, who has thus added to his already brilliant services.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. F. DU PONT,

Rear Admiral, Commanding South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.
Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

COMMANDER WORDEN'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD MONTAUK, }
OGEECHEE RIVER, GEORGIA, February 23, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that yesterday evening the enemy's steamer Nashville was observed by me in motion, above the battery known as Fort McAllister. A reconnoissance immediately made proved that in moving up the river she had grounded in that part of the river known as the Seven Miles' Reach. Believing that I could, by approaching close to the battery, reach and destroy her with my battery, I moved up at daylight this morning, accompanied by the blockading fleet in these waters, consisting of the Seneca, Lieut. Commanding Gibson; the Wissahickon, Lieut. Commanding Davis, and the Dawn, Acting Lieut. Commanding Barnes.

By moving up close to the obstructions in the the river, I was enabled, although under a heavy fire from the battery, to approach the Nashville, still aground, within the distance of twelve hundred yards. A few well-directed shells deter-

ed the range, and soon succeeded in striking her with eleven-inch and fifteen-inch shells. The other gunboats maintained a fire from an enfilading position upon the battery and the Nashville at long-range. I soon had the satisfaction of observing that the Nashville had caught fire from the shells exploding in her, in several places; and in less than twenty minutes she was caught in flames forward, aft, and amidships. At twenty minutes past nine A.M., a large pivot-gun, mounted abaft her foremast, exploded from the heat; at forty minutes past nine her smoke-chimney went by the board; and at fifty-five minutes past nine her magazine exploded with terrific violence, shattering her in smoking ruins. Nothing remains of her.

The battery kept up a continuous fire upon this vessel, but struck her but five times, doing no damage whatever. The fire upon the other gunboats was wild, and did them no damage whatever. After assuring myself of the complete destruction of the Nashville, I, preceded by the wooden vessels, dropped down beyond the range of the enemy's guns. In so doing, a torpedo exploded under this vessel, inflicting, however, but little injury.

I beg leave, therefore, to congratulate you, sir, upon this final disposition of a vessel which has so long been in the minds of the public as a troublesome pest.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN L. WORDEN,

Commanding Senior Officer present.

To Rear-Admiral S. F. DU PONT,

Commanding S. A. Blockading Squadron, Port Royal, S. C.

ACCOUNT BY A PARTICIPANT.

U. S. STEAMER MONTAUK, BIG OGEECHEE RIVER, GA., }
Friday, February 27, 1863. }

As you are aware, the object of the blockading fleet at Ossabaw was to prevent the escape of the Nashville to sea again. Little more than two weeks ago she came from her position near the railroad bridge of the Savannah and Florida Railroad, which is about twelve miles up the river Ogeechee, and took a new position under the guns of Fort McAllister, intending to take advantage of the high spring-tides which were prevailing at that time, and seizing the first opportunity to slip out. But we have been watching for this very movement. One night she came down to Hardee's Cut, one and a half miles from the Fort, hoping by that way to get into the Little Ogeechee and elude the blockaders, but one of the vigilant gunboats was there, ready to receive her if she had come through, which she did not, as the bottom of the "cut" or river was too near the surface. Despairing of getting out so, she went a little way above the Fort, where there is a bight or bend in the river, in which she is entirely out of sight. The Savannah papers said she had again slipped out to sea. We saw through the game and remained here, and as we expected, she came again to the Fort. Since that time she has been trying to get up the river again; but a mile

and a half above the Fort is a shoal spot, and she can get over this only at a very high tide. She has been up to the shoal and back to the Fort a number of times. Last Sunday afternoon she came in sight of us, went up to the shoal, and again returned to the Fort. The Big Ogeechee is very crooked, and a point of woods a mile or more above us, hides the Fort and the river and region in that vicinity from us. This afternoon, at three o'clock and fifteen minutes, the United States steamer, Wissahickon, lying three miles below us, signalled that there was a strange sail up the river. No strange sail could be in that vicinity except the Nashville, and we bent our eyes eagerly toward the point of woods, and from behind the trees we saw black smoke ascending as from a steamer's smoke-stack. In fifteen or twenty minutes the column of smoke began growing blacker and thicker, and to move rapidly by the trees. Intently we watched the point, and in a moment, from behind the trees, came the foremast, then the smoke-stack, then the mainmast, and there indeed, with the thick black smoke arising from her funnel and filling the atmosphere, and steaming rapidly, was the famous blockade-runner, the rebel pirate Nashville.

She steamed a short distance by the point, and then very suddenly stopped, and we saw that in endeavoring to cut her way through the shoal she had brought up aground hard and fast. Immediately we went to quarters, and the United States steamer Seneca, by permission from Capt. Worden, steamed up the river to reconnoitre. She went to within two miles of the Nashville, and by way of trial threw four or five shells at her, but doing no harm, and in half-an-hour came to her anchorage again. In the mean time, the smoke increased from the Nashville, coming up into the air from her funnel, and rolling and curling into great black clouds, and telling us, how plainly, that they were struggling to get away. But it was of no use. She did not move an inch; the tide at the ebb when she ran aground, was now falling, and her condition was every moment becoming worse and worse.

Captain Worden would have moved up to attack her if he had thought it judicious, but he saw she could not get off until morning. Night was fast coming on, and he chose to wait. At dusk, very little smoke, mingled with steam, was rising in thin clouds from her funnel. We plainly saw with glasses, men on her deck, at her mast-heads, and in the rigging, and we supposed that during the night she would be lightened, if possible, and every expedient resorted to, to get her afloat.

The night is mild and hazy, the moon obscured by passing clouds, yet no light is seen in the direction of the steamer, nor indeed in any other direction; not even the usual rebel signal-lights, seen almost every night on the river above, at Coffee Bluff battery, and at Beulah battery. But we are confident they are working at her, and we are preparing to make a demonstration in the morning, anxiously hoping that the bird we saw so nicely caught this afternoon, may be still fast at to-morrow's dawn.

Saturday, Feb. 28—At four o'clock this morning all hands were awoke, and at five o'clock we were all ready for the work which we had been earnestly hoping the day might bring us to do. It was a mild, pleasant morning, and the surface of the river was scarcely broken by a ripple. At five o'clock and ten minutes we weighed anchor, and in ten minutes more we were steaming at the rate of six knots up the river. The morning was just breaking, and it was not yet light enough to discover whether the Nashville was still on the shoal where last evening's darkness found her. We entered a bend in the river, and slackened our speed somewhat, and soon it became light, but we were behind the point of woods that we were watching with eager eyes, while our passage up the river was opening to our view the point where we hoped to find the rebel steamer still entrapped.

A little further, and there she is, swung by the tide, and now pointing down-stream, yet still there hard and fast. We see many on her fore-castle and considerable bustle and confusion. We steam on by "Hardee's cut," by the range-target of Fort McAllister, which is one thousand five hundred yards from the Fort, to a point nine hundred yards from the Fort, and at seven o'clock we come to anchor with fifteen fathoms of chain from windlass. Fort McAllister is on our left, in the angle of the bend of the river; we are nine hundred yards below, lying close in to the marsh on our right hand, the Nashville is a mile and a half above the Fort, but only eleven hundred yards from us across the marshy peninsula, and lying with full, fair broadside toward us; and the gunboats Wissahickon, Seneca, and Dawn are lying a mile and a half below us.

From the level of our deck we can see nothing of the Nashville but the paddle-boxes, smoke-stack and masts; but from the inside of the pilot-house we can see the whole steamer, below her guards, and nearly to the water. She looks clean and trim, and as though freshly painted, and is of that same light drab color as all of our national vessels of war. Her masts and spars look well, her rigging is taut, and her figure-head has been newly gilded. At seven minutes past seven o'clock we fire our first gun (the eleven-inch) at the Nashville, and immediately they let fly at us from the Fort three guns, but their shot all go by us. The smoke from our own gun rises slowly, and we cannot see the effect of its shell. In thirty seconds we see another puff from the Fort, and another shell flies by us. At eleven and a half minutes past seven we fire the eleven-inch again, and again the smoke conceals the effect of our shot. At sixteen minutes past seven another shot from the Fort strikes the pilot-house, (it was a ten-inch solid shot,) breaks into halves, and one half remains on top of the turret and the other half falls down on the deck. We then fire our fifteen-inch, and still the smoke shuts from our view the result of the shot. We then fire the eleven-inch, and it passes just over the Nashville. At twenty-seven and a half minutes past seven we fire the

fifth time, now a fifteen-inch shell, and it lands and penetrates the rebel's deck near the foremast. From the Fort they are firing at intervals of a minute or a minute and a half, about one third of their shot being directed to the gunboats below us, and the remainder at us. But we pay no attention to the Fort, not returning any of its fire. At fifty-seven minutes past seven we discovered a small column of whitish-gray smoke coming from out of her fore-hatch, and in ten minutes more the flame accompanies the smoke from the same place.

We cannot see her guns, and since we came to anchor we have been unable to discover a living soul on board. We fire again, and now the shell penetrates just in front of her paddle-box, and again the smoke hides our view, but when it blew away the fire is breaking through the deck, amidships.

We fire our last shot at three minutes after eight, having fired fourteen times; and as soon as the smoke has cleared away, we see the flames bursting out around her paddle-boxes, issuing in great hot sheets from the fore-hatch, creeping up the foremast rigging, and gaining aft. The fog, which has been slowly gathering around us, now entirely shuts us in, and we cannot see thirty yards. For more than thirty minutes we are thus shut in, when the fog rises enough to show us the Nashville in flames fore and aft, from stem to stern, and the smoke-stack fallen across the port paddle-box.

The anchor was up at forty minutes after eight, and we turned down-stream again. From the Fort they had not fired in twenty-five or thirty minutes, but as we started away they let the shell come thick and fast; but few shots from all their firing hit us, and really it made little difference whether they hit us or not.

We steamed slowly down, and in a few minutes the fog and smoke had risen, revealing the Nashville enveloped in flames. The fire came out from her sides, from around her smoke-stack base and masts, from between the ribs and braces of her iron wheels, and indeed she was shrouded in fire.

At thirty-five minutes past nine she blew up with a smothered rumbling report like distant thunder. The explosion was amidships, and the column of flame and smoke, like the discharge of a great gun, shot up into the air high above the mastheads, carrying up with it the charred and broken timber, and the burning bales of cotton. It was such a sight that once seen can never be effaced from the memory.

In a few moments another explosion of less extent took place aft, shattering and opening the stern of the steamer. Her masts, which had stood like two black spectres through the whole of it, soon came down, the flames gradually grew less, the long black column of smoke wound its way up to the cloud which had grown until it overshadowed the heavens, and nothing remained but the stem and the iron wheels.

A mass of smouldering embers is all that remains of the noted blockade-runner, the terror

of our northern merchants, the destroyer of the Harvey Birch, the rebel pirate Nashville.

After we came to anchor again two contrabands were seen on the marsh, and boats were sent after them. They said that they escaped in the confusion before the fight; that they were a part of a large number brought from the interior to work on the Fort for sixty days, that their time was out, and they thought they would get away.

They said that Col. McAllister, commanding the Fort, had told the commander of the Nashville that he must take her up the river again, run by us to sea, or take out her engines and guns and sink her and prevent our coming up, for he would not allow her to remain there, as while she was there we would go up and they might fire at us forever and not harm us.

They also told us that the Nashville contained five hundred bales of cotton, three guns and ammunition, and that they were at work on her all night Friday with lines and kedges to get her off, but could not move her. As we came down by the gunboats, the men manned the rigging and gave us three rousing cheers.

Let me congratulate the loyal North upon the destruction of this thorn in the life of our mercantile marine, and let the country congratulate itself upon having such a servant and defender as Commander Worden, whose judicious caution and whose promptness and will have secured the destruction of this rebel pirate, and added another leaf to the chaplet with which history will crown his memory.

Doc. 128.

FIGHT AT BRADYVILLE, TENN.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" ACCOUNT.

MURFREESBORO, TENN., March 4, 1863.

THE expedition which gained so brilliant an advantage over the enemy near Bradyville, on the first instant, deserves a more extended notice than that which I was able to send you by telegraph.

It was well known to our leading officers that a body of rebel cavalry were infesting the country around that town, foraging, plundering, and conscripting. As Bradyville is only a little more than a dozen miles from Murfreesboro, this insolence could not be patiently borne; and accordingly, Generals Stanley and Negley formed a plan for beating up their quarters.

General Stanley took command of the expedition, which consisted of about one thousand six hundred picked men from all the brigades of General Negley's division; a portion of the First Tennessee cavalry, under command of Major Murphy; and parts of each of the Third and Fourth Ohio cavalry, under command of Colonel J. W. Paramore, of the Third, who commands the cavalry brigade to which these two regiments belong. The detachment of the Third Ohio was immediately commanded by Capt. W. M. Flanagan, and that of the Fourth by Col. Eli Long. The whole

cavalry force was perhaps seven hundred strong, although the detachments of the Third and Fourth Ohio, which mainly engaged the enemy in the ensuing fight, numbered no more than two hundred and fifty men.

The whole force marched toward Bradyville on the morning of the first inst., the cavalry in advance, the infantry within supporting distance. About two miles this side of the town the enemy was encountered. His force consisted of "Colonel" Duke's famous regiment, the Second Kentucky, now under command of "Lieutenant-Colonel" J. W. Bowles; and the Fourteenth Alabama, belonging to Wharton's brigade, and commanded by a "Major" Malone. They could not have been less than eight hundred strong.

Major Murphy, with the First Tennessee, immediately attacked and drove in the rebel pickets, pursuing them until he came near the village. Here he found their whole force strongly posted behind houses and upon a rising ground in front of the town. A skirmish ensued, and the rebels were driven in confusion through the town.

A quarter of a mile beyond the village, the rebels took up a new position, dismounted a part of their force, and sheltered themselves behind trees and a long ledge of rocks.

When Col. Paramore had examined the nature of the ground, he sent a squadron of the Fourth Ohio, under command of Major Matthews, around to the extreme left of the rebel line, and a squadron of the Third to their right.

Stationing the First Tennessee in reserve, he advanced with the remainder of the Third and Fourth Ohio to attack the rebels in front.

For fifteen or twenty minutes they made a stubborn resistance, until our flanking detachments arrived in position, and opened an enfilading fire upon both flanks of the rebel line. They immediately gave way in confusion, when our boys charged gallantly, right in among them, with sabres and pistols, cut down a number as they ran, and drove them in utter rout a distance of more than three miles.

Five dead rebels were found upon the field; from twenty to thirty were wounded, and nearly a hundred prisoners were left in our hands. Amongst the latter were eight commissioned officers, including the Adjutant of the Second Kentucky, with all the books, papers, and reports of that regiment.

A hundred horses, with all their equipments, and a large quantity of quartermaster's and commissary stores, remained with the victors.

The brave boys engaged in the affair certainly exhibit no inordinate vanity in regarding it as one of the most brilliant little achievements of the war.

Every officer of the Third and Fourth Ohio present at the affair, is said to have behaved ably and well.

Third Ohio volunteer cavalry—Captains W. M. Flanagan, Minor, Luckey; Lieutenants Hains, Brewster, Likins, Brainard, Hall.

Fourth Ohio volunteer cavalry—Colonel Eli Long; Major Matthews; Captains Boss, Rogers,

Rifenberick, Adae; Lieutenants Wood and McGrew.

Our casualties were as follows:

Third Ohio—Wounded, Lieut. Hall, company K, slightly; D. J. Ashley, severely; Thomas Thorpe, mortally.

Fourth Ohio—Killed, George Saums. Wounded, Capt. Rifenberick, company I, severely; Corporal B. Winans, severely; Jacob Carolus, severely.

Some of the routed rebels, attempting to get round to the rear, were captured by our infantry.

The troops encamped upon the ground for the night, and returned next day to Murfreesboro.

Doc. 129.

BATTLE OF GENESIS POINT, GA.*

BALTIMORE "AMERICAN" ACCOUNT.

STEAMSHIP ERICSSON, OSSABAW SOUND, }
MOUTH OF OGEECHEE RIVER, March 4, 1863. }

WE left Port Royal harbor again at noon on Monday, the second inst., in our splendid floating home, the steamship Eriesson, Captain Lowber, bound for the coast of Georgia, with instructions to report to Commandant Drayton, in Ossabaw Sound. Previous to leaving Port Royal, the whole fleet of iron-clads were in motion for the same destination. It was therefore just the place to which we were anxious to go, and had Admiral Du Pont consulted us as to our destination, Ossabaw Sound would have been the unanimous choice of Capt. Lowber and his little family party.

It was a bright and beautiful day, and we enjoyed the trip along the coast immensely, the atmosphere being as warm as would be experienced in a sail on the Chesapeake in the month of June. On our way down we passed in view of the Light-House and entrance to Fort Pulaski, and afterward passed the mouth of Warsaw Sound, and learned that Commandant Drayton had left his anchorage there with the Monitor Passaic, and had joined and taken command as senior officer of the whole fleet in Ossabaw Sound, preparatory to a joint attack on Fort McAllister, located a few miles up the Ogeechee River. He had left the gunboat Marblehead, Captain Robert Scott, there, to blockade this outlet from Savannah.

We reached the bar off Ossabaw Sound at sunset on Monday evening, and selecting a good anchorage about seven miles from shore, dropped anchor and settled down for the night. We were within sight of the fleet lying in the sound, and Captain Lowber set a signal, according to his instructions, by which they would understand he desired to report to Commandant Drayton. There was scarcely a ripple on the ocean, and we enjoyed our game of whist as quietly as if at home, expecting to be aroused early in the morning by the roar of artillery on shore. The night was one

of unusual quiet, and we listened in vain in the morning for any indications of the anticipated conflict. The sun had risen brightly and beautifully, and a steamer sent out by Commandant Drayton afforded us the desired opportunity of entering the mouth of the Ogeechee River.

On rounding Ossabaw Island this morning we found the entire Monitor fleet, including the Passaic, which had come down from Warsaw Sound with the three mortar-schooners, had gone up to Fort McAllister, and the fight was momentarily expected to commence. The entire fleet about to engage the rebels consisted of the following vessels:

The Passaic, (monitor,) Commander Percival Drayton, senior officer in command, carrying one fifteen-inch and one eleven-inch Dahlgren.

The Patapsco, (monitor,) Commander Daniel Ammen, one fifteen-inch Dahlgren and one two hundred pound Parrott.

The Montauk, (monitor,) Commander John L. Worden, one fifteen-inch and one eleven-inch Dahlgren, which was held as a reserve.

The Nahant, (monitor,) Commander Downs, one fifteen-inch and one eleven-inch Dahlgren.

The Peira, Capt. Torbox, and two other thirteen-inch mortar-schooners.

During the night all had been active preparation on the various vessels of the fleet, and all were visited by Commander Drayton and pronounced by their several commanders as fully prepared for action. At seven o'clock the whole fleet hove anchor and moved up in line of battle toward the Fort, which is about three miles up the river from the point of anchorage. The approach to the Fort is through a long double bend in the river, and immediately around a point, which had to be turned before the vessels came in range of its guns. When this point was turned, the fleet was within one thousand four hundred yards of the enemy's works, and about two hundred yards on this side of the Fort were placed obstructions in the river which, of course, impeded their further progress.

Some time was spent in getting the mortar-boats in a position where they could get the range and drop their immense projectiles. In the mean time the iron-clads were in readiness to move forward in line of battle, and all was excitement in anticipation of the momentary commencement of the fight.

The enemy having received intimation of the concentration of this powerful fleet in Ossabaw Sound, had sent large reinforcements down the river from Savannah, and the smoke of steamers in the distance, moving to and from the city, indicated the most active preparations for the coming conflict. It was evident that a strong resistance was to be made, and the officers and crews of the various vessels were in high spirits at the prospect of trying the strength of their armaments on the rebel batteries.

At precisely half-past eight o'clock this (Tuesday) morning, every thing being in readiness, Commander Drayton signalled to the mortar-schooners, which had taken position around the point, out of range of the enemy's guns, to open

* This action is also known as the bombardment of Fort McAllister.

fire, and in a few minutes their tremendous projectiles were making a circuit through the air with a booming sound that fairly shook the earth. The direction in which their shells fell was signalled to them from the look-out of one of the gunboats, which were stationed at a good point for observation. They soon got the range, and their shells fell in and around the Fort with considerable precision.

After about a dozen shells were fired from the mortar-schooners, the monitor fleet slowly advanced toward the Fort, the Passaic taking the lead, the Patapsco and Nahant following. Whilst the monitors were getting in position and preparing to anchor, the rebels opened on the Passaic with solid ten-inch shot, and the position she took being in direct line with a target at which they had been practising, nearly every shot struck her. Captain Drayton and Chief-Engineer Stimers, who accompanied the monitor fleet at the request of Admiral Du Pont, remained on deck to observe the effect of the shot, shielding themselves behind the turret. A small splinter from one of the enemy's shells struck Captain Drayton on the cheek, causing a slight scratch, and entering the flesh.

The Patapsco and Nahant took position in the rear of the Passaic, the channel being so narrow that it was utterly impossible for them to advance abreast, and the water so shallow that there was danger of getting aground when the tide should recede. The difficulty of taking the Fort under such circumstances was at once apparent; but the main object being to test the strength of the monitors and to give their officers experience in handling their vessels, and the men an opportunity for practice in the working of the guns and the machinery of the turrets, it was determined to make a vigorous attack, notwithstanding all the disadvantages.

The Patapsco and Nahant were each separated by about two hundred yards from the Passaic and from each other, and could with difficulty bring their guns to bear. The cannonading, as I have stated, was opened by the enemy, and after several guns had been fired the Passaic opened on them with a fifteen-inch shell, but the guns not being sufficiently elevated, the shot fell short. This was immediately corrected, and shot and shell were poured into the enemy's works for four hours, without any intermission, by all three of the iron-clads, the mortar-vessels at the same time keeping up a constant fire from their position nearly two miles distant. The wooden vessels took no part in the fight, the Wissahickon, Dawn, Sebago, Seneca, and Flambeau being at anchor near the mortar-boats, whilst the Montauk, Capt. Worden, took position in advance of the wooden vessels, and in sight of the conflict, but took no part in it.

The three monitors being thus arranged in line of battle, kept up a constant fire from half-past eight o'clock in the morning until nearly one o'clock. The enemy in the mean time were not inactive, and showed a determination to make a most vigorous defence. They concentrated their

fire entirely on the Passaic, which was in the advance, only a few chance shots striking the Patapsco and Nahant.

At half-past twelve o'clock the monitors suspended fire for an hour for dinner, taking no heed of the continued firing of the enemy. At two o'clock the fight was again resumed and continued until half-past four o'clock. The Passaic was struck on her turret, pilot-house, smoke-stack and deck thirty-one times, one of her boats was damaged, the small flag-staff on the top of her turret was shot away, and a piece of shell passed through the flag on her stern. The Nahant and Patapsco received two or three slight blows from spent shot. A ten-inch shot from the rebel Fort was found on the turret of the Passaic.

The reports of the cannon and mortars were almost deafening to a novice in such matters, and must have been heard with great distinctness in Savannah, the wind bearing the sound off in that direction. It was a most beautiful day, the sun shining brightly, with a cloudless sky; and the atmosphere so warm that winter clothing was quite oppressive. The only annoyance was a superabundance of sand-flies, which were as full of fight as the human species by which they were surrounded, and thirsted for blood with equal voracity.

The enemy fired at first with considerable regularity, but after a time directed their shot mainly at the port-holes of the Passaic, and only fired when they could get a good shot. One of the ten-inch columbiads struck within three inches of the port-hole of the Passaic, making a slight dent; all the other shots went far wide of the mark. They were evidently early convinced of the fact that it was wasting ammunition to fire on their iron-clad adversaries unless they could strike the target they had made of the port-holes.

The position of the Fort was such that the amount of damage done by the cannonade could not be seen, except through the eye-holes of the pilot-houses, and the few spectators present not connected with the service were unable while the fight progressed to ascertain what headway had been made in the reduction of the Fort. It was, however, an exciting fight. Its finely rounded embrasures soon presented an immense irregular heap of sand. The fifteen-inch shells, weighing three hundred and forty-five pounds, when they entered the scarps and parapets and exploded would throw up in the air tons of sand, but it would, of course in a great measure, fall back in the same place, and hence the work of dismantling the Fort was slow and tedious. This flying sand must have been very severe on the gunners, when it came on them before they could escape to the bomb-proofs, but they always showed themselves a moment afterward, prepared to return the fire. A large number of these shells exploded within the Fort, and there must have been considerable loss of life. Their guns, except when run forward to fire, were entirely out of sight of our gunners, consequently there was but little opportunity of dismounting them unless the immense earth-works in front could have been dismantled.

The shells and shot of the enemy when they struck in the water near the monitors would send immense bodies of water flying over their decks and turrets.

Beauregard is said to have been in the Fort during the whole siege, assisting in its defence. The rebels had large supporting forces near at hand to meet any troops that might land.

The scene was very exciting, and amid the din and noise of battle we all felt a confidence in the result, so far as the safety of our iron fleet was concerned, even if they should fail in reducing the Fort. Their invulnerability to the projectiles of the enemy had been fully ascertained by the previous conflicts of Captain Worden with the same works, and by his successful destruction of the Nashville whilst exposed to the guns of the Fort, to which he paid no attention.

In alluding to the destruction of the Nashville by Capt. Worden, in my last letter, I omitted to mention that the enemy succeeded in exploding one of his torpedoes directly under the hull of the Montauk, slightly jarring her, but doing not the slightest damage. She continued in her position, firing on the Nashville until she was blown up, and then fell back to her anchorage. On Wednesday she steamed back to Port Royal, and is ready for the next movement that may be ordered. She did not take part in the fight, because only three vessels could get in position, and it was desirable to give the others an opportunity to test their powers, and gain the experience and practice that can only be obtained from an active engagement.

Gen. Seymour was also present, and had troops on steamboats ready to land and take possession of the Fort, in case their assistance was required in the progress of the fight. The great distance — from one thousand two hundred to one thousand four hundred feet — at which the monitors were compelled to lie, rendered its reduction an impossibility.

From twelve to one o'clock there was a temporary suspension of hostilities, on account of the fall of the tide, partly to rest and refresh the gunners, and partly to concert a new combination of movements for the reduction of the enemy's work, which from its peculiar location, and the obstructions in the river, prevented our monitors from fully concentrating their fire on its most vulnerable points. The mortar-schooners kept up an occasional fire until two o'clock, when the monitors again advanced and renewed the fight. A heavy cannonading was kept up occasionally until four o'clock, when the firing was again suspended, the monitors falling back out of range.

The direct firing on the Fort was suspended at four o'clock, the monitors falling back out of range. From four o'clock until eight o'clock in the evening hostilities were entirely suspended, when the mortar-schooners again opened fire, and continued to occasionally throw their shells during the entire night. Every fifteen minutes a shell was thrown in the direction of the Fort, and having got the range during the day the firing was thought to be with considerable preci-

sion. The purpose of this firing during the night was to distract the enemy, to prevent him from repairing damages and keep him from rest and refreshment. Our men on the monitors and gunboats, being tired out by the labors of the day, slept soundly notwithstanding the din of battle by which they were surrounded.

The cannonading during the day had been very heavy, and its results rather unsatisfactory. The difficulty of obtaining position before the Fort by more than one monitor at a time, owing to the obstructions in the river, which prevented them from getting in full range before the Fort, rendered the task a difficult one. If they could have removed the obstructions, the work would have been an easy one of accomplishment, and they might have moved on against Savannah, if so desired. These obstructions, however, have proved a greater barrier than the guns of the enemy, which against the iron-clads have done no more damage than so many pop-guns.

The night bombardment was kept up until daybreak, without any intermission, when it ceased entirely, whilst the fleet of iron-clads was preparing to move forward to a renewal of the direct assault on the works.

During the progress of the fight a ten-inch mortar-shell, loaded with sand, fell on the deck of the Passaic. It struck on the weakest of the deck, and, further than a disfiguration of the armor, did no damage to the vessel. This was a test that the monitors had not before undergone, and it will be a matter of congratulation to know that they are invulnerable to even mortar projectiles.

Wednesday, March 4.—This is the second anniversary of the inauguration of President Lincoln, and the war still progresses. God grant that its next anniversary may find peace and happiness prevailing throughout the land.

The morning has again opened bright and beautiful — a cloudless sky and a warm sun shining down on this scene of human antagonism. At the time I write, the monitor fleet are moving forward in momentary anticipation of a renewal of the conflict. The incessant mortar-firing during the night it was thought had prevented the repair of the damage done yesterday, as well as the mounting of new guns in the place of those dismantled yesterday.

The firing of the mortars at night was a grand sight. Their immense shells could be seen mounting slowly to an immense height, with a slight spark of fire visible. When they turned to fall they came down with double the rapidity they ascended, and soon the booming sound of their explosion could be heard coming back from a point two miles distant. At other times the shells would explode high in the air, owing to some defect in the fuse, making a brilliant pyrotechnic display.

On board the schooners, to prevent injury from the immense reverberation, it was necessary to stand on tip-toe and keep your mouth open. The practice of the gunners was fine, but not very pleasant to a spectator.

On approaching the Fort, Capt. Drayton discovered that the enemy had during the night repaired all damages, and that the Fort was as impregnable as on the previous day. He thereupon concluded to abandon at once the attempt to reduce it, the destruction of the Nashville having in reality rendered its possession a matter of little or no importance.

On ordering his vessels to retire, the enemy fired their cannons, exploded their rifles, and shouted, yelled, and cheered with an exultant vehemence that could be distinctly heard at a great distance. The abandonment of the attack was undoubtedly a most joyful event to the rebels, and of corresponding depression to us. The possession of the Fort was but of little importance, but the failure to take it after so vigorous an attempt was somewhat mortifying.

The iron-clad monitors this morning, (Wednesday,) after the grand rebel *feu-de-joie* at day-break, all fell back to their former anchorage, and made preparations, with the mortar-boats, for an immediate return to Port Royal. The Montauk, accompanied by the gunboat Wissahickon, started immediately, and the Passaic, Nahant, and Patapsco were in readiness to depart the same evening, but the weather becoming rough, they postponed their departure until Thursday morning.

The result of the fight was deemed as settling the question that with such shallow water and the narrowness of the stream, the taking of an earthwork situated as Fort McAllister was an impossibility. Unless the obstructions in the river were previously removed, or the aid of a land force was given to the monitors, they could not approach within one thousand yards of the Fort, and hence, unless they could entirely destroy it with their guns, all further attempts were useless.

The number of guns fired by the Passaic during the fight was ninety-seven, by the Patapsco seventy, and the Nahant sixty. The mortar-schooners fired about one hundred shells.

The fight has proved the entire invulnerability of the monitors, and their ability to pass any land battery that was ever constructed, with the greatest impunity, provided there should be no obstructions in the channel. A slight but harmless depression of their armor was all the damage inflicted upon any of them.

Two of the monitors got aground during the fight, but succeeded in getting off. When the tide fell they were all compelled to draw back into deeper water. The rebel gunners, after a short time, stood by their guns, watching the turning of the turrets, and only fired at the port-holes of the Passaic, dodging into their bomb-proofs when the other vessels fired, to avoid the clouds of sand that were raised by our shells from their embrasures.

The rebel works had been erected with a particular view to the character of the attack likely to be made upon them. The embrasures were immense banks of sand nearly forty feet thick, and to dismount the guns and destroy the forts

it was necessary to beat down these immense sand-hills. But one of the rebel guns is known to have been dismounted and broken to pieces by a solid fifteen-inch shot from the Nahant, though it is thought that another was dismounted. If the Fort could have been dismantled, the guns could easily have been destroyed. But they could not be reached from the position in which the vessels were compelled to lie.

At one time a rebel was observed in the marsh, apparently in charge of a string leading to a torpedo in the bed of the river. The pilot of the Passaic observing him, raised a rifle to the eyehole of the pilot-house and shot him through the head. At another time, some rebels appeared in the marsh and fired several shots at Capt. Drayton, who frequently took position on deck to watch the effect of the balls. The Captain immediately ordered a charge of canister, and, firing in the direction in which they appeared, received no more annoyance from that quarter. Those that escaped were seen running off, and doubtless many suffered for their temerity.

The enemy had but eight guns and a mortar in their Fort, being all that could be well mounted in the position it was located. The obstructions in the river consisted of piles, and were not driven in a line directly across the stream, but in a slanting line down the stream, commencing just below the Fort and extending some distance down to the other side of the stream. Had they been in a direct line they might have been removed or forced through, but the narrowness of the channel favored the strength of the obstruction.

The whole object of the movement on the Georgia coast was the destruction of the Nashville, which was in full readiness for a piratical cruise, and that being accomplished, Admiral Du Pont doubtless ordered the attack on the Fort for the purpose of more fully testing the powers of the monitors, and to give their commanders experience in handling their vessels and guns. The result has been most satisfactory, as they have all been within a few hundred yards of the enemy's guns for eight hours, and have come out of the conflict unscathed. They are as ready for immediate service as they were before the conflict, and will doubtless not long remain inactive.

The monitors were originally ordered to Ossabaw to assist in destroying the Nashville, and were preparing to start when the news of her destruction was received. Had she been destroyed a day or two sooner, there would probably have been no attack on the Fort. It was merely ordered afterward to test the vessels; hence the failure is of but little real importance.

Yours, etc., C. C. F.

SAVANNAH "REPUBLICAN" ACCOUNT.

SAVANNAH, March 12, 1863.

This remarkable engagement is deserving a more extended notice than it has heretofore received from the hands of the press. That one of the most terrible conflicts of the revolution should

be disposed of in a few lines of telegraphic reports, embracing only its results, is not just to the noble and heroic spirits who, on that memorable occasion, defended successfully the soil of Georgia against an armament which in force and terror is without a parallel. The Brigadier-General commanding the department, has in part supplied the omission of his complimentary orders. There are other facts, though, embracing the entire details of the engagement, which should be put on record as part of the history of this unnatural and sanguinary war. True, it was a bloodless battle, so far as our forces were concerned, the only life lost in the Fort being that of a pet tom-eat. Yet it was not because our men were not exposed to death, or fighting for hours, with his terrible shafts flying all around them. An omnipotent arm above shielded them from harm.

During a recent visit to the Fort, we acquainted ourselves with a number of interesting facts, regarding the battle, a few of which we will give to our readers. It will be recollected that the engagement took place on Tuesday, the third of March inst. Including the attack on the Nashville, in which the Fort became involved, it was the seventh attempt of the enemy to carry the position. We would state that Fort McAllister is situated on the right bank of the Ogeechee, and occupies the farthest points, by mainland, jutting out into the marsh. The river flows straight from a point about a mile above the Fort, to a distance of about a mile and a half below, where it makes a bend, and runs almost south, and behind a point of woods; thence onward to Ossabaw Sound and the ocean. During the afternoon of Monday, three iron monitors—the Montauk, the second, supposed from the descriptions in the New-York papers to be the Passaic, and the third, the Weehawken—steamed up from behind the point of woods, rounded the bend, and came up to within a short distance of the Fort, the Montauk about a thousand yards off, and the other two in the rear, some one hundred and fifty yards from each other. Here they anchored in line of battle for the next day, and the night passed in quiet, both sides, no doubt, busy with preparations for the dreadful work of the morning. Around the point, and a little over two miles distant, lay three mortar-schooners and an old steamer, which also took part in the fight, and kept up a rapid fire throughout. Such was the force and disposition of the enemy. The Montauk, and another iron-clad, were armed with one fifteen-inch and one eleven-inch gun each, and the third with eight-inch rifle-guns. The mortar-boats threw ten and eleven-inch shells. Our battery remained as in the former fight, except that it had been reinforced with a ten-inch columbiad. Another part of our force, on the day, which should not be overlooked, was a detachment of the Hardwick Mounted Rifles, Captain McAllister, under command of Third Lieutenant E. A. Elarbee. They consisted of Sergeant Hayman, privates Proctor, Wyatt Harper, and Cobb. These men went up the river, and crossed over the marsh, by night, to a point about two hundred and fifty yards

from the Montauk, and in full rifle-range, where they dug out a rifle-pit in the mud, and remained the greater part of the fight; it is believed not without important success, as will be seen hereafter. Thus stood matters up to a quarter of nine o'clock Tuesday morning, when our troops, wearied with waiting on the enemy, opened on the Montauk with the rifle-gun. The eight-inch columbiad, forty-two pounder and ten-inch columbiad followed suit, in order in which they are named, all directing their fire on the Montauk; indeed, she was the only one of the iron-clads that we shot at during the fight; the rest were doubtless much disappointed in the not being visited. At nine o'clock, the Montauk fired the first gun, and was followed by her associates in rapid succession. Thus commenced the firing on both sides, and the deadly strife was kept up steadily for seven and a half hours, without the slightest intermission.

Considering the strength of the combatants respectively, and the immense weight of metal thrown in terrific grandeur, there has been nothing like it since the commencement of the war. Indeed, history furnishes no parallel. It is estimated that the enemy threw some two hundred and fifty shot and shell at the Fort, amounting to some sixty or seventy tons of the most formidable missiles ever invented for the destruction of human life. Only think of eleven and fifteen-inch round shot, and rifle shells, eight inches in diameter and seventeen inches in length, screaming along their destructive way, like so many fiery demons, plunging into the earthworks of Fort McAllister to the depth of eight or ten feet, or exploding with a voice of thunder and the jars of an earthquake, for more than seven mortal hours, over, around, and in the midst of our undaunted little band of patriots. Firm and unterrified, they stood to their guns through it all, and at the close, with a defiant shot and a shout of victory, saluted the retiring foe. Such a fire was never directed against mortal man before, and they came out not only unscathed, but triumphant, from the fiery ordeal. About midday, an eleven-inch shell struck the upright post of the eight-inch columbiad, and shivered the entire carriage to atoms, the gun consequently lost to them for the remainder of the day. The main traverse-wheel of the forty-two pounder, was carried away by a shot, and replaced within twenty minutes, in the midst of a terrific fire. Private Carroll Hanson, of the Emmet Rifles, distinguished himself by passing out into the yard of the Fort, in the direct line of the enemy's fire, where it appeared impossible for life to exist, and returning by the same route with a wheel for the disabled gun. One of the thirty-twos, which battery was gallantly served throughout the fight, by a detachment of sharpshooters under command of Lieut. Herman, met with a similar accident, but they kept up their fire to the last.

These guns are greatly exposed, and require the sternest kind of nerves to man them.

About a quarter-past four o'clock P.M., a shot from our forty-two pounder struck the body of

the Montauk; a volume of steam was seen to issue from her side, and her turret refuse to revolve. She immediately weighed anchor, turned her bow down-stream, and retired from the fight. The Fort gave her a parting salute as she rounded, to which she replied by two random shots, one of which went up the river, and the other across the marsh—as much as to say to her troublesome customer: “If I can’t whip you, go to the devil.” The Fort fired the first and the last shot. In a few minutes the other two rams turned about and followed their file-leader, which on making the bend below was taken in tow by a steamer, as if in a damaged condition. This conclusion is supported by the testimony of our pickets, who report that her pilot-house was taken down, and the men were at work during the whole of that night and the day following. Thus ended the fight, with the exception of a slow but continued fire which was kept up from the mortar-boats, from behind the point of wood, throughout the night, in order to prevent repairs on the Fort. It, however, did little or no damage, nor did it cause a suspension of the work for a moment. The garrison being pretty well worn out by the labors of the day, Major Schaaff’s battalion of sharpshooters volunteered to make the necessary repairs. Though under fire, these brave men continued their work throughout the night, and at daylight the dismantled columbiad was again in position, all the breaches repaired, and the Fort in complete order for another trial of strength with her formidable antagonist. At dawn, the men were again at their guns, but hour after hour passed, and no enemy hove in sight. The Yankees had received their fill, and concluded to let us alone. But to return to Lieut. Elarbee and his adventurous little band, who had taken their position under cover of the marsh, within rifle-shot of the enemy’s rams. It was one of extreme peril, being not only exposed to a raking fire from the gunboats, should they be discovered, but also in a direct line with the fire from the Fort. During the fight, an officer made his appearance on the deck of the Montauk, with a glass in hand, and presented the long-wished for target. A Maynard rifle slug soon went whizzing by his ears, which startled him, and caused him to right-about, when a second slug apparently took effect on his person, as, with both hands raised, he caught hold of the turret for support, and immediately clambered or was pulled in at a port-hole. It is believed that the officer was killed. The display of awning on the Montauk the day following, and the funeral on Assabau Friday, give strength to this opinion. As soon as this shot was fired, the Montauk turned her guns upon the marsh, and literally raked it with grape-shot. The riflemen, however, succeeded in changing their base in time, and avoiding the missiles of the enemy. Not one of them was hurt. Too much credit cannot be bestowed on the daring act of a few brave men. Of the damage done to the garrison, we have already given a full account, and can only repeat that it was confined to the wounding of one man,

Thomas W. Rape, Emmet Rifles, in the knee, and another, William S. Owens, of the same company, slightly in the face. James Mims, of company D, First Georgia battalion of sharpshooters, had his leg broken and his ankle crushed, by the fall of a piece of timber, while remounting the columbiad, after the fight. All, we learn, are doing well. Considerable havoc was made in the sand-banks in the Fort, and the quarters of the men were almost entirely demolished. The officers’ quarters received two or three shots, but suffered no material damage. Inside the Fort, and to the rear and left of it, for a half-mile, the earth was dug up into immense pits and furrows by the enemy’s shell and shot; a large quantity of which has been gathered up, and will be returned to the Yankees in a different form should the occasion offer.

It is almost incredible that our troops should have remained under such a fire, for so long a time, and not one of them killed or seriously wounded. Indeed their safety would seem to throw suspicion on the whole account of the fight. But it is all true, and why it is so cannot be accounted for on any principle of natural law. The escape was miraculous, and can only be ascribed to that All-seeing Eye that watches over the actions of men, and that Omnipotent Arm which is ever stretched out to uphold the right, and shield from harm the cause of the just and oppressed. We might name a number of extraordinary incidents that occurred during the progress of the bombardment that baffle human reason, and irresistibly turn the eye of the inquirer up to Him with whom all things are possible. A few will suffice: the eleven-inch shell that shivered the carriage of the eight-inch columbiad to atoms, exploded in the gun-chamber in the midst of eight or ten men, and not one of them was injured. A fragment the size of a man’s head, passed between Lieutenant Dixon and gunner No. 1, who were within twenty inches of each other, and sank deep into the traverse, without doing a particle of harm. A shell fell and exploded in the pit of the rifle-gun, where a number were serving, and but a single fragment was left on the floor, yet no one was hurt.

Several officers were lying in the door of the hospital, and four or five others standing around outside, and not ten feet distant, when a fifteen-inch shell struck the bank, rolled down to the very door-sill, and exploded. All were burnt with the powder, but not one was touched by a fragment of a shell. Where they went to, who can tell? An officer of the Fort, whose word no one will dispute, informed us, that the shells from the mortar-boats at night, or many of them, after being well-aimed, and coming in an exact curve for the Fort over a distance of two miles, when nearing it, without any natural cause, and as if by some gentle, unseen hand, were turned aside and fell to the right or left. All were amazed at the remarkable phenomenon, and puzzled to explain it. There is but one explanation—the God of battles is on our side. Did the events of this revolution stand alone, we should need no further

proofs of the existence of a supreme and good Being to overlook and direct the actions of men. This imperfect narrative has already attained to an unreasonable length, but it would hardly be just to close it without some special notice of the gallant spirits who engaged in the fight. Where all acted so bravely and so well, it would be wrong to discriminate, and we shall simply give the positions of the leading actors, that their names may become a part of the record. Capt. Anderson of the Blues, as on a former trying occasion, was in command of the work, managed every thing with good judgment and perfect coolness, and moved about from point to point, wherever duty called him, without the first indication of fear. Captain Nicoll of the Emmet Rifles, was present throughout the fight, and shrunk from no post where his services were needed.

We should not forget, too, the indefatigable Captain McAllister of the Mounted Rifles, who has charge of the picket force of the coasts, and whose watchful eye is hardly ever off of the foe, day or night, and on whose information and advice most of our movements in that quarter are directed. He is ever on hand in a fight, and never fails to render essential service to the garrison. His men acted as couriers in the late fight, and were compelled to pass down the line of the enemy's fire whenever they entered the Fort, but not one was known to flinch from his perilous duty. Of the guns not already alluded to, the eight-inch columbiad, which somehow is a favorite mark of the enemy, was commanded as before by the fearless Lieutenant Dixon, assisted by Sergeant Flood, who, by the way, was quite sick in the hospital, but left his bed to take part in the fight. The rifle-gun was commanded by Corporal Robt. Smith of the Blues, assisted by a squad from that company. The forty-two pounder was in charge of Lieutenant Quinn of the Blues, Sergt. Frazier assisting. The ten-inch columbiad fell to the lot of Lieutenant Rockwell, of the Emmet Rifles, and was served with great efficiency by Sergeant Cavanagh and his squad. The gallant Lieutenant Willis, who distinguished himself by his skill and bravery in a former fight, was, to the regret of all, confined to his bed, and unable to take part in the engagement. The mortar-battery, as in former engagement, was effectively served by Captain Martin, with a detachment of his light artillerymen. They kept up a regular fire, and threw their shells with a precision that would do credit to veteran gunners. All these gallant men stood firmly by their guns throughout the terrible conflict. Though often enveloped in smoke, and choked with clouds of flying sand, they fought to the last like heroes, and the discouraging reflection that the cowardly foe, unlike themselves, was encased in impenetrable steel, and secure from harm. Yet a great work was before them—the iron-clad ships of the enemy were on a trial-test, that was destined to affect most seriously, the fortunes of the war; and they went to their work and stuck to it, with as much resolution, as if ten thousand of the foe were arrayed in open field before them. They

whipped the fight, and taught the world a lesson in war, which was unknown to it before, and indeed, regarded as impossible. Let every confederate soldier take courage from the glorious achievements of the noble Georgians at Genesis Point. The last forlorn hope of the enemy has been driven back, leaving to invent new plans to overawe and subdue the South.

Of Fort McAllister itself, and its builders, we should say a word before closing. It is a monument to the professional skill and personal energy of Captain McCrady, the engineer-in-chief of the department; and to him and his no less energetic assistant, Captain James A. McAllister, the executor of the plans, is due a large share of the honors won on the day.

Doc. 130.

BATTLE AT THOMPSON'S STATION, TENN.

LIEUTENANT BACHMAN'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, }
FRANKLIN, TENN., March 8, 1863. }

Lazarus Noble, Adjutant General State of Indiana:

I HAVE the honor to submit the following brief report of an expedition which left this place on the morning of the fourth inst., under the command of Colonel John Coburn, composed of the Thirty-third Indiana, Twenty-second Wisconsin, Nineteenth Michigan, Eighty-fifth Indiana, and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio infantry, detachments of the Second Michigan, Ninth Pennsylvania, and Fourth Kentucky cavalry, numbering six hundred, under the command of Colonel Jordan of the Ninth Pennsylvania, and the Eighteenth Ohio battery. The column marched out of Franklin, Tenn., about ten o'clock A.M., upon the Columbia pike, and when about three miles out the advance-guard came upon the pickets of the enemy; a slight artillery engagement followed, and the enemy retired with a loss of ten killed, left on the ground. One man of the Nineteenth Michigan was slightly wounded, no other casualty attended the command, except the accidental disabling of the carriage of one of the guns, which was sent to camp for repairs. At this time little or nothing could be learned of the location or strength of the enemy, or of the number and calibre of the artillery.

Colonel Coburn reported to Gen. Gilbert at two P.M. what had occurred, and suggested the impropriety of encumbering the expedition with so large a train, (in all about one hundred wagons.) Gen. Gilbert replied that if the train intended for a forage train was likely to prove an embarrassment, to send it back. Then the train, except the baggage-wagons, was started back, and the column moved forward some two miles, and again came in contact with the enemy. The information that had been received from various sources up to five o'clock warranted Col. Coburn in supposing that there was a force not far in advance, and on account of the lateness of the hour deemed

it imprudent to bring on an engagement then, consequently went into camp. Nothing occurred during the night. Col. Coburn in the evening made a full report to Gen. Gilbert of the occurrences and observations of the day, and during the night received despatches, but from what source or of what nature I have no knowledge.

In the morning (March fifth) on the inquiry being made of Col. Coburn as to what he was about to do, he replied: "I am going ahead, I have no option in the matter." Colonel Coburn then examined the map of the country ahead, and finding that there were two roads on either side of our route, ordered Col. Jordan to send a detachment of cavalry on both roads to protect his flanks. He received information by two negroes in the morning that the enemy were reënforced by Major-General Van Dorn, numbering some ten thousand men. He ordered Col. Jordan to send the two negroes immediately to General Gilbert under a sufficient guard.

I might here also state that Col. Coburn sent a long letter to Gen. Gilbert the previous evening, stating the number of the enemy, and by calculating the ground told my wagon-master, the bearer of the message, that it could not be possible that the force was as large as Colonel Coburn estimated it. At eight o'clock A.M. the command resumed the march, advanced about three miles, when it became necessary to throw out skirmishers. The column advanced at least one mile further, when a battery, or part of a battery, opened fire immediately in front. Colonel Coburn at once drew up the forces in line of battle, and brought the battery to bear at two points (elevations) on either side of the pike and railroad—three pieces on the right and two on the left. The enemy then opened another battery on our right and front. No force of the enemy could be seen up to this time. Col. Coburn ordered the Eighty-fifth and Thirty-third Indiana, then supporting the section of artillery on the right, to charge upon the battery furthest to the right and take it. The two regiments immediately advanced down the hill in the direction of the dépôt, and when near the dépôt and a stone wall, received a volley from infantry stationed behind the wall and around the dépôt. An overwhelming number revealed themselves. The two regiments were then ordered to retire, which they did in good order, keeping up a well-directed fire, regaining and holding the ground from which they started, and checking the advance of the enemy. At or about the time the two regiments were ordered to retire, still another battery opened on our left flank. At the time the order was given for the regiments to retire from the charge, I heard Col. Coburn order Col. Jordan to bring up two companies of cavalry, and send them to the right to support the retiring regiments. Col. Jordan started off on foot, but did not return, nor was the order obeyed. Soon after the battery opened on our left flank the commanding officer of the Eighteenth Ohio battery came up very much excited, and said he was out of ammunition, and that he could not stand the fire of the

batteries. That portion of the battery on the left of the pike had already, by the Captain's direction, moved down on to the pike without orders from Col. Coburn or any other person. Colonel Coburn directed me to ascertain from the officers in charge of each ammunition-box of the entire battery how much ammunition there was remaining. I did so, and reported to Col. Coburn that there were two hundred and thirty rounds of shell, and seventy rounds of canister. I also gave orders to officers not to move the battery, or any portion, without orders. I then went to the left to ascertain about a flank movement that had been reported, and on reaching the brow of the hill occupied by the Twenty-second Wisconsin, I saw the enemy advancing in line of battle. I at once reported the same to Col. Coburn, but received no orders. Col. Coburn was at this time at the head of the Thirty-third and Eighty-fifth Indiana on the right, both regiments being hotly engaged. The section of artillery on the right up to this time had kept up a constant fire. After reporting the flank movement of the enemy on the left, I went to the top of the hill occupied by the Twenty-second Wisconsin and Nineteenth Michigan, and as I reached the left of the Twenty-second Wisconsin, that regiment opened fire upon the enemy, and held their position some minutes, and until the Nineteenth Michigan went to their support.

The two regiments held that point nearly twenty minutes. At the time of the fire upon the Twenty-second Wisconsin, that portion of the battery on the pike, and which had retired from the left of the road, started off in quick-time up the pike. I instantly went and stopped them, and made every effort to induce the Captain to bring his guns to bear upon the enemy, then charging through a ravine and up the hill toward the Nineteenth and Twenty-second. At this point one gun could command the fields and the ravine farther to the left. All my efforts were unavailing, however, and the battery started off in full retreat, the section on the right coming down at that moment, and, as I suppose, without orders.

I very soon met Colonel Jordan, commanding the cavalry, and asked him if something could not be done to assist the infantry. He replied, "We are doing about all that can be done," while at that very instant every thing was moving off. At the time the Twenty-second Wisconsin received the first charge, Lieut.-Col. Bloodgood of that regiment, with about one hundred and fifty men, from the left of the regiment, retired from the field, and moved off (by the left flank) with the retreating party. I cannot believe that Lieut.-Col. Bloodgood had orders from Col. Coburn, or any other person, to move; at least, if he did, no member of his (Colonel Coburn's) staff had any knowledge of it, and they were at that time on the field. If there were any orders from any one for Lieut.-Col. Bloodgood to move, they were not to retire, and there was nothing to prevent him from going to any part of the field for fifteen minutes after he left, as the remainder of the regi-

ment, under Colonel Utley, with the Nineteenth Michigan, held the top of the hill that length of time.

The cavalry, at the time the Twenty-second Wisconsin was attacked, all retired from the left, at least half a mile from the scene of action. It became evident that a stand would not be made by the retreating force, and I attempted to return to the battle-ground, but found it impossible—some thirty minutes had elapsed since the first charge upon the Twenty-second Wisconsin. The Nineteenth Michigan and Twenty-second Wisconsin, by this time were being driven up the side-hill toward the right, and on to the ground occupied by the Thirty-third and Eighty-fifth Indiana, and the enemy had formed a line of battle between the hill and myself. I turned and met an ammunition-wagon, but ordered it back, as it would only have fallen into the hands of the enemy—one musket-ball had already passed through the top.

The last view I had of the ground, the four regiments occupied the top of the hill on the right of the road, and so far as I could discover, were surrounded by the enemy, and all fighting to their utmost. The batteries were directing a heavy fire upon them. They had no ammunition besides what they had in their cartridge-boxes, and, doubtless, Col. Coburn did not surrender until all the ammunition was consumed, and found it useless longer to defend himself.

Not more than half an hour elapsed from the time I last saw the field until the firing ceased.

The last order Col. Coburn gave in relation to the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, was that it should remain as a guard for the train.

The surgeons were all constantly engaged in removing the wounded, until communication was cut off. Some of the ambulances which came away last, were fired upon. The train returned to Franklin in good order, preceded by the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio, and followed by the artillery and cavalry.

Colonel Coburn gave his orders with coolness, and throughout the whole time displayed bravery and energy. Lieut.-Colonel Henderson and Major Miller of the Thirty-third Indiana, Colonel Utley, Twenty-second Wisconsin, Colonel Gilbert and Major Shafter of the Nineteenth Michigan, and Colonel Baird, and Lieut.-Colonel Cranc of the Eighty-fifth Indiana, all were most ready and willing to do their duty, and evinced courage and ability. Colonel Gilbert and Major Miller both had their horses shot from under them in the early part of the fight. The battery used nothing but shell, and apparently had very little effect upon the enemy. I should judge that the engagement commenced about ten A.M. and closed at half-past two P.M. Information which was received the fifth, of the force that had been engaged the fourth, tended to the belief that it was about two thousand cavalry, with four pieces of artillery, under General Forrest.

On the fifth, two negroes who claimed to have deserted from Van Dorn's command, came into camp as we were starting out, and stated

that there was a force at Spring Hill of at least twenty thousand. I know of no other information being communicated to Colonel Coburn of the strength and position of the enemy.

On the morning of the fifth, Colonel Coburn hesitated about starting, and appearing to be awaiting orders, but finally said, "Well, Lieutenant," addressing myself, "if we must go ahead, let us start," upon which I directed the regiments to move out. I did not see any reports that Col. Coburn sent to General Gilbert, and but one from General Gilbert to Colonel Coburn, and that was in reply to one of the despatches sent him during the fourth, in which he remarked something as follows: "I suppose you understand the object of the movement. If the forage train is likely to embarrass you, send it back, and go ahead." This report I have compiled from Colonel Coburn's Adjutant's report, as I have made one out and sent on to Major-General Rosecrans; I, however, fully indorse this report, and know it is correct.

EDWIN J. BACHMAN,
Second Lieutenant Thirty-third Regiment Indiana Volunteers,
and Acting-Quartermaster First Brigade.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

The following letter received by Governor Morton of Indiana, from Colonel John McCrea, of Bloomington, gives some details of the fight made by Colonel Coburn.

FRANKLIN, TENN., March 18, 1863.

Governor Morton:

I think it but justice to Colonel Coburn and the brave men of his command in the late unfortunate affair at Thompson's Station, eight miles south of Franklin, Tennessee, to publish the following statement of facts, obtained on the spot. Wednesday, the fourth of March, the brigade under the command of Col. Coburn had several skirmishes with the rebels under the command of Van Dorn. Thursday morning, Col. Coburn being satisfied that the enemy had been largely reënforced through the night, sent an orderly to General Gilbert asking for reënforcements. To this request General Gilbert said, "Colonel Coburn must be scared," and wrote the following order: "Your force is sufficient; move forward." Colonel Coburn, rather than disobey the order of his superior officer, advanced to meet an enemy said to be ten times greater than the force which he had under his command, which consisted of the Thirty-third and Eighty-fifth Indiana, Nineteenth Michigan, and Twenty-second Wisconsin infantry regiments, and the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Ohio infantry in reserve. Also the Eighteenth Ohio battery, Ninth Pennsylvania, Second Michigan, and a part of the Fourth Tennessee cavalry regiments.

This force moved up the Columbia road. The Eighty-fifth and Thirty-third, with one section of the battery, occupied a hill on the right of the road, near Thompson's Station, on the Franklin Railroad, while the Nineteenth Michigan and Twenty-second Wisconsin, with the other section of the battery, occupied the hill on the left.

The rebels at first opened a brisk fire from two batteries in front of the position occupied by our troops. After an hour's cannonading, Colonel Coburn brought up the Thirty-third and Eighty-fifth, and ordered a charge upon the station, where the rebels were concealed, in and around the houses. They succeeded in driving them from the station. He then ordered them to take the battery in front. The men moved on in good order. To the right of this battery was a stone wall fence, where the rebels were posted in large numbers; from behind this fence, they poured in a galling and destructive fire, causing our men to fall back, but they re-formed at the crest of the hill, and resisted successfully the charge of two brigades. Colonel Coburn then brought over the Nineteenth Michigan, and twice again did these three regiments drive back the enemy in greatly superior force. Another force of the enemy now came around the left flank, and drove the Twenty-second Wisconsin from the hill; the battery having been withdrawn for want of ammunition. Colonel Coburn then attempted to withdraw his forces, but the enemy closing in upon the right, as well as left, and ammunition having given out with his infantry, he was forced to surrender.

The artillery without any loss, Lieut.-Colonel Bloodgood and two hundred and fifty men, the entire cavalry force, and some stragglers, all made good their escape. The Surgeon of the Thirty-third and Dr. Hobbs of the Eighty-fifth Indiana, succeeded through much danger in getting off sixty of the wounded.

On the sixth a corps of surgeons, escort, and flag of truce were sent out to look after the dead and wounded. The flag was received at the outpost at noon, kept waiting until dark, and then ordered by Van Dorn to retire, with the information that the dead were buried, the wounded cared for, and they needed no medical aid.

Colonel Coburn and the other field-officers are unhurt, and but few of the line-officers were wounded.

Our loss was one hundred killed, three hundred wounded, and about one thousand two hundred prisoners.

The rebels admit a loss of one hundred and fifty killed and four hundred and fifty wounded.

The rebels acknowledge their force to have been thirty thousand, comprising sixteen brigades. From this we may infer that our men fought gallantly.

Yours, etc., JOHN McCREA.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BLOODGOOD'S LETTER.

CAMP AT FRANKLIN, TENN., March 5.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Long before you receive this, you will probably hear of our disastrous battle. So far as learned this evening, the Major and myself, of this regiment, are the only field-officers escaped from the field of battle, neither of us receiving even a scratch. We left the day before yesterday on a reconnoissance. There were five regiments of infantry, six pieces of artillery, and a regiment of cavalry. After proceeding but a few miles the first day, we met a small

body of the rebels and drove them. They had but one piece of artillery. During the day we gained information that there were larger forces back to support them. Colonel Coburn, commanding the brigade, notified General Gilbert of the fact, he having command of the forces at Franklin. The answer in reply was to move on. It seems that General Rosecrans was to send a force from Murfreesboro, to meet us at a certain point some twelve miles from Franklin. We had not gone further than about four miles from this place, when we first met the enemy, making our camp a little beyond where we had the skirmish.

During several conversations with our officers that evening, and also with Colonel Coburn the day before, I remarked that it looked as if the rebels were leading us on into a trap, for small bodies would stop and give us a little skirmish, and then retreat. This morning we struck tents early, and moved on to the front, the enemy gradually retreating. Our cavalry were deployed to the right and left as skirmishers, dismounted; their horses were led in the rear; an advance-guard of cavalry on the pike, with two pieces of artillery; then our regiment; three pieces of artillery in the rear of us; and then followed the rest of the infantry. About noon I was riding some distance in advance of our regiment, just in the rear of the cavalry, when a shot from the enemy's battery struck in the pike, among the cavalry, causing quite a scattering, but I believe doing no damage. I immediately returned to my regiment. Three pieces of artillery were immediately planted upon a hill to the left of the pike, and opened upon the enemy. Our regiment and the Nineteenth Michigan moved up in line of battle on the slope to support them. Two pieces were placed upon the right, the Eighty-first and Thirty-third Indiana to support them.

Our batteries then opened upon the enemy. We were answered by treble our number; the hills on three sides of us seemed to be alive with them. We were protected in front from their batteries, but they had good range on us from the flank. The shell and round shot came thick around us; our two regiments had to keep moving to get out of range, and how we escaped being cut to pieces at that time is wonderful. Several balls passed just over my head, and others struck the ground only a short distance from me. Not expecting to meet so large a force of the enemy, our battery had not sufficient ammunition, and soon gave out, as the day before we had used six hundred rounds to a cannon. Then the enemy advanced upon us, hemming us in a half-circle. They had five regiments to our one. Our men fought well; no men could fight better. Our whole brigade was driven down in a hollow, the enemy closing in around us. It is most wonderful that I escaped so, for the balls pelted about me like hail. My horse plunged and reared, and fairly groaned with fear. In the confusion we could get no orders; each regiment had to look out for themselves. I was at the right of our regiment; the Colonel was in the centre. I was notified by several mounted officers that a

large body of the enemy was moving around the hill to cut us off completely. I sent word down the line to the Colonel to move the regiment in that direction by the flank, and as he left me with the management of the right of the regiment, I gave the order, as there was no time to hesitate. About one hundred and fifty on the right moved according to my direction. I supposed the whole regiment was moving, but when I crossed the pike, I found they had not done so. The next moment the rebels came over the hill by thousands and drove them back, completely surrounding them. Our cavalry and artillery were just ahead of me. The enemy followed us six miles, trying to cut us off.

Out of the whole brigade, we saved but one hundred and seventy-five men. The artillery and cavalry came in, but they did not belong to our brigade. I brought in about one hundred and fifty men, and the other twenty-five men were all that were saved out of three regiments; only nine officers returned. Colonel Coburn, commanding the brigade, is reported killed; also, Colonel Gilbert, of the Nineteenth Michigan; Colonel Baird, of the Eighty-fifth Indiana; and Lieutenant-Colonel Crain. Conflicting reports about Colonel Utley; some say he was killed, and others say they saw him taken prisoner. The last account I had of the Adjutant of our regiment was, that he had his little finger shot off, and a rifle-ball lodged in a package of letters just over his heart. It knocked him off of his horse, but he soon recovered from the shock.

Yours, in haste,
E. BLOODGOOD,
Lieutenant-Colonel Twenty-second Wisconsin Regt.

Doc. 131.

RAID ON FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, VA.

THE following is the official report of Lieutenant O'Connor concerning the raid at Fairfax Court-House, and the capture of Colonel Stoughton.

PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, VA., March 18. }

Colonel Wyndham, Commanding Cavalry Brigade and Post:

SIR: On the night of the eighth instant, say about two or half-past two A.M., Captain Mosely with his command entered this village by an easterly direction, then advanced upon my outer vidette, when he challenged, (no countersign out.) The rebel picket or scout advanced, presenting at the same time two revolvers to his head, and threatening to blow his brains out if he said a word, demanding his arms, etc., when the force came up and captured every man on patrol, with horses, equipments, etc., until reaching the provost-marshal's stables, when they halted and entered the stables, taking every horse available with them.

They then proceeded to Colonel Stoughton's stables, captured his guard, took his horses, and those of his aids. They then proceeded to Col. Wyndham's headquarters, and took all the horses

and movable property with them. In the mean time others (of Capt. Mosely's command) were despatched to all quarters where officers were lodged, taking them out of their beds, together with the telegraph operator, assistant, etc. They searched the provost-marshal's office, and finding him absent, went to the post hospital, and there made diligent search for him, offering a reward for him. The provost-marshal had just left the street, say ten minutes before they entered, and went across some vacant lots to ascertain from one of his videttes if he had caught any horses, or horse-thieves. Another party, ten in number, proceeded to Colonel Stoughton's headquarters, taking him, and one of his aids, named Prentiss, (who afterward made his escape,) prisoners.

They then proceeded to Colonel Wyndham's headquarters, and took Captain Barker, of the Fifth New-York cavalry, and also Baron Vardner, who was stopping at the Colonel's. In the mean time, another party of them entered the residence of Colonel Johnson, and searched the house for him. He had, previous to their entering the town, heard of their movements, and believing them to be the patrol, went out to halt them, but soon found out his mistake. He then entered the house again (he being in a nude state) and got out backward, they in hot pursuit of him. He, however, evaded them by getting under a barn, and had scarcely concealed himself when a guard of three men was placed upon it.

It is supposed that they entered our lines between Frying-Pan and Henderson's stations, taking a diagonal course to come in at the lower end of the village. On leaving, they went out by way of Colonel Wyndham's stables (south-west) and proceeded toward Centreville, cutting telegraph wires as they went along. I am told by parties who had seen them that they were some three hundred strong.

I have the honor to remain, respectfully, your obedient servant,

Lieutenant D. L. O'CONNOR,
Provost-Marshal.

RICHMOND "ENQUIRER" ACCOUNT.

RICHMOND, March 18.

A gentleman in Richmond received lately the subjoined letter from Capt. John S. Mosby, and having shown it to us, we take the liberty of making the gallant Captain tell the story of his brilliant act. The letter was entirely private, and is published by us without the knowledge or consent of either party:

MY DEAR SIR: . . . You have already seen something in the newspapers of my recent raid on the Yankees, though I see they all call me Mosley instead of Mosby. I had only twenty-nine men under my command. I penetrated about ten miles in their lines, rode right up to the General's headquarters, surrounded by infantry, artillery, and cavalry, took him out of bed, and brought him off. I walked into his room with two of my men, and shaking him in bed, said: "General, get up." He rose up, rubbing

his eyes, and asked what was the meaning of all this. I replied: "It means, sir, that Stuart's cavalry are in possession of this place, and you are a prisoner." We also surrounded the headquarters of Colonel Wyndham, (Acting Brigadier of cavalry,) but unfortunately he had gone down to Washington. We got his Assistant Adjutant-General, and also his Aid, an Austrian, Baron Wordener. There was an immense amount of all kinds of stores collected there; but I was unable to destroy them, as they were in houses, without destroying the town. The horses we brought off were mostly very fine, belonging to officers. If I had had enough men, I could have brought off hundreds. It was my purpose to have reached the Court-House by twelve o'clock at night; but it being very dark and raining, we got lost, and were delayed two hours, so that we did not have over an hour to stay in town, it being necessary for us to pass out of their lines before daylight. In coming out we passed within two hundred yards of the fortifications at Centreville, and were hailed by a sentinel from one of the redoubts. A Captain Barker, from New-York, here made a desperate attempt to get away. He dashed out of the ranks and tried hard to reach the fort, but a shot from one of my men convinced him that it was a dangerous undertaking, and he came back. At Centreville there was a force of about two thousand, consisting of infantry, artillery, and cavalry. In the vicinity of the Court-House one cavalry and one infantry brigade were camped. There were about two hundred just in the town. We easily captured the few guards around the town, as they never dreamed we were any body else but Yankees, until they saw a pistol pointed at their heads, with a demand for a surrender. . .

Yours, truly, JOHN S. MOSBY.

The following is General Stuart's order:

GENERAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS, CAVALRY DIVISION, }
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, March 12, 1863. }

Captain John S. Mosby has for a long time attracted the attention of his generals by his boldness, skill, and success, so signally displayed in his numerous forays upon the invaders of his native State.

None know his daring enterprise and dashing heroism better than those foul invaders, though strangers themselves to such noble traits.

His late brilliant exploit, the capture of Brigadier-General Stoughton, United States army, two captains, thirty other prisoners, together with their arms, equipments, and fifty-eight horses, justifies this recognition in regular orders.

This feat, unparalleled in the war, was performed in the midst of the enemy's troops, at Fairfax Court-House, without loss or injury.

The gallant band of Captain Mosby share the glory, as they did the danger, of this enterprise, and are worthy of such a leader.

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General Commanding.

Doc. 132.

RECAPTURE OF JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

REPORT OF GENERAL SAXTON.

BEAUFORT, S. C., March 14, 1863.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

SIR: I have the honor to report, that the expedition which I sent up the St. John's River, Fla., consisting of the First regiment of South-Carolina volunteers, Colonel T. W. Higginson commanding, and a portion of the Second South-Carolina volunteers, under Col. Montgomery, captured and took possession of Jacksonville, on Tuesday, the tenth instant. As I stated in my last report to you, the object of this expedition was to occupy Jacksonville, and make it the base of operations for arming the negroes, and securing, in this way, possession of the entire State of Florida.

It gives me pleasure to report, that so far the objects of the expedition have been fully accomplished. The town is completely in our possession, and many prisoners.

There has been constant skirmishing going on for several days, and in every action the negro troops have behaved with the utmost bravery. Never in a single instance can I learn that they have flinched. It is my belief that scarcely an incident in this war, has caused a greater panic throughout the whole Southern coast, than this raid of the colored troops in Florida. The negroes are collecting at Jacksonville from all quarters.

I am, sir, with great respect,

R. SAXTON,

Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

PORT ROYAL, Wednesday, March 13, 1863.

In a late letter, I furnished a meagre account of an expedition of colored troops to Florida. A recent arrival from the scene of operations puts me in possession of details which are interesting, and promise important results.

The troops left Beaufort on the sixth instant, in the United States transports Burnside, Boston, and John Adams, and consisted of the First regiment South-Carolina volunteers, Col. T. W. Higginson, and the Second regiment South-Carolina volunteers, Col. James Montgomery. The destination of the expedition was known to few on board, but it was generally understood that a base of operations was to be established, and measures adopted with a view of encouraging the negroes to flee from their masters, and accept the protection of the United States, and this was sufficient to fill the colored soldiers with earnestness and enthusiasm.

On the seventh, the vessels reached Fernandina, where they were delayed for a day, until the plans of the commanders could be properly arranged, and on the morning of the ninth, they dropped anchor at the mouth of the St. John's River, under the guns of the naval steamers Uncas, Capt. Watson, and Norwich, Capt. Duncan. The sons of Mars and Neptune then consulted, and were not long in deciding to capture the

town of Jacksonville, distant twenty miles up the river, which the fortunes of the war had twice before thrown into our hands, and which we had twice abandoned to the enemy, as it was not worth the holding.

A necessary delay, before attempting the object they had in view, afforded an opportunity for a detachment of a dozen of Colonel Montgomery's men to go ashore on a foraging excursion. They proved themselves experts in that line of business, returning in an hour with a fat beef, slung on a pole, that had fallen a victim to good marksmanship. This prize, with a quantity of poultry and vegetables that came with it, and a superabundance of excellent fish, which those on board the vessels took while their comrades were on shore, aided the commissary's department, and added visibly to the hilarious good humor.

On the tenth, the expedition steamed up the river. A few miles from the mouth, on the left bank, is the first highland, called St. John's Bluff. At this point, a former expedition was stopped, last summer, by a formidable rebel battery commanding the channel. The fortification was subsequently taken by a combined naval and land force, that destroyed the works, and brought away the guns. It was reasonable to suppose that an obstacle to the passage of the fleet would be again found here, and preparations were made for a fight, but no enemy appeared, and not a sign of resistance showed itself during the further progress of the vessels toward the town. At eight o'clock, the steamer John Adams, under cover of the gunboat Uncas, ranged alongside the wharf, at Jacksonville, and Colonel Higginson jumped ashore, followed by Captain Dolly's company — the men scrambling off as best they could, neglecting, in their eagerness, to avail themselves of a gang-plank. They immediately formed in marching order, and started on the double-quick for the railroad depot. The remainder of the force soon followed, and part of it advanced to the outskirts of the town, and holding the approaches. This movement was executed with such promptness, that the first knowledge of the invasion only came to the townspeople when they saw the black soldiers marching past their dwellings.

As soon as the Burnside was fastened to the wharf, Col. Montgomery, at the head of two companies, pushed out into the woods, to find the rebel pickets. He was not long before coming up with a cavalry company, and a brisk skirmish ensued. His men behaved admirably, and routed the enemy, after killing and wounding a dozen or more, one of whom was the captain, who was shot through the head. His own loss was one killed and two wounded.

It was afterward ascertained, that the town has not recently been occupied by the rebels in force, a picket simply being established there. Three miles from the town, there is another and much stronger picket-station, while the main body of troops is encamped eight miles further out. Colonel Higginson immediately stationed pickets, and adopted precautions against surprise, and so the time passed until the next morning, without any

alarm having been given. A dash was at last made by about two hundred of the rebel cavalry, but this force was repulsed, and not a man on our side was injured. In the afternoon, a scouting squad of the Carolinians, crossed the river, and brought back one prisoner, a rebel flag, four rifles, a horse and a fat ox, finding a large force of the enemy in the woods, about two miles from the town.

Col. Higginson's headquarters are at the residence of the rebel Col. Sanderson, a very elegant and commodious building. He was at first constantly pestered with applications, on the part of the inhabitants, for permission to pass beyond our lines, and in every instance, he informed the applicants that if their choice led them to go among the rebels, in preference to accepting the protection of the United States, they were privileged to leave. He wished to have his enemies in front, where he could fight them. Those who decided upon remaining, must simply take the oath of allegiance, and be faithful to their obligations, and their safety would be guaranteed. He had not come to injure, but to protect loyal men — the rebellious alone were to be driven out. After an explanation of this sort, many withdrew their applications.

The Sixth Connecticut regiment, and Eighth Maine, to-day left Beaufort, to relieve the negro regiments at Jacksonville, and will hold that place while Colonel Higginson presses on further into the heart of the State.

You have already been informed of the capture of a rebel naval officer named Beville, by his own men, who deserted while on picket-duty, and brought him off with them. Yesterday, a flag of truce was sent down from Savannah, with a package of clothing and one hundred dollars in gold, to meet Beville's necessities, and a draft for two hundred and fifty dollars more, upon Mr. Washington Durbrow, of Hanover street, New-York, made payable to him in Liverpool, was also forwarded for the same purpose. I understand that an effort will be made to exchange Beville for Lieut. Rush, the signal-officer who was captured by the rebels last week, from Spanish Wells Station.

J. H. W.

Doc. 133.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A PROCLAMATION

RESPECTING SOLDIERS ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 10, 1863.

IN pursuance of the twenty-sixth section of the act of Congress, entitled an act for enrolling and calling out the National forces, and for other purposes, approved on the third of March in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, I, Abraham Lincoln, President and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, do hereby order and command that all

soldiers enlisted or drafted into the service of the United States, now absent from their regiments without leave shall forthwith return to their respective regiments, and I do hereby declare and proclaim that all soldiers now absent from their respective regiments without leave, who shall on or before the first day of April, 1863, report themselves at any rendezvous designated by the general orders of the War Department, No. 58, hereto annexed, may be restored to their respective regiments without punishment, except the forfeiture of pay and allowances during their absence, and all who do not return within the time above specified, shall be arrested as deserters, and punished as the law provides;

And whereas, evil-disposed and disloyal persons, at sundry places, have enticed and procured soldiers to desert and absent themselves from their regiments, thereby weakening the strength of the armies and prolonging the war, giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and cruelly exposing the gallant and faithful soldiers remaining in the ranks to increased hardships and dangers;

I do, therefore, call upon all patriotic and faithful citizens to oppose and resist the aforementioned dangerous and treasonable crimes, and aid in restoring to their regiments all soldiers absent without leave, and assist in the execution of the act of Congress for "enrolling and calling out the National forces and for other purposes," and to support the proper authorities in the prosecution and punishment of offenders against said act, and aid in suppressing the insurrection and the rebellion.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand.

Done at the city of Washington, this tenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By the President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Doc. 134.

GOVERNOR CANNON'S PROCLAMATION.

To the People of the State of Delaware :

In a special message, communicated to the General Assembly on the third day of March instant, I informed that body of my purpose to issue my Proclamation in relation to the act entitled, "An act to prevent illegal arrests in this State," and therein briefly set forth the reasons which impelled me to this conclusion.

Its provisions are at variance with the interest of the State—calculated to lessen the estimation in which her people are held, as faithful to the Government of the United States—to embolden those who sympathize with the rebellion, and to discourage loyal men from the performance of their duty, in discovering and thwarting the designs of the emissaries of treason.

To the end, therefore, that the evil operation of the enactment may be averted, and loyal citi-

zens may feel secure in their efforts against foreign traitors and domestic conspirators, I, William Cannon, Governor of the State of Delaware, do, by this my Proclamation, enjoin upon the good people of this State that they hold true allegiance to the Government of the United States as paramount to the State of Delaware, and that they obey the constituted authorities thereof before the Legislature of the State of Delaware, or any other human authority whatsoever.

I further enjoin that they be vigilant in detecting any conspiracy against the National Government, and diligent in preventing aid and comfort to the public enemy—that they promptly assist the National Magistracy whenever invoked, and that they freely communicate any information which may the better enable it to suppress insurrection or to intercept supplies designed for those in arms against its authority; and any one so acting, I will save harmless from the operation of the statute aforesaid, or of any other statute of like nature that may be enacted, so far as it shall be attempted to be enforced against him for faithfully discharging his duty to his country.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the said State to be affixed, at Dover, this eleventh day of March, in the year of our Lord 1863, and of the said State the eighty-seventh.

By the Governor, WILLIAM CANNON.
N. B. SMITHERS,
Secretary of State.

The special message to which the above proclamation refers, is as follows :

STATE OF DELAWARE, }
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, March 3, 1863. }

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Delaware, in General Assembly met :

The passage by the General Assembly of the act entitled, "An Act to prevent illegal arrests in this State," renders it proper that I should briefly communicate my views and purpose in relation to it.

It is with regret that I differ with the General Assembly in reference to the policy of the State upon any subject, or that I should feel compelled to decline coöperation with a coördinate branch of the government in carrying out any measure which, in its judgment, is promotive of the public welfare.

My duty, however, is too plainly laid down to be mistaken, and the obligations I have assumed too solemn to be disregarded and too imperative to admit of hesitation. Had I any desire to shrink from its fulfilment, the views which I had the honor to submit to you in my Inaugural Address are too recent to have escaped my remembrance.

The preamble of the Act refers to the Constitution of the United States, as providing that no person shall "be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," but it ought also to have been recollected that the same Constitution provides that in case of rebellion or in-

vasion, the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* may be suspended when the public safety requires it, and the dangerous person may be arrested and held without bail or mainprise. This provision overrides the Constitution of the State of Delaware, or any statute that may be enacted by her Legislature.

To whom the right to decide when the exigency has happened requiring the exercise of the power of suspension, is a question of constitutional construction upon which jurists differ. That it is a necessary power is admitted. That it exists, there can be no doubt. Whoever is invested with the power to suspend is the sole judge of the occasion of its exercise. Being incidental to the general duty of the enforcement of the laws and now called into exercise for the suppression of armed insurrection, I am satisfied that it properly belongs to the National Executive, and in my official acts I shall regard it as vested in the President of the United States.

The preservation of the Government is the highest duty of those charged with its administration, and the personal liberty of the individual is only to be regarded when compatible with its safety. That the citizens should have the right fairly to discuss public measures is true. That the people should be permitted peaceably to assemble, and petition for a redress of grievances is undeniable. But there is a wide difference between the exercise of this right and the disloyal opposition which proceeds from sympathy with a public enemy. The former supposes that all parties are well affected toward the common Government, and differ only as to the mode of its administration. The latter is based upon hostility to existing institutions and aims at their forcible subversion. The idea that the Government is bound to await the development of a conspiracy until the actors shall have perfected their plans and committed some overt act necessary to bring them within the technical definition of treason, is, to my mind, absurd. The object is not punishment, but prevention. That the power is liable to abuse is true; all discretionary powers necessarily are so. To decide against its existence because it is capable of excess would destroy all human government. The best mode to avoid liability to arrest is to be faithful. No man who is truly and unequivocally loyal has ever been in danger of being molested by the National Government.

Still, it is possible that arrests may be improperly and unadvisedly made, and while it is my duty to coöperate with the General Government in the maintenance of its authority, I will, at the same time, to the extent of my power, protect peaceful and loyal citizens, whatever may be their political sentiments. While, however, such is my purpose in relation to them, it is also my duty to take care that the State of Delaware shall not be made the refuge of foreign traitors or domestic conspirators.

That there has been from the beginning of the rebellion, a considerable number of our people ready to participate in armed resistance to the lawful authorities, whenever a fair opportunity

should occur, I have no doubt. Sympathy with the Southern States in insurrection is sympathy with the overthrow of the National Government. No man can hear with gratification a reverse to our arms, who is not at heart a traitor.

My predecessor, in an official communication, expressed the opinion that "a majority of our citizens, if not in all of our counties, at least in the two lower ones, sympathize with the South." Without admitting the correctness of his estimate of numbers, I do not doubt of the existence of widespread disaffection. That there has been no outbreak here is the result of want of opportunity. It is the duty of the Executive, not only of the United States, but of this State, to take care that no opportunity shall be afforded. If, to secure the public peace, and to prevent insurrection, it becomes necessary to arrest any individual within this State, whether he be a citizen or a non-resident, I will not only assent to the act, but will maintain it.

Invested by the Constitution with no power of veto or review of the action of the Legislature, the Governor has a general control over the operation of criminal enactments, and such control I will exercise to its uttermost extent to protect any person acting under the authority of the President of the United States, or any citizen aiding such person in bringing to light any conspiracy, or in arresting any one guilty of disloyal practices or treasonable designs against the Government.

I shall issue my proclamation in conformity with these views, giving to the people of the State of Delaware information of my intended action.

WILLIAM CANNON.

Soon after the promulgation of these documents, the Legislature of Delaware passed the following:

Whereas, The Government of the United States and the several States are governments of law, within the limits of which all officials find rightful powers, and outside of which no official has any just claim to power or to obedience from his fellow-citizens; and whereas William Cannon, the Governor of this State, in his inaugural address, has avowed the false and dangerous doctrine that "reasonable ground for suspicion" can justify the arbitrary arrest and incarceration in prisons, far removed from the district of their residence, of citizens against whom no warrant has been issued or charge made according to law, and has unblushingly published his approval of these cruel and lawless arrests of his own fellow-citizens; and whereas he has thus proved himself, by his own avowal, the weak but willing tool of Federal usurpation, and a Governor unworthy the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens, one to whom they can look for no just protection of their rights of persons and property: therefore,

Resolved, That the doctrines of Governor Cannon's address, in regard to arbitrary and lawless arrests, are, if carried out, fatal to constitutional

liberty, destructive of the peace and security of our people, and deserve, and hereby receive, at the hands of the Legislature of Delaware, prompt and indignant repudiation, and are declared worthy of the severest reprehension of a people who inherited the privileges of freemen and wish to preserve them unimpaired.

Doc. 135.

THE FIGHT AT GREENWOOD, ARK.
CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

HELENA, ARK., March 19.

WHILE steaming down the Coldwater, we passed large quantities of cotton and many fragments of a steamboat. About two hundred miles from here, and about ten miles above the mouth of the Tallahatchie, we found our boys, General Ross's division, attended by gunboats and transports, at a place called Greenwood Bay. We found we had now reached debatable ground. We here learned the cause of there being so much cotton afloat.

A large cotton-boat had been sent up the river by the rebels, and had gathered a large load of the Southern sovereign, but while she was stopping to "wood up," one of our gunboats hove in sight, and as the cotton-boat could not escape she was set on fire, and her rich cargo, estimated to be upward of three thousand bales, was abandoned to the flames.

About three miles below our troops, the rebels had built a fort, and placed a raft in the river. The fort is in a very strong position, in the neck of a bend made by the Tallahatchie and Yazoo rivers. The fort is unapproachable by the troops, on account of the overflow of the rivers, and the contest thus far has been a duel of cannon.

On the eleventh, the Chillicothe was ordered to engage the rebels, and her appearance was the signal for a brisk fire from them, but without eliciting any reply from the gunboat, which steamed steadily to her position, within eight hundred yards, when, throwing open the bow-ports of her turrets, she launched forth two tremendous shots, which for a moment staggered the butternuts. One of the eleven-inch shells passed completely over the neck, and struck a rebel transport lying in the Yazoo below the fort. This seemed to be a signal for the whole rebel fleet to depart, for immediately they were under way.

The firing now became continuous on both sides, several of our shells lodging in the enemy's works and exploding. The Chillicothe was struck in an aperture in the port-door, through which the gunners worked their rammers, by a conical percussion-shot. The shell not only exploded, but caused the explosion of a shell our men had just placed in the muzzle of the gun. This compound explosion carried overboard one of the iron port-doors, weighing over one thousand six hundred pounds, and killed four and wounded eleven of the crew, and a few minutes afterward orders were received for the gunboat to withdraw

from the fire. Notwithstanding the working force of the gun-crew was much reduced, the men composing it were promptly at work.

The following night was a busy one. A thirty-pounder Parrott gun was taken from a gunboat and placed in a battery on land in front of our line, and to the west of Clayton's Slough, and a temporary fortification was built of cotton and earth, and pierced for one gun. The work was done in quietness and silence, and before daylight the battery was in readiness for work. It was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the rebel fort, and bore directly on their most valuable gun. But other matters were behind, so the day wore away without action. But on the thirteenth there was a day of hard fighting with artillery. Though the previous day had been one of inaction, the night was a busy time. The land battery, under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Wilson, was enlarged and strengthened, and a second Parrott gun was taken from the gunboat Forest Rose and placed in position.

On the thirteenth, a fair and beautiful day, at half-past ten o'clock, the gunboat Chillicothe and the land battery opened upon the rebel fortification, the land battery giving special attention to the rebel sixty-four pounder. This attracted special attention in return, and for a while all their guns were trained upon the Wilson battery, and they poured a fearful fire of shell and round-shot upon the little fort, but it withstood it nobly. And its guns did yeoman service, making the cotton fly from Fort Greenwood, as the rebels call their fortification, but it fell only to be as quickly replaced. The De Kalb was detained for a few minutes by a mortar-boat that blocked the river and kept the gunboat from her position, but finally the way was free for the gunboat to move down into position, about six hundred yards from Fort Greenwood. Up to this time the land battery had received the whole fire of the fort, and most nobly withstood it. The appearance of the gunboats changed the scene. At once the rebels turned their heavy guns to the river, and paid their attention to the De Kalb and Chillicothe. The turret-guns of the De Kalb, both eleven-inch, and the bow-guns of the Chillicothe, one of ten-inch and two of nine-inch, when they hit, did execution that it was important should be stopped.

The engagement became general and inspiring. Wilson's battery, the two gunboats and mortar-boats, all vigorously at work. Nowhere in the West has so heavy a weight of metal been thrown by us before. Our guns did fine execution, perforating the outer wall of the rebel earth-work, and moving the cotton about in a lively manner. Several times the cotton about the embrasures was in flames. Notwithstanding the rebels fought with a courage worthy of a better cause, our fire was too much for them, and gradually their fire slackened, while ours increased in spirit. And if the place had been assailable by infantry, we should have captured it, but this was impossible, as the high water perfectly protected it.

The fort is commanded by Gen. Tilghman, of Fort Donelson fame, and is manned by a force of about four thousand troops. MESSENGER.

A REBEL ACCOUNT.

A correspondent of the Jackson (Miss.) *Appeal*, writing from Fort Pemberton on the eighteenth of March, gives the following account of the fight:

Last Wednesday morning the Yankee fleet of gunboats and transports, to the number of thirty-seven, led by a broad-horned iron-clad, which our boys called the Chilly Coffee, started from a point on the Tallahatchie three miles above us, (where they had tied up the night before,) and came tearing round the bend of the river in full gallop, as though they were going on down to Snyder's Mill without stopping. We knew they were coming; as, just as the Chilicothe poked her nose round the corner, she ran against a percussion-shell from a thirty-two-pounder rifle that had been playfully and courteously forwarded for her reception and welcome.

This was followed by a plug from our Whistling Dick, (alongside the thirty-two-pounder,) and the electrified Yank backed up the river, around the bend, where, exposing nothing but her bow-guns—eleven inches—she replied to us. After firing four times at our battery, a shell from the thirty-two-pounder exploded in our cotton breast-works, making the balls fly, and she drew off. We struck her, in the short engagement, seven times. That afternoon another gunboat came in her place, and, as a consequence, it took them from dark to daylight next morning to repair damages. We lost that day one killed and four wounded by fragments of shell, and four slightly burned by the ignition of a small quantity of powder.

On Thursday the engagement was unimportant. No injury sustained by us.

On Friday morning we discovered that they had succeeded in masking a battery of heavy pieces in the dense forest in our front; and from this, two gunboats, and a thirteen-inch mortar, they opened upon us at ten o'clock A.M. The fight was kept up furiously throughout the day, closing at sunset. One of the guns on a gunboat—I think the St. Louis—was a two-hundred-pounder; the others on the boats eleven inches; the mortar thirteen inch, and the land battery twenty-four pounder rifles. It is fair to say that a projectile was in the air all the time. They appeared to be of every conceivable shape, from spherical to the lamp-post style of architecture; and some of them, I verily believe, had long tails, which were defiantly switched in our faces as they went whizzing and howling spitefully but harmlessly by. Our shot, shell, grape, and canister fell so thick and fast in the timber, that we succeeded in spoiling one of the guns in their battery; but they are an industrious set of skunks, and in two hours they had substituted it for a set of smaller calibre.

At about one o'clock P.M., one of the gunboats withdrew badly damaged. The other stood it

out, however, though struck several times, until just as the sun was setting, when your correspondent noted the direction of the three shots from Whistling Dick. They were to the point, and the broad horn went round the corner *à la* crawfish, and disappeared. It is proper to say that they stand bow on, and only two can come at a time. They dare not turn round when they want to withdraw, as that would expose their tenderest parts. You may know that backing a clumsy gunboat up-stream is no easy business. Since then, the engagements have been of little or no importance, so far as we can see.

Doc. 136.

FIGHT AT SPANISH WELLS, S. C.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., March 14, 1863.

LATE last night our slumbers were disturbed by the long-roll calling the troops in and around camp to arms, and giving us to understand that at last something of a belligerent nature was on the tapis by the soldiers who have been so long in complete idleness on this island. All sorts of surmises and conjectures ran rapidly through the long barracks and sleeping-rooms at Hilton Head, and every one wondered what was the cause of the sudden alarm. It was soon learned, however, that, as usual, a few bold rebels had stirred up all this hubbub, had silently, to the number of seventy heavily-armed men, stolen up Skull Creek from the main land, sprung ashore at Spanish Wells, where we had a signal station, captured one of the signal officers and five privates, then set fire to the building, and hastily returned to their boats and rowed back to the point from which they started. One officer, one private, and from four or five negroes managed to escape and reach headquarters. Before, however, the negroes came in, they extinguished the flames and saved the mansion at Spanish Wells from destruction. The following is an official account of the affair:

SIGNAL STATION, SPANISH WELLS, }
PORT ROYAL, March 13, 1863. }

LIEUTENANT: I have the honor to report that at twelve o'clock last night this station was attacked by a party of about seventy rebels. They came from the south-east, and were not discovered till near the back-door. The surprise was complete. They entered the room occupied by the signal men, set the house on fire by a fire that was still burning in the room, and took Hudgen, Newman, and Williams prisoners. Lieut. Rushley ran immediately below, and was just in time to be hurried off by the rebels. Considerable clothing belonging to the signal men was destroyed by fire. I have one man left. Five pickets were captured.

Very respectfully, etc.,

M. M. FENNER,

Lieutenant and Signal Officer.

H. S. TAFFT,

First Lieutenant and Chief Signal Officer, D. S.

Doc. 137.

THE ATTACK ON NEWBERN, N. C.
PROVIDENCE "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

NEWBERN, N. C., March 19.

FRIDAY afternoon, March thirteenth, just before dark, news came into camp that Belger's battery, the Fifth and Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, and some cavalry, had gone out on the Trent road, which lies along the Trent River, and leads to Kinston. Rebel scouts were seen in various directions.

Saturday, 14th.—At dawn a strong force under Gen. Pettigru placed sixteen guns in position near a small fort opposite the town on the north, across the Neuse River. Two or three thousand infantry supported the artillery. They came into a clearing about sixty yards from the fort, and from my position I could see every movement both in the fort and among the rebels. As soon as two or three guns were in position, they commenced a rapid fire of shell and canister. After a few rounds, they sent in to Colonel Anderson of the Ninety-second New-York, (four hundred and fifty of whom held the place,) a flag of truce demanding a surrender, saying that a combined attack was to be made that day on Newbern by General Longstreet's whole command, and that resistance was useless. To gain time for the gunboats to get into position, Col. Anderson asked for half an hour to send and consult Gen. Foster. The flag went back and returned granting the half-hour, and when it was up came in again to see the result. The messenger had not returned, and Col. Anderson replied: "My orders are to hold this place, and I shall never surrender it." During this interval the rebels had put all their guns in position, straightened their lines, and formed their infantry in three lines behind the guns. General Pettigru was mounted on a large white horse, and was constantly riding up and down the line, giving orders, etc.

When the flag went back the third time and the result was known, the rebels opened the most rapid and terrific fire, and the fragments of shell, the canister and grape fell in the water this side of the fort, so that the water looked like a pond in a hailstorm. The men in the fort not wishing to show their strength, lay close behind the sand wall and waited for a charge. In their four hours' fight only two men were hurt, and three slightly by a shell. The boys got ready for the charge by biting off cartridges and putting them up before them on the logs, so as to be ready to fire fast. The camp in the fort was completely riddled, more than one hundred shots taking effect on a small building occupied as the Colonel's quarters. The trees were cut and splintered. A thirty-pound Parrott threw shells across the river, and one struck within a hundred yards of the camp of the Fifth Rhode Island, just at the fort. It did not burst, and stands at my feet in my tent. You will soon have a chance to inspect this in Rhode Island, which you will do with all the more interest, as it is a British shell and a most splendid thing. The gunboats were late in getting into

position, as the Hunchback was aground, and others were on the other side of the town.

A schooner with one gun, manned with negroes, lay in good position, and at once entered the fray with great gusto, and sent her neat compliments directly to the spot. I stood thirty or forty yards from the schooner and saw the men work. There was only one white man on board, and when men tell me the negroes will not fight, I shall beg leave to differ with them in opinion. The gunboats were struck a number of times. For nearly four hours the rebels had it nearly all their own way; but time brings changes. I have seen a skeddaddle. The gunboats came around from the Trent River, and commenced to pour forth excellent strains of welcome music; and if you had been there, you would have seen a skeddaddle too. The batteries in town and the gunboats threw from six to one hundred pound shells, and the rebels went into the bushes faster than they came out. Some fifteen or twenty rebels were said to be killed, and thirty or forty wounded. One thirty-pound siege-gun burst and killed a number of their own men, and is now in the fort. One one hundred pound shell from the Hunchback killed six rebels. They attempted to creep up in the afternoon and plant a battery in the woods below, but were unable to get a foothold.

Just before dinner a train of platform-cars with a locomotive in the rear, and a twelve pound brass Napoleon on the front car, stopped before our camp, and in twenty minutes from the receipt of the order we were dashing out to the camp of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania, Colonel Jones, doing picket-duty some eight miles from Newbern, on the Kinston Railroad. Reports from headquarters came that a force of eight or ten thousand men, with thirty pieces of artillery and some cavalry had reached a point on our flank, nearer Newbern than ourselves, and Col. Jones was ordered, if pressed, to retire on Newbern, fighting his way as he came in. Captain Douglass of the Fifth Rhode Island and one company of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania went up the railroad, and the enemy in small force retired beyond Coal Creek. At dusk the outer pickets were driven in. Col. Arnold suggested that tattoo be beaten at several points. The cars were kept running and the enemy would suppose our force much larger than in fact it was. The scouts reported a small force within half a mile of a camp at nine o'clock. Major Tew of the Fifth Rhode Island, with the companies of Captains Gregg and Moran, and one piece of artillery, were posted to defend the road leading from the Trent road to our camp, and the other end of which was supposed to be in possession of the enemy. Major Tew spent the night in throwing up a rifle-pit, and every preparation was made by Cols. Jones and Arnold for a desperate defence. Col. Arnold informed me that unless an attack was made before morning, one would not be made. We slept with watchful interest to hear the whistle of the first shell, and heard it not. Early in the morning (Sunday, fifteenth) Cols. Jones and Arnold concluded if the

rebels would not attack, they would go out and feel them. Four companies of the Fifth Rhode Island and a company of cavalry went two miles toward Kinston on the railroad, then four miles to the left to Red House road toward Kinston, some four or five miles to Deep Gully, a small, deep creek in a deep cut. The ashes were warm at the camp-fire, and the trees were splintered from the firing of the previous day.

We learned that Belger's battery was planted in the face of the enemy and under fire, supported by two regiments of infantry, and just as affairs were beginning to be lively, an order came to retire on Newbern. Deep Gully bridge was torn up and a large pine tree lay in and across the road just this side. Sixteen volunteers went some two or three miles on and found the camp-fires burning, but saw no soldiers. Just as we had finished our work and were about to return, two or three companies of cavalry came dashing past from the direction of Newbern. On our return we met General Amory with some two thousand men and some artillery moving out. The force of Gen. Amory encamped about three miles from Deep Gully, and next morning went some four miles toward Kinston, and formed in line of battle, and sent some cavalry on still further, but saw no one, but were informed that the evening before some twenty thousand troops passed in return to Kinston. In our own opinion we had done no great work, but when we saw the force that Gen. Foster thought necessary to make this reconnoissance, and do what we had done some hours before with a few hundred men, we thought that possibly it might have been a respectably brave thing to dash ten miles into the enemy's country, and so move as not to be caught napping. There are thousands in the North who curse the army for inaction, who, if they knew half the brave things done by the men in the field, would be shamed to silence by their deeds of valor. Col. Jones and his heroes of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania, have done some splendid work, and by his vigilance has made the bushwhackers cry for quarter. Returning to the camp of the Fifty-eighth, at Bachelor's Creek, in good cheer and safe, we found the train waiting to take us to Camp Anthony. Rousing cheers went up from our boys as we reluctantly left the camp of the Fifty-eighth, and it is but just to say, that from both officers and men we received a soldier's welcome, and we remember them with a soldier's love. In the darkness of the last hours of the holy Sabbath we reached our home in the tents. A strange and eventful Sabbath. No music of the church bell, no voice of prayer, no hymn of praise to God. "Burns's church," a notable ruin, where stood the only church in all that region, was on our route, and as from the columns of armed men, in the calm, golden sunlight of God's holy day, I looked up at its standing chimney, and charred remains, I remembered that in the commotions of earth ordained institutions seem to give way, but when obstacles have crumbled, new and more lustrous temples arise.

H. S. W.

Doc. 138.

THE FIGHT AT PORT HUDSON.

NEW-YORK "WORLD" ACCOUNT.

UNITED STATES SLOOP-OF-WAR RICHMOND,
OFF PROPHET ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, March 15, 1863. }

WE soon passed the head of Prophet Island, and arrived abreast of the mortar-boats, which were headed by the Essex and the Sachem. Presently their gleaming lights, which had been on our starboard beam, shone on our quarter, and anon they were sparkling astern. And now we were nearing the point of danger. Signal-lights were seen flashing from the direction of the batteries, the entire distance along, and were answered from the opposite shore. Right ahead, too, lights were seen from the rebel boats, as was afterward ascertained. It was evident that the rebels were expecting us, and were prepared to give us a warm reception.

Presently a large fire was seen on the Port Hudson side of the river, a little below the town. This fire was kindled right in front of the most formidable of the fortifications, in order that the gleam thrown across the river should reveal every vessel as it passed. The plan was an admirable one, and succeeded to a charm. But for it, perhaps all the vessels that it was intended should pass the batteries would have got by, and the good old Mississippi would have existed many years more as the pride and glory of the United States steam-navy.

We had left the mortar-boats well astern, when a sulphurous light was seen gleaming on the shore, on our port-side. Flashing up for a moment, a dull explosion followed. It was evidently an imperfect rocket. Another was essayed; but, instead of ascending, it ran along the surface of the river close to the bank. A little further up a third was tried, and with complete success. It ascended high in the air, where it burst in the usual manner. Instantaneously it was answered by a field-piece from the opposite shore, aimed at the Hartford. The Admiral was not slow in returning the compliment. Three or four guns fired from the flag-ship in rapid succession testified to the alacrity with which the wager of battle was accepted.

The return of the rebel fire by the Hartford, was promptly followed up by a hot fire from the artillery pieces of the rebels, and quite a brisk action ensued between them. The scene, as viewed from the Richmond, was both brilliant and spirited. The flashes of the guns, both on shore and afloat, were incessant, while the roar of cannon kept up a deafening and almost incessant sound. Great judgment was here necessary to prevent the Richmond from running into the Hartford, and, in fact, to keep the war vessels generally from running into each other.

And now was heard a thundering roar, equal in volume to a whole park of artillery. This was followed by a rushing sound, accompanied by a howling noise that beggars description. Again and again was the sound repeated, till the vast

expanse of heaven rang with the awful minstrelsy. It was apparent that the mortar-boats had opened fire. Of this I was soon convinced on easting my eyes aloft. Never shall I forget the sight that then met my astonished vision. Shooting upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the rapidity of lightning, small globes of golden flame were seen sailing through the pure ether—not a steady, unfading flame, but corruseating like the fitful gleam of a fire-fly—now visible and anon invisible. Like a flying star of the sixth magnitude, the terrible missile—a thirteen-inch shell—nears its zenith, up and still up—higher and higher. Its flight now becomes much slower, till on reaching its utmost altitude, its centrifugal force becomes counteracted by the earth's attraction, it describes a parabolic curve and down, down it comes, bursting, it may be, ere it reaches *terra firma*, but probably alighting in the rebel works ere it explodes, where it scatters death and destruction around. But while the mortar-boats were at work, the Essex was not idle. Unmanageable as she is, especially in so strong a current, she did not follow the rest of the fleet, but remained at the head of the "bummers," doing admirable service with her heavy guns.

All this time the Richmond had to hang back, as Admiral Farragut seemed to be so enamored with the sport in which he was engaged as to be in no hurry to pass by. Once or twice, in consequence of the dense column of smoke that now rolled over the river, our bowsprit was almost over the taffrail of the Hartford, and there was an incessant call on the part of Second Lieutenant Terry, who commanded the forward part of the ship, to stop the engines. And here I may as well say that this gallant young officer behaved in the most chivalrous manner throughout the entire engagement, cheering on the men, and encouraging them, by his example, to stand to their guns like men, though little of this they required to induce them to perform their whole duty.

The Richmond had by this time got within range of the rebel field-batteries, which opened fire on her. I had all along thought that we would open fire from our bow-guns, on the top-gallant fore-castle, and that, after discharging a few broadsides from the starboard side, the action would be wound up by a parting compliment from our stern-chasers. To my surprise, however, we opened at once from our broadside guns. The effect was startling, as the sound was unexpected; but beyond this I really experienced no inconvenience from the concussion. There was nothing unpleasant to the ear, and the jar to the ship was really quite unappreciable. It may interest the uninitiated to be informed how a broadside is fired from a vessel-of-war. I was told on board the Richmond that all the guns were sometimes fired off simultaneously, though it is not a very usual course, as it strains the ship. Last night the broadsides were fired by commencing at the forward gun, and firing all the rest off in rapid succession, as fast almost as the ticking of a watch. The effect was grand and terrific; and,

if the guns were rightly pointed—a difficult thing in the dark, by the way—they could not fail in carrying death and destruction among the enemy.

Of course we did not have every thing our own way; for the enemy poured in his shot and shell as thick as hail. Over, ahead, astern, all around us flew the death-dealing missiles, the hissing, screaming, whistling, shrieking, and howling of which rivalled Pandemonium. It must not be supposed, however, that because our broadside-guns were the tools we principally worked that our bow and stern-chasers were idle. We soon opened with our bow eighty-pounder Dahlgren, which was followed up not long after by the guns astern, giving evidence to the fact that we had passed some of the batteries.

While seated on the "fish-davit," on the top-gallant fore-castle—the Hartford and the Richmond blazing away at the time—a most fearful wail arose from the river, first on our port-bow then on the beam. A man was evidently overboard, probably from the Hartford or the Genesee, then just ahead. The cry was: "Help, oh! help!" "Help, oh! help!" "Man overboard," called out Lieutenant Terry; "throw him a rope." But, poor fellow, who could assist him in such a strait? We were in action; every man was at his gun; to lower a boat would be folly; in fact, it could not be done with any hope of success. Consequently, although the man was evidently a good swimmer, to judge by his un-failing cries for help for a long time, nothing could be done to rescue him, and he floated astern of us, still sending up that wailing cry for help, but without effect. The terrible current of the Mississippi was too much for him, and he, without doubt, sank beneath the waves of the mighty river.

Just after this fearful incident firing was heard astern of us, and it was soon ascertained that the Monongahela, with her consort, the Kineo, and the Mississippi were in action. The Monongahela carries a couple of two hundred-pounder rifled Parrott guns, beside other ticklers. At first I credited the roar of her amiable two hundred-pounders to the "bummers," till I was undeceived, when I recalled my experience in front of Yorktown last spring, and the opening of fire from similar guns from Wormley's Creek. All I can say is, the noise was splendid. The action now became general. The roar of cannon was incessant, and the flashes from the guns, together with the flight of the shells from the mortar-boats, made up a combination of sound and sight impossible to describe. To add to the horrors of the night, while it contributed toward the enhancement of a certain terrible beauty, dense clouds of smoke began to envelop the river, shutting out from view the several vessels and confounding them with the batteries. It was very difficult to know how to steer to prevent running ashore, perhaps right under a rebel battery, or into a consort. Upward and upward rolled the smoke, shutting out of view the beautiful stars and obscuring the vision on every side. Then it was that the order was passed: "Boys, don't fire

till you see the flash from the enemy's guns." That was our only guide through the "palpable obscurity."

But this sole dependence on the flashes was likely to be attended with serious consequences, as the following incident will show :

We had got nearly into the middle of the hornet's nest, when an officer on the top-gallant fore-castle called out: "Ready with the port-gun." The gun was got ready and pointed, and was about to be discharged, when Lieutenant Terry called out: "Hold on; you are about to fire into the Hartford." And such was the fact; for the flash of the Hartford's guns at that moment revealed the spars and rigging of that vessel. Consequently the gun was not fired, nor was it discharged during the engagement, the fighting being confined entirely to the starboard side.

But, though we did not fire into the Hartford, a story is afloat, and, as it may reach New-York and cause unnecessary comment and excitement, unless authoritatively contradicted, it seems to be my duty to kill it at once. The story goes that the Richmond fired three shots into the Mississippi, and that the shots were returned with interest—each vessel taking the other for an enemy. I say, emphatically, that the story is not true; and in this assertion I am borne out by nearly every officer of the Richmond. The Mississippi was astern of us, and if she had passed us on the way up—which she did not—she must have passed on our port-side, and not on the starboard, which would have brought her between the fire of our broadside guns and that of the rebels. Now, as we did not fight our port-guns at all, we could not have paid the delicate attention to the Mississippi that has been attributed to us. True, every object was obscured by the dense masses of smoke that hung over the river; but the flashes from our guns, which were incessant, could not fail to reveal to the Mississippi our starboard from our port-side. The only time when we could have opened on our ill-fated consort was when she got aground and we had rounded on our way back; but this theory is rendered untenable from the fact that we must have been far down when the Mississippi grounded. Besides, we could hardly have taken her for a rebel battery on the right bank of the river. As conclusive evidence that the Richmond could not have fired into the Mississippi from her port-side, it is sufficient to state that the Genesee was lashed to the port-side of the Richmond.

Still the fight went on, and still the roar of cannon and the screaming, howling, whistling of shot and shell continued to make "night hideous." Still, too, the pure atmosphere was befouled with the smell of "villainous saltpetre" and obscured with smoke, through the opaque mass of which the stars refused to twinkle. Intermingled with the boom of the cannonade arose the cries of the wounded and the shouts of their friends, suggesting that they should be taken below for treatment. So thick was the smoke that we had to cease firing several times; and to add to the horrors of the night it was next to impos-

sible to tell whether we were running into the Hartford or going ashore, and, if the latter, on which bank, or whether some of the other vessels were about to run into us or into each other. All this time the fire was kept up on both sides incessantly. It seems, however, that we succeeded in silencing the lower batteries of field-pieces. The men must have been driven from their guns; and no wonder if they were, in that terrific storm of iron.

While a brisk fire was kept up from the decks of the several vessels, the howitzers in the tops were not permitted to remain idle. Intermingled with the more sullen roar of the larger guns, the sharp, short crack of the brass pieces was heard from their elevated positions, adding harmony to the melody of the terrific concert.

The phrase is familiar to most persons who have read accounts of sea-fights that took place about fifty years ago; but it is difficult for the uninitiated to realize all the horrors conveyed in "muzzle to muzzle." For the first time I had, last night, an opportunity of knowing what the phrase really meant. Let the reader consult the map, and it will be seen that the central battery is situated about the middle of the segment of a circle I have already compared to a horse-shoe in shape, though it may be better understood by the term "crescent." This battery stands on a bluff so high that a vessel in passing immediately underneath cannot elevate her guns sufficiently to reach those on the battery; neither can the guns on the battery be sufficiently depressed to bear on the passing ship. In this position the rebel batteries on the two horns of the crescent can enfilade the passing vessel, pouring in a terrible cross-fire, which the vessel can return, though at a great disadvantage, from her bow and stern-chasers.

We fully realized this last night; for, as we got within short-range, the enemy poured into us a terrible fire of grape and canister, which we were not slow to return—our guns being double-shotted, each with a stand of both grape and canister. Every vessel in its turn was exposed to the same fiery ordeal on nearing the centre battery, and right promptly did their gallant tars return the compliment. This was the hottest part of the engagement. We were literally muzzle to muzzle, the distance between us and the enemy's guns being not more than twenty yards, though to me it seemed to be only as many feet. In fact, the battle of Port Hudson has been pronounced by officers and seamen who were engaged in it, and who were present at the passage of Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson, below New-Orleans, and had participated in the fights of Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Island Number Ten, Vicksburgh, etc., as the severest in the naval history of the present war.

Shortly after this close engagement we seemed to have passed the worst. The enemy's shot and shell no longer swept our decks like a hail-storm; but the fire from the batteries was kept up in a desultory manner. The starboard bow-gun could no longer be brought to bear. Consequently

Lieut. Terry ordered the men on the top-gallant fore-castle to leave the guns in that part of the ship, and to descend to the main deck to help work the broadside guns. Our stern-chasers, of course, were still available, for the purpose of giving the enemy a parting blessing. I left my station on the top-gallant fore-castle shortly after the men who had been working the bow-guns, and passed under where I had been sitting, taking up my station on the port side, just opposite the forward gun on the starboard side, where but a few minutes before a shell had exploded.

I was not long in this position when there came a blinding flash through the very port I was opposite to, revealing a high bank right opposite, so close that a biscuit might have been tossed from the summit on board the Richmond. Simultaneously there came a loud roar, and I thought the shot had passed through the port I was opposite to. Indeed, so close were we to the battery that the flash, the report, and the arrival of the shot, crashing and tearing through our bulwarks, were instantaneous, there not being the intermission of a second between.

It must have been about this time that Lieut. Commander Cummings, the executive officer of the Richmond, was standing on the bridge that connects the starboard with the port gangway, with his speaking-trumpet in his hand, cheering the men. Near him stood Capt. Alden, when a conical shot of large calibre passed through the hammocks, over the starboard gangway, taking off the left leg of the Lieutenant just above the ankle, battering his speaking-trumpet (a prize) flat, and knocking Capt. Alden down with the windage, and went through the smoke-stack. It has been said that the Captain was knocked down by a hammock which the shot had displaced; but this is not the fact. I am happy to say that the gallant Captain sustained no injury. Mr. Cummings was immediately taken below, where his wound was promptly attended to by Dr. Henderson, the ship's surgeon, but not before the brave young man had lost a large quantity of blood on his way down. On being carried below he used the following patriotic words, which are worthy of becoming historical: "I would willingly give my other leg so that we could but pass the batteries."

The Rev. Dr. Bacon, the loyal rector of Christ Church, New-Orleans, who was acting as chaplain on board the Richmond, was on the bridge when Mr. Cummings received his terrible wound. He fortunately escaped unhurt, though he had been all over the ship, in the thickest of the fight, carrying messages and exhorting and encouraging the men.

It was no easy matter in the midst of such a dense cloud of smoke to know where to point our guns. Even the flashes of the enemy's guns shone dimly through the thick gloom. Several times the order was given to cease fire, so as to allow the smoke to clear away; but, as there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring, this was a very slow process; still the order was necessary, to prevent the several vessels from running into each other. In this respect the rebels had a decided

advantage over us; for while they did not stand in danger of collision, neither was there any apprehension of firing into their friends. The wide river was before them, and if they did not hit our vessels at each discharge, they could but miss at the worst.

And now the turmoil arose high and loud. Denser and denser became the dark volume of smoke, rendering it next to impossible for the pilot to know where to put the vessel's head. Lieutenant Terry, therefore, stationed himself at the head of the ship, where there was a better chance of penetrating the gloom than on the bridge. Loud rose his voice, even amidst the roar of cannon and the shrieking of shot and shell, directing how the vessel's head should be placed. The order was taken from him by the men all along the deck, and by them conveyed to the quartermasters at the wheel. At times this was a difficult matter; for the noise of battle would sometimes drown the necessary orders thus conveyed. As it was, it seemed to me that a great deal of the manœuvring was sheer guess-work. It could scarcely be otherwise. This was the moment of peril for the Richmond; for had she gone on shore under the batteries, it would have been all up with her, and many a gallant heart that then beat in her would have ceased to throb.

Matters had gone on this way for nearly an hour and a half—the first gun having been fired at about half-past eleven o'clock—when, to my astonishment, I heard some shells whistling over our port side. Did the rebels have batteries on the right bank of the river? was the query that naturally suggested itself to me. To this the response was given that we had turned back. I soon discovered that it was too true. Our return was, of course, more rapid than our passage up. The rebels did not molest us much, and I do not believe one of their shots took effect while we were running down rapidly with the current. It was a melancholy affair, for we did not know but what the whole expedition was a failure; neither could we tell whether any of our vessels had been destroyed, nor how many. We had the satisfaction of learning soon afterward, however, that the Hartford and the Albatross had succeeded in rounding the point above the batteries. All the rest were compelled to return. We soon came to an anchor on the west side of Prophet Island, so near to the shore that the poop-deck was strewn with the blossoms and leaves of the budding trees that we brushed back.

I had now time to look around me. The war of cannon had ceased; the hissing, whizzing, whistling, howling of shot and shell were no longer heard; the glorious stars once more shone forth—the sky no longer being obscured by the opaque smoke that had hovered over the river—and the pale moon now waning to a crescent, rose and shed its mild rays over the recent scene of carnage; the celestial orbs ran their courses in their respective orbits—all the same as if man had not just been imbruing his hands in the blood of his fellow-man. Nothing of these sanguinary transactions did these bright stars or that pale

moon take cognizance of; but who shall say that the angels of heaven did not drop a pitying tear on the work of destruction being carried on by beings created but a little lower than themselves?

All this time I was not aware that Lieut. Commanding Cummings had been wounded. When the firing had finally ceased, however, I proceeded aft, where I was made acquainted with the sad event. A warrant officer kindly volunteered to pilot me down to the place where the wounded officer lay—namely, in the cockpit—telling me that as he was under the influence of chloroform my presence would not disturb him. As we passed the machinery of the vessel, on our way forward, I was shown a large hole that had been made by an eighty-pounder solid conical shot, which had passed through the hull of the ship, damaging the machinery so as to compel us to return. But of this, more anon. On reaching the cockpit, the approaches to which were drenched in blood, the surgeon was performing the terrible operation on Mr. Cummings, rendered necessary by the loss of his leg. As the patient was under the influence of chloroform, he did not move a muscle. I did not wait long, but quickly made my way to the upper regions.

On regaining the gun-deck the first objects that struck my attention were two dead bodies, lying stark and stiff under the front part of the poop-deck; and this reminds me of the narrow escape I had, to which I have alluded in an earlier part of this letter. The two men were marines who had been stationed at gun No. 10, just opposite the after-gun on the port side, at the breach of which I had thought of taking up my station. It is well that I had altered my mind; for, though a shot did not come through the port opposite, one of those interesting pieces of iron loaded with powder, and called a shell, passed through the bulwark in a diagonal direction a few feet forward of gun No. 10, instantly killing the two marines, taking off the head and an arm at the elbow of one man, carrying off half of the head of the other, and wounding some twelve or thirteen more marines by splinters, in spite of the splinter nettings with which the inside of the bulwark was protected.

The shell, a twelve-pounder, exploded in passing through the bulwark. The largest piece struck the deck, which it ploughed up; glancing upward, it then struck the brass rods that protect the skylight of the lower cabin, twisting some of them in a curious manner. Again glancing off, it shivered a staunchion that supports the front of the poop-deck, after which it finished its devious course by punching a hole through the captain's office, into which it passed, and dropped on the floor without perpetrating further mischief. The entire front of the captain's office was bespattered with blood, though at a distance of about twenty feet from where the men fell. Had your correspondent taken his station where he originally intended, he could scarcely have failed to receive some of the fragments of the shell, or, at least, of being struck by some of the splinters that proved so destructive.

The first gun was fired, as already stated, at

about half-past eleven, and the whole affair was over by one o'clock this morning. We were quietly at anchor, and were busy discussing the events of the fight, exchanging congratulations and comparing notes, when the look-out man in the main-top hailed the deck as follows:

"On deck there?"

"Hallo!"

"A large fire ahead!"

"Where away?"

"Just above the bend."

"What is it like?"

"Like a fire-raft."

On this Captain Alden, to whom the circumstance was duly reported by the officer of the deck, sings out:

"Keep a good look-out. Man the bow-guns, and stand by to slip the cable."

Shortly after this a small steamer came down, the master of which informed Captain Alden that the Mississippi was on fire, upon which Captain Alden ordered the hawsers that connected the Genesee with the Richmond to be cast loose, and the former vessel to go to the assistance of the Mississippi. In a very few moments the Genesee was steaming up the river on her errand of humanity. In this she was ably seconded by the Essex and Sachem. The little Reliance, too, though an unarmed boat, did good service on the occasion, which seems to be worthy of special mention.

It is now necessary to state in what manner the Mississippi happened to be on fire. That she alone should have grounded is a subject of astonishment. It is as strange as it is providential that all the vessels did not run ashore in the dense smoke that prevailed. I am told that the Richmond actually touched at one time right under the most formidable of the batteries, but that she soon got off. I cannot vouch for the fact, however. But it is true that just as we were turning round a torpedo exploded under our stern, throwing the water up nearly as high as our mizzen-mast head. The gallant ship quivered in every timber from the concussion; but I am happy to say she did not sustain the slightest injury.

In the dense smoke that prevailed, excluding every object from view, the glorious old Mississippi went ashore right opposite the centre and worst battery. She was soon discovered by the enemy. Up to this time she had not sustained any serious injury. She now became a standing target for the whole range of rebel batteries. The rebels began to pour into her a perfect shower of shot and shell, which was promptly returned by the Mississippi. This murderous work continued for half an hour. Finding it impossible to escape, Captain Smith judiciously but reluctantly gave orders to set the ship on fire to prevent her falling into the hands of the rebels. Accordingly her after-part was fired, the rebels all the time continuing to pour in their shot and shell as fast as they could bring their guns to bear. During this part of the contest no fewer than two hundred and fifty rounds were fired from the Mississippi. The artillery practice of the rebels would

have been worthy of a better cause. The Mississippi was riddled through and through. Four men were known to have been killed ere the ship was abandoned. Among them was Acting Master Kelly, the whole of whose abdomen was shot away. Three were ascertained to have been wounded. There may have been some more casualties, but it is impossible to tell to what extent at present, though a great many exaggerated stories are afloat on the subject. Several were known to have jumped overboard soon after the ship was set on fire, and there can be no doubt that some of them were drowned.

Soon after the vessel had been fired two shells came crashing through her, exploding and setting fire to some turpentine and oil which they upset. This caused the flames to spread, whereupon a master's mate hurried on to the gun-deck and reported that the flames had reached the entrance to the magazine. The ship was then at once abandoned, and all hands on board, including the wounded men, were put on shore on the bank of the river opposite Port Hudson. This was accompanied by a deafening yell of exultation from the rebels on perceiving the blazing up of the fire. The Mississippi burned till she became lightened, to which the removal of nearly three hundred men contributed, when she swung off into deep water. She had grounded with her head upstream; but on swinging off she turned completely round, presenting her head down the river, which position she retained till she blew up.

At length it was reported on board the Richmond that the Mississippi was coming down, and we all turned out on the poop-deck to see the sight. It was a most magnificent spectacle. From the midships to the stern the noble vessel was enveloped in a sheet of flame, while fire-wreaths ran up the shrouds, played around the mainmast, twisted and writhed like fiery serpents. Onward she came, keeping near to the right bank, still bow foremost, as regularly as if she was steered by a pilot. It was, indeed, a wonderful sight. Captain Smith, her recent commander, and several of her officers, who had by this time arrived on board the Richmond, assembled on the poop-deck, their emotion almost too great for words. Next to his wife, children or sweetheart, there is nothing that a sailor loves more than his ship—nothing that he regrets the loss of so much; and, in the absence of the above-mentioned domestic ties, his ship is to him wife, child, and sweetheart. The feeling of regret at the loss of his ship is enhanced when, as in the case of the Mississippi, the gallant craft has achieved historical renown. No wonder, then, that the officers of the Mississippi should feel a sinking at the heart on witnessing the destruction of their floating home, while they were powerless to save her.

As she arrived opposite the port side of the Richmond, some apprehension was entertained that her port broadsides might give us a parting salute of not a very agreeable nature. Captain Smith assured Captain Alden, however, that her port guns had all been discharged. Just as she

had cleared us, her starboard guns began to go off. This was accompanied by the explosion of the shells she had on deck, ready for use. These exploded at short intervals. The flames now began to increase in volume from amidships to the stern, and the howitzer on the maintop was discharged with the heat. Majestically the gallant craft—gallant even in its last moments—moved down the stream, till, turning the bend at the lower part of Prophet Island, she was hidden from our view, and nothing more was seen but a bright glare, shooting up skyward. Shell after shell still exploded at intervals, and thus a couple of hours passed away, till the Mississippi was some eight or ten miles below the Richmond. The shells now begin to explode more rapidly, indicating that the fire had reached the shell-room, and cannot be far from the powder magazine. This proves to be the fact; for presently a sudden glare of bright flame shoots upward toward the zenith, spreading skyward, in the form of an inverted cone; an interval of a few seconds elapses; then comes a stunning roar, causing the Richmond to tremble from truck to keelson, and the gallant Mississippi, that so long “has braved the battle and the breeze,” is no more; all that remains of her is sunk in the bosom of the mighty river from which she derived her name.

Passing through the starboard side of the Richmond, amidships, a conical eighty-pounder passed through a pile of eordage on the berth-deck, narrowly missing some powder-boys who were handing up ammunition. Thence it entered the machinery-room, passing through and smashing the steam-drum, and damaging both safety-valves, so as to prevent them from closing. Taking its course under the steam-chest, the shot came out on the other side, when it broke in two, and both pieces dropped below. Here I may take this opportunity of mentioning that confederate iron, in these regions, is a very inferior metal. It is not half smelted, but right in the centre are large stones.

Early this morning the decks of the Richmond presented a melancholy spectacle. Where the two men fell there was a great pool of clotted gore, which I saw a seaman tossing overboard with a shovel. The whitewashed decks, too, were any thing but tidy; but, hey! presto! as if by magic, the stalwart arms of some two or three hundred men, with the aid of a plentiful supply of Mississippi water, have made every thing as clean and neat as a lady's boudoir. The bodies of the two men who were killed have been removed forward, and to them has been added the body of the boatswain's mate, who lost both legs and an arm, and who has since died. The three bodies have been neatly sewed up in their hammocks, and they are to be put into coffins for interment on shore. Headboards, with their names inscribed on them, will be placed at the heads of their graves, so that the bodies may be reclaimed at any time by their friends or relatives.

MEMPHIS "APPEAL" ACCOUNT.

A correspondent of the *Appeal*, writing on the fifteenth, furnishes the subjoined details of the

engagement at Port Hudson, between the batteries and Admiral Farragut's fleet.

Yesterday, (Sunday, fourteenth,) a number of the enemy's vessels came within sight and anchored off the point at the head of Prophet's Island, about four miles down the river. The iron-clad battery Essex and a number of mortar-boats anchored close up behind the point. Having calculated the range of our batteries, as accurately as might be under the circumstances, about three o'clock in the afternoon the mortar-boats and the Essex commenced practice, throwing shells for an hour and a half, but without any damage or alarm on our side. All was then quiet, and the fleet awaited the hour of midnight for their surprise visit.

Shortly before midnight, the boats having formed the line of battle as described, their decks cleared for action, and the men at their quarters, the Hartford led the way and the others promptly followed her direction. At the moment of their discovery a rocket was to be sent up from the Admiral's flag-ship, as the signal for the Essex and her accompanying mortar-boats to commence work.

Although there has been no indication of such a determined night-attack by Farragut, the usual vigilant precautions were in force at our batteries. Every gun was ready for action, and around each piece slept a detachment of gunners. So dark was the night, however, and so silently had the armed craft nosed their way up, that the flag-ship had passed some of our guns and all the fleet were within easy range before their approach was known. Almost at the same time a rocket from our signal corps, and the discharge of muskets by an infantry picket, aroused the line. Quick as a flash, while the falling fire of our alarm rocket was yet unextinguished, there shot up into the sky from the Hartford's deck another.

Then came one grand, long, deafening roar that rent the atmosphere with its mighty thunder, shaking both land and water, and causing the high battery-crowned cliffs to tremble as if with fear and wonder. Every gun on the fleet, and every mortar at the point joined in one simultaneous discharge. . . . The batteries on the long line of bluff, but a moment before silent as the churchyard, now resound to the hurrying tread of men, while the quick, stern tones of command are heard above the awful din, and the furtively glancing rays of light from the battle-lanterns, reveal the huge instruments of death and destruction, and show the half-covered way to magazines.

. . . The sheets of flame that poured from the sides of the sloops at each discharge lit up nearly the whole stretch of river, placing each craft in strong relief against the black sky. The noise was stunning to the ear, but they knew not yet the position of our batteries, and the shot and shell, fired at random, had no material effect.

Minute after minute passed away, each driven to eternity distracted by the maddening roar of

so many cannon, and the fleet kept its unchecked course up the stream. Amazement seized the Yankee officers and men. Where were the long talked of batteries the rebels had been constructing with which to hold the Mississippi? Had they been abandoned in a panic caused by the bombardment of the fleets? The marine officer of the Mississippi, now a prisoner, tells me the query was seriously propounded whether the rebels had not evacuated their stronghold and thus cheated the brave Yankee tars out of the glory they were expecting to reap. Only too soon did the enemy discover that we were but waiting to bring the whole fleet irretrievably under our guns before we went to work. For fifteen minutes had they plied at their monster cannon, and now they were commencing to relax, from sheer vexation, when a flash of light from the crest of the cliff lights the way for a shell to go plunging through the Hartford's deck. This was the monitor, and once the enemy saw a cordon of vivid light as long as their own.

Now commenced the battle in all its terrible earnestness. Outnumbered in guns and outweighed in metal, our volleys were as quickly repeated, and the majority of them unerring in their aim. As soon as the enemy thus discovered our batteries, they opened on them with grape and canister, which was more accurately thrown than their shells, and threw clouds of dirt upon the guns and gunners. The shells went over them in every conceivable direction but the right one. The Hartford, a very fast ship, now made straight for up the river, making her best time, and trying to divert the aim of our gunners by her incessant and deafening broadsides. She soon outstripped the balance of the fleet. Shot after shot struck her, riddling her through and through, but still she kept on her way.

Every craft now looking out for itself and bound to make its very best time to get by the fleet, lost its orderly line of battle, and got so mixed up it was difficult, and sometimes impossible, to distinguish one from another. It was speedily apparent to the enemy that the fire was a great deal hotter than had been expected, and the Captains of the two gunboats and of the Monongahela, doubtless resolved quickly that it would be madness to attempt to run such a terrible gauntlet of iron hail. Whether the commanders of the Richmond and Mississippi had already arrived at the same determination, or come to it soon after, is not known, but they all, except the Hartford, undertook to put about and return the way they came.

For this purpose the Richmond sheered in to the left bank, under the batteries, and then circled round, her course reaching nearly up to the opposite point. In executing this manoeuvre she gave our batteries, successively, a raking position, and they took excellent advantage of it, ripping her from stern to stem. From the crashing of timbers, plainly heard during every brief interval of the din, and from the view had of shots that struck her, it was evident that her doom was sealed. Instead of making a run for it down the

river, hugging the opposite shore, she again turned her prow toward our batteries, and ran right in under them.

As she got this position, a voice from on board of her cried out: "Now let me see you strike me from those hills, G—d d—n you." As if in answer to his blasphemous appeals, a battery above and below got his range, and while a shell crashed through his fore-castle, a double charge of grape swept his decks from the mizzen-mast forward. It must have done fearful execution, and the same voice, which just before rung out an oath and a defiance, now exclaimed in piteous accents: "For God's sake, don't shoot any more! We are sinking!

It was reported among a crowd of observers on the bluff, that a voice from her deck had called out: "We surrender! we surrender!" If this was said, it was not probably spoken by her commander, who, however, appealed to our batteries to cease firing upon her, as the ship was sinking.

Whether she sank I do not as yet know. Her commander may have used a Yankee artifice to escape by the mistaken humanity of the victors, but if she is not seriously disabled, then many experienced eyes were greatly deceived.

The Mississippi undertook to execute the same manœuvre of turning round and making her escape back to the point she started from. She had rounded and just turned down-stream, when one of our shots tore off her rudder, and another went crashing through her machinery. Immediately after came the rushing sound of steam escaping from some broken pipe, and the now unmanageable vessel drifted aground directly opposite our crescent line of batteries. Her range was quickly gained, and she was being rapidly torn to pieces by our missiles, when the commander gave the order for all hands to save themselves the best way they could. At the same time fire broke out in two places.

The prisoners we have taken were of opinion she was set on fire by her own officers, but it is as likely that it was caused by our red-hot shot, which was being poured into her uninterruptedly. At this time her decks were strewn with the dead and wounded, according to one of her crew with whom I have conversed, who thought that one half of her complement of men were included in the list of casualties.

Such are the particulars of this morning's fight at Port Hudson. For the time it lasted it was one of the most desperately contested engagements of the war.

Doc. 139.

FIGHT AT KELLY'S FORD, VA.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
Wednesday, March 18. }

THE first real cavalry battle of the war has been fought, resulting in a decisive victory on the part of the national forces.

The telegraph has informed you of the depart-

ure of a large cavalry force in the direction of Culpeper, to reconnoitre, and, if possible, to intercept a body of rebels, known to be in the neighborhood of Warrenton. The expedition returned to-night, the men being much exhausted after their severe labors, but elated and flushed with the excitement which accompanies victory.

Learning that both Stuart and Lee had left the main body of the rebel army near Fredericksburgh, for the purpose of enforcing the draft in Fauquier and the adjoining counties, Gen. Hooker determined to send out a large body of cavalry to cut them off, and at the same time to ascertain the position of the rebel forces on the other side of the Rappahannock. The regiments chosen for this important enterprise were the First and Fifth regulars, commanded by Captain Reno; the Thirty-fourth and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, Col. McIntosh; the First Rhode Island, Fourth New-York, and Sixth Ohio, Colonel Duffie; and the Sixth New-York flying battery, of six guns—all under the command of General Averill.

The expedition marched on Monday afternoon. Notwithstanding the bad condition of the roads, the men made good progress, and passing through our outer pickets, encamped for the night near Kelly's Ford, not far back from the Rappahannock. On riding down to the ford the next morning, at daylight, to cross over, the enemy were found to be in strong force on the opposite side, having posted numerous pickets, and constructed a formidable abattis along the bank. A detachment of the Fourth New-York charged down into the stream, and attempted to force a passage, but were met and repulsed by a strong force of the enemy. Rallying, they dashed into the river, and again were repulsed. A third attempt proved no more successful. At this juncture Lieutenant Brown, followed by a squadron of the First Rhode Island, plunged boldly in, cut their way through the abattis, and charging up the declivity, routed the enemy.

The whole force then crossed over and formed in line of battle thus: Col. McIntosh's command, consisting of the Third, Fourth, and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, on the right; Reno's First and Fifth regulars, centre and reserve, and Colonel Duffie's First Rhode Island, Fourth New-York and Sixth Ohio, on the left. This was about half-past seven o'clock in the morning. Twenty-four prisoners were captured at the ford.

As the men moved forward up the declivity, the rebels, who in the mean time had rallied, charged upon us, when the First Rhode Island met them with a counter charge and put them to flight. The second time, the rebels once more attempting to rally, the Fifth regulars seized the opportunity, dashed at them, and they again broke and ran wildly. The Third Pennsylvania cavalry, posted to the right, likewise charged upon the force opposed to them most successfully. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania, still further to the right, did splendid execution, many of the rebels being dismounted. Our artillery, in the mean time kept playing on the fleeing rebels, and quickening their speed.

We had now advanced through an open space about a mile and a half from the river—as we moved, forming, charging to the right and left, and taking numerous prisoners, until the outskirts of a wood were reached.

General Averill here again arranged the regiments in line of battle, the First regulars being posted as reserves. Our men moved through the woods steadily and rapidly, firing as they went. Another open space was reached, and found to be full of skirmishers. The firing now became very brisk, the enemy for the first time opening on us with artillery, of which they had twelve pieces. Their solid shot and shell fell thick and fast among our men, but they pressed on, inspired by the success already won, and led forward by their officers.

After so many brilliant and profitable dashes on our part, the rebels thought it well to attempt again something in that line themselves, and charged. They ran against the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, which broke them instantly. From the time of crossing the river till now there had been many personal encounters: single horsemen dashing at each other with full speed, and cutting and slashing with their sabres until one or the other was disabled. The wounds received by both friend and foe in these single combats were frightful, such as I trust never to see again.

We continued to drive the rebels before us, they skirmishing and using their artillery as they retreated. Our boys had now been fighting several hours, but regardless of themselves, pursued their mission of keeping the rebels travelling, and did it effectually. When we had chased them six miles from the river, Gen. Averill decided to return, as our artillery ammunition was nearly exhausted, and we had come upon a strong rebel position, with rifle-pits and intrenchments. Detachments of cavalry were deployed in front of the battery, in such a manner as to prevent its withdrawal being seen, and the whole force commenced its return march. Captain Reno, with a portion of his command, covered the rear.

As soon as the rebels discovered our retrograde movement, they opened a heavy fire of artillery, and followed in pursuit, but at a respectful distance, and without a desire to try more charges. The *morale* and *esprit* of our men were excellent, and it was with difficulty that many of them could be persuaded to return. They had run the rebels six miles, and wanted to keep on to Culpeper.

Capt. Hunt, with three squadrons of the First regiment, assisted by Lieuts. Bigelow and Sandford, did good service supporting the battery. On the return, at one time this command was in danger of being annihilated. The men were stationed to the left of the battery, within easy supporting distance, ready to charge upon the rebels, should they attempt to take it. No sooner, however, had our guns ceased firing, from want of ammunition, than the rebels turned their fire upon the supporting cavalry, keeping it up for a long period, and making sad havoc among the horses. The cavalry could not leave their position, for the guns would have been lost. They succeeded,

however, in bringing the pieces away. The command reached the river about sunset, and recrossed.

Our loss is nine killed, thirty-five wounded, and forty taken prisoners. We killed and wounded a large number of the enemy, and brought away sixty prisoners.

Lieut. Dimmock, of the Fourth New-York cavalry, is mortally wounded. He behaved most gallantly.

Adjt-Gen. Bowditch, of General Duffie's staff, was struck over the head with a sabre, and received a pistol-shot in the groin.

Major Chamberlain, Acting Aid-de-Camp to General Averill, was wounded in the nose and cheek.

Among the rebel officers taken was Major Breckenridge, of the First Virginia cavalry. The prisoners are a sorry-looking set. —*N. Y. Times.*

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

FALMOUTH, VA., March 18, 1863.

Your special correspondent, who accompanied General Averill's cavalry expedition, has just returned, having left Kelly's Ford this morning at daylight. The expedition was a complete success. Gen. Averill, with detachments from several of his regiments, and one battery of artillery, left camp, on Monday morning, to reconnoitre the Rappahannock River, up to the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, with instructions to cross, and proceed in the direction of Culpeper, and wake up Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry, who were reported to be in that direction.

The force reached Morrisville, eighteen miles out, during the afternoon, when a portion of the advance-guard proceeded direct to Kelly's Ford, twenty-five miles above Falmouth, and dispersing a small body of the enemy near the ford, and discovering that it was guarded by dismounted cavalry pickets on the opposite side.

During the night, a force under Lieut.-Colonel Curtis, of the First Massachusetts cavalry, was detailed to advance toward the railroad, at Bealeton Station, and to Elk Run, in the direction of Warrenton.

At three A.M., yesterday, the forces advanced, Col. Curtis as above indicated, and Gen. Averill with the main force, toward Kelly's Ford. Arriving at the ford shortly after daylight, the advance-guard found it well defended by dismounted cavalry sharpshooters, concealed in houses, and behind trees and fences. The approaches to the ford on both sides, were rendered impassable by strong abattis, while the water was over four feet deep.

After several attempts to cross, under a hot fire, a platoon from the First Rhode Island cavalry, led by Lieutenant Brown, dashed into the stream, followed by the axe-men, who soon removed the abattis. The gallant fellows were met by volleys of bullets, but so sudden and surprising was the movement, that twenty-five of the rebels were captured before they could get away.

The force immediately followed, and the artillery was taken over, with the ammunition in the

feed-bags of the horses, carried by cavalry, and repacked on the other side.

After halting and resting a short time, General Averill ordered the column forward, and had proceeded but a mile or two, when Fitz-Hugh Lee's whole brigade was discovered, advancing in vigorous style.

Our men were immediately brought into position, supporting the battery, which opened at once, while the main body were formed for a charge. Our men had the edge of one strip of woods, while the enemy had a like position in timber opposite, with a wide and clear field between the two.

Advancing out of this, and both forces appeared in the open ground, the enemy advancing rapidly on our right, with the intention of turning that flank, and on our left, with the purpose to charge it. Both movements were anticipated. On our right, they were speedily repulsed by the artillery, and on the left, by a gallant charge under Col. Duffie, who led that portion of the column. The rebels stood only a moment, then turned, and fled back into the woods in disorder, leaving their killed and wounded on the field.

After re-forming, Gen. Averill again advanced, and took up position a mile or more beyond, believing the enemy would again attack, if opportunity offered. This proved true, and the rebels soon advanced again, this time with their artillery. Their cavalry came upon the charge in admirable style, almost drawing plaudits from our own men; but they were met by a terrific onslaught from the Fifth regulars, and Third Pennsylvania, which turned them back in confusion, they retreating down our line by the flank, which enabled our remaining squadron to pour in tremendous volleys from their carbines, emptying hundreds of saddles, and completely repulsing the whole charging force.

They did not molest us again, save with artillery, to which we did not reply, being out of ammunition. General Averill held his position until sundown, and then retired to the north side of the river, without the loss of a man. The enemy's loss is severe, reaching, no doubt, two hundred, as their wounded were found everywhere. Our own loss will not exceed fifty in killed and wounded. It was a square, stand-up cavalry fight, of over four hours' duration, and the result proves that our cavalry, when well handled, is equal, if not superior to the enemy. In every instance they fled before the impetuous charge of our men.

The following officers were killed and wounded:

Lieut. Cook, First Rhode Island, killed.

Lieut. Domingo, Fourth New-York, mortally wounded.

Major Chamberlain, Chief of General Averill's staff, seriously, in the face.

Lieut. Bowditch, First Massachusetts, severely, in the abdomen.

Major Farrington, First Rhode Island, slightly, in the neck.

Capt. Weichel, Third Pennsylvania, in the leg.

Lieut. Wolfe, Sixth Ohio, sabre-cut in the head.

Capt. McBride, Fourth Pennsylvania, not dangerously.

Lieut. Thompson, First Rhode Island, not seriously.

From fifty to seventy-five prisoners were taken in the various charges, including Major Breckenridge, of the First Virginia cavalry.

RICHMOND "WHIG" ACCOUNT.

To the Editor of the Richmond Whig:

The history of the cavalry of the army of Northern Virginia, replete as it is with scenes of conflicts and constant danger, showing a boldness on the part of individuals and masses that has commanded the admiration and fear of our enemies as well as the commendation of our own people, will probably to the end of the war furnish no scene to be so vividly remembered by those who participated in it, or more worthy to be recorded to the honor of our arm of the service and the State of Virginia, than the battle of the seventeenth instant at Kelly's Ford, on the Upper Rappahannock. Early on that morning the enemy attempted the crossing in the face of the sharpshooters of the Second Virginia cavalry, commanded by Captain Breckenridge. From the rifle-pits this gallant officer resisted their advance, emptying saddle after saddle, and repulsing them three times with heavy loss, until, having expended all his ammunition, and emptying even his pistols, he was compelled to retire, not being properly supported by a detachment from another regiment which had been sent to his aid. Not being able to reach their horses in time, more than twenty of our sharpshooters were captured here. Meanwhile information of the events reaching our brigade, we gathered our available force—between nine hundred and one thousand men, and moved down to meet the enemy, who had shown the, for them, unusual daring of crossing to our side of the river. Their line of dismounted skirmishers was discovered not a mile from the ford, and judging, from their slow advance, that they might have retained only a small force to guard the ford, while their main body advanced by another route, hoping to get unobserved into our rear. While these events were transpiring far down on the extreme left, the Second, led by Major Breckenridge, chanced to meet the sharpshooters and supporting column that was rapidly advancing. In the middle of the field a large ditch obstructed their progress, and but one squadron was able to cross in time; struggling manfully, they were compelled to retire slowly, leaving behind them Major Breckenridge, whose horse being disabled, was unable to make his escape. His high spirit was compelled to submit to the mortification of capture. But not with impunity did they advance, relying upon their immense superiority in numbers. The First, supported by the Fourth, came upon the flank of one of their squadrons and nearly annihilated it. Col. Drake won high commendation from Gen. Stuart on that occasion. Still advancing on the left with a heavy force of dismounted men in the advance of their line of cavalry, they forced back the

Fifth and Third, in spite of two gallant charges, which served only to retard for a time their progress. Retiring to a position where an open field, nearly a mile in breadth and more than two in length, gave a fair opportunity for the use of cavalry, our brigade was drawn up in line of battle, the Fourth on the extreme right, then the Second, Third, Fifth, and First. Here we waited for nearly half an hour the advance of the enemy. Afraid to come beyond the support of their artillery, their progress was slow; and we, who are accustomed to Stuart's and Lee's quick movements, grew impatient, and even thought they had given up all thought of further advance. But presently the line of woods, as far as we could see, was fringed with the smoke from the rifles of their skirmishers, and our carbineers were hotly engaged with a force nearly ten to one. Now came the order from Fitz Lee that, when the charge commenced on the right, it must be carried on down the whole line. A few shots from our two pieces of artillery, which now, for the first time, were brought into action, was the signal for our advance, and on moved the Fourth and Second on the right of the road across which our line of battle was formed. Forward was the command to the other regiments. "Charge!" rang from the lips of commanding officers, and the whole brigade was in motion, hurled in echelon against the foe; fearful odds, our numbers reduced by that time to less than nine hundred men, the enemy more than three thousand strong, five pieces of artillery sending forth grape and canister with fearful rapidity and effect, and a line of woods from behind whose protection the enemy's riflemen poured incessant volleys on our advancing line. There were men in our lines who were engaged at Malvern Hill, at Gaines's Mill, in many of Jackson's battles, and with accord they say that they never before passed through such a fearful fire as thinned our ranks in that charge. The enemy's battery was posted on the right of the road, and was supported by three regiments of cavalry. The Second and Fourth most gallantly moved upon them, but the enemy's numbers were too great for them. Failing in their effort, they retired, slowly firing as they went, the enemy not daring to come more than one hundred yards from the friendly shelter of the wood. Two fences, the great protection of the enemy during the whole day, protected the three which was immediately on the left of the road from sweeping around in rear of the enemy's battery and their supporting regiments. Could this have been done, we would have had their battery as a trophy and testimony of the gallantry of our brigade. But the enemy would not come out of the woods to meet our charges, and we were obliged to fall back to form for any further movements that might be necessary, which we did without any pursuit whatever on their part. This was the last of the cavalry fighting proper for the day. Our sharpshooters and our artillery continued. Our General, the gallant Fitz Lee, hesitated not to attack them immediately. Our carbineers were thrown forward until the regi-

ments could be gotten into position, and at once the Third Virginia cavalry was ordered to charge. The enemy's sharpshooters lined the woods on the side of the main road; another column of cavalry, with artillery in position, were concealed in a by-road leading off to the right. With impetuous speed, led by Colonel Owen, on dashed the Third. Little cared they for the storm of carbine-balls that greeted their approach as they swept down a stone fence, until then undiscovered, endeavoring to find an opening through which they might pass to reach their foes. They, though protected by two fences, amazed by the tremendous yells of our boys, broke in confusion, and had the Third only been able to have gotten at them, would have been then and there utterly routed. But in vain did Colonel Owen look for an opening through which to lead his men. The fence was impassable, and, sweeping off to the left in almost perfect order, the Third formed again for another charge. Now came down the well-known Rosser with the Fifth. Few his superiors in coolness and judgment in the field. But two little regiments could not encounter the immense force that was now disclosed in imposing array in the field, behind the woods and stone fences; and, in the face of a fearful storm of carbine-balls, these two regiments slowly retired to the open fields on the left, in the vain hope that the enemy would show us a fair fight on the ground where we could cross sabres with them. Here the noble Pelham received his death-wound—a loss irreparable to the cavalry division—and Putler, Major of the Fifth, fell to rise no more. them until dark, when, retiring rapidly, they recrossed the river, leaving many of their dead and wounded on the field of battle. What was their loss we cannot accurately estimate, but it must have been severe, especially from our artillery, which was served as Stuart's horse artillery always is—most splendidly. Though compelled to retire after each of our separate charges, we claim a complete victory, because we succeeded in entirely frustrating the evident design of our enemy, which was to make a long cavalry raid *à la* Stuart, penetrate perhaps as far as Gordonsville, and destroy the bridges and railroad between that place and Culpeper. They were satisfied that they would have harder fighting to do, if they persisted in their attempt, than might agree with their constitutions, and so they prudently withdrew. We mourn the loss of many gallant comrades; many we shall never meet again this side of the grave; and many more will lie languishing on beds of suffering for long, weary days, before they can again join us in the only place where an honorable man now feels himself at home—the tented field. VIRGINIAN.

Doc. 140.

STEELE'S BAYOU EXPEDITION.

CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

UNITED STATES TRANSPORT SILVER WAVE, }
BLACK BAYOU, MISS., March 21. }

On the sixteenth instant, late in the afternoon,

Gen. Grant ordered Gen. Stuart to prepare the infantry of his division to move at daylight next morning. Leaving transportation, horses, tents, and every thing except ammunition, arms, and rations, the division having been relieved by that of Gen. Steele, at an early hour we embarked and proceeded up the Mississippi to Eagle Bend. That the purpose of the movement may be understood, let me recapitulate prior events. A few days before our embarkation, Admiral Porter and Gen. Grant had made a personal reconnoissance of a proposed route to the Yazoo above Haines's Bluff. Seven miles from the Mississippi, Steele's Bayou empties into the Yazoo. Entering this bayou in light-draught gunboats and tugs, they explored it up to Black Bayou, about fifty miles, and some distance up the latter. Being satisfied that the route was practicable, they returned. The Admiral sent five iron-clads, and Gen. Sherman was ordered by Gen. Grant to take charge of the opening of the route. General Sherman, with the pioneer corps of Stuart's division and the Eighth Missouri, left at once with the steamer Diligent. In the evening, Gen. Grant received despatches from Admiral Porter, announcing that his gunboats were meeting with great success, and asking that the land force be sent at once. Grant immediately ordered Gen. Stuart to proceed with his division. The distance by land from the Mississippi, along the Muddy Bayou, is about one mile. On account of the impossibility of taking any thing but small steamers, of which we had but five, through Steele's Bayou, the infantry was ordered to cross by this route to the bayou. On reaching Eagle Bend, a personal examination of the ground, made by Generals Stuart and Ewing, disclosed the fact that two long bridges were necessary to the movement of troops. The levee near the plantation of Senator Gwin had been carried away by a crevasse, and the water was rushing across his fields in a rapid torrent of considerable depth. The building of the bridges, under the charge of Col. Parry, of the Forty-seventh Ohio, occupied a day and a half. Soon as it was completed, the division marched across to Steele's Bayou. Gen. Stuart at once embarked so much of the First brigade as could be transported upon the steamer Silver Wave, and started up through the wilderness of forest and water.

Between the Mississippi and the line of railway from Memphis to Jackson, the country north of the Yazoo, for some fifty miles, is traversed by three considerable streams—Steele's Bayou, Deer Creek, and the Sunflower, all of which are fed by innumerable creeks, bayous, and lakes, and empty into the Yazoo, Steele's seven miles from the Mississippi, near the scene of the battle of Chickarrow Bayou, Deer Creek below, and the Sunflower above Haines's Bluff. Their course, as is that of all streams through low and level ground, is very tortuous, very like the streams in the Calumet marshes. In fact, if those marshes were covered with a thick growth of huge trees, with a thick mass of cane on the ground, you would have a perfect specimen of the country through which the Second division and the Admiral's

iron-clads have passed. Transform the rice and reeds of the Calumet into the luxuriant growth of a Southern swamp, and you have a better idea of the wet wilderness in which we were, than can be written. The eastern part of Issaguena County, on Deer Creek, has higher land, and some of the most valuable cotton plantations in the State. The soil is exceedingly prolific. We found in it immense numbers of slaves, and great quantities of cotton and grain. The Admiral called it one of the granaries of the Confederacy.

It was supposed to be so inaccessible, that the plantations were in the usual process of cultivation, the fields planted with corn, instead of cotton, which was up. They believed themselves beyond the reach of the devastations of war—had their gardens well stocked with vegetables, which were growing most temptingly, and, fancying that "the invader" could not penetrate, with gunboats and armies, the lagoons and forests which surrounded them, devoted their fancied security to the raising of crops to feed their brother rebels in the field. The plantation upon which was the rendezvous of the land force, was one of five owned by a wealthy rebel, James R. Hill, of New-Orleans. It had upon it as ordinary stock, one hundred and twenty-seven slaves, and boasted the name of "Reality." Another he called "Onward," still another, "Good Intent." A large part of the cotton was marked "C.S.A." The appearance of the iron-clads at "Reality" was the first notice that was had of our approach. The overseer hastily fled, giving notice of the presence of the Yankees in the garden. A contraband told us his master called the Deer Creek County the confederate snuff-box, that the Yankees could not open.

Another plantation, nine miles above them, on Deer Creek, is the celebrated "Shelby Plantation"—Uncle Tom's Cabin. So the inhabitants of that and neighboring plantations understand it. The tradition of the place is identical with that of Mrs. Stowe's—how Topsy grew, was not born; Uncle Tom was the Tycoon of contrabands, and the heir of the estate bred mulattoes, and went down to the Mississippi in a dug-out to finish his education with professional river men, became a high-toned member of the chivalry, and lost his real-estate and contrabands at faro. Mrs. Stowe little thought, when she wrote her novel, that the Shelby Plantation would one day echo with cannon and musketry in a war growing out of the institution she wrote to abolish. Yet so it happened, last week.

The expedition consisted of the Louisville, Mound City, Carondelet, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh, iron-clad "turtles;" four mortar-boats, the ram Price, and mosquito Linden, and the infantry of the Second division of the Fifteenth army corps, Gen. David Stuart's, except the Fifty-fifth Illinois, and a section of Wood's battery, Lieut. McCagg; the transports Silver Wave, Diligent, Eagle, Champion, Poehontas, and Monongahela.

Going up the Yazoo River seven miles, thence up Steele's Bayou twelve miles, the fleet came to

Muddy Bayou, which runs across from the Mississippi into Steele's. At this point the troops came over on floating bridges and embarked. Hence they were transported up Steele's and Black Bayou about twenty miles, to Hill's plantation, and marched thence twenty-one miles on a levee north along Deer Creek, nearly to Rolling Fork. It was proposed at that point to embark the troops again on transports and proceed on that creek a distance of seven miles, until we reached the Sunflower. Once upon the Sunflower, a stream of considerable width, we could reach the Yazoo, between Haines's Bluff and Yazoo City, and would be in a position to operate against the enemy at various points with great effect. So much for the object of the expedition and the route through which it was to pass.

General Grant and Admiral Porter, with the Mosquito Rattler and a tug, made a reconnoissance far enough to establish the fact that gunboats could pass from the Yazoo into Steele's Bayou. Admiral Porter immediately started with his gunboats up the bayou. General Grant ordered General Sherman, with a division of his army corps, to form the land force. Gen. Sherman started at once with a regiment—the Eighth Missouri—and the pioneer corps, to clear the bayou of obstructions—there was no delay. The reconnoissance was made on the fifteenth, Gen. Grant's tug returning the morning of the sixteenth. Before night, the advance of the land force and gunboats were at Muddy Bayou. Despatches were received by Gen. Grant that evening of the progress of the expedition, and Gen. Stuart was ordered to follow with the rest of the division in the morning. Arriving at Eagle Bend on the seventeenth, a reconnoissance in small boats, made by Gen. Stuart and his brigade commanders, and another made twenty miles above, at Tullahola, by Colonel Giles A. Smith, demonstrated that the troops could not be marched across, a crevasse having swollen the Muddy Bayou to a rapid, deep stream. The construction of two long flooded bridges occupied the eighteenth and the forenoon of the nineteenth. The division marched to Steele's Bayou at once. Arriving there we found only one transport, the Silver Wave. Embarking the Sixth Missouri and One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois, Stuart started up at once. During the three succeeding days the boats which we had were used with all the despatch possible, in transporting the troops to the rendezvous. At the mouth of Black Bayou they were transported from the steamers to a coal-barge, which was towed by a tug up Black Bayou. In the mean time the gunboats had gone through Black Bayou into Deer Creek. The great night and strength of the iron-clads enabled them to ride over almost any ordinary growth of willow and cypress in the creek; the water was deep, and they moved slowly and surely along up Deer Creek some fifteen miles, without much labor and without any obstruction from the enemy. On the twentieth, the rebels commenced annoying them with sharpshooters, and by felling trees in the creeks. The boats were obliged

to lay by at night, and on the morning of the twenty-first, the Admiral found considerable obstructions in the river, and an enemy, some six hundred strong, with a field-battery of rifles, disputing his passage. This was near some old Indian mounds, and for the greater part of the day they were kept quite busy, making but a half-mile progress.

Large bodies were kept a good distance from the fleet, but sharpshooters would come up behind trees and fire, taking deliberate aim at our men. The Admiral sent a despatch back to Gen. Sherman, stating the condition of affairs, and the Sixth and Eighth Missouri, and One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois, of the First brigade, under Col. Giles A. Smith, were at once sent to the relief of the gunboats, and to assist in getting them through. They made a forced march, skirmishing a part of the way, and reaching the gunboats before night of the twenty-second, a distance of twenty-one miles, over a terrible road. During the day the enemy had been largely reënforced from the Yazoo, and now unmasked some five thousand men—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The boats were surrounded with rebels, who had fallen trees before and behind them, and were moving up artillery, and making every exertion to cut off retreat and capture our boats. Col. Smith at once established a patrol for a distance of seven miles along Deer Creek, behind the boats, with a chain of sentinels outside of them, to prevent the felling of trees. Further progress was impossible. For a mile and a half, to Rolling Fork, the creek was full of obstructions. Heavy batteries were on its bank, supported by a large force. To advance was impossible; to retreat seemed almost hopeless. The gunboats had their ports all closed, and preparations all made to resist boarders. The mortar-boats were all ready for fire and explosion. Our lines were so close to each other that rebel officers wandered into our lines in the dark, and were captured. It was the second night without sleep aboard ship, and the infantry had marched twenty-one miles without rest. But the faithful force, with their energetic leader, kept successful watch and ward over the boats and their valuable artillery. At seven o'clock that morning, (the twenty-second,) Gen. Sherman received a despatch from the Admiral, by the hands of a faithful contraband, (who came along through the rebel lines in the night,) stating his perilous condition. Leaving a despatch for Gen. Stuart, who was bringing up Ewing's brigade, and orders to Stuart to follow him with the remainder of the division, General Sherman at once marched with the Second brigade, Lieut.-Colonel Rice commanding—and the Thirteenth regulars and One Hundred and Thirteenth Illinois, of the First brigade. Our gunboats at that time were in a bend of the creek; the three regiments of the First brigade had been brought in and placed in position near the boats, by Col. Giles A. Smith. A rebel battery of fifteen guns was in front, at Rolling Fork. The creek was barely the width of a gunboat—the boats were so close up that only one bow-gun

apiece of four could be used, and then at an inconvenient angle—in fact, in only one position—and the broadsides of several were useless on account of the bank. Our immense superiority of metal was thus rendered almost useless for the purpose of engaging an enemy that was endeavoring to encircle the Admiral's boats. If his rear was gained, their superior numbers could board the first or the last boat, and, having captured her, use her guns with fearful effect on the others.

About mid-day the enemy commenced moving upon us, with the purpose of reaching the bank of the creek below the gunboats and below the infantry. General Sherman was some six miles distant. The rebels are believed to have advanced with about four thousand men. It must be borne in mind that our troops were on a belt of land which forms the bank of the creek, of not great width, back of which the bottom land was under water and impassable. The rebels came down with the intention of turning his right and reaching the creek below. The gunboats and four mortars opened upon them, as soon as they discovered themselves in bodies. This firing embarrassed their movements and considerably retarded them. They debouched through the wood and became engaged with the skirmishers of the Sixth. The fight was beginning to be in earnest, but the rebels were gaining ground. The object was not a battle, but to pass by Smith. The first firing of the gunboats was heard by Gen. Sherman near the Shelby plantation. He urged his troops forward, and after an hour's hard marching the Thirteenth regulars and One Hundred and Thirteenth Illinois, who were in the advance, deployed as skirmishers, came upon a body of the enemy who had passed by the forec which engaged Smith. Immediately engaging them, the enemy stood awhile disconcerted by the unexpected attack, fought a short time, and gave way. Our forces pressed them, driving them back toward Smith some two miles. The gunboats opened upon them thus hemmed in, and the day was ours. The rebels retreated, and the gunboats were saved for that day. Our loss was but one killed and none wounded. The loss of the rebels was heavy. The plantation upon which the engagement took place belonged to a Colonel Givins. He was killed, and his wife, a beautiful woman, was also killed by a shell while riding into the wood. One shell from a mortar killed twenty-six, as they were rallying as skirmishers. Another is stated to have killed and wounded forty persons. They suffered very much, but as we did not attempt to occupy the field, it cannot be ascertained. It being obvious that further advance was impracticable, the boats at once commenced moving backward, and made several miles that evening.

The next effort of the rebels was to pass around our lines in the afternoon and night, and throw their whole force still further below us. General Stuart, with four regiments of General Ewing's brigade, marched on Hill's plantation the same morning, having run his transports in the night, and immediately advanced the

Fourth Virginia up Deer Creek, and another, the Fiftieth Ohio, still further to the right. The rebels, who were making a circuit about General Sherman, thus found the whole line occupied, and abandoned the attempt to cut off the gunboats for that day. During the afternoon the troops and gunboats all arrived at Hill's plantation. Rebel scouts followed them within two miles of the division headquarters. During the night the Thirty-seventh Ohio, Colonel Lieber, which was on picket about one half-mile out, was attacked by a squadron of cavalry. It immediately, upon the return of their fire, fell back. In the afternoon of the next day, the Eighty-third Indiana, Col. Spooner, going out to relieve the Thirty-ninth, was attacked by three regiments of infantry and a squadron of cavalry. Acting under instructions to draw them on, and to develop their whole force, Col. Spooner skirmished with them, but they refused to follow. The Eighty-third lost one man killed. The enemy landed a steamer and two flatboats loaded with troops and artillery, about six miles above, the night before. We remained two days at Hill's plantation, waiting for the rebels to prepare. But they would not give or receive battle. We embarked on the transports and gunboats, and returned. The troops, gunboats, ammunition, and supplies, with a considerable quantity of cotton and fifty good mules, are all safe, and approaching Young's Point, as I write.

There were destroyed by our troops and by the rebels at least two thousand bales of cotton, fifty thousand bushels of corn, and the gins and houses of the plantations whose owners had obstructed our progress and joined in the warfare. The resources of the country were found ample to subsist the army at Vicksburgh for some length of time, and by the destruction of them we crippled the enemy so far.

There were features about this expedition novel and exciting.

Black Bayou, a narrow stream heretofore only navigated by dug-outs, was made of the width of our steamers, with great labor of felling trees and sawing stumps below the surface. Every foot of our way was cut and torn through a dense forest, never before traversed by steamers. I never witnessed a more exciting and picturesque scene than the transportation of the Third brigade, by Gen. Stuart, the last day. Crowded with men, the steamer, at the highest possible speed, pushed through overhanging trees and around short curves. Sometimes wedged fast between trees, then sailing along smoothly, a huge cypress would reach out an arm and sweep the whole length of the boats, tearing guards and chimneys from the decks. The last trip through the Black Bayou was in a night pitchy dark and rainy.

While the adventure was of uncertain success—when the result seemed almost accomplished, and when our gunboats were surrounded with an enemy confident of victory, and their extrication seemed almost an impossibility—officers and men worked with equal alacrity, whether in building bridges or making forced marches, both by

day and in the night. The whole time was used in labor—constant and severe. It seems almost a miracle that the boats were saved. If Colonel Giles A. Smith had not arrived at the time he did, their safety would have been hopeless—if Generals Sherman and Stuart, by their utmost exertions and labor, had forwarded their troops a single half-day later—if the second forced march of Col. Rice, under Gen. Sherman, had been retarded a single hour, in all human probability not only our navy, but the first small force, under Smith, would have been lost. The simple truth is, that the gunboats were saved by Stuart's division. The traditionary jealousy between the army and navy at this point is, to a great extent, removed. There is no dispute or doubt in relation to the services performed by the soldiers of the line.

Doc. 141.

BATTLE OF VAUGHT'S HILL.*

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" ACCOUNT.

MURFREESBORO, March 24.

It was on Wednesday, the eighteenth day of March, that Col. A. S. Hall, of the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio, commanding a brigade in General J. J. Reynolds's division, marched forth from Murfreesboro with a band of chosen men, to beat up the quarters of the rebels, who, for some days past had been making impudent demonstrations in Wilson County, and all along the left of our lines. His force consisted of two hundred and twenty-five men from his own regiment, under the immediate command of Lieut.-Colonel Tolles; three hundred and sixty from the One Hundred and First Indiana, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Doan; three hundred and thirty from the Eightieth Illinois, Colonel Allen; three hundred and fifteen from the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois, Colonel James Monroe; forty-three horsemen (company A, Captain Blackburn) from the First Middle Tennessee cavalry; and two pieces (twelve-pound Napoleons) and fifty men from the Nineteenth Indiana battery, Capt. Harris—in all, one thousand three hundred and twenty-three men and two pieces of cannon.

The expedition reached Cainsville on Wednesday, failing to surprise a rebel camp in that vicinity, through the mistake of a guide, who led them a mile or two out of the way. They, however, picked up a couple of stragglers from this camp, and took up lodgings in the great palace of nature for the night.

On Thursday morning they moved to Statesville, another of the insignificant towns which are found in this part of Tennessee. Here they encountered a body of Phillips's rebel cavalry, and defeated them after a short contest, killing one, wounding another, and capturing three.

From Statesville they moved along a small stream called Smith's Fork, to the Liberty pike, upon reaching which they encountered another minor body of the enemy, who took to flight after

one had been wounded and two captured. At some distance, a regiment of rebel cavalry could be seen drawn up across the pike; but Col. Hall did not offer battle, because he now became convinced that he was followed by the enemy, and wished to draw him on to a more advantageous position. He moved on, therefore, without attacking, to the town of Auburn, and encamped near it for the night, the rebel force moving up also, and encamping within two miles of him.

On Friday morning, Col. Hall had fully made up his mind to give battle, and therefore proposed to return toward Murfreesboro, or march to Liberty, according as either course should seem most likely to bring him in contact with the enemy. Knowing by this time, however, that the rebels were much superior in numbers to himself, and that they were actually seeking a battle, he judged it most prudent to retire toward Murfreesboro, draw them after him, take up an advantageous position, and await their attack.

Early on the morning of the twentieth, therefore, he ascended a ridge to the rear of Auburn, and waited there for some time upon the highest ground, to reconnoitre. He did not wait long before he perceived the rebel advance moving cautiously after him, while he could also catch glimpses occasionally of their main body gliding amongst the trees.

Moving down the ridge, Colonel Hall rapidly crossed a plain three miles in extent, toward the town of Milton, determining to reach Vaught's Hill, an eminence one mile south-west of that town, and there await the enemy. His rear-guard had just passed fairly through the town, when the rebel advance was perceived coming over a slight eminence on the other side. Our troops were now moving in a south-westerly direction toward Murfreesboro, along what is called Las Casas pike. A slight elevation of ground just below Milton, tempted Captain Harris to test the courage of the enemy. Unlimbering one of his pieces, he threw a shell or two entirely over the town and plump among the advance of the rebels. They immediately fell back upon the main body, which could now plainly be seen coming up on the other side of the town in gallant array.

On our part preparations were instantly made for battle.

The One Hundred and First Indiana were formed in line on the left of the road, to check the advance of the rebels in that direction, and support the gun which had already commenced to fire. The One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois was formed at the foot of the elevation upon which the piece of cannon was placed, across the pike, and extending into woods and cleared fields on the right. The Eightieth Illinois was still further to the right and somewhat retired, while the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio was held exclusively in reserve.

There were cleared fields to the left of the road as well as to the right, but between these and Vaught's Hill, which Col. Hall intended to be his real battle-ground, there was upon the left a dense growth of cedars, along the east edge of which

* This battle is also known as the battle of Milton, Tenn.

ran a narrow lane to the left of the pike. There was also a cedar thicket near the town and upon the left of the town, through which the rebels would be obliged to pass before they could reach the open field where the One Hundred and First Indiana and the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois were drawn up to receive them.

At the edge of this thicket the rebel skirmishers first appeared, and company B of the One Hundred and Twenty-third were immediately deployed as skirmishers, and sent forward to oppose them. A scattering fire of musketry was soon succeeded by several volleys, and it becoming evident that the enemy were hotly pursuing our skirmishers, Colonel Monroe sent forward two more companies, C and D, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third, to their support. Skirmishers from the One Hundred and First Indiana were at the same time pushed forward, and for half an hour a sharp but irregular firing was kept up in the thicket and in the streets of the town.

By this time the stealthy cats, Wheeler and Morgan, thought they had played long enough with the poor little mouse before them. They had not the slightest doubt of their ability to pick up Col. Hall whenever it should suit their convenience. Why not? The redoubtable Morgan himself was here with the brigade which had first frightened almost to death and then captured poor Col. Moore at Hartville. And Colonel Hall had fewer men than Col. Moore had on that disgracefully famous occasion. In addition to Morgan's force here was the redoubtable "Major-General" Wheeler, with a brigade from his division—Wheeler, entirely recovered from the effects of the thrashing which Dan McCook gave him in January, and flush from the big haul which he and Van Dorn made at Thompson's Station. Still more, these worthies had three regiments of Tennessee mounted infantry to assist them. And here were "Colonel" W. C. P. Breckinridge, and Duke, and Gano, and Grigsby, and heaven knows how many rebel heroes besides. Would A. S. Hall, a mere "political Colonel," as some of our regular friends would say, attempt to make battle against "Major-General" Wheeler and "Brigadier-General" John Morgan, the two most notorious bandits on the continent, with eleven rebel regiments at their heels? Oh! impossible, the thing was simply impossible. And, accordingly, John Morgan made a speech to his men.

"Behold before you," said he, "the same Yankees whom you have so often chased helter-skelter over hill and dale, the same breed of low-spirited cowards whom you have sometimes almost disdained to kill, as being unworthy opponents of your prowess. Remember how ignominiously they bowed their heads at Hartville, and like lusty bull-calves, roared for mercy almost before you could get your muskets trained upon them. Do you think they will stand against you now? No! they will break and run at the first fire, and your only difficulty will be in outrunning and picking them up before they can get back to their den at Murfreesboro."

Col. James Monroe also made a speech to his men, briefer and more to the point.

"Boys! you have followed John Morgan for more than a thousand miles, in a vain effort to get a fight out of him. You have often said you would like no better sport than to meet him. Your wishes are gratified at last. Here he is. Now give him ——!"

Scarcely were these speeches ended when a column of the enemy's cavalry was seen marching by the flank, along the base of a range of hills to the east of the town, evidently intending to turn our right. At the same moment another column emerged from the thicket on the west, and advanced through the open fields toward the One Hundred and First Indiana. Simultaneously with the advance of both these columns, the rebel infantry marched on in battle array through the town, while their artillery, from two or three different positions, opened upon our lines.

Our skirmishers immediately fell back toward their regiments upon the double-quick, and at the same time a retrograde movement was commenced by our entire line, in order to gain the position upon Vaught's Hill, which was the battle-ground originally decided upon.

The dense cedar thickets upon the left of the pike, through which the One Hundred and First Indiana had to retire, made their progress exceedingly difficult; and not only did the skirmishers of this regiment receive a terrible volley from the enemy, before they could rejoin their comrades, but the entire One Hundred and First became to some extent separated from the rest of the brigade, and for a considerable time Lieut.-Col. Doan was thrown upon his own resources. Disentangling himself to some extent from the cedars, he was moving along the lane I have before mentioned, when he was suddenly set upon by Duke's and Breckinridge's regiments. He immediately formed his men in line along the lane, and met the rebel onset with determined courage.

In the mean time, the Eightieth Illinois had moved backward, and taken position along Vaught's Hill, facing nearly to the east; while the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois had also retrograded, and taken up a position along a line of fence at about two thirds the distance from the foot of the hill to its summit, their right resting upon the pike, their skirmishers extending across and connecting them with the left of the Eightieth Illinois, while their left was endeavoring to communicate with the right of the One Hundred and First Indiana. It will be observed that in making this retrograde movement, the One Hundred and Twenty-third had almost entirely crossed to the left of the road from the right, where it was originally formed. This was in consequence of the fact that Vaught's Hill, our chosen position, was mainly on the left of the pike. The One Hundred and Fifth Ohio was still held in reserve, and was moved to the south side of the hill. Upon the summit was one of the "Napoleons," immediately under command of Capt. Harris, while the other was planted fur-

ther to the right, just in the road, and was put in charge of Lieut. Stackhouse. None of these movements were child's play, and all took place under fire, although as yet at long-range.

After the attack was made upon the One Hundred and First Indiana, Lieut.-Col. Doan gradually extended and retired the right of his line, until he came in communication with the left of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois, so that now both regiments could be made available for supporting the piece of artillery commanded by Capt. Harris, which was doing terrible execution on the rebel ranks, and which from the first they manifested an ardent desire to capture. In order the better to effect this, they now made a desperate effort to turn the left flank of the One Hundred and First Indiana, and were partially successful. Major Steele, of that regiment, immediately applied to Col. Hall for assistance, as his men were now in imminent danger of being assailed in the rear, as well as upon the front and flank. The application was instantly attended to, and a part of the Eightieth Illinois was hurried around the southern base of the hill, to meet and drive back the enemy.

During this time a desperate contest was taking place upon the extreme left, where Col. Doan was gallantly contending with the Second and Fourth Kentucky, (the regiments of Duke and Breckinridge,) and was momentarily in danger of being overwhelmed. Redoubling his fire for a few minutes, and seeing the enemy temporarily repulsed, he instantly ordered the left of his regiment to fall back, so that he could form a new line, facing to the west, and at right angles to the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois. This movement being made hastily and in the face of the enemy, was necessarily attended with some confusion, and caused the right wing of the regiment to be somewhat withdrawn, so as to leave a considerable gap between it and the left of the One Hundred and Twenty-third. This breach was promptly repaired by Col. Monroe, who extended his right, and moved over several companies to the left.

Both regiments were more fully prepared for any effort of the enemy, and resolved at all hazards to prevent Captain Harris's piece of cannon from falling into their hands.

Previous to this, however, Col. Allen, with the Eightieth Illinois, had encountered that column of the rebel cavalry which had passed around to our right, and as soon as it left the foot of the range of hills on that side, and emerged into the open fields, had poured into it a most deadly volley of musket-balls, which had driven it back in utter confusion, with the exception of a small body that galloped past our left flank, passed entirely round the southern base of the hill, and actually joined the column under Breckinridge which was assailing our left. The left of the Eightieth, the extreme right of the One Hundred and Twenty-third, and our other "Napoleon" under Lieut. Stackhouse, had all this time fully held their own against rebel infantry in the centre.

Our line of battle now extended almost entire-

ly around the hill, the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio holding the southern face, in reserve, and behaving with great coolness, although shot and shell from the enemy's cannon frequently came whizzing over the summit of the hill and dropped among them.

It was perhaps two o'clock, when the rebels, enraged beyond bounds at the havoc made among them by Captain Harris's twelve-pound "Napoleon," determined to capture it, if possible. Concentrating nearly the whole of Morgan's brigade, they rushed forward and made a desperate assault upon the right of the One Hundred and First Indiana and left of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois. Our boys, now advantageously posted, suffered them to come within thirty or forty yards of our line, when they opened upon them with so destructive a fire that in a few minutes the victors of Hartville were retreating in the wildest confusion, leaving many a rebel, rampant and exulting but a moment before, dead, dying, bleeding, upon the ground.

It was the last effort of the enemy. His troops could no more be brought to the charge. On every side a storm of bullets greeted them. It was death all around the hill!

Sullenly withdrawing to the edge of the woods, upon the ground where our troops had first formed in line of battle, they planted three pieces of artillery, and opened a despairing, scattering, and ineffective fire, which did no damage whatever to the brave men who held Vaught's Hill. Nevertheless, Capt. Harris trained his piece upon one of their guns, disabled it after a round or two, and compelled the others to draw off. One of the gunners of the disabled piece was afterward found blown into fragments, with one of his arms hanging to the limb of a tree.

No reinforcements had as yet come up to Col. Hall's assistance; he did not know the extent of the terrible loss he had inflicted upon the enemy, and supposed that they might be preparing to again attack him. To create an impression upon the minds of the rebels that his reinforcements had arrived, he ordered his men to raise a shout. This they were in a good humor to do anyhow; and a lusty cheer made Vaught's Hill and all the forests round it fairly ring. At the same time, skirmishers were pushed out right and left. The fire from the rebel artillery redoubled for a moment, and then entirely ceased.

But all this cannonading on the enemy's part, after their terrible repulse upon the left, was only for the purpose of concealing and covering their retreat; and when our skirmishers advanced to the town, not a rebel was to be found, except some who were so badly wounded that they could not be carried off.

As the rebels passed through Milton, they told such of the inhabitants as had not run away, that they had entirely beaten Col. Hall, but that the arrival of reinforcements, ten thousand strong, to his assistance, had compelled them to retire. It was, in fact, two hours from the time the last rebel disappeared, until the head of the reinforcing column came in sight of Vaught's Hill.

The material results of the battle have been already stated. Twenty prisoners were left in our hands, besides the wounded. Seven rebels were killed, and a proportionate number wounded, by the single volley with which the Eightieth Illinois repelled the column of cavalry which assailed our right. Twenty-five of them were killed outright in their final grand attack upon our left, and were buried where they fell. Dr. Keller, Surgeon of Morgan's brigade, estimates the entire rebel loss at not less than four hundred killed and wounded.

Our own loss was six killed, one at least mortally injured, and thirty-three others wounded.

John Morgan is said to have been exceedingly chary about exposing his own person, and to have remained in the thicket just to the left of the town, during the whole course of the fight.

I can only remind the public that the field-officers of the One Hundred and First Indiana, engaged in this fight were Lieut.-Col. Doan and Major Steele; and those of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois, Col. James Monroe, Lieut.-Col. Bigge and Major Connolly. That reminder is sufficient praise.

The Eightieth Illinois, Col. Allen, although it lost no men, is not to blame for that. The enemy opposed to it fled at a single volley.

The One Hundred and Fifth Ohio had to play, during the whole battle, the trying rôle of the reserves, and sustained it creditably to themselves and their State.

The brave Capt. Abram C. Van Buskirk, company H, One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois, was killed while the enemy was making his grand assault upon the left. Van Buskirk was shot through the cheek, the ball passing out at the back of his head, and died without a struggle or a groan.

Thus are two of the mock heroes of the rebellion, Morgan and Wheeler, for the present effectually "played out." Pretty well done for one thousand three hundred green boys from the West, commanded by a "political" colonel.

Y. S.

Doc. 142.

BATTLE AT BEAR RIVER, W. T.

REPORT OF COLONEL CONNOR.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF UTAH, }
CAMP DOUGLAS, W. T., February 6, 1863. }

COLONEL: I have the honor to report that from information received from various sources of the encampment of a large body of Indians on Bear River, in Washington Territory, one hundred and forty miles north of this point, who had murdered several miners, during the winter, passing to and from the settlement in this valley to the Beaver Head mines, east of the Rocky Mountains, and being satisfied that they were part of the same band who had been murdering emigrants on the overland mail route for the past fifteen years, and the principal actors and leaders in the horrid massacres of the past summer, I determined, although the season was unfavorable to an expedition, in

consequence of the cold weather and deep snow, to chastise them if possible. Feeling that secrecy was the truest way to success, I determined to deceive the Indians by sending a small force in advance, judging, and rightly, that they would not fear a small number.

The Chief Pocolletto and Sanpitch, with their bands of murderers, are still at large. I hope to be able to kill or capture them before spring.

If I succeed, the overland route west of the Rocky Mountains will be rid of the Bedouins who have harassed and murdered emigrants on that route for a series of years.

In consequence of the number of men left on the route with frozen feet, and those with the train and howitzers and guarding the cavalry horses, I did not have to exceed two hundred men engaged.

On the twenty-second ult. I ordered company K, Third infantry, C. V., Capt. Hoyt; two howitzers, under command of Lieutenant Honeyman, and twelve men of the Second cavalry, C. V., with a train of fifteen wagons, carrying twelve days' supplies, to proceed in that direction. On the twenty-fourth ult., I proceeded with detachments from companies A, H, K, and M, Second cavalry, C. V., numbering two hundred and twenty men, accompanied by Major McGarry, Second cavalry, C. V.; Surgeon Reid, Third infantry, C. V.; Captains McLean and Price, and Lieutenants Chase, Clark, Quinn, and Conrod, Second C. V.; Major Gallagher, Third infantry and Captain Berry, Second cavalry, C. V., who were present at this post attending general court-martial, as volunteers. I marched the first night to Brigham City, about sixty-eight miles distant, and the second night's march from Camp Douglas, I overtook the infantry and artillery at the town of Menden, and ordered them to march again that night. I resumed my march with the cavalry, and overtook the infantry at Franklin, W. T., about twelve miles from the Indian encampment. I ordered Capt. Hoyt, with the infantry, howitzers, and train, not to move until after three o'clock A.M. I moved the cavalry in about one hour afterward, passing the infantry, artillery, and wagons about four miles from the Indian encampment. As daylight was approaching, I was apprehensive that the Indians would discover the strength of my force, and make their escape. I therefore made a rapid march with the cavalry and reached the bank of the river shortly after daylight, in full view of the Indian encampment, and about one mile distant. I immediately ordered Major McGarry to advance with the cavalry, and surround, before attacking them, while I remained a few minutes in the rear to give orders to the infantry and artillery. On my arrival on the field I found that Major McGarry had dismounted the cavalry, and was engaged with the Indians, who had sallied out of their hiding-places on foot and horseback, and, with fiendish malignity, waved the scalps of white women, and challenged the troops to battle, at the same time attacking them. Finding it impossible to surround them, in consequence of the nature of the ground, he accepted their challenge.

The position of the Indians was one of strong natural defences, and almost inaccessible to the troops, being in a deep dry ravine from six to twelve feet deep, and from thirty to forty feet wide, with very abrupt banks, and running across level table-land, along which they had constructed steps from which they could deliver their fire without being themselves exposed. Under the embankments they had constructed artificial covers of willows, thickly woven together, from behind which they could fire without being observed.

After being engaged about twenty minutes, I found it was impossible to dislodge them without great loss of life. I accordingly ordered Major McGarry, with twenty men, to turn their left flank, which was in the ravine where it entered the mountain. Shortly afterward Captain Hoyt reached the ford, three fourths of a mile distant, but found it impossible to cross footmen, some of whom tried it, however, rushing into the river, but finding it deep and rapid, retired. I immediately ordered a detachment of cavalry, with led horses to cross the infantry, which was done accordingly, and upon their arrival upon the field I ordered them to the support of Major McGarry's flanking party, who shortly afterward succeeded in turning the enemy's flank. Up to this time, in consequence of being exposed on a level and open plain, while the Indians were under cover, they had every advantage of us, fighting with the ferocity of demons. My men fell fast and thick around me, but after flanking them we had the advantage, and made good use of it. I ordered the flanking party to advance down the ravine on either side, which gave us the advantage of an enfilading fire, and caused some of the Indians to give way and run toward the north of the ravine. At this point I had a company stationed who shot them as they ran out. I also ordered a detachment of cavalry across the ravine to cut off the retreat of any fugitives who might escape the company at the mouth of the ravine. But few tried to escape, however, but continued fighting with unyielding obstinacy, frequently engaging hand to hand with the troops until killed in their hiding-places. The most of those who did escape from the ravine were afterward shot in attempting to swim the river, or killed while desperately fighting under cover of the dense willow thicket which lined the river banks.

To give you an idea of the desperate character of the fight, you are respectfully referred to the list of the killed and wounded transmitted herewith. The fight commenced about six o'clock in the morning and continued until ten. At the commencement of the battle the hands of some of the men were so benumbed with cold that it was with difficulty that they could load their pieces. Their suffering during the march was awful beyond description, but they steadily continued without regard to hunger, cold, or thirst, not a murmur escaping them to indicate their sensibilities to pain or fatigue. Their uncomplaining endurance during their four nights' march from Camp Douglas to the battle-field is worthy of the highest praise. The weather was intensely cold,

and not less than seventy-five had their feet frozen, and some of them, I fear, will be crippled for life. I should mention here that in my march from this post no assistance was rendered by the Mormons, who seemed indisposed to divulge any information regarding the Indians, and charged enormous prices for every article furnished my command. I have also to report to the General Commanding that previous to my departure Chief-Justice Kenny, of Great Salt Lake City, made a requisition for troops for the purpose of arresting the Indian Chiefs Bear Hunter, Somepitch, and Sandwich. I informed the Marshal that my arrangements for an expedition against the Indians were made, and that it was not my intention to take any prisoners, but that he could accompany me. Marshal Gibbs accordingly accompanied me, and rendered efficient aid in caring for the wounded. I have great pleasure in awarding to Major McGarry, Q.C.C.V., Major Gallagher, and Surgeon A. K. Reid, Third Infantry C.V., the highest praise for their skill, gallantry, and bravery throughout the engagement. And to the company officers the highest praise is due, without invidious distinction, for their bravery, courage, and determination evinced throughout the engagement. Their obedience to orders, attention, kindness, and care for the wounded, are no less worthy of notice. Of the good conduct and bravery of both officers and men California has reason to be proud.

We found two hundred and twenty-four bodies on the field, among which were those of the chiefs Bear Hunter, Sagwich, and Leight. How many more were killed than stated, I am unable to say, as the condition of the wounded rendered their immediate removal a necessity. I was unable to examine the field. I captured one hundred and seventy-five horses, some arms, destroyed over seventy lodges, a large quantity of wheat and other provisions, which had been furnished them by the Mormons. Left a small quantity of wheat for the sustenance of one hundred and sixty captive squaws and children whom I left on the field.

The enemy had about three hundred warriors, mostly well armed with rifles, and having plenty of ammunition, which rumor says they received from the inhabitants of this territory in exchange for property of massacred emigrants. The position of the Indians was one of great natural strength, and had I not succeeded in flanking them, the mortality in my command would have been terrible. In consequence of the deep snow the howitzers did not reach the field in time to be used in the action.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully,
your obedient servant, P. EDW. CONNOR,*
Colonel Third Infantry, C.V., Commanding District.
To Lieut.-Col. R. C. DRUM,
Assistant Adjutant-General U.S.A., Department Pacific.

LETTER FROM GENERAL HALLECK.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
WASHINGTON, D.C., March 29. }

Brigadier-Gen. G. Wright, Commanding Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, California:
GENERAL: I have this day received your letter

* See Doc. 113, page 401, *ante*.

of February twentieth, inclosing Col. P. E. Connor's report of his severe battle and splendid victory in Bear River, Washington Territory. After a forced march of one hundred and forty miles in mid-winter and through deep snows, in which seventy-six of his men were disabled by frozen feet, he and his gallant band of only two hundred attacked three hundred warriors in their stronghold, and after a hard-fought battle of four hours destroyed the entire band, leaving two hundred and twenty-four dead upon the field. Our loss in the battle was fourteen killed and forty-nine wounded. Colonel Connor and the brave Third California infantry deserve the highest praise for their gallant and heroic conduct.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

Doc. 143.

CAPTURE OF MOUNT STERLING, KY.

COLONEL GARRARD'S ACCOUNT.

CAMP OF THE SEVENTH OHIO CAVALRY, }
LEXINGTON, KY., April 10, 1863. }

ON the night of Friday, March twentieth, at ten o'clock, I received an order to report at once at headquarters. General Gilmore showed me a despatch just received from Col. Walker, Tenth Kentucky cavalry, dated Hazel Green, stating that he had "hemmed Cluke in, and that his only way out was by way of Lexington." Col. Walker's command was composed of the Tenth Kentucky cavalry, and a portion of the Forty-fourth Ohio mounted infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson.

The General's opinion was, that Cluke would return direct to Mount Sterling and capture the detachment and the public stores at that place. Pegram was, at that time, approaching from the Cumberland, and the General was disposed to concentrate his forces, rather than disperse them. Therefore, instead of ordering me to reënforce the detachment at Mount Sterling, he ordered me to Winchester, a point half-way between Lexington and Mount Sterling, and ordered Capt. Ratcliffe, in command of Mount Sterling, to fall back on Winchester.

This order was received by Captain Ratcliffe about twenty-four hours before he was attacked, and was deliberately disobeyed by him. He decided that he was strong enough to hold the place, and refused to fall back on Winchester. Of this determination to disobey the General's order he sent me no notice. On reaching Winchester I went into camp, and awaited the arrival of the forces from Mount Sterling. My orders were, to guard carefully the approaches to Winchester, and particularly the country between Winchester and the ferries, on the Kentucky River. I sent out strong patrols on the roads I wished to observe, with orders to them to return to camp at nine o'clock the next morning. My command consisted of three hundred and fifty of the Seventh Ohio volunteer cavalry, a section of

Laws' howitzer-battery, and two companies of the Twenty-second Michigan infantry.

At four o'clock precisely on Sunday morning, I received a letter from Captain Ratcliffe, stating that an old negro had come to him with information that Lieutenant-Colonel Stoner and three hundred of Cluke's men were camped on the Owingsville road, about five miles from Mount Sterling, and that they were going over to the Maysville road. He did not inform me that an immediate attack was apprehended, asked for a reënforcement of three hundred and fifty mounted men, and said he could hold the place until they arrived. I gave this communication full consideration, and decided that it was not my duty to move from my post until the return of my patrols assured me that no portion of Cluke's command was moving on the district intrusted to me.

I remained up about an hour, and then lay down and slept till reveille, which was soon after. As soon as my patrols reported that there was no movement of the enemy near Winchester, I started for Mount Sterling with the cavalry and howitzers leaving the infantry posted in the courthouse. When a mile out on the road, I met a post-train loaded with wood, on its way to Lexington. I ordered this train to be unloaded, and ordered the infantry to follow me in the wagons with all the speed they could make. The infantry were able to reach Mount Sterling, in this way, a short time after I had passed through the town. They halted there, as they had no hope of overtaking me, as I quickened my march from a trot to a gallop on learning that Cluke had but four miles the start of me out of the town.

I was much assisted in obtaining correct information by Major Hawley Smith, who met me on the road near Winchester. It is well enough to state here, that, with the inferior force, I compelled Cluke to abandon his ammunition and provision train, even to his ambulance, and got a scare on him which kept him travelling until midnight. Prisoners taken from his command a few days afterward by Captain Rankin, company E, Seventh Ohio volunteer cavalry, reported that we killed eight and wounded some fifteen of their men. I have no further information of this than the prisoners' report.

Major Brown is able to state from his own observation, how much less was accomplished by the first expedition after Cluke that consisted of superior forces to Cluke's. He may also, perhaps, be able to account for the fact that Cluke slipped through the forces that went after him to Hazel Green, and got back to Mount Sterling twenty-four hours or more in advance of the mounted troops under Col. Walker and Lieut.-Col. Wilson. To be twenty-four hours behind the enemy that was marching in the direction of the important post at Mount Sterling is a phenomenon in cavalry movements that ought certainly to occupy the attention of Major Brown, to the exclusion of any thing that was done by the Seventh cavalry.

My movement to Mount Sterling was a voluntary one, and not under any order. My orders

took me no further than Winchester. I was fully informed of the orders that had been sent to Captain Ratcliffe to fall back on Winchester, and of the plan by which the men and stores at Mount Sterling were to be protected.

When called on to act in direct violation of the General's plan, I determined not to do it, until I was fully satisfied, by the report of my patrols, that I had no work on hand near my own post. I marched on the instant my patrols reported, and marched as rapidly as was consistent with the object of my having horses fit for service when I came up with the enemy.

I am not able to perceive that there was any fault in the plans of the General, or any neglect in issuing and delivering the orders necessary to carry them out; nor am I able to perceive either common-sense or military propriety in these attempts to shield Captain Radcliffe from responsibility for the manifest consequences of his disobedience of the General's orders. The habitual vice of the press is loose abuse of commanding officers, and ignorant criticism of military movements.

My regiment has taken an honorable part in all the expeditions after Cluke, and I therefore feel at liberty to say, that to capture or exterminate a small and well-mounted band of horsemen, without any incumbrance of army train, in a country they are familiar with, and which they travel over in any direction, without regard to roads, is one of the most difficult of all military operations. My intimate acquaintance with all the movements enables me also to say, in reply to newspaper correspondents, that General Gilmore has always furnished liberally to the colonels commanding in the field all the forces needed to clean Cluke out, and that he has not prevented their success by orders interfering with their plans. That Cluke has not been destroyed by the superior forces that have pursued him, is not the fault of the General commanding the district. The various colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, and captains who have made the failures, had better distribute the blame among themselves, and instruct their letter-writers accordingly. It is the right thing to do.

Very respectfully,
ISRAEL GARRARD,
Colonel Seventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

Doc. 144.

CAPTURE OF PONCHATOULA, LA.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

ON BOARD U. S. STEAM TRANSPORT GENERAL
BANKS, LAKE PONCHARTRAIN, LA.,
Saturday April 4, 1863. }

THE steamer from whose deck I write you is lying aground off Manchac Pass, with the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth regiment New-York volunteers (Second Duryea Zouaves) aboard, just returning from a successful expedition against the rebels at Ponchatoula.

This regiment, since its arrival at New-Orleans early in January, has been encamped five miles

from that city, within an extensive breastwork first thrown up by the enemy, and afterward strengthened by the Union forces, known as "the parapet." There its commandant, Lieut.-Colonel Abel Smith, Jr., by dint of constant drilling and the severest discipline, has made it one of the most efficient corps in the service. The defenses of New-Orleans having been placed under the charge of General Sherman, this regiment was added to his command, and has been very highly complimented by him on various occasions and in published orders. Their showy and distinctive uniform, the praise bestowed upon them, their confidence in their officers, (with a single exception all tried soldiers,) and a growing self-confidence inspired by a consciousness of constant improvement in the school of the soldier, gradually begot in the Zouaves an *esprit du corps* which has evinced itself vividly in the little fight whose details I am about to give you.

The defence of New-Orleans required, in the judgment of General Sherman, the construction of a work at Manchac Pass which might prevent any approach of the enemy on the line of the New-Orleans and Jackson Railroad. Some effort on the part of the rebels to repossess the city in the absence of General Banks with the bulk of the forces at Baton Rouge and Port Hudson, was anticipated. In order that a fortification might be thrown up at this point without interruption, it became necessary to interpose a force between it and the enemy. Accordingly, Colonel Thomas S. Clark, of the Sixth regiment Michigan volunteers, was placed in command of a force consisting of his own regiment, the Zouaves, and detachments of the Ninth regiment Connecticut volunteers, the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New-York volunteers, Fourteenth and Twenty-fourth regiments Maine volunteers, and two pieces of artillery, with directions to capture Ponchatoula, an important station on the Jackson Railroad, ten miles beyond the Pass. The forces of the enemy at this place were variously estimated, and Colonel Clark's plan was to take them by surprise, attacking them simultaneously in front, flank and rear. Colonel Smith, with the Zouaves, was to make the attack in front. The rest of the forces were to proceed in schooners up the Tickafaw river, and disembarking take the enemy in flank and rear. Colonel Smith was ordered to proceed to a point three miles from Ponchatoula, and when he should hear three guns fired by Colonel Clark—the signal that he was in the enemy's rear—to commence the attack.

On Monday morning, March twenty-third, in a pelting rain, the Zouaves commenced their march over the trestle-work of the railroad, and a laborious and disagreeable march it was. The road runs through an impenetrable swamp, and the rails are laid on rafters, elevated six or eight feet above the level of the surrounding weeds and water. The men leaped from beam to beam, gauging every step where one false one might be their last. Arrived at North Manchac Pass, they were compelled to cross it over a long bridge, which the enemy had so far destroyed by fire

that one could barely pick his way across it, balancing himself on charred and crumbling rafters, just wide enough to pass over singly, or jumping, at imminent risk, from wet and slippery sleeper to wet and slippery sleeper. Just beyond, the advance-guard encountered the enemy's pickets, and kept up a running fire, driving them before it. The first shot fired (by Corporal Barker, company A) killed the captain of a rebel schooner which, with another vessel, both laden with cotton, was afterward captured and sent to New-Orleans. That night the men bivouacked on the track, cold, wet, and hungry, and disturbed at intervals by picket-firing, at a point a few miles from Ponchatoula. At daybreak next morning the march was cautiously resumed, the advance constantly skirmishing with the enemy. At mid-day the column emerged from the thickly-wooded marsh into an open tract of country, which the railroad traversed for a mile. The marsh on each side of the narrow track was still too deep for a man to wade through. At the further end of this open space commenced a tract of thickly-wooded and comparatively dry land, and here it was found that the enemy had resolved to make a stand. The woods were filled with their sharpshooters, and they had obstructed the only approach on the railroad track. From this barricade and from the trees the enemy kept up a constant fire upon our men, while the latter constructed a barricade, tearing up a portion of the track. This was the point at which Colonel Smith had been directed to wait Colonel Clark's signal. At the very same point last summer, while a force of Union troops was advancing, the enemy brought down a piece of artillery on a car, and caused their precipitate retreat with great loss. Our men on this occasion tore up the track for some distance, in order to prevent a similar occurrence. Meantime the firing waxed pretty hot, and the enemy, doubtless seeking to gain time, sent out a flag of truce, which invited Col. Smith to a conference with the rebel commander, Lieut.-Colonel Miller, of Mississippi. A parley ensued, and an interchange of communications between the two commanders with regard to the cotton captured on the schooners — Col. Miller declaring that it was the property of British subjects. This ended, hostilities were resumed, and Colonel Smith soon after hearing the signal of Col. Clark, advanced with his regiment against the rebel position. The secessionists waited only long enough to exchange a few shots, and then took refuge in the woods. The Zouaves clambered over the barricade, and advanced toward Ponchatoula. None of our men were killed in this skirmish, and only three were wounded, all of them slightly. The Zouaves now advanced toward the town, and soon learned that Col. Clark, with his forces, after a sharp skirmishing with the enemy, driving them before him, had captured the place. The conduct of the men in the whole affair was unexceptionable. That night the weary and hungry soldiers had plenty to eat, and slept in the streets of the village. The next day the railroad bridges beyond the town having

been burned, and every thing valuable to the enemy seized or destroyed, Colonel Clark, in accordance with his instructions, fell back on the line of the railroad, and held it until the fortification at Manchac Pass was so far completed as to render it no longer necessary to interpose troops between it and the enemy. In withdrawing, the Zouaves brought up the rear, burning the bridges and trestle-work behind them, and yesterday they embarked for the "Parapet" again. In this necessarily contracted outline of the expedition, I have omitted many details which it is pleasanter to recur to than it was to realize. The following are the names of the wounded Zouaves: Elias Tucker, James Brady, Joseph Reilly. As before stated, none of them were much hurt. The long nights of the bivouac in a Louisiana swamp; the alligators that were killed; the poisonous snakes that came out of the water to visit us; the mosquitoes that worried us; the screech owls that made night hideous; all these are perhaps better imagined than described. Campaigning in Louisiana in all these little respects is very much more disagreeable than it is in Virginia. Appended are the official reports of the expedition:

COLONEL CLARK'S REPORT.

MANCHAC PASS, LA., March 29, 1863.

Captain ———:

SIR: In compliance with orders of date March twentieth, 1863, I proceeded with my command to Frenier Station, on the morning of the twenty-first, and there bivouacked for the night, assuming command at that post. I found four companies, General Nickerson's brigade, at Frenier and De Sair Stations. On Sunday, the twenty-second, at seven A.M., I proceeded with the command to Manchac Pass, leaving about one hundred men to guard the bayou and road in my rear.

Arrived at South Manchac Pass at one P.M. same day; at six P.M. four schooners and one small steamer containing five companies of Col. Smith's regiment, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New-York volunteers, one company of my own regiment, two rifle field-pieces in charge of a detachment of the Ninth Connecticut volunteers, and a launch mounting one rifle, manned by detachment of Ninth Connecticut volunteers, arrived. On the morning of the twenty-third I debarked the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New-York volunteers, placed one field-piece on the north side of the island, where the railroad bridge crosses the North Pass, and embarked the troops brought by me from Frenier, consisting of the Sixth regiment Michigan volunteers, two small companies One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New-York volunteers, one company Fourteenth Maine, and one company Twenty-fourth Maine volunteers.

The embarkation was made in the midst of a terrible storm of wind and rain, which delayed us very much. I now directed Colonel Smith to proceed up the railroad, to within three miles of Ponchatoula, take position, and hold the pass

until he heard the signal of attack from me at Wadesboro Landing, when he was to advance, and form a junction with me at Ponchatoula. I then proceeded, with the main body of the troops, up the Tickafaw River, and Ponchatoula Creek, to Wadesboro Landing, three miles from Ponchatoula. Owing to the great difficulty of navigation in the creek, from its extremely tortuous course, we did not arrive at Wadesboro until about noon of the twenty-fourth. I immediately debarked the troops, threw out skirmishers, and advanced toward Ponchatoula. About a half-mile from the landing, we found the enemy's skirmishers in strong force; and believing, from the number of skirmishers, that the enemy were in stronger force than we had supposed, immediately formed line of battle, and advanced three companies ahead skirmishing. We drove them steadily before us, the main body never coming within range of their fire, into and through Ponchatoula.

I immediately sent four companies, under command of Captain Trask, Fourteenth Maine volunteers, to the bridge across the Ponchatoula Creek, two miles above Ponchatoula, and despatched a messenger to Col. Smith, to inform him that we occupied the town. Col. Smith's regiment arrived about three P.M. He had a sharp skirmish, losing three men wounded, but drove the enemy before him.

The enemy made a slight stand at the bridge, and I sent up four companies, under Col. Bacon, to make the work sure. They destroyed that bridge, and also a smaller one a mile this side.

Having accomplished the object of the expedition thus far, and believing the village of Ponchatoula could not be held against forces greater than my own, I ordered the schooners and gunboat in Ponchatoula Creek, to the North Pass, and fell back, on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, to a point three miles south of Ponchatoula, on the railroad, with the main body of my command, leaving six companies at Ponchatoula, under Major Clarke, Sixth regiment Michigan volunteers, as picket and provost-guard, with orders to fall back on the main body in case of attack. I here erected a small battery of railroad iron, and mounted one of the field-pieces in charge of the detachment of the Ninth Connecticut volunteers. On the evening of the twenty-sixth, the enemy appeared in strong force, and attacked our pickets at Ponchatoula, the pickets immediately retiring to the main body, at the point spoken of.

No firing took place after the skirmishers retreated. As far as we can learn, they have a force consisting of two thousand infantry, three hundred cavalry, and two twelve-pound field-pieces.

The point occupied by us could have been easily held against this force, but owing to the difficulty of getting rations for the troops up from the Pass, I determined to fall back to the bend in the railroad, about eight miles this side of Ponchatoula, and did so last night, where I now am. I am erecting a small battery at this point. I forgot to mention, that on our arrival at Wadesboro Landing, we found the schooner L. H. Davis

in flames. We also found two schooners loaded with cotton.

We have captured some twelve prisoners, which have been sent on to New-Orleans. Owing to the very bad weather, the march over the trestle-work from Kenner was not only difficult, but dangerous, and many of our men were compelled to fall out, by means of hurts received by falling through the trestle-work. The skirmish on the twenty-fourth, was conducted by Capts. Griffin, company A; Montgomery, company H; and Lieutenant Dickey, company E, Sixth Michigan volunteers, who bore themselves admirably; and on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth, by company D, Sixth Michigan volunteers, under Lieut. McIlvaine, and company K, under Capt. Chapman, and company F, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New-York volunteers, Captain Thorpe; the whole under command of Major Clarke, Sixth Michigan volunteers; and the pickets were brought in in good shape.

I feel very much obliged to Lieut.-Col. Smith, for his hearty and effective coöperation throughout the entire expedition. Lieut. C. W. Stone, Quartermaster of the expedition, has labored earnestly and efficiently, and accomplished a great deal with very few facilities.

I cannot close this report without returning my thanks for the assistance rendered me by Capt. Perce, of your staff, during his stay with me. He was continually by my side, ready to assist me in every possible way. Capt. Bailey also rendered me valuable service in the erection of breastworks. I inclose Col. Smith's report; also a communication from the enemy.

My total loss is nine wounded—none seriously; while the enemy is reported at three killed and eleven wounded—one mortally.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. S. CLARK,
Colonel Commanding Expedition.

To Capt. W. HOFFMAN,
Assistant Adjutant-General, New-Orleans, La.

COLONEL SMITH'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIFTH REGT. N. Y. V., }
PONCHATOULA, March 25, 1863. }

Lieut. Dickey, A. A. A. G. :

LIEUTENANT: I have the honor to report that, in compliance with the orders of the Colonel commanding, I disembarked my battalion, on the morning of the twenty-third, at about half-past eight A.M., and took up the march about half-past ten A.M., along the railroad, across Jones's Island, to the North Pass, which I crossed immediately, and halted on the north side in obedience to orders, sending out an advanced-guard. They discovered a rebel picket about one mile beyond, guarding two schooners loaded with cotton. They drove the pickets before them, and seized the schooners. The captain of one of the schooners was killed, while coming toward us to notify me (as was alleged by his companion) that the cotton belonged to the subjects of a foreign power. Not hearing further from the colonel commanding, I pushed on across the trestle-work, and bivouacked

ed for the night on the railroad, the rebel pickets keeping up a continued firing during the night. At daybreak, I moved forward, and halted at the opening in the pine woods. This was a very strong position, and could have been successfully held against a large force by a very few men; and as I had been ordered to remain at this place, until hearing the signal from Col. Clarke, I did not attempt to move further on, but only to hold my position. At twelve M., a flag of truce advanced from Col. Miller, commanding the rebel forces, when I received from him the inclosed communication, in relation to the cargoes of the two schooners. You will also please find inclosed my answer to the communication. At about one P.M., I heard the signal, and advanced and drove the enemy into the woods. About two miles from Ponchatoula, we met the party sent by the Colonel commanding, to inform us that he was in the town; moved rapidly forward, and arrived here about three P.M. I have to report three men wounded slightly.

Very respectfully yours,
 ABEL SMITH, Jr.,
 Lieut.-Col. Commanding.

We have word that a second expedition is preparing, in which the Zouaves are to take part. There is an excellent state of feeling among the men. They are anxious to see service, and when they do, you may depend that they will render a good account of themselves. The following are the officers of the regiment:

- Lieut.-Colonel Commanding—Abel Smith, Jr.
- Major—Gouverneur Carr.
- Surgeon—James Ferguson.
- Assistant Surgeon—George C. Hubbard.
- Acting Adjutant—Lieut. Chas. R. Carville.
- Quartermaster—Asher M. Ellsworth.
- Aid—Nathan S. Putnam.
- Company A.—Captain, Felix Agnus; First Lieutenant, E. Hampton Mulford; Second Lieutenant, Charles A. Walker.
- Company B.—Captain, Henry W. Hicks, Jr.; First Lieutenant, Edward G. Hoffman; Second Lieutenant, De Forest H. Thomae.
- Company C.—Captain Wm. W. Stephenson; First Lieutenant, W. Henry Vance; Second Lieutenant, Gustave F. Linquist.
- Company D.—Captain, Wm. R. French; First Lieutenant, Barry Fox.
- Company E.—Captain, Henry C. Inwood; First Lieutenant, John P. Morris; Second Lieutenant, E. Bayard Webster.
- Company F.—Captain, Gould H. Thorpe; First Lieutenant, James B. Vose; Second Lieutenant, Wm. J. Walker.

There has been one death by disease, and three men have been accidentally killed since the regiment left New-York, on the eighteenth of December last. Private Spicer J. Ruderow, of company A, died, in January, of typhoid fever. Corporal David Brown, of company D, was shot during the same month, while on guard, by the accidental falling of a stack of muskets. Private Geo. Hoctor, and Corporal Andrew Jackson, both of company E, were killed last week. The first,

while on guard, was accidentally shot by the corporal of the guard; the last was killed by a piece of shell, fired from the United States gunboat Portsmouth, which, by some strange carelessness, burst over the camp of the Zouaves. They were all estimable men, and their early death is deeply regretted. It has been proposed by General Banks to convert the battalion into a regiment of mounted Zouaves. The matter is under consideration. It would make a magnificent and dashing cavalry corps.

EPISTOLOGRAPHOS.

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OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN GOVERNOR STANLY AND GENERAL HILL.

MAJOR-GENERAL HILL TO GOVERNOR STANLY.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., March 24, 1863.

His Excellency E. Stanly, Military Governor of North-Carolina:

SIR: A letter from you to Major-General French has been referred to me as his successor. It was with deep mortification and pain I perceived that a son of the proud and honored house of Stanly should so far forget his noble lineage as to descend to low abuse of his own people for the sake of pleasing his Yankee masters. It is true that some houses were burnt in Plymouth by confederate troops. It is alleged that it was done to oust some Yankee thieves and marauders who had taken shelter in them. I hope that this is so, and that the act was not one of wanton wickedness. It is plain, however, that if the Yankee seoundrels had been at home attending to their own business, Plymouth would not have been disturbed. The burden of the sin rests, therefore, upon the brutal invaders of a peaceful and peace-loving people.

May I not hope that your Excellency, the Military Governor of North-Carolina, having rebuked confederate atrocities, will devote a portion of your valuable time to the excesses of the infernal Yankees? In the gubernatorial peregrinations of your Excellency from Currituck to Cherokee—the seaboard to the mountains—you must have been struck with the remarkable fact that there are more houses burnt in a few eastern counties than in all the rest of the great State over which your Excellency presides.

It is observable that the counties so desolated are those in which the Yankee friends of your Excellency have been able to penetrate. Your Yankee master, Foster, is accustomed to make raids whenever he learns that his forces exceed the confederate five to one. Your Excellency is well aware that the path of this murderer and freebooter has ever been marked by the glare of burning churches, school-houses, private residences, barns, stables, fences, etc., etc. Your Excellency may have some influence with these brigands, and a gentle hint to them that this may not be the best way of restoring the Union would doubtless meet with their respectful attention.

North-Carolina is peculiarly happy to have two Governors in this sad crisis. Her civil Governor

at Raleigh has often bared his bosom to the deadly bullet in defence of his native State. Her military Governor has not thought it prudent to expose his gubernatorial person in battle. It is to be hoped, however, that when he has organized his negro brigade, his Excellency the military Governor will (having laid in an abundant supply of ottar of roses and eau de cologne) put himself at its head, and strike for his own, his native land.

The parallel between Governors suggests another between generals. There was a Yankee general named Arnold, who turned tory. There was a Southern general named Washington, who was a rebel. The British honored the rebel and despised the tory. North-Carolina has a civil Governor and a military Governor—a rebel and a tory. Mean as the Yankees are, they respect the former and loathe the latter.

In conclusion, permit me to assure your Excellency that, with the distinguished consideration due to your exalted position, I subscribe myself your obedient servant, D. H. HILL,
Major-General Confederate States Army.

GOVERNOR STANLY TO MAJOR-GENERAL HILL.

NEWBERN, N. C., March 27, 1863.

To Major-General D. H. Hill, C.S.A., Goldsboro :

SIR: By flag of truce last night I received a communication from you of the twenty-fourth instant, full of insolent falsehood and blackguard abuse.

To those who know any thing of the peculiar traits of your character, it will be amusing to learn that you were capable of feeling "mortification and pain" because of any unfortunate conduct of a North-Carolinian.

You say I have descended to low abuse of my own people. I do not know what the abuse to which you have reference can be, unless it was when I characterized as "cowardly incendiaries" the men under the command of General French who burned the town of Plymouth.

I did condemn and do condemn as "cowardly incendiaries" the perpetrators of that diabolical outrage; but I have never believed they were citizens of North-Carolina. It was evidently a premeditated attempt to destroy the whole town. The houses of widows, of Union men, and of secessionists, who had been protected by the troops of the United States, were indiscriminately burned, without regard to the entreaties and tears of their wives and daughters. General French only admitted the firing of one house. You now admit that some houses were burned in Plymouth by "confederate troops." But unfortunately—if to be convicted of falsehood can be a misfortune to a general in the "Confederate States Army"—while you confess his sin, you, from the force of irresistible habits, are guilty of the same infirmity. You say, "it is alleged it was done to oust some Yankee thieves and marauders." What I have stated above of the character of the persons residing in the houses is a sufficient refutation of this.

I am happy to know that you and I differ in opinion as to those upon whom the burden of this sin rests. If the Union forces were "brutal invaders," I see no excuse for your burning the towns of those peaceful citizens whom you profess you came to save.

If it will afford you pleasure, you may know that I have omitted no opportunity of rebuking any "atrocities" committed by troops of the United States, in which I have been sustained by the gallant General upon whom you so unworthily endeavor to cast reproach.

As far as my observation extends, I know of but two attempts in North-Carolina to destroy towns by burning—both these were made by men of your political school. I refer to the attempt to destroy Newbern and to the burning of Plymouth.

You are pleased, in the mean malignity of your nature, to make a comparison of the civil and military Governors of North-Carolina, in the hope of wounding my feelings. How little you know of the feelings and character of the gentleman whom you would assail.

I feel a just and proper pride for the good conduct of any true son of North-Carolina, even when engaged in a bad cause. The gallant gentleman to whom you refer—as little honored by your praise as I am injured by your sneers—was honored by my "own people"—North-Carolinians—for his lifelong devotion to the Union and his often expressed detestation of secession villains—your associates in treason. He was justly endeared to his own people, because of his eloquent denunciation of the fiendish traitors, like yourself, who were trying for years to plunge his country in civil war. In an hour of excitement, believing his State was about to be invaded, he drew his sword in her defence. I honor his patriotism, while I mourn his error. He will, I trust, continue to merit public gratitude by resisting the tyranny of the destructives who hate and slander him. He will live to regret he ever did any thing to call forth your praise. Those who know you both, know you are not worthy to unlatch his shoe-string. He was not indebted to you or to your friends for his present position, and, notwithstanding his gallantry, his breast was exposed to all the bullets of your calumny.

You "bite a file," viper, when you speak of my organizing a "negro brigade." In this respect, even from secessionists, my conduct is unassailable.

But truth demands I should declare that if I were compelled to choose between fighting with such secessionists and town-burners as you are, attempting to destroy the government, and with "a negro brigade" to prevent its destruction, I should prefer the negro brigade. Under no circumstances could I submit to the degradation of an association with men who would serve under such a man as D. H. Hill.

Your allusion to Arnold is beneath contempt, and only reveals the deep malignity which you have had toward me. Though bound to my native land with "hooks of steel," my adopted

home is California. My loyalty to her is not impeached. My duty to her is undeniable. Her determination in the present crisis is not doubted. I hardly think even one of your mad prejudices against the "infernal Yankees," in a sober moment, would condemn as a traitor him who was faithful in his allegiance to his home, whether that home was California, Louisiana, or Vermont.

But the height of hypocritical audacity is reached when you, though rather tamely, endeavor to speak respectfully of the "Southern General Washington." In your estimation his only title to public honor was that he was called a rebel, and that he was "honored by the British," and therefore honored by D. H. Hill, "Major-General, Confederate States Army!"

The monomaniac of secession, D. H. Hill, at last speaks respectfully of Washington! "Therefore it became a proverb, is Saul also among the prophets." Washington's Farewell Address has always been regarded by all of the "proud and honored house of Stanly" as entitled to veneration next to that due to Holy Writ. They were taught to treat with scorn rebel hypocrites like you, whose malignant efforts for years past have been directed in poisoning the minds of your countrymen, and encouraging them to hate their Northern brethren; encouraging them to smile benignantly upon all efforts to alienate one portion of our country from another. Is it not reaching the pinnacle of hypocritical audacity for you to "damn with faint praise" the memory of Washington?

You are not mistaken, sir, in one thing. I am a little proud. I do not claim to be of "noble lineage." That is the cant of the would-be lords of the South-Carolina school, that I despise. But I am descended of honest, patriotic people, whose blood and fortunes in the Revolution were poured out to secure the blessings of the Union that you, with felon hand, would destroy.

I well understand the cause of your malignity. More than a quarter of a century ago I denounced, in my first campaign, politicians like you, as those who would "rather reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." My observation in public life has justified me in this opinion. I am "proud" to know I have despised and been hated by them as I am by you.

You come from a people that for many years have sneered at North-Carolina as "the Rip Van Winkle of the South." You are one of the "wittings and scorners," reprobated by one great and good for so doing. You have been one of those who loved to revile her, until by devilish stratagem you involved her in war, and when by her gallant men she saved you from the halter, you have condescended to "honor" her. Even now, after all her sacrifices and sufferings, she is reviled by one of your secession curs in office at Richmond as a "nest of damned traitors!"

You and I, sir, move in different spheres. I have followed the teachings of Washington and the Yankees Hamilton, Adams, and Webster. You have followed those of the "Catilines of

the historian and the Captain Bobadils of the poet."

I feel honored to know that in my mission of peace I have done something to mitigate the horrors of war; and though no call of duty has required me to "bare my bosom to bullets," yet upon occasions, not exempt from danger, I have defied the utmost malice of the evil men whose pernicious doctrines have brought the dreadful calamities of civil war on our land. I have something to be "proud" of—a consciousness of sincere efforts, at least, to save my country, and that, while I deserve the respect of honest patriots, I have provoked the ridiculous enmity of such creatures as D. H. Hill.

You are supposed, General, to command the "Department of Pamlico," or the whole of Eastern North-Carolina. Can you not condescend to pay me a visit? Come and see what inestimable blessings your peaceful secession has conferred on the peace-loving people of North-Carolina. Come! behold the scenes of your great military exploits.

A little more than a year ago you came to defend and protect North-Carolina. You had possession of Roanoke Island, Fort Macon, Newbern, Washington, and Hatteras. How are they now?

In the Falstaff imagination of your secession friends, every soldier under General Foster was transformed into five; the sea-coast is abandoned, and you are eating out the substance of "my people" in the interior.

Come, look at the counties of Currituck, Camden, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Chowan, Washington, Tyrrell, and Hyde. Think of this immense and rich territory—of their bright fields; how their valleys laughed with corn and wheat before your arrival; and now behold them, under the advice and rule of your demon associates, almost covered with blood and ashes.

Pardon me for giving you a word of advice—the last from me, as I leave immediately for my distant home. You have committed a great crime in your part in this horrid war. You commenced with perjury, and are trying to sustain yourself with impudence and falsehood. As a State rights village politician you were simply ridiculous. Do not attempt, like the frog in the fable, to swell to the size of the ox, by parading your insolence under the name of a "Major-General in the Confederate States Army." You will soon be, in the eyes of all sensible people, utterly contemptible.

Yours, etc., EDWARD STANLY.

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BATTLE AT MURFREESBORO, TENN.

LIEUT.-GENERAL POLK'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS POLK'S CORPS D'ARMEE, }
ARMY OF TENNESSEE, }
SHELBYVILLE, February 28, 1863. }

To Colonel G. W. Brent, A. A. G. :

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following official report of the operations of my corps in the battles on Stone River in front of Murfreesboro:

One of my brigades, that of Gen. Maney, was on outpost duty in front of Stewart's Creek, and, with a cavalry brigade under Gen. Wheeler, was held in observation.

The enemy made a general forward movement on the twenty-sixth in their immediate front, and they were ordered to retire slowly upon the line of battle which the General Commanding had decided to adopt on Stone River, a short distance from Murfreesboro.

On the evening of the twenty-eighth my brigade struck their tents and retired their baggage-trains to the rear, and on the morning of the twenty-ninth they were placed in line of battle.

As the brigades composing the division of Major-Gen. Withers had not been engaged in any heavy battle since Shiloh, I placed them in the first line. They extended from the river, near the intersection of the Nashville turnpike and railroad, southward across the Wilkinson pike to Triune or Franklin road, in a line irregular, but adapted to the topography.

The division of Major-General Cheatham was posted in the rear of that of Major-Gen. Withers, as a supporting force. The division of Major-General McCown, of Lieut.-Gen. Kirby Smith's army corps, was in prolongation of that of Major-Gen. Withers on the left, having that of Major-Gen. Cleburne, of Lieut.-Gen. Hardee's corps, as its supporting force. Major-Gen. Breckinridge's division of Lieut.-Gen. Hardee's corps occupied the ground on the east side of the river, in the line of Major-Gen. Withers on the right.

The enemy moved forward, and our outposts went back slowly, and took their place in the line of the battle on the twenty-ninth.

On the thirtieth, in order to discover the position at which we proposed to offer battle, he moved up cautiously, shelling his front heavily as he advanced.

The cannonading was responded to along our line, and the theatre of the impending conflict was speedily determined.

On the left of my line the skirmishing became very active, and my left brigades front and rear became hotly engaged with the line which was being formed immediately before them. The enemy pressed forward very heavily, with both artillery and infantry, and a sharp contest ensued, in which he attempted, with several regiments, to take one of my batteries by assault, but was repulsed in the most decisive manner.

In this preliminary onset many lives were lost on both sides. It was from its severity an introduction to the great battle of the ensuing day, and prepared our troops for the work before them. Twilight following soon after, the enemy settled around his bivouac-fires for the night.

Orders were issued by the General Commanding to attack in the morning at daybreak. The attack was to be made by the extreme left, and the whole line was ordered to swing around from left to right upon my right brigade as a pivot. Major-General Breckinridge, on the extreme right and across the river, was to hold the enemy in observation on that flank.

At the appointed time the battle opened, evidently to the surprise of the opposing army. Major-Gen. McCown, who was acting under the orders of Lieut.-General Hardee, was upon them before they were prepared to receive him. He captured several batteries and one Brigadier-General, wounded another, and drove three brigades—those composing the divisions of Brig.-General Johnson—in confusion before him.

He was followed quickly by Major-General Cleburne, as a supporting force, who occupied the space left vacant by the forward movement of McCown, between the left of my front line and McCown's right. Opposing him in that space was the second division of Major-Gen. McCook's corps, under the command of Brig.-Gen. Jeff C. Davis, to confront which he had to wheel to the right, as the right of Gen. McCook's corps was slightly advanced. Cleburne's attack following soon on that of McCown, caught the force in his front also not altogether prepared, and the vigor of the assault was so intense that they too yielded and were driven.

Major-Gen. Withers's left was opposed to the right of General Sheridan, commanding the third and remaining division of Gen. McCook's corps. The enemy's right was strongly posted on a ridge of rocks, with chasms intervening, and covered with a dense growth of rough cedars. Being advised of the attack he was to expect by the fierce contest which was being waged on his right, he was fully prepared for the onset, and this notice and the strength of his position enabled him to offer a strong resistance to Withers, whose duty it was to move next.

Col. Loomis, who commanded the left brigade, moved up with energy and spirit to the attack. He was wounded and was succeeded by Colonel Coltart. The enemy met the advance with firmness, but was forced to yield. An accession of force aided him to recover his position, and its great strength enabled him to hold it. Coltart, after a gallant charge and a sharp contest, fell back, and was replaced by Col. Vaughn, of Major-General Cheatham's division, of the rear line. Vaughn, notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, charged the position with great energy, but the enemy, intrenched behind stones and thick woods, could not be moved, and Vaughn also was repulsed.

This caused a loss of time, and Cleburne's division pressing Davis, reached a point where Sheridan's batteries, still unremoved, by wheeling to the right, enfiladed it. Col. Vaughn was speedily reorganized and returned to the assaults, and in conjunction with Col. Coltart, drove at the position with restless courage and energy, and although their losses were very heavy, the enemy could not bear up against the onset. He was dislodged and driven with the rest of the flying battalions to McCook's corps.

In this charge, the horse of every officer on the field and staff of Vaughn's brigade, except one, and the horses of all the officers of the field and staff of every regiment except two, were killed. The brigade lost also one third of all its

forces. It captured two of the enemy's field-guns.

The brigade of Col. Manigault, which was immediately on the right of that of Colonel Coltart, followed the movement of the latter according to instructions. But as Coltart failed in the onset to drive Sheridan's right, Manigault, after dashing forward and pressing the enemy's line in his front, back upon his second line, was brought under a very heavy fire of artillery from two batteries on his right, supported by a heavy infantry foree. He was therefore compelled to fall back.

In this charge the brigade suffered severely, sustaining a very heavy loss in officers and men, but the gallant South-Carolinians returned to the charge a second and a third time, and being aided by the brigade of Major-General Maney, of the second line, which came to his relief with his heavy Napoleon guns, and a deadly fire of musketry, the enemy gave way and joined his comrades on the right in their precipitate retreat across the Wilkinson pike. This movement dislodged and drove the residue of Sheridan's division, and completed the forcing of the whole of McCook's corps out of its line of battle, and placed it in full retreat. The enemy left one of his batteries of four guns on the field, which fell into the hands of Maney's brigade.

Here I think it proper to bring to the notice of the General Commanding an instance of self-sacrificing devotion to the safety of their immediate commands, and of our cause, which, for heroic courage and magnanimity, is without a parallel.

A battery was pouring a murderous fire into the brigade of Gen. Maney, from a point which made it doubtful whether it was ours or the enemy's. Two unsuccessful efforts had been made by staff-officers—one of whom was killed in the attempt—to determine its character. The doubt caused the brigade on which it was firing to hesitate in returning the fire, when Sergeant Oakley, color-bearer of the Fourth Tennessee confederate regiment, and Sergeant M. C. Hooks, color-bearer of the Ninth Tennessee regiment, gallantly advanced eight or ten paces to the front, displaying their colors and holding themselves and the flag of their country erect, remained ten minutes in a place so much conspicuous as to be plainly seen and fully to test from whom their brigade was suffering so severely. The murderous fire, instead of abating, increased and intensified, and soon demonstrated that the battery and its support were not friends, but enemies. The sergeants then returned deliberately to their proper positions in the line unhurt, and the enemy's battery was silenced and his column put to flight.

The front of Manigault and Maney being free, they swung round with our lines on the left, and joined in pressing the enemy and his reinforcements into the cedar brake.

At nine A.M. Brig.-Gen. Patton Anderson, on Manigault's right, moved in conjunction with its left brigade, formed upon the line in its front. That line rested with its right near the Wilkinson pike, and is understood to have been General

Negley's division of Gen. Thomas's corps, which constituted the centre of the enemy's line of battle. The division, with that of Gen. Rousseau in reserve, was posted in the edge of a dense cedar brake, with a position of strength not inferior to that held by Sheridan's right. His batteries, which occupied commanding positions, and enabled him to sweep the open field in his front, were served with admirable skill and vigor, and were strongly supported. Anderson moved forward his brigade with firmness and decision. The fire of the enemy, of both artillery and infantry, was terrific, and his left for a moment wavered. Such evidences of destructive firing as were left on the forest from which this brigade emerged, have rarely, if ever, been seen. The timber was torn and crushed. Nothing but a charge could meet the demands of the occasion. Orders were given to take the batteries at all hazards, and it was done. The batteries, two in number, were carried in gallant style. Artillerists were captured at their pieces, a large number of whom, and of their infantry supports, were killed upon the spot, and one company entire, with its officers and colors, were captured. The number of field-guns captured in this movement was eight, which, together with four others from which the gunners had been driven by the heavy firing from Maney's long-range guns and Manigault's musketry on the left, made twelve taken on that part of the field. This was one of the points at which we encountered the most determined opposition, but the onward movement of the Mississippians and Alabamians was irresistible, and they swept the enemy before them, driving him into the dense cedar brake to join the extending line of his fugitives.

This work, however, was not done without a heavy loss of officers and men. The Thirtieth Mississippi, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Scales, in the act of charging, lost sixty-two officers and men killed, and one hundred and thirty-nine wounded; others lost in proportion. Here the brave Lieut.-Colonel Jas. L. Autry, of the Twenty-seventh Mississippi, fell, while cheering and encouraging his troops.

The supporting brigade of Gen. Anderson, commanded by Brig.-Gen. A. P. Stewart, moved with that of Anderson. It was ordered by the division commander, Major-Gen. Withers—who was in the command of Major-Gen. Cheatham's two right brigades, as Major-General Cheatham was of his two left—to move to the support of the left regiments of Anderson, which were pressed. These regiments, which had suffered greatly, he replaced, and moving forward attacked the enemy and his reinforcements on Anderson's left. After strong resistance they were driven back, shattered and in confusion, to join the hosts of their flying comrades, in their retreat through the cedars. In their flight they left two of their field-guns, which fell into the hands of Stewart's brigade.

Brig.-Gen. Chalmers's brigade, the remaining one of those constituting my front line, whose right flank rested on the river, was the last to

move. This brigade, owing to its position in the line, was called on to encounter a measure of personal suffering, from exposure beyond that of any other in my corps. The part of the line it occupied lay across an open field, in full view of the enemy and in range of his field-guns. It had thrown up a slight rifle-pit, behind which it was placed, and to escape observation it was necessary for it to lie down and abstain from building fires. In this position it remained awaiting the opening of the battle for more than forty-eight hours, wet with rain and chilled with cold; added to this the enemy's shot and shell were constantly passing over it. Not a murmur of discontent was heard to escape those who composed it. They exhibited the highest capacity of endurance and firmness in the most discouraging circumstances.

In its front lay the right of Brig.-Gen. Palmer's division of Major-Gen. Crittenden's corps, which constituted the left wing of the enemy's line of battle.

The general movement from the left having reached Chalmers's brigade at ten o'clock, it was ordered to the attack, and its reserve under Brig.-Gen. Donelson was directed to move forward to its support. This charge was made in fine style, and was met by the enemy, who was strongly posted in the edge of the cedar brake, with a murderous fire of artillery and infantry. In that charge, their Brigade Commander, Gen. Chalmers, was severely wounded by a shell, which disqualified him for further duty on the field. The regiments on the left recoiled and fell back; those of the right were moved to the left to hold their place, and were pressed forward. The brigade of Gen. Donelson having been ordered forward to Chalmers's support, moved with steady step upon the enemy's position, and attacked it with great energy. The slaughter was terrific on both sides. In this charge, which resulted in breaking the enemy's line at every point, except the extreme left, and driving him as every other part of his line attacked, had been driven, Donelson reports the capture of eleven guns and about one thousand prisoners. The regiment of Chalmers's brigade having been separated after he fell, moved forward and attached themselves to other commands, fighting with them with gallantry as opportunity offered.

There was no instance of more distinguished bravery exhibited during the battle than was shown by the command of Gen. Donelson. In the charge which it made, it was brought directly under the fire of several batteries strongly posted and supported, which it assaulted with eager resolution. All the line in their front was carried except the extreme right.

This point, which was the key to the enemy's position, and which was known as the Round Forest, was attacked by the right of the brigade. It was met by fire from artillery and musketry, which mowed down more than half its number. The Sixteenth regiment Tennessee, under the command of Col. John H. Savage, lost two hundred and seven out of four hundred and two. It

could not advance, and would not retire. Their Colonel, with characteristic bravery and tenacity, deployed what was left of his command as skirmishers, and held his position for three hours. In the Eighth Tennessee, of the right wing, under the lamented Colonel Moore, who fell mortally wounded, and who was succeeded by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Anderson, the loss was three hundred and six men and officers, out of four hundred and twenty-five.

The enemy was now driven from the field at all points occupied by him in the morning, along his whole line, from his right to the extreme left, and was pressed back until our line occupied a position at right angles to that which we held at the opening of the battle. After passing the Nashville and Murfreesboro turnpike, his flight was covered by large bodies of fresh troops and numerous batteries of artillery, and the advance of our exhausted columns was checked.

His extreme left alone held its position. This occupied a piece of ground well chosen and defended, the river being on the one hand and deep railroad cut on the other. It was held by a strong force of artillery and infantry, well supported by a reserve composed of Brig.-General Wood's division.

My last reserve having been exhausted, the brigades of Major-Gen. Breckinridge's division and a small brigade of General J. K. Jackson's, posted to guard our right flank, were the only troops left that had not been engaged. Four of these were ordered to report to me. They came in detachments of two brigades each, the first arriving near two hours after Donelson's attack, the other about an hour after the first. The commanders of these detachments, the first composed of the brigades of Generals Adams and Jackson, the second under Gen. Breckinridge in person, consisting of the brigades of Gen. Preston and Colonel Palmer, had pointed out to them the particular object to be accomplished, to wit, to drive in the enemy's left, and especially to dislodge him from his position in the Round Forest. Unfortunately the opportune moment for putting in these detachments had passed.

Could they have been thrown upon the enemy's left immediately following Chalmers and Donelson's assault, in quick succession, the extraordinary strength of his position would have availed him nothing. That point would have been carried, and his left driven back on his panic-stricken right, would have completed his confusion and insured an utter rout. It was, however, otherwise, and the time lost between Donelson's attack and the coming up of these detachments in succession, enabled the enemy to recover his self-possession, to mass a number of heavy batteries and concentrate a strong infantry force on the position, and thus make a successful attack very difficult. Nevertheless, the brigades of Adams and Jackson assailed the enemy's line with energy, and after a severe contest, were compelled to fall back. They were promptly rallied by Gen. Breckinridge, who, having pressed his

other brigades, reached the ground at the moment, but as they were very much cut up they were not required to renew the attack.

The brigades of Preston and Palmer, on arriving, renewed the assault with the same undaunted determination, but as another battery had been added since the previous attack to a position already strong and difficult of access, this assault was alike ineffectual. The enemy, though not driven from his position, was severely punished, and as the day was far spent, it was not deemed advisable to renew the attack that evening, and the troops held the line they occupied for the night.

The following morning, instead of finding him in position to receive a renewal of the attack, showed that, taking advantage of the night, he had abandoned his last position of his first line, and the opening of the new year found us masters of the field.

This battle of the thirty-first of December developed, in all parts of the field which came under my observation, the highest qualities of the soldier among our troops. The promptness with which they moved upon the enemy, whenever they were called to attack him, the vigor and *éclat* with which their movements were made, the energy with which they assaulted his strong positions, and the readiness with which they responded to the call to repeat their assaults, indicated a spirit of dauntless courage, which places them in the very front rank of the soldiers of the world. For the exhibition of these high traits, they are not a little indebted to the example of their officers, whose courage and energy had won their confidence and admiration.

The first of January passed without any material movement on either side, beyond occasional skirmishing along the lines in our front. I ordered Chalmers's brigade, now commanded by Col. White, to occupy the ground in rear of the Round Forest, just abandoned by the enemy. This it did, first driving out his pickets.

On the second there was skirmishing during the morning. In the afternoon, about three o'clock, Gen. Bragg announced his intention to attack the enemy, who was supposed to be in force on the north side of the river, and ordered me to relieve two of Gen. Breckinridge's brigades, which were still in my front, and send them over to that officer, who had returned to his post, as he proposed to make the attack with the troops of Breckinridge's division. I issued the necessary orders at once, and the troops were transferred as directed. The General Commanding ordered me also to open fire with three batteries, which had been placed in Chalmers's line, to distract the enemy at the time of Breckinridge's attack, and to shell out of the woods which covered his line of movement any sharpshooters who might annoy him while approaching the river.

The shelling ordered, which was to be the signal for Breckinridge's advance, was promptly executed, and the woods were cleared. Of the particulars of this movement, Gen. Breckinridge will speak in his own report.

When the firing of my batteries was opened as above, there was a forward movement of the enemy's infantry upon my pickets in the Round Forest, and a sharp conflict, which lasted for some time, and ended in the enemy's regaining possession of the forest. This position being of much value to us, I found it necessary to regain it, and gave the requisite orders. On the following morning I ordered a heavy fire of artillery from several batteries to open upon it, and after it had been thoroughly shelled, detachments from the brigades of Cols. White and Coltart charged it with the bayonet at double-quick and put the enemy to flight, clearing it of his regiments, capturing a lieutenant-colonel and thirteen men.

The enemy, however, knew the importance of the position, also, and was occupied during the day in throwing up earthworks for the protection of batteries within easy range.

These being completed, he reopened fire from three points with batteries of heavy guns, and placed it under concentrated fire for many minutes. It was a severe ordeal, and was followed by a charge of a heavy force of infantry. But our gallant troops met the advance with firmness, and after a severely contested struggle, drove back the advancing column with slaughter, and held possession of the coveted position.

In this battle we lost several men and officers, especially of the First Louisiana regiment. Among those who fell mortally wounded was Col. Farrar. This young officer was one of the most promising of the army—intelligent, chivalrous, and brave. His loss will be felt by his country, and lamented by his many friends.

This battle closed the operations of my corps in the field front of Murfreesboro.

By orders from the General Commanding, after being eight days under arms and in actual battle or heavy skirmishing, in the rain and cold, without tents and much of the time without fires, my troops were retired from the field, and ordered to take a position near Shelbyville. This they did at their leisure and in perfectly good order.

In all the operations in which they were engaged, no troops ever displayed greater gallantry or higher powers of endurance. They captured fifteen hundred prisoners and twenty-six guns.

For the details connected with these operations, I beg leave to refer to the reports of division, brigade, and regimental commanders. For the same reports also I refer, for instances of distinguished gallantry in the case of corps and individuals.

I beg leave to refer, also, to the accompanying statement marked A, containing a list of the number of men and officers engaged in the battle. Also to B, containing the number of killed, wounded, and missing. I refer, also, to the accompanying map of the field of battle marked Bh.

This map was prepared with care by Lieutenant Morris, of the Engineers of my corps, from actual survey, and from the reports of the corps commanders of the Federal army. From these sources he has been enabled to fix the relative positions of the corps divisions and brigades of both armies

at different periods during the battle with great accuracy.

The statements A and B, I submit as part of this report, also the accompanying map marked "B B."

To Major-Generals Cheatham and Withers, my division commanders, I am under obligations for their cordial support and active coöperation, in conducting the operations of my command. Also to the brigade commanders, who, without an exception, managed the part assigned them in the programme of the battle with great skill, energy, and judgment. Of the conduct of the regimental battery and subordinate commands, their immediate commanders will speak in their reports, as they were more directly under their eye. Our artillery also was well handled, when it could be used, but the dense cedar brake into which the enemy was driven, continuously prevented it from following our advancing columns. This made it necessary to have the work done chiefly with the musket and bayonet.

To Major G. Williams, A.A.G., who was severely wounded in the shoulder, Major Thomas M. Jack, A.A.G., Lieut.-Col. T. F. Sevier, Inspector-General, Lieut. P. B. Spence, of the same department, Lieut. J. Rayle, Chief of Ordnance, Capt. Felix Robertson, Acting Chief of Artillery, Capt. F. R. Sayers, and Lieut. N. J. Morris, of Engineers, Lieut. W. A. M. Otey, Chief of Signal Corps, Dr. Cavanagh, Medical Director, Majors Thomas Peters and R. M. Mason, of the Quartermaster's Department, Major J. J. Murphy, Chief of Subsistence, members of my general staff, I am indebted for their vigilance and activity in the execution of my orders, and the fearlessness with which they exposed themselves in the discharge of their duties.

To my Aid-de-Camp, Lieut. W. B. Richmond, I am particularly indebted for the intelligence, decision, and energy with which on this, as on other fields, he gave me his support. Also to Lieut.-Col. Henry T. Yeatman, my volunteer aid, for services of a like character. And our thanks and praise are, above all, due to Almighty God, the Lord of Hosts, for the success of our arms and the preservation of our lives.

I have the honor to be, respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. POLK,
Lieutenant-General.

Doc. 147.

THE SURRENDER AT BRENTWOOD.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

FRANKLIN, TENN., March 28, 1863.

THE cavalry engagement between our forces, under General Green Clay Smith, and the rebels under Cols. Stearns and Wheeler and Gen. Forrest, near Franklin, Tenn., deserved more than a passing notice. Considering the disparity of the numbers on each side, and the complete success of our forces, it was one of the most brilliant affairs of the war. Early on the morning of the twenty-fifth, information was received by Gen. Granger

that a large rebel cavalry force had crossed Little Harpeth, about six miles from camp, with the evident purpose of attacking Brentwood, a station on the railroad, about nine miles from Franklin. Gen. Smith was ordered to take a force of cavalry and find out the location of the enemy and his intentions. With parts of the Ninth Pennsylvania, Sixth Kentucky, Fourth Kentucky, and Second Michigan cavalry, numbering five hundred and forty-five men in all, he started in pursuit. On arriving at Brentwood, General Smith found the camp and railroad bridge at that place in ruins, Col. Bloodgood having surrendered his command after little or no resistance. Gen. Smith learned that the enemy were three thousand strong, and had gone (driving their prisoners in front, and loaded with plunder) in the direction of Columbia, Tenn. He pressed on in pursuit, and soon compelled the enemy to abandon the ambulances and ammunition wagons he had captured, and also two ambulances of his own.

After a pursuit of about nine miles the enemy were overtaken, and formed in line of battle. Gen. Smith disposed his little force for a charge, and when all was ready, he took off his hat and shouted: "Now, boys, go in!" And in they went. They broke the enemy's line at every point of attack, killing great numbers with their Burnside carbines and Colt rifles before getting in sabre distance. The rebels broke in confusion, appearing to be panic-stricken. They would gather in groups, until the true aim of our boys, with the deadly Burnside, would make them scatter to the neighboring trees. It getting too hot for them, they started again, this time relieving themselves of all surplus weight. Their track was literally covered with Federal clothing, sutlers' goods, etc., which they had stolen at Brentwood. General Smith drove them six miles. During the race they made three stands, but in every instance were scattered by the invincible charges of our boys, who were now crazy with excitement. Here another road came in, and in that road appeared a rebel force of two thousand five hundred rebel cavalry, under Col. Wheeler. They consisted, in part, of Texan Rangers, mounted on red, white, gray, and speckled horses and mules, and yelling like devils. Here was a fix. Flanked for three quarters of a mile by this new force, who were coming down like an avalanche, with the old force in front, inspired and encouraged by reinforcements, the "situation" was any thing but pleasant. Here was an emergency which required the qualities of a great general, and they were not wanting. Gen. Smith had the recall sounded, and slowly and sullenly commenced falling back in a slow walk. Had he started on a run, his command would inevitably have been lost. But he had the advantage of position, and well he availed himself of it. Behind fences and such natural fortifications as he could find, he formed lines of battle in the rear, and sufficiently checked the advance of the overwhelming hosts. The Second Michigan, with their Colt's rifles, had to fire three successive volleys in one furious charge of Wheeler's motley crew, before they turned tail. The

powder from the last discharge flashed in the faces of the rebel horses, and they turned and fled. This rear line would then fall back behind another, and so on for two miles, when the rebels getting sick of it or fearing reënforcements, abandoned the pursuit, and Gen. Smith brought his command into camp without losing a man as prisoner, bringing in forty-seven of the enemy.

The enemy suffered severely in killed and wounded. Our men were well armed, and every volley told with fearful effect. They lost fully four hundred men, many horses, and two ambulance wagons, and were compelled to destroy many more.

During the engagement many evidences of personal daring occurred, which I have not time to mention. Col. Watkins of the Sixth Kentucky, knocked a rebel from his horse with the butt of his pistol while the rebel was aiming at one of our men. Lieut. Williams of the same regiment, got cut off from his command, with fifteen others. They cut their way through the rebel lines and arrived safely at Nashville, taking six prisoners on their route. Lieutenant Clay Goodloe, of Gen. Smith's staff, in returning from delivering an order, found himself surrounded by rebels, and had to run the gauntlet. After emptying his holster pistols, he lay flat upon his horse, relying upon spurs and his "Lexington." They brought him safely home, but he has a bullet-hole through his pants to remind him of the amiable intentions of his Southern brethren respecting himself.

CHAPLAIN PILLSBURY'S ACCOUNT.

RACINE, WIS., April 14, 1863.

Editors Chicago Tribune:

Having been present at the time of the surrender, and also in company with the prisoners till the ninth day following, I will furnish the public with a brief statement of the facts in the case.

A remnant of the Twenty-second regiment Wisconsin volunteers, numbering in all, officers, teamsters, and sick, I think, five hundred and twenty men, was stationed at Brentwood, nine miles south of Nashville, and about the same distance north of Franklin, for the protection of the railroad. We must have had less than four hundred men fit for duty.

Two miles south of us a remnant of the Nineteenth Michigan, numbering in all two hundred and thirty men, were stationed to protect a bridge. We had neither artillery nor cavalry at either post.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth of March a messenger notified Col. Bloodgood that the Nineteenth Michigan was attacked, and that the enemy were tearing up the railroad track. With all possible despatch, Col. Bloodgood, with so many men as he deemed it prudent to take from the camp, started to assist the Nineteenth. On reaching the summit of a small elevation of land, about one fourth of a mile from camp, a large body of the enemy appeared in full view, upon the other side, forming in line of battle on each side of the street. Our men were immediately ordered to deploy to the right and left as skirmishers, and the order was quickly obeyed.

At this point a flag of truce appeared, coming up from the enemy's lines, and Major Smith was sent out in advance to meet it. He received a written message, stating that we were entirely surrounded by a large force of General Forrest's command, demanding an immediate and unconditional surrender, and stating that upon refusing to comply, we should be cut to pieces. The answer returned was: "Come and take us."

The enemy soon advanced, and when sufficiently near, they were fired upon by our men, and a very sharp contest was kept up on both sides about ten minutes. A piece of artillery was now discovered in position to shell our camp, and rebel cavalry were moving down the hills, and in large bodies rapidly approaching us from all directions. A flag of truce was sent out from our lines, the firing ceased, and our forces were surrendered. Our loss was three wounded in the engagement. The enemy, to my knowledge, had one killed and five wounded.

The enemy's force consisted of three brigades, commanded by Generals Forrest, Armstrong, and Stearns, and a battalion of Independent Scouts, under the command of Major Sanders, numbering in all not less than five thousand men.

An attempt was made to give notice of the attack at Franklin or Nashville, but the wires had been cut. Colonel Bloodgood had no reasons to expect assistance from either point, and he had nothing to do with the surrender at the bridge, though your correspondent says he surrendered that post without firing a gun. That point was subsequently surrendered, but only when there remained no possibility of successful resistance.

Perhaps some men might have fought longer than Col. Bloodgood fought; but to have done so, in my judgment, would have been a reckless sacrificing of life to no purpose.

Officers in command at each point considered themselves exposed to a raid of this kind, and made commendable efforts to obtain an additional force of artillery, but without success. With two pieces of artillery our position might have been maintained till the arrival of reënforcements, and a very different result might have followed.

Many will think that a charge of negligence rests somewhere, and the communication of your correspondent appears a little like an effort to cast shadows over Col. Bloodgood for the purpose of drawing attention from the really guilty head.

In the absence of Colonel Bloodgood, he being still (as I suppose) in the hands of the enemy, I considered it my duty to make this simple statement of facts. Respectfully yours,

C. D. PILLSBURY,

Chaplain Twenty-second Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers.

Doc. 148.

EXPEDITION TO JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

REPORT OF COLONEL RUST.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., April 4.

Lieut-Col. C. G. Halpine, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the South:

COLONEL: I have the honor to make the fol-

lowing report for the information of the Major-General Commanding Department of the South:

In accordance with orders received, I embarked my regiment on the steamers Delaware and General Meigs at Beaufort, March nineteenth, for Jacksonville, Florida, where I arrived on the twenty-third ult., having been delayed by rough weather.

Major Heminway, with three companies on the General Meigs, had already arrived. When I reached there a rebel battery, mounted on a platform-car propelled by a locomotive, was shelling the town. The gunboat Norwich, which accompanied me, engaged it, replying vigorously, as did also a rifled Parrott thirty-two-pounder on shore. The enemy were soon driven back. He was, as I afterward learned, making a reconnoissance, which it was his plan to follow up by an attack in force after nightfall.

Every thing remained quiet during that night. The fact that our pickets had previously been drawn in at night to the edge of the town, encouraged this plan, which was frustrated by the arrival of the Eighth Maine regiment, and placing a night picket afterward at a distance.

On Tuesday night the locomotive battery again approached and threw several sixty-eight-pound rifled shells, striking several buildings, but injuring no one.

On Wednesday a reconnoissance in force, commanded by Colonel Higginson, and consisting of five companies of the Eighth Maine, under Lieut.-Colonel Twitchell; four companies of the Sixth Connecticut, under Major Meeker; and a portion of Colonel Higginson's colored regiment, advanced along the railroad upward of four miles, driving in General Finnegan's pickets, but were not able to overtake the enemy.

After proceeding as far as was deemed advisable, and the enemy showing no disposition to accept battle, our forces commenced to return. Soon after the locomotive battery appeared and threw several shells, but was careful to keep out of reach of our rifles. One of its shells killed privates Hoole and Goodwin, and severely wounded Willis—all of Captain McArthur's company I, Eighth Maine volunteers—who were the only persons killed or wounded after my arrival. On this occasion all the troops behaved exceedingly well. Colonel Montgomery, with about one hundred and twenty men of his regiment, accompanied by Captain Stedman of the gunboat Paul Jones, made a successful expedition to Pilatka, seventy-five miles up the river, taking prisoners a lieutenant and fourteen men with their arms. The lieutenant violated his parole of honor and escaped. A quantity of cotton, rifles, horses, and other property, amounting in value to several thousand dollars, has been captured.

In accordance with special order No. 162, received from headquarters Department of the South, I withdrew all the United States forces from Jacksonville, Florida, on the thirty-first ult., and embarked them on board transports, part of which had just arrived for that purpose.

While the evacuation was taking place, several

fires were set—a portion of them undoubtedly by secessionists. The fires were not confined to the lines of any regiment. Perhaps twenty-five buildings were destroyed. On my arrival I found that many buildings had been burned—some by rebels, others by the Union forces—from a military necessity. Many Union families came away with us, our soldiers freely making all possible room for them on the transports. The expedition has all returned safely.

Much credit is due Captain Boynton, Eighth Maine volunteers, for the careful and prudent manner with which he administered the affairs of Provost-Marshal during our short stay at Jacksonville.

Captain Cannon, of the Delaware, and his gentlemanly officers, deserve mention for their kind treatment of officers and men.

JOHN D. RUST,

Colonel Eighth Regiment Maine Volunteers, Comd'g Forces.

A "NATIONAL" ACCOUNT.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., March 29, 1863.

Three weeks since, in pursuance of authority from General Hunter to take and hold this place, the black forces from Beaufort came here and occupied Jacksonville under the most auspicious circumstances for the speedy acquisition of the entire State of Florida. There were known to be less than three thousand rebel troops in the State; and all who were conversant with the affairs of the State believed that the time had come when a small force could be made effective in opening it to the occupation of loyal citizens, and of creating an avenue of escape for the hunted negroes herded in the interior and watched with such malignant vigilance by the rebels.

Jacksonville was under the control of our gunboats on the St. John's, and it was unwise to make any movement for its occupation until we were prepared to hold it as a base of aggressive operations into the interior. It is the key to East-Florida, and its occupation by us would have immediately compelled the rebel abandonment of all the territory east of the St. John's, and have secured an immense amount of cotton, turpentine, and other rebel property to the Government. It presented a most promising field for the experiment (as it is still regarded by some) of testing the character and capacity of the negro troops, and as such it was seized upon with avidity by those having these forces in charge. They came and planted the flag, as was supposed, permanently here, and commenced gathering in the advantages within reach, when it was thought proper to make a more extensive and powerful movement, and for this purpose the Sixth Connecticut and Eighth Maine came to reinforce our army. These came with ten days' rations, and were evidently intended only to remain long enough to strike a blow, and then return to assist in the movement on Charleston. They were delayed some days in reaching here, and were therefore scarcely debarked when an order came for their immediate return; and not only this, but for the recall of the black troops also, and the abandonment of the place.

A more fatal order for the place, the interests of the people, and the Government, could not have been made. Every body was taken by surprise, and every body was exasperated, save perhaps a few who feared the negro soldiers would achieve a reputation. Was Gen. Hunter crazy? Why occupy the place at all, if not prepared to hold it? Why come and embarrass the people, and hazard the lives and property of defenceless inhabitants thus wantonly? These and a thousand similar questions were suggested, and bitter expressions and deep-felt curses were uttered against fickle, capricious, and incompetent if not faithless commanders. But there was no alternative; the order must be obeyed instant. In the midst of the harvest of patriotic hopes we were compelled to abandon all, and thus render the expedition a blight and a curse, rather than a blessing and a means of strength to the Union cause.

To add to the wanton cruelty of the enterprise, some of the soldiery were allowed to set fire to the town in various places; and now, as we leave, it is in a blaze. This last act of vandalism, I regret to say, was mostly perpetrated by the soldiers of the Eighth Maine—in some instances by the sanction of subordinate officers; but it is due to Colonel Rust to say that every thing he could do was done to protect the property and the people. One company of the black regiment were also implicated in firing one block; but they did it under the sanction, if not approval, of a white lieutenant. We are now leaving with such articles of value as can be most easily removed, and such of the citizens as have become so compromised by our presence as to render it certain that they would not be spared by the rebels.

And here I regret to be compelled to record acts of injustice and cruelty on the part of an officer for whom I have heretofore had the highest regard, and for whose character and reputation I had conceived the best opinion. At best there must be on such occasions much personal suffering and distress. Families suddenly compelled to abandon their homes and find refuge among strangers, must suffer under the best administration of affairs. Of this I do not speak. General Hunter sent sufficient transportation, as was supposed, for all who wished to leave with their personal effects. The steamer Convoy is under special charge of Colonel Higginson, of the First South-Carolina; it was loaded with Government property acquired by the troops, and such furniture as could well be taken on board—beds, bedding, and necessary articles for the comfort of the refugees, as they had time to get away. Col. Higginson comes on board and orders the upper deck to be cleared, claiming that he must have the room for his black soldiers. The order was carried out amid the tears and protestations of defenceless and unprotected women and children, and even the last mattress of one old lady with a family of three persons, was thrown off and abandoned, and she was coolly told she could "sleep on the ground, as the soldiers do." This family now go forth from a comfortable home,

well furnished with the results of long years of toil, to find a refuge among strangers, without a bed to sleep on, or a chair—with nothing but what they have on their persons. And this cruel wrong is not the result of necessity, because all the furniture could have been taken, and though the boat would have been crowded, every article brought on board could have remained without serious inconvenience, and would have made many poor women and children comfortable in their involuntary exile. It is now abandoned to destruction, and its owners to want and suffering. Col. Montgomery and Col. Rust both did all that could be done to mitigate the evils of the occasion, and I regret that unnecessary suffering should be thus inflicted, and Col. Higginson was the last person from whom I expected it.

If Gen. Hunter had desired to do the State of Florida and the cause of freedom and Union in the South the greatest injury—if he wished to paralyze the patriotism and destroy the loyalty of this people, and blight the hopes of the State, he could not have adopted a course more certain of success than the one he has adopted from the first in regard to this State. This is now the third time that the people have been cheated and the loyal sentiment placed at the mercy of the common enemy. Now this place—the best and most flourishing town in East-Florida, and the only place whose citizens and property-holders were generally loyal—has been irretrievably ruined, and its people scattered abroad without homes or means of present subsistence. Many loyal citizens further up the river, being assured of protection, have rendered service, and so identified themselves with the Union cause as to outlaw them with the rebels, and are now abandoned to their tender mercies. God save the country and the cause where such things are done in its name and by its friends! Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the conduct of the black soldiers, as a general thing. No white soldier could do better, and if left here and increased by such accessions as they could have secured, they would have gradually obtained possession of the State, and acquired a reputation that would have been a terror to Southern rebels and Northern copperheads.

The troops are now all embarked, with fourteen rebel prisoners and the trophies of war, and such of the citizens as can find place, on board the steamers Delaware, Boston, John Adams, and Convoy, and propellers General Meigs and Tilley, and we leave this devoted place a third time, and now in ruins, as the reward of the fidelity of its citizens to the flag which has been unfurled over them but to embarrass and ruin them. You will undoubtedly receive the official report of the expedition by the same mail which takes this, and I have no time for its details now.

NEW-YORK "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., March 23, 1863.

Jacksonville is in ruins. That beautiful city, which has been for so many years a favorite resort for invalids from the North, has to-day been

burnt to the ground, and, what is sad to record, by the soldiers of the National army. Scarcely a mansion, a cottage, a negro-hut, or a warehouse remains. The long lines of magnificent oaks, green and beautiful, with the thickest foliage, the orange groves perfuming the air with their blossoms, the sycamores, the old century plants adorning every garden, the palmetto and bayonet trees, ever tropical in verdure, the rose and the jessamine—all that at this season, indeed, I might say through all seasons, has made Jacksonville a little Eden, has been burnt, and scorched, and crisped, if not entirely consumed to ashes, by the devouring flames.

I am now writing on the deck of the fine transport-ship the *Boston*. Three gunboats—the *Paul Jones*, the *Norwich*, and the *John Adams*—are lying out in the river, with guns shotted, ready to fire the moment a rebel appears in sight. The transport vessels—the *Boston*, the *Delavan*, the *General Meigs*, the *Tillie*, and the *Cossack*—are at the wharves, filled with troops. All are on board, except about two hundred of the Sixth Connecticut, who are on picket-duty. Three blank shots from the *Paul Jones* have just been fired, as a signal for them to come in.

From this upper deck the scene presented to the spectator is one of the most fearful magnificence. On every side, from every quarter of the city, dense clouds of black smoke and flames are bursting through the mansions and warehouses. A fine south wind is blowing immense blazing cinders right into the heart of the city. The beautiful Spanish moss, drooping so gracefully from the long avenues of splendid old oaks, has caught fire, and as far as the eye can reach through these once pleasant streets, nothing but sheets of flames can be seen, running up with the rapidity of lightning to the tops of the trees, and then darting off to the smallest branches.

The whole city, mansions, warehouses, trees, shrubbery, and orange-groves; all that refined taste and art through many years have made beautiful and attractive, are being lapped up and devoured by the howling, fiery blast. One solitary woman, a horse tied to a fence between two fires, and a lean, half-starved dog, are the only living inhabitants to be seen on the streets. Fifty families, most of them professing Union sentiments, have been taken on board of the transports and provided with such accommodations as the tubs will afford. Some of them have been able to save a bed and a few chairs, but most of them have nothing in the world but the clothes upon their backs. Is not this war—vindictive, unrelenting war? Have we not gotten up to the European standard?

Yesterday the beautiful little cottage used as the Catholic parsonage, together with the church, was fired by some of the soldiers, and in a short time burned to the ground. Before the flames had fairly reached the church, the soldiers burst open the doors and commenced sacking it of every thing of value. The organ was in a moment torn to strips, and almost every soldier who came out

seemed to be celebrating the occasion by blowing through an organ-pipe. To-day the same spectacle has been repeated, only upon a much grander scale. There must have been some understanding among the incendiaries with regard to the conflagration. At eight o'clock the flames burst from several buildings in different parts of the city, and at a later hour still more were fired. The wind then rose to a stiff gale, and the torch of the incendiary became unnecessary to increase the fire. The only mansions of any value left standing as we move down the river, are the elegant mansions of Col. Sanderson and Judge Burritt, both rebels of the deepest dye. Why so much property, known to belong to Union men, should have been destroyed, and the mansions of these notorious rebels left standing, it is hard to understand.

It gives me pleasure to report that the negro troops took no part whatever in the perpetration of this vandalism. They had nothing whatever to do with it, and were simply silent spectators of the splendid but sad spectacle. The Sixth Connecticut charged it upon the Eighth Maine, and the Eighth Maine hurled it back upon the Sixth Connecticut. After the fires in different parts of the city had broken out, Colonel Rust ordered every man to be shot who should be found applying the torch; but the order came too late. The provost-marshal and his guard could not shoot or arrest the wind. No human power could stay its ravages.

Six o'clock P.M.—Mouth of the St. John's.—A fierce north-east storm is raging upon the ocean. Gunboats and transports are lying here in safety, waiting until it abates. Again we are witnessing a conflagration. Some of the soldiers have gone ashore and fired a fine steam saw-mill at May Port Mills, said to belong to a Union man in Maine. Much indignation is expressed on board. The white soldiers again are the criminals. The blacks have not been off their transports.

April 1st.—We arrived in this harbor early this morning, after a splendid run of fourteen hours from the mouth of the St. John's. Below I give you a list of the families we brought with us, whose dwellings were burnt, and who are now utterly destitute. Many of them, before the war, lived in luxury and independence. Now they are subsisting upon the rations of the commissary department. Gen. Saxton has set apart several of the largest mansions in this city for their occupation until their friends at the North can come to their assistance.

The following is the list of families referred to above: Mrs. Divees and family, Mrs. Cole and family, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Dunbar, Miss Jordan of the Crespo House, Dr. Emery and son, Mrs. Poetting, Mrs. Hague and family, Mrs. Poinsett, Miss Poinsett, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Church, Mr. and Mrs. Gower, Mrs. Curvick, Mrs. M. Leonardy and family, Mrs. R. Leonardy and family, Mrs. Shaddock and daughter, Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Syprel and family.

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THE CAPTURE OF THE "DIANA."

NEW-ORLEANS "ERA" ACCOUNT.

BRASHEAR CITY, Monday, March 30.

LAST Saturday morning, while sitting at a table in the cabin of the gunboat Diana, writing out my notes to send by the morning train, the engine-whistle sounded. Gathering up my papers, I asked Captain Peterson, who stood beside me, if he was going to make a trip that day? He replied he was only going to ship some coal, and not do picket-duty as usual, and that he would be quiet for two or three days at least.

It appears that Capt. Peterson received orders on Saturday morning to take on board two companies of infantry and make a reconnoissance to find whether the enemy had received reinforcements of infantry. He was to go no further than a point where a bayou from Grand Lake unites with the Atchafalaya, west of Pattersonville.

But he was not contented with simply fulfilling the letter of his commands; and hence, with a zeal which unfortunately proved fatal to him, he determined to carry his observations into the very midst of the enemy's stronghold.

Proceeding cautiously along the bayou until within half a mile of Pattersonville, on the upper side, four of the rebel cavalry suddenly came within range, and galloped along the levee road. A shell was fired at them from the Diana without effect. They continued retreating until they reached the main body of cavalry, consisting of several companies, which had remained concealed by a sugar-house.

Upon discovering this force, instantly every gun of the Diana was brought to bear upon the enemy, shot and shell being poured into their ranks with perceptible effect. Several companies of rebel infantry now joined the cavalry, and they formed in line of battle, and kept up a sharp firing upon our men.

While all attention from the gunboat was directed to this force of infantry and cavalry, a battery of four brass field-pieces was suddenly hurried into a neighboring corn-field, at no greater distance than twenty yards from the boat, whence a most active cannonading was at once commenced.

It was at this moment that Captain Peterson, while standing on the deck on the starboard side of the pilot-house, giving orders to his men, received a ball in his breast, which prostrated him to the deck. His only words were: "I am a dead man." He never spoke again. Hardly had Capt. Peterson fallen, when a ball struck Master's Mate Mr. Dolliver, who was standing at his post working one of the Dahlgren cannon. He was killed almost instantly.

By this time it became evident that the object of the enemy was to pick off our men from the large guns. Mr. Mumford, having charge of the Parrott gun in the bow, had been killed, and a perfect hailstorm of bullets was showered upon those who were stationed forward.

Accordingly these pieces were abandoned, and from that time all firing ceased on board the Diana. The men could only lie flat on the decks and receive the shots of the enemy, whose firing completely riddled the upper decks of the boat. The wooden bulwarks were knocked to splinters, which flew in every direction, proving more destructive than the balls of the enemy.

The third shot fired by the rebels cut the tiller-ropes of the Diana, and left her helpless in the current. This damage was not repaired for some time, the boat meanwhile floating down, stern foremost, toward the enemy, who, from the short distance of sixty feet, raked her with round shot from stem to stern. All the deck officers in command were either killed or wounded. The boiler-deck was torn in pieces by the shot, shell, and grape, poured into it by the enemy. When the boat changed position, the enemy's cannon were moved so that they might be worked with the greatest effect.

Mr. Hall, officer of the deck, was shot in the forehead, and went below, saying to the men: "Boys, fight it out till the last."

All the ship's officers armed themselves with muskets during the action, and used them constantly.

The gunboat Calhoun went up from Brashear City to Pattersonville yesterday noon, under a flag of truce, to secure the bodies of the killed, carry provisions to the wounded, and, if possible, secure the parole of the prisoners.

The Calhoun returned during the evening, bringing the bodies of Captain Peterson, Master's Mate Dolliver, and all the privates of the two companies of infantry, and the sailors of the Diana. All the officers were retained, and, with the exception of Lieutenant Allen, sent to New-Iberia. Lieutenant Allen is at the house of Dr. Grant, at Pattersonville. The paroled men report that they were very kindly treated during their short imprisonment. They were kept in a guard-house thatched with palmetto leaves, and fed on corn bread and salt meat. Every attention was paid to the wounded by the women of Pattersonville. Every thing in their power to bestow was freely given, although they said that there was not a barrel of flour in the place to make a dish of gruel from. They promised to cook the articles sent up to the wounded, and see that they were provided for.

Colonel Gray was in command of the post.

Ninety-nine of our men were paroled. Their names have not yet been sent in to the Adjutant-General's office.

There are several companies of Arizonian and Camanche Indians at the rebel camp. They are filthy and ragged, armed with every kind of weapon, and nearly all drunk when the Calhoun was at Pattersonville.

The Diana has been sent to Franklin.

HORATIUS.

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OCCUPATION OF COLES'S ISLAND, S. C.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

COLES'S ISLAND, S. C.,
NINE MILES FROM CHARLESTON, March 28, 1863. }

THE initiatory movement toward the rebel stronghold, Charleston, South-Carolina, has been commenced. The pioneer corps of the grand expedition—the One Hundredth New-York volunteers, Col. G. B. Dandy, (Brevet Major, United States army)—took undisputed possession of Coles's Island, nine miles from Charleston, this morning. I write this letter from their camp. There is no secrecy attached to this movement, and the facts I shall record cannot operate prejudicially to any subsequent movements. I presume the main facts of the movement will be chronicled in the rebel newspapers, and thoroughly discussed at rebel breakfast-tables several days ere this letter reaches New-York. The discovery of America by Columbus; the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, are prominent facts of American history; the initiatory movement of movements, and the grand movement of the great expedition which is to reduce the hotbed of secession, will be prominent facts of the contemporaneous history of the present rebellion, and will hereafter occupy a prominent part in the future standard history of the United States. The defeat or success of this expedition will have a preponderating influence, one way or the other, in the closing of the present war.

The One Hundredth regiment, which came from North-Carolina in February last, is a portion of the Eighteenth army corps. From their arrival in the Department of the South, until they embarked for the expedition to this place, they have been encamped at St. Helena Island, Port Royal harbor. Pursuant to orders from General Hunter, they embarked from that place on Monday, the twenty-fourth instant, on board the steamer *Expounder*, Captain Deering. As they marched from the camp to the vessel, they were the recipients of the cheers of their comrades in arms. The good-byes and God-speeds were hearty. The regiment, after its embarkation, was conveyed to Hilton Head, six miles distant, where they disembarked, and exchanged their fire-arms for the new Austrian rifle. This work occupied nearly the entire day, and it was nearly dark before the regiment reëmbarked. The *Expounder* transport then returned to her anchorage off St. Helena Island, where she remained for the night.

On Tuesday, the twenty-fifth instant, a south-east gale, accompanied by rain and fog, prevailed, so that it was injudicious to move on that day.

At daylight on the morning of Wednesday, the twenty-sixth instant, the *Expounder* weighed anchor and started for her destination. The sky was clear, with a fresh north-east wind blowing. Leaving the anchorage off St. Helena, we steamed down Port Royal harbor seaward, passing *en route* the old line-of-battle ship *Vermont*, the frigate and flag-ship *Wabash*, the iron-clad fleet of gun-boats, a half-a-dozen wooden ones, and hundreds

of ammunition, store, and transport steam and sailing vessels. The scene, relieved by the rising sun crimsoning the sky, was one of peculiar interest and grandeur. At half-past seven o'clock A.M. the *Expounder* passed the outer buoy of Port Royal harbor, was headed on a north-eastern course, (Charlestonward.) The distance from Port Royal to Coles's Island is estimated at forty-five miles. The steamer *Belvidere*, with stores and artillery for the expedition, followed in the rear of the *Expounder*.

As the tide in Stono Inlet bar would not serve until noon, no attempt was made to put the *Expounder* at her full speed. She was therefore kept under easy steam. The course pursued was along the coast line of South-Carolina, in full sight of land, and six miles distant therefrom. A monotonous line of tall pines and palmetto trees was all that repaid the spectator.

After getting well on our journey, the *Expounder* was the subject of a sea-swell, not violent, but it imparted such a motion to the vessel as would produce a nausea to those persons not accustomed to the sea. This number among the One Hundredth New-York was pretty large, and as a consequence there were not a few cases of "casting up Jonah" on the *Expounder*.

En route down the coast the steamships *Ericson* and *S. R. Spaulding*, proceeding in opposite directions to us, were successively passed, the former from New-York bound for Port Royal towing a nondescript looking raft. The *Spaulding* had troops on board.

At half-past eleven o'clock the *Expounder* and *Belvidere* arrived off Stono Inlet. From this point, looking landward, the gunboats *Pawnee* and *Commodore McDonough*, doing blockade duty there, were plainly seen. From the deck of the *Expounder* the spires of the churches in Charleston, and the Union blockading fleet off Charleston were distinctly seen. The magnetic bearing of Charleston from Stono Inlet is north-east by east, twelve miles distant.

By the time our mosquito expedition reached Stono, the wind had freshened and there was a brisk sea flowing. The breakers were dashing over the shoals at the mouth of the inlet. The *Expounder* had a government pilot on board who pretended to know the channel into Stono Inlet, but when his capacity was put to the test, as we approached the outer buoy, he displayed so much hesitation and nervousness that Captain Deering thought the risk too great, both to his vessel and those on board, to run the risk of intrusting his vessel in the hands of such a man. He therefore ordered the union-jack to be hoisted to the mast-head, the usual signal for a pilot. This met a prompt response from the gunboat *Pawnee* in Stono River, and shortly afterward the gunboat *Commodore McDonough* was steaming down the harbor, coming to our assistance. She approached one point about half-way down the channel, within three miles of the *Expounder*, when she stopped. A small boat, manned by sailors and under a naval officer was sent from her to our assistance. They at first attempted to run their boat,

but the current was too strong for them, whereupon they set sail and beat out the channel. It seemed, as I watched the progress of the little boat, that she would be momentarily engulfed in the heavy sea-swell then prevailing. By the time the McDonough's boat reached us, the tide had been ebbing an hour and a half, and the stage of water there on Stono bar was so low as not to admit its crossing by either the Expounder or Belvidere. It was therefore deemed advisable by Captain Deering to postpone the attempt until high-water the next day. As the wind was blowing quite fresh, it was thought advisable to make a harbor for the night at Edisto Inlet, twelve miles distant, the entrance to which is practicable at all tides for vessels drawing less than twelve feet of water. This was accomplished by four P.M. As we entered Edisto Inlet we met, going in, a fleet of four iron-clad gunboats, and in tow of a steamer, namely, the United States, Locust Point, Cahawba, and the gunboat Conne-maugh. In addition to these were several colliers and store vessels. Preceding this fleet in Edisto Inlet were the gunboats South-Carolina and Flambeau and three schooner mortar-boats. The consolidation of these two fleets made quite an imposing appearance, doubtless stimulating the nerves of the rebels in that vicinity, and particularly the rebel pickets on Botany Bay, Seabrook, and Edisto Islands, many of whom were in sight when the fleet entered the harbor.

From the anchorage of the Expounder in Edisto Inlet, half-a-mile distant, on Bohicksett Creek, I could distinctly see the deserted but beautiful town, Rockville. Its inhabitants, being of the secession "persuasion," had gone Dixie-ward. The town has a neat church, with an immense spire; a large cotton-ginning establishment, stores, post-office, dwelling-houses, and the usual concomitants of a first-class town. Some of the dwelling-houses are neat, capacious, and apparently comfortable. The town in many respects wears the air of a Yankee town. The architecture of the buildings seems to indicate that at one time a live Yankee from Massachusetts had settled there. As I said before, the place is uninhabited, except by a few superannuated negroes, male and female. The rebels have a picket station there, and the town is frequently visited by rebel scouting-parties.

The view of the surrounding country, from Edisto Inlet, is sublime. The soil is of unexampled natural fertility, out of which can be raised almost any kind of a crop. From Edisto, the eye can describe a semicircle of territory from twelve to fifteen miles in extent. The topography of the land is of an undulatory character. The arable cultivated lands bear such a harmonious proportion to the palmetto and pine woods, as to make the scenery preëminently interesting. Through the opens on the small eminences, here and there are seen the palatial residences of the old planters. Many of these houses have observatories on them, which give them an unique and lofty appearance. Near the planters' houses are seen the negro villages. Most of these villages

are now deserted, and the lands lying waste for want of cultivation. The landscape from Edisto Inlet, is one well worthy of the pencil and easel of the limner.

At eight o'clock, on Thursday morning, the twenty-seventh instant, the Expounder and the Belvidere weighed anchor, took their departure from Edisto, and proceeded once more to Stono Inlet. The weather was delightful, and the heavy wind which prevailed the day previous, had subsided. Both vessels arrived at the inlet before high-water, and were obliged to lay off and on until the tide should serve. We were well repaid for the delay, as we had the gratification of seeing the iron ram Keokuk pass us, *en route* from Fortress Monroe for Hilton Head. This double-turreted monster looked formidable.

While waiting for the tide to serve, the Government pilot on the Expounder made a small boat survey of Stono Bar. After he returned, which was about noon, the Expounder was got under weigh; but immediately after passing the first buoy, she grounded on a shoal, from which her motive power was unable to extricate her. Capt. Deering, of the Expounder, immediately ordered the ensign to be set, union down, as a signal of distress. This was answered promptly by the ranking naval officer in Stono River, who immediately sent the gunboat Commodore McDonough to our assistance. Soundings were taken, to ascertain the position of the Expounder, when it was discovered that the shoal was a fulcrum on which the steamer was resting, a position by no means safe nor desirable. As the tide receded, our position became more precarious, and the breakers by which we were surrounded were intense and dangerous. Before the arrival of succor from the navy, long hawsers of the Belvidere and Expounder were spliced, (the former vessel had not at this time attempted to cross the bar,) but the efforts of the former vessel to relieve the latter, were unavailing. The power of both was *nil*.

The wind was freshening all the time, so that it blew a little gale; the Expounder was surrounded by a surf-swell, which seemed to threaten the lives of those on board, should the gale increase. The Expounder had boats enough only for a few hundred, so that our position was critical. The gunboat McDonough, having a distance of eight miles to come from her anchorage to where the Expounder was on shore, some time elapsed after the time we made our signal of distress, before she reached us. When she came to our assistance, she ran a hawser to us, and attempted to pull the Expounder off the shoal. After tugging for an hour or two, and parting several hawsers, the McDonough herself went ashore on the edge of the channel. Shortly after this, a loud report was heard all over the Expounder. It was subsequently discovered that the hog-frame, or, to make it more plain to the reader, the large semicircular frame, seen over the decks of our large river steamers, had broken in twain. Captain Deering immediately ordered the troops to go aft, and the cargo, on the for-

ward part of the boat, to the same place. This was done to prevent the boat from straining. The Belvidere meanwhile had crossed the bar, and anchored in a position half a mile from the Expounder. The safety of the troops was now a matter of serious consideration. The captain of the steamboat, and Colonel Dandy, of the One Hundredth regiment, held a consultation, and at once determined to lower all the boats, and remove the troops forthwith to the Belvidere. In addition to boats' crews from the Expounder, several were made up from volunteers from among the troops. The Belvidere sent all her boats to assist in the rescue. In a short time, a dozen or more small life and surf-boats, were loading with troops. The work was conducted with coolness. The first boats that left the Expounder for the Belvidere, dashed through the surf boldly; but it seemed the white-capped waves would cover them at any moment. This perilous work was continued until dark. By this time, about three hundred soldiers had been removed from the Expounder to the Belvidere.

While this work was going on, more assistance was sent to us by Commander Baleh, of the Pawnee. He sent the ship's launch, manned by twenty gallant sailors. In the launch was a long rope cable and an anchor, with which to assist in heaving the stranded steamer off the shoal. The naval men worked like heroes, and succeeded in getting a hawser to the Expounder, and threw the anchor in a proper place to obtain the desired result.

At eleven o'clock at night, the tide had risen to such an extent, as to warrant the attempt to rescue the steamer. A heavy strain was got on the cable referred to, and with the assistance of the engines, the Expounder got off the reef, after a trial of less than an hour from the time the tide served. The gunboat McDonough got off the place where she grounded an hour or so previous. These facts afforded a great relief to all on board the unfortunate steamer. We anchored for the night in the channel.

During the day, the rebel batteries at Light-House Inlet, or Folly Island, four or five miles distant, tried the range of their guns upon us. The range was too long, and their shells exploded harmless on the beach, a mile or two short of us. At night, the rebel lookouts on Folly Island fired rockets, emitting red fire, at intervals. This appeared to be a signal of warning, either to Gen. Beauregard that the Yankees were approaching, or to warn off contraband blockade-runners.

On Friday morning, the twenty-eighth instant, the Belvidere and Expounder steamed into Stono River, opposite Coles's Island. Under the direction of Commander Baleh, of the Pawnee, they took anchorage within a few hundred yards of the centre of the island. The steamers' boats, with those from the gunboats, were all brought into use at eight o'clock A.M. The troops commenced disembarking. Major D. D. Nash, of the One Hundredth regiment, with three companies of that regiment, was the first to land. The movement was promptly made. The troops formed in line as they landed, with muskets loaded, ready for

any attack from the enemy. The enemy did not come, and the regiment was safely landed, in one hour from the time the disembarkation commenced.

While the troops were disembarking, Colonel Dandy, of the One Hundredth regiment, Commander Baleh, of the Pawnee, and Capt. Rice, of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania volunteers, (on special duty on the Pawnee,) landed on the island, and reconnoitred in the vicinity. They discovered a rebel battery, situated near the end of the causeway that leads from Coles's to James Island, about one and three fourths miles from where the troops were making their camps. They also saw evidences of numerous concealed works on Folly and James Islands. The rebels are in force in this vicinity. We look for an attack at any moment.

Coles's Island, now occupied by our troops, is at the confluence of the Stono and Folly Rivers. It is about two miles long, and one eighth of a mile wide. It might be considered a part of James Island, as the dividing line (if it may be so called) is a marsh. A causeway connects Coles's with James Island. The island is in proximity to Kiawah, John's and Folly Islands, and Stono, Folly, and Kiawah Rivers. The topography of the island is of an undulating character, and is covered with a sparse growth of pine and palmetto-trees. The ground is covered with thick switchgrass, interspersed with cactus and semi-tropical wild plants. In the water-front, or rather, the sea-front of the island, there is the debris of a round fort, occupied by the rebels at the commencement of the war. There are two embrasures still visible, and portions of platforms for guns. In the rear of the work, is a large bomb-proof powder-magazine. On the east end of the island, there are a number of rifle-pits, close to which is a rebel graveyard, in which are ten or twelve graves. From the head-boards it is seen that the island was at one time garrisoned by the Fourteenth South-Carolina regiment. When our troops landed, they discovered water-wells were already dug for them.

From the north side of Coles's Island, two miles distant, is the pretty town of Legareville. It is situated on the Stono River, and runs parallel with it. It has many large buildings of modern architecture, and appears to have been once, if not now, occupied by a pretty enterprising people. The houses are surrounded by large flower-gardens, and ornamented in front by shade-trees of various descriptions. The town has been deserted by its inhabitants, and is now occupied by the rebel soldiers. The rebels have three forts here, two of them of recent construction. The United States gunboat Isaac P. Smith, was captured by one of these forts several weeks ago. Since that time, the enemy have made accessions to these works, by the addition of the forts named, besides a line of rifle-pits, nearly half a mile long, on the south side of the town. In addition to these fortifications, the rebels have a mortar-battery on James Island, directly opposite the town.

Early in the afternoon, the One Hundredth had their camp established, their shelter-tents up, the artillery landed, and camp-fires in full blaze, the men in the best of spirits, with their eyes wide open for an attack from the rebels. In justice to the One Hundredth regiment, I must say, from the time they left Port Royal to the time they landed on Coles's Island, not a murmur was heard from the soldiers, although during the trip they were subject to many inconveniences and hardships. This speaks well for the discipline in its ranks.

At night our pickets were thrown out at proper points, and the artillery placed in an eligible position. Camp-fires were extinguished, so as to obscure our exact position from the rebels. About midnight, the rebel pickets exhibited flash signal-lights, within three hundred yards of our picket-line. These signals were answered by the rebels at Legareville, two miles distant. The rebel pickets on Folly Island, were also employed during the night in signaling by means of rockets, sometimes showing white and at others red rockets. The night passed away without any occurrence of importance. —*New-York Herald.*

Doc. 151.

A NATIONAL FAST.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Senate of the United States, devoutly recognizing the supreme authority and just government of Almighty God, in all the affairs of men and of nations, has, by a resolution, requested the President to designate and set apart a day for national prayer and humiliation:

And whereas it is the duty of nations, as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon, and to recognize the sublime truth, announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord:

And, insomuch as we know that, by His divine law, nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war, which now desolates the land, may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people? We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these

blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us!

It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness.

Now, therefore, in compliance with the request, and fully concurring in the views of the Senate, I do, by this my proclamation, designate and set apart Thursday, the thirtieth day of April, 1863, as a day of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer. And I do hereby request all the people to abstain on that day from their ordinary secular pursuits, and to unite, at their several places of public worship and their respective homes, in keeping the day holy to the Lord, and devoted to the humble discharge of the religious duties proper to that solemn occasion.

All this being done, in sincerity and truth, let us then rest humbly in the hope, authorized by the Divine teachings, that the united cry of the nation will be heard on high, and answered with blessings, no less than the pardon of our national sins, and restoration of our now divided and suffering country to its former happy condition of unity and peace.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington on this thirtieth day of March, in the year of our [L. s.] Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By the President: ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

Doc. 152.

BATTLE NEAR SOMERSET, KY.

OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

SOMERSET, Ky., March 31.

I ATTACKED the enemy yesterday in a strong position of his own selection, defended by six cannon near this town, fought him for two hours, driving him from one position to another, finally stormed his position, whipped him handsomely, and drove him in confusion toward the river. His loss is over three hundred in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The enemy outnumbered us two to one, and were commanded by Pegram in person. Night stopped pursuit, which will be renewed in the morning.

We captured two stands of colors. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing will not exceed thirty. Scott's famous rebel regiment was cut off from the rest and scattered.

GILLMORE.
Brigadier-General.

The entire rebel force has been drawn out of Central Kentucky, and much of their plunder has

been recaptured. Their force has been greatly exaggerated, as well as the amount of plunder taken by them.

I have this morning received a second despatch from General Gillmore, dated this morning, from Slagal's Ferry, on the Cumberland River, as follows:

I underrated the enemy's force in my first report of yesterday's fight. They have over two thousand six hundred men, outnumbering us two to one.

During the night their troops recrossed the Cumberland in three places. We have retaken between three hundred and four hundred cattle. Pegram's loss will not fall short of five hundred men.

GILLMORE,
Brigadier-General.

The alacrity with which the troops were concentrated, and the vigor and gallantry of the attack, are highly commendable.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General Commanding.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" ACCOUNT.

LEXINGTON, KY., April 2.

Gen. Gillmore and staff returned from the front last night, leaving Cols. Runkle and Wolford to pick up prisoners and bring up the rear. Gen. Pegram's long-planned and boasted invasion of Kentucky has ended in a destructive and disagreeable defeat.

General Gillmore assumed the command in person, and left here with the determination to recapture the earnings of the rebel expedition, and punish the audacity of the brigands.

Perceiving that they had converted a retreat into a precipitate flight, he left the infantry and pushed on with his mounted force, consisting of the First Kentucky cavalry, Colonel Wolford's; Forty-fifth O.V.I., mounted, Colonel Runkle; a detachment of the Forty-fourth Ohio, mounted, under Major Mitchell; and the Seventh O.V. cavalry, Colonel Garrard—in all one thousand two hundred men. Such was the dashing energy of the pursuit, that, notwithstanding the rebels had thirty-six hours the start, they were overtaken four miles north of Somerset.

General Carter, in command of eight hundred mounted men, had reached Buck Creek, twelve miles from Somerset, when Gen. Gillmore reached him with his body-guard and the Seventh Ohio cavalry, increasing the number to one thousand two hundred, with which they double-quickened until within reach of the enemy's rear-guard. The skirmishing then commenced, Gens. Gillmore and Carter with Wolford and the body-guard in the advance. As often as the rebels made a stand they were dislodged with shell. Within twelve miles of Somerset, at Dutton's Hill, in a very strong position, the rebels drew up in force and planted their batteries; and here, about twelve o'clock, commenced the real battle. Our line of battle was drawn up, with the batteries in the centre, supported by the Seventh cavalry, (Runkle,) with a detachment of the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth on the left, and Wolford's on the right.

The preliminary artillery fight lasted one and a half hours, and resulted in the dismounting of three of their guns.

The wings were then ordered to advance. Wolford did so, wounded. Runkle dismounted and found it too hot, but when the enemy found him out and commenced shelling, he threw aside all hesitation, and at the head of his men, gallantly charged up the hill. The rebels moved out to meet him. For an instant his line wavered, with batteries playing directly upon them, shot and shell booming over them, and leaden rain playing with deadly music around them. They paused, however, only to take breath, and with one intent and a single shout, they hurled their column upon the advancing foe. Col. Runkle and his command behaved like heroes and veterans.

At the same time Wolford, on the right, and Col. Garrard, in the centre, charged, and the enemy broke in disorder to their horses, under cover of the wooded hill, and fled pell-mell through the town. Captain Stowe, with a detachment of the Forty-fourth, was ordered forward to reconnoitre. A body of Scott's and Ashby's rebel cavalry were here detected in a flank movement on Wolford. Colonel Sanders hastened to reinforce, and after a short, sharp, and decisive conflict, captured sixty prisoners, and put them to rout. A detachment of Scott's men were seen flying into the road to cut off Capt. Stowe, when Gen. Gillmore, at the head of his body-guard, charged down upon them like a whirlwind, and they turned off another road. Gen. Gillmore and guard entered the town, and held it until the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth came up.

The enemy made another stand three miles below Somerset, and were again routed.

Night now came on, and our boys were exhausted. In the morning it was found the rebels had crossed the river during the night in great confusion. More than one hundred, it is said, were drowned. They planted a battery on the river, which was quickly demolished. We recovered four hundred cattle at the river. Their loss in killed and captured is nearly five hundred, of whom fifty were killed. The loss on our side is but thirty-five killed, wounded and missing.

The shot mostly passed over the heads of our men. The whole affair was brilliant and dashing, one thousand two hundred to two thousand five hundred, led by the Generals in person. A surgeon, under a flag of truce, was searching for Gen. Pegram after the battle.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

SOMERSET, April 27, 1863.

The details of the battle of Somerset, so much as refers to the engagement at Dutton's Hill, have been published; but the more interesting and brilliant history of the charge upon Scott's and Ashby's cavalry, and their subsequent rout and utter defeat, have not.

I gave you an account of the previous skirmishing and rebel stand at the hill, together with the Federal plan of attack, and the charge, resulting in the retreat of the rebels, and our possession

of the ground. This charge was made simultaneously by Runkle, and the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Ohio on the left, Wolford on the right, and Major Norton with two battalions of the Seventh Ohio cavalry in the centre. The rebels fled, pursued by Norton to within half a mile of Somerset. This charge and pursuit revealed the fact that the rebel guns and a large part of their force had previously been detached, and before the rear of the Seventh cavalry, heretofore supporting the batteries, had reached the hill, about one hundred and fifty of Scott's cavalry swept down a ravine on our left rear at full speed, passed the ground but ten minutes before occupied by our batteries, pressed hotly upon Colonel Garrard, whose splendid horse and skilful horsemanship alone prevented his capture, and upon the order for the Seventh to right about and fire the enemy turned and went out as they came in. Had this rebel charge taken place thirty minutes sooner, as Pegram ordered and had intended, with our troops in position, they would doubtless have captured our batteries and materially changed the result of the action. Their plan was detected, however, almost at the moment of the success of our charge upon the hill, and Wolford was despatched by Gen. Carter to the wood on the left rear, to counteract it. Upon engaging the enemy he discovered that instead of the one hundred and fifty who had made the dash he was met by a largely superior force, and sent for reinforcements. Major McIntire, with two companies of the Seventh, was promptly ordered to his relief. Upon the arrival of Major McIntire the enemy gave way and commenced the retreat. Wolford and his men had performed feats of individual valor worthy of the days of knight errantry, and held the rebels in check. Wolford himself had pursued the rebel leader Colonel Scott so closely, that when within thirty paces of him with levelled pistol he called upon him to die or surrender. At the moment Wolford's horse was shot, and fell, and Scott escaped, when McIntire arrived. The Mountain Wolf was cheering his men forward on foot. The rebels broke in confusion, and fled. Wolford halted for want of ammunition, and McIntire with seventy-two men yelling like a thousand, followed across an open field and into the woods, and here commenced the most extraordinary flight and pursuit, I venture to assert, that has been recorded during the war.

The rebel force, under Scott and Ashby, is estimated variously from six hundred to eight hundred. Major McIntire's command at this time was but seventy-two, and yet the rebel panic increased with every rod passed over in their terrific flight over hill and valley, brook and rock, tangled brush and fallen timber. Any one to review the field to-day, would pronounce such a race over such ground impossible. At the base of a precipitous hill and embarrassed by the contracting valley, high fences, and a complication of lanes, the rebels were evidently about to turn at bay in very desperation, when additional reinforcements of four companies of the Seventh

cavalry, under Colonel Sanders, appeared dashing along at their left. This completed their consternation and utter discomfiture. They again broke, every man for himself. All attempts at organization were abandoned from that moment, and each rebel sought only to save himself as best he could. Those who made the Stanford road passed through Somerset without hats or guns, using their sabres as whips, in very desperation of terror. The distance from the first wood, where Major McIntire engaged them, to the end of the pursuit, is about six miles. A part of the rebel force crossed the Crab Orchard road about midnight, and the Cumberland about twenty miles above Somerset, others at Mill Springs. Those who passed through Somerset were pursued by Col. Sanders, and the Colonel fired his last shot through the rearmost rebel's head and abandoned the chase within two miles of town. Lieut. Copeland maintained the pursuit without other ammunition than yells for over two miles. The green flag of Scott's First Louisiana cavalry, made by the fair hands of the daughter of Humphrey Marshall, was captured by Lieut. Copeland. The flag of Carter's Tennessee cavalry was also captured.

On the Stanford road Major McIntire encountered three rebels, shot one and captured two, in a clump of cedars near the lane where the final flight began. Lieut. Daniels, of the First Louisiana cavalry, lies buried where he fell, with an oak shingle at his head, on which is inscribed in pencil, his name and rank. To which some one has added the epitaph—"Thus perish all enemies of Uncle Sam."

The flight for six miles is marked by torn brush, scarred trees and dead horses. Nineteen rebels were killed, six wounded, and sixty-seven prisoners taken. In the valley several women of the neighborhood had fled for safety and concealment, and when they found themselves surrounded by conflicting armies after the arrival of Sanders, their terror and piteous shrieks may be imagined but not described. It was ludicrous, even amid the terrible realities being enacted around them. Our boys ceased firing, and let them pass to the rear. Their screams for a few moments fairly drowned the roar of musketry and shouts of our men.

After the rebels were fairly routed, Runkle pursued them three miles below Somerset, where, in a very strong position, evidently prepared beforehand, on a semicircular range of hills commanding all approaches, they made another stand. As night had come, and doubtful of their strength, he abandoned the chase. It has been since ascertained that they really would have made no defence, and had our forces continued the pursuit to the river, they would have surrendered. It is easier to know these things after than before, or during a battle. It is enough now to know that our boys fought bravely against overwhelming odds in numbers, and fairly whipped the braggarts; and still better to know that they anxiously await but the opportunity to repeat the experience.

S. S.

LOUISVILLE "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

SOMERSET, KY., April 6, 1863.

I propose giving your readers an outline of our late movements in Central Kentucky, and more especially the part taken by Wolford's cavalry in the battle of Somerset. We were in camp near Stanford, when our scouts announced the approach of a large force of the enemy by way of Monticello. From the fact that they had a long wagon-train, and the advance was composed of cavalry and artillery as they passed through Wayne County from the direction of Knoxville, we all concluded that they told the truth for once when they announced a formidable invasion of the State under Breckinridge, Morgan, and Pegram. They left their wagon-train beyond the river with Chénault, Hamilton, and Champ Ferguson, with their commands, to protect their crossings on the Cumberland, and to press wagons, horses, negroes, and cattle in that vicinity, while the rest made an invasion of the central parts of the State. A printed handbill was also found by our scouts, signed by Morgan's Adjutant-General, giving all Union men of conscript age three days to leave the State or be conscripted into the Southern army. They crossed the Cumberland in three places, and those coming into Somerset marched in as infantry to make the impression complete that a large army was there. These impressions being reported to Colonel Wolford and to Gen. Carter at Danville, made it necessary for them to be cautious, lest another affair like that of Richmond last fall should again give up the whole State to the rebels. Under this uncertainty, it was determined to retreat from Danville, carrying back the supplies to the Kentucky River, and await further developments of their force and movements.

It is quite easy for men now to criticise the movement, but we venture the opinion that no military man, with the information then in our possession, would have done otherwise than Gen. Carter did under his instructions, and the importance of holding communication with Lexington by way of the Kentucky River bridge at Camp Robinson. General Carter had not yet had time to prepare for this movement when the enemy appeared in force in his front at Danville, confirming the impression of their superior numbers. Wolford's cavalry and the battery of mountain howitzers at once engaged the enemy, and the Second Tennessee and Eighteenth Michigan infantry under Colonels Carter and Doolittle were brought out in line of battle, supporting the First Indiana battery. The rest of the forces had been sent to the Dick's River bridge to protect the rear and hold the bridge. The Danville fight lasted an hour, perhaps, until the train was ready, and then we began our retreat to Camp Robinson. We had barely gotten our train out of town, and the artillery and infantry had gotten nearly through, when the enemy made a furious attack upon the rear of Wolford's cavalry, which was protecting the retreat, guarding both the rear and the train in front. Repulsed from the rear, they charged up the street, and began an indiscriminate fire upon citizens and soldiers

on the streets. Wolford's men rallied upon the streets, and repulsed them on every side, and prevented them, with the aid of a few shots from the artillery, from making any further attacks upon the train and the rear. Heading his men in a dashing charge upon the foe, in the streets of Danville, Lieut.-Colonel Adams, of Wolford's regiment, was cut off, and himself and three or four of his men were compelled to surrender. This was a heavy loss to us, but he finally succeeded in making his escape from his guard below Monticello, and has rejoined his command, to the great joy of his men. The night after our retreat to the Kentucky bridge they captured some thirty more of Wolford's men, while on picket, by closing in behind them; but Captain Boone, who was at Lancaster with some sixty men, recaptured most of them, and the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Ohio recaptured others, and captured, in connection with Captain Boone's force, forty of the enemy. We lost in all only about three of Wolford's men wounded, ten captured, and some twenty of the Eighteenth Michigan captured on picket, besides a few sick and a few commissary stores that we could not get wagons enough to carry off. The enemy lost one killed and six wounded, and over forty prisoners — one of whom is Major Paine, and several other commissioned officers. A more successful and orderly retreat has seldom been made; and, inasmuch as it was but a part of a higher plan, it was a complete success. As it was the first retreat Wolford's cavalry ever protected, (and as the infantry got no opportunity to assist, though they behaved with great coolness and steadiness throughout,) they and the howitzer battery were especially complimented by their gallant commander. Lieut.-Colonel Adams, Major Owens, Captains Rowland, Alexander, and Carter, Lieuts. Keene, Dick, Carpenter, and Beatty, and many private soldiers of the rear-guard we noticed, and no doubt others whom we did not see, especially distinguished themselves by their daring bravery in the fight. Colonel Wolford, conspicuous in every fight, was foremost in the danger, and Gen. Carter, and Colonels Doolittle and Carter, and with Captain Robinson's great coolness, performed their respective parts in the action and the retreat.

After our retreat across the Kentucky River we had to await intelligence of the strength and position of the enemy. Four long, anxious days did we await and skirmish with them, before we were certain of their strength and intentions. When we at last found out the truth, how impatient all were to avenge the wrongs, and drive out the thieving hordes from our State. They fled on Friday night from our front, and on Saturday morning we began the pursuit. Some of the gallant Ninth Kentucky cavalry had dashed into Danville and so alarmed the guilty crew that they burned the bridge between Danville and Camp Robinson, and Wolford's cavalry and Col. Runkle's mounted infantry began to press upon their rear near Lancaster, when they fled across Dick's River, burning the bridge behind them,

and encamped near Stanford on Saturday night. Dick's River was too full to ford, and we captured several of their rear-guard, several of them being drowned in attempting to cross it. We encamped between Lancaster and Crab Orchard and awaited the fall of the river and the morning light. Early next morning we crossed the river, carrying our howitzer ammunition across upon the horses, and plunging the howitzers through. At Crab Orchard, Wolford's cavalry made a dash upon the rear of Col. Ashby's and Major Steele's cavalry, killing two, wounding several more, and capturing twenty-five. We now began our march toward Somerset, hoping to intercept a part at least of the enemy, and recapture a part of the cattle before them. At Buck Creek we came within ten miles of Somerset; and, as the enemy was reported in our front in double our force, General Carter determined to encamp and feed, and await until the next morning before making an attack upon them. There we were joined by General Gillmore the next morning with some two hundred and fifty of the Seventh Ohio cavalry and two Parrott guns of the First Indiana battery.

Our whole force now amounted to about eleven or twelve hundred men, of which the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Ohio mounted infantry had three hundred each, and Wolford's cavalry about three hundred, and the rest were of the Seventh Ohio cavalry and the artillery, of which we had six pieces of small mountain howitzers and two Parrott guns. General Gillmore took the chief command, but General Carter continued to command and advise with him. As I acted as volunteer aid to General Carter, and was thus often with the Generals, I can bear testimony, not only to their bravery and coolness, but to their complete generalship, so far as I am competent to judge, in this affair. About three miles from Somerset our advance came upon theirs in considerable force, posted in ambush behind a temporary breastwork made of rails and timber. Our artillery and skirmishers soon routed them out of this, and we pressed rapidly forward after them. We soon came upon a second ambushed force on a hill, which opened a galling fire upon our advance, wounding three of Wolford's men very severely.

Again the cavalry and light artillery routed them, and they fell back to their main force, now in strong position upon a hill, one mile and a half from Somerset. The hill is some two hundred feet above the plain, where we were advancing; has a clump of trees next to the road, on its top and side, and is full of stumps and rocks and crossed by a fence, all forming an excellent cover for riflemen and a splendid position for artillery. A deep stream flanked it on our left, as there is a mill-dam just at the foot of the hill on the enemy's right. This prevented any flank movement with our dismounted men and artillery on that side. On our left, a ridge, with a heavy timber upon it, enabled them to take advantage of their superior force, more than double ours, to flank us beyond the range of our guns, and to

come into our rear, which was their plan of battle. Our men were soon in line and ready to engage. Colonel Runkle, with the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Ohio infantry, dismounted, and formed the left wing; Colonel Wolford with his cavalry dismounted, composed the right wing; and the artillery and the Seventh Ohio cavalry, mounted, composed the reserve and support of the artillery.

We opened the battle with our artillery, and were soon replied to by theirs, composed of three Parrott guns and two howitzers. As Col. Wolford advanced upon the right, through the timber, he saw a heavy body of cavalry moving around to his right to gain our flank and rear. He ascertained from time to time the progress of this movement, and after the artillery and skirmishers had been hotly engaged for an hour or more, he was ordered to deploy more to the centre, in line of battle, so as to be within supporting distance of Colonel Runkle, who had advanced his column to the foot of the hill on the left. An order was then sent to Colonel Runkle to charge the hill with fixed bayonets. An order was sent to Colonel Wolford, at the same time, to storm the hill with his cavalry riflemen. As Captain Honnell galloped along the line to the Colonel, the boys well knew that some command from the General had come. "Col. Wolford," said the Captain, "the General orders you to storm that hill!" "Forward, boys!" shouted the Colonel, as he led them up the hill, the enemy pouring their rifle-balls and grape-shot all over and around us. But on and on, up the long hill, went the boys, with that terrific shout so often heard by their flying foes on other fields of blood. The brave Ohioans on their left caught up the sound, and, with fixed bayonets and shouts of victory, they, too, poured volley after volley upon the foe as they advanced up the hill. They gained the heights step by step, and here and there were seen hundreds of their foes behind trees, stumps, rocks, and fences; but they halt not, nor falter, until, with a wild shout, they sweep from the hill-top every living foe. In ten minutes from the time the command was given, they had stormed the hill and had killed, wounded, and captured over three hundred men. And it was only by dint of hard running that the enemy saved their cannon and their whole command. Thus was the battle fought and the victory gained by about two hundred and fifty each of three regiments against more than twice their number on their own chosen field. Our loss in this charge was only three killed and thirteen wounded, while that of the enemy was more than ten times as great, besides some two hundred taken prisoners, with many horses and arms.

After we had stormed the heights and routed the front, our whole force immediately occupied the battle-field. We had barely gained our new position when here came Scott's celebrated cavalry, and a part of Ashby's, charging upon our rear and almost capturing our horses, guards, and all. We hastened to gain our horses, and rescued a part of the horses of the Ohio infantry from the

hands of the enemy. We now drew a new supply of ammunition, and Wolford's and Scott's cavalry were soon most fiercely engaged. Scott had between six and seven hundred, as all the prisoners agree, and Wolford but three hundred men. Scott dismounted his men and took a strong position in the thick woods to our rear, and awaited the assault. He told his men that their long desire was now to be gratified, as Wolford's cavalry was approaching in line of battle, and they must fight. As our advance came up they opened a rapid fire from behind the trees and fence; and we had to approach through an open field to dislodge them from their shelter. Wolford kept the most of his men on their horses ready to charge when opportunity offered any chance. His dismounted men rushed forward, and all opened volley after volley upon the men in the woods. An hour's manœuvring and fighting was of no avail; he could not dislodge the superior numbers of Scott, who fought with the utmost desperation. Wolford then determined to try the force of strategy, and so announced to his men. He feigned a repulse and retired, in order to get Scott to mount his men for a charge. The strategy succeeded. As Wolford retreated back about two hundred yards to the woods, Scott ordered his men to mount and charge. In two minutes here they came, in no regular order, through the field with a shout; when Wolford (his men now in battle-line) shouts them on to the charge. Never, since the days of Cromwell, was there such a shout and charge as then was made by the First Kentucky cavalry, headed by their Colonel in person. His horse fell under him, shot through the neck, but, being large and strong, rose again with the indomitable Colonel, who spurred him on into the fight, when a spent ball struck the Colonel himself, stunning him for a moment, but on still he went, his men firing their rifles and shouting through the woods after Scott's now retreating, scattering host. For three quarters of a mile they pursue thus, when, coming to an open field, Scott again rallies a part of his men and makes another desperate stand. For an hour or more he holds this second position, when reënforcements from the Seventh Ohio cavalry came up in view, and opening upon him volley after volley, he again breaks his line and orders a retreat. A rapid pursuit follows for some five miles, and our men are ordered to return. The killed on our side were three of Wolford's bravest men, Orderly Sergeant Hoy, and Staley, of company C, and one of company F, and Capt. Rowland and four others wounded. Scott lost some twelve or fifteen killed and forty wounded and over one hundred captured, besides horses and arms, and his large regimental flag. His whole command was scattered, and made their way out that night by companies and squads at different points, from Wheeler's Gap down to Creelsboro, on the Cumberland River: We had to march upon the force in front, still larger than our own, and hence had no time to pursue his scattered forces. Night closed in, and the enemy, by different ferries, prepared beforehand,

crossed over the Cumberland and made their escape. Our loss in all the campaign was six killed, twenty-five wounded, and about thirty prisoners paroled, while theirs will amount in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to over five hundred, besides the rout and demoralization following so signal a defeat. We also captured about five hundred head of cattle, most of which have been given up to loyal citizens on proof of ownership. We can mention no names distinguished for gallantry in this affair where all did so bravely and well.

Kentucky, especially, will honor the dead and pray for the wounded and the well in this battle for her protection and deliverance.

KIRKWOOD.

Doc. 153.

RAID UPON POINT PLEASANT, VA.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

POINT PLEASANT, VA., April 2.

GENERAL dissatisfaction is expressed at the distorted account of the late attack upon this "point." The facts are these:

Jenkins, with four hundred and eighty-one men, with others in reserve, came down the Kanawha on flatboats from Buffalo, to within a mile of this place, landed his men, and attacked, at ten A.M., the Point from three directions simultaneously, and so suddenly that his advance was within effective range of the court-house, situated in the centre of the town, before the alarm was given. Captain Carter, of company E, Thirteenth Virginia volunteer infantry, commanded the post, and instantly rallied his fifty men from their camp to the court-house, where for more than four hours he successfully thwarted every essay to capture them. When summoned to surrender, he replied: "Go to —! Take me if you can!" They then, by threats of burning the town, induced some secession women to convey a flag of truce, and try to prevail upon Captain C. to surrender, but to no purpose.

Between two and three P.M., the enemy commenced to retreat, and the discharge of some howitzers from the hurricane-deck of the government transport Victor No. Two caused a panic, when many threw away their plunder, swam the creek, and hastened up the Kanawha, pursued for a short distance by the "Cheese-heads" of Gallipolis, Ohio.

Casualties on the Union side—one lieutenant badly wounded, one private killed, one mortally wounded, and thirteen captured and paroled; also, one citizen slightly wounded. The rebels lost twenty killed, twenty-five wounded, and twenty-seven captured, including one lieutenant-colonel, two captains, and two lieutenants.

Two cribs of corn were burned and a quantity of government and private property taken, about one hundred and seventy dollars' worth of which has been recovered. They took about forty horses. They have acknowledged a signal defeat.

In justice to the brave participants in the un-

equal contest, please give this a place in your valued paper, and oblige the citizens of Point Pleasant.
E. M. FITZGERALD.

P. S.—A few convalescent soldiers, in connection with the citizens who could find guns to use, fought the ragamuffins “on their own hook.”
E. M. F.

Doc. 154.

EXPEDITION UP THE YAZOO RIVER, ITS JOURNAL AND HISTORY.

NEAR VICKSBURGH, Monday, March 31, 1863.

THE return of all the transports and gunboats of Admiral Porter's naval and military expedition up the Yazoo River, to their former rendezvous in and near the mouth of the Yazoo, will have reached you by telegraph, and the whole affair will have passed into history, perhaps before this is seen by the readers of the *Times*. The rebels undoubtedly take great credit to themselves for having defeated the expedition; and the withdrawal of our gunboats and troops will be trumpeted as another glorious victory. It is true the prime object of the expedition—which was understood to be the taking of Yazoo City; the capture of the transports and gunboats, if any were found, and the getting into position to attack Haines's Bluff from above, was not accomplished, owing to the delay arising from unexpected obstacles in Black Bayou. There was some hard fighting both by the land forces and by the naval batteries; some sharp dodging of guerrillas behind stumps and trees; a world of hard work performed in cutting and clearing the way for the gunboats through the bayous—and, report says, a little tall running on one occasion by the marines or land troops. The latter statement, of course, is unworthy of credit. The fleet, it is asserted, had a narrow escape from capture, on account of a sudden attack of a large rebel force, who felled trees and other obstructions before and behind, and was only saved by the timely arrival of General Sherman's troops, who drove back the rebel sharpshooters and relieved our working parties, who, for a day and night, were prisoners under their own casemates, and unable to show their heads on account of rebel deadshots, who lay behind every stump and tree, and devoted themselves to the amiable task of “picking off” our men.

Notwithstanding, the enterprise has paid pretty well for the outlay, in what it has developed of the hydrography of that portion of the country, its numerous and hitherto unfamiliar avenues of approach, exhibiting to the rebels themselves, as well as to us, their weak and exposed position; and, finally, in the damage which it has inflicted upon the whole region visited, the capture of cotton and contrabands, and the mutual destruction of thousands of bales which could not be brought away, reducing by so much the collateral resources of the enemy.

The loss of life was comparatively small, only one being killed and some twenty wounded, in

the naval part of the expedition. One of these has since died. Among the troops the loss was also small, and the damage to our vessels, though apparently serious, can all be repaired for five thousand dollars or less. Some three hundred bales of cotton were brought down, together with about three hundred and fifty “free colored people of African descent.” The latter thronged toward our gunboats and transports wherever they approached the plantations and landings along the river, and seemed to regard our advent as a providential affair, sent expressly to rescue them from a life of hopeless bondage. The slaves thus brought out of the Yazoo region would raise corn and pork enough to feed a whole brigade of rebel soldiers. Distributed among the land and naval forces here, they will perform an immense amount of hard and necessary labor, thus saving the health and lives of our troops in this exhausting and unhealthy climate. But I will not further touch on this matter.

Your able and rollicking correspondent “Galway,” accompanied the troops, and will, as usual, do full justice to that part of the expedition, unless his letters again fall into the hands of “Hammond.” What I give in this brief letter refers more particularly to the naval operations from the time of starting to its return.

The gunboat fleet consisted of the Carondelet, Pittsburgh, Louisville, Cincinnati, Mound City, Tyler, Linden, (No. 2,) some four small tugs, the Champion, Pocahontas, Monongahela, and several other boats—all proceeding up the Yazoo, while the large portion of the troops went up the Mississippi as far as Island Number One Hundred—at Eagle Bend—where they were disembarked, and marched by a military road constructed for the purpose to a point on “Steele's” or “Cypress Bayou,” where that stream approaches very near the Mississippi River.

The Carondelet and Tyler started on Thursday, March twelfth, and were followed on Friday by the other vessels. During Saturday and Sunday the troops went up to their destination already mentioned on the Mississippi. The Tyler led the way up the Yazoo and stopped at Johnson's Landing, opposite Cypress Bayou, where she remained doing picket or guard-duty, until the fleet returned on the following Thursday. At this point the Admiral, accompanied by Captain Murphy, of the Carondelet, made a reconnoissance for some distance up Steele's Bayou. Having sent back and procured a large supply of axes, saws, and other engineering tools, the expedition proceeded on Saturday. The gunboats went on cautiously, the small tugs or gigs being employed to go ahead and reconnoitre the way.

At half-past eight A.M., Captain Murphy, with Ensign Amerman, and a gig's crew, with a howitzer, proceeded to examine the bayou. Twelve miles above the mouth of the bayou they came to and passed the mouth of Muddy Creek, an outlet of the Mississippi. A mile further on they passed Hughes's Mound on the right. At noon they reached the mouth of Big Black Bayou. One party, in charge of Mr. Amerman, landed and

proceeded along a road leading through a cane-brake, while another portion of the men pulled along the river. Near Hill's plantation the two parties met, and then returned to report the result of their explorations. They returned to the Carondelet, which now lay at Muddy Creek, near Colonel Joe Willett's forsaken plantation. Here game was found in abundance. Mallard duck, bottle duck, a species of Mallaca; wood-duck, water turkey or cormbrant, which live on fish, and in turn are eaten by the negroes, and large black squirrel abounded. Besides, there were seen snapping-turtles, alligators, moccasin and copperhead snakes, and other varmints in great variety. The country was heavily wooded for miles on either side of the bayous, and like the overflowings of the Nile, where it is open and cultivated, the alluvial deposit adds to the productiveness of the land. The wood is the wild cypress, ash, bitter pecans, and cottonwood. The following are the distances from the Cypress Bayou:

From the mouth of Steele's or Cypress Bayou to Big Black Bayou, thirty miles; from Big Black to Big Deer Creek, six miles; Big Deer Creek to Rolling Fork, eighteen miles; Rolling Fork to Sunflower, ten miles; Sunflower to Yazoo, forty-one miles—sixty miles from its mouth. Total, one hundred and five miles.

During Sunday the armed vessels proceeded up the Cypress and stopped near Hill's plantation, where pickets were stationed for the night. On Monday proceeded to Hill's house and captured all whom we found there—some sixty or seventy blacks, men, women, and children—and with the assistance of negroes for guides, the land party proceeded to Fore's plantation, destroying the bridge over the bayou. A guard was placed over Fore and his overseer, to prevent either from escaping to give information of the approach of the expedition. The Admiral took a tug and pushed far ahead during Monday to reconnoitre.

Tuesday, March 17.—The gunboats were under weigh as soon as it was light enough to see, and were all day butting at large trees in Black Bayou. They reached Hill's plantation at half-past eleven A.M., at the mouth of Deer Creek. Ensign Amerman was put in charge of a tug with howitzer, a gun's crew, and seventeen marines, with a sergeant to keep ahead and reconnoitre. Upon nearing "Massa Ben's" (Watson's) plantation the bridge over the bayou was destroyed. Here two men were observed to cross over on horseback and ride away with great speed. It was sundown before we reached the next plantation and held up for the night.

Wednesday, March 18.—At an early hour the fleet was under way, passing Hunt's plantation. Here we were greeted with the first exhibition of cotton-burning. The overseer, named Johnson, was captured by the advance party in the tug, and sent to the Admiral. A mile further on passed two Indian mounds. Having reached Shelby's plantation, it was ascertained that thirty cavalry had been there and left the night before, at sun-

set. As the gunboats approached the different plantations the cotton was set on fire and burned; cotton and gin-houses were everywhere in a blaze, to prevent it from falling into our hands. Men were now frequently seen on horseback, fleeing to give information of our approach.

Thursday, March 19.—The gunboats were early under way, and pressing as rapidly as possible through the now increasing obstructions. There was only width enough in the creek to admit the large vessel, and trees and snags blocked up the way. Having reached Dr. Butt's plantation with the tug, she was sent back for a field-howitzer and men. Here Capt. Murphy landed and took possession of a high Indian mound—a position some seventy feet above the level of the adjacent country, and commanding it in all directions. This was near the junction of Rolling Fork. The indications now began to increase, that the country had been aroused, and that the rebels were congregating to oppose the advance of the Union forces. Some one hundred and fifty or two hundred troops made their appearance at Rolling Fork, and were soon shelled by our men. The Union party were then advanced, and the enemy dislodged from the woods where they had concealed themselves. At this juncture the tug ran upon a large tree which had been felled across the creek to obstruct the passage of the boats.

It was now no longer possible to conceal our approach from the enemy. The firing of artillery awakened echoes for many miles among the still forests, and the smoke of the steamers as well as of the burning cotton, aroused the people in all directions. While the whites fled from the presence of the approaching forces, the blacks swarmed to the boats, taking it for granted that they were to be received and protected. Their movements did not please their owners and overseers. At one place where this exodus began, the overseer asked them where they were going. "These people do not want you," said he; "go back, you niggers." But "niggers" didn't see it in that light, and kept on toward the Yankee gunboats and transports. The belching of big guns and the noise and confusion did not seem to scare the blacks in the least, and nothing could restrain their movements. Several important communications passed between Admiral Porter and General Sherman, which were conveyed by these blacks. One only out of three failed to make his appearance. It is supposed he was captured by the enemy.

Friday, March 20.—This proved to be the most exciting and decisive day experienced by the expedition. Working parties had been busy all night in cutting away the tree which obstructed the bayou. It was by measurement four and a half feet in diameter. At seven A.M. the tug was still hard and fast.

During the night Captain Murphy returned to the ship, but landed again at an early hour, and occupied the mound, throwing out scouts in advance. The rebel infantry and artillery opened fire upon our line early, employing twelve and twenty-four pound shell. Two of these passed

between the smoke-pipes and struck the wheel-house. In a short time their fire was stopped. Captain Murphy, who was on shore directing the range of the mortars, ordered Ensign Amerman to take charge of the infantry on shore. The rebels now advanced in regular line of battle, bringing up thirteen pieces of artillery, supported by regiments of infantry and cavalry, and opened on our lines, bringing two or three of their guns on our flank, which raked the road from the direction of Dr. Chainey's house. At this juncture some one shouted the alarm that the flying artillery was coming, and a temporary panic ensued. Shot and shell fell like rain among our men, who finally adjourned from that place in some disorder. The Admiral, who witnessed the whole proceeding, being himself under the thickest fire, remained remarkably cool, and ordered the tug to be brought down out of range of the enemy's guns. We were now within two miles of Rolling Fork, which would have introduced our gunboats into the Big Sunflower in a short time. Our guns were kept firing until the rebel batteries were silenced. The night was quiet.

Saturday, 21.—The rebels attacked again before daybreak, but our batteries soon silenced them. They, however, followed up the attack by sharpshooters, harassing us much, and compelling our guns' crews to keep under cover. The ports were the chief target, and as soon as they were opened a shower of balls greeted those working at the guns. Strunk, of the forward battery, was shot through the thigh; Thomas Graham was shot in the hand, and assistant-engineer John Hough (or Huff) received ball through his thigh, a serious wound. Altogether, some twenty were wounded in the different boats. The Carondelet seemed to get her full share of the hard knocks, being in the advance. At three a.m. Col. Smith, of the Eighth Missouri, arrived most opportunely with eight hundred men, and brought word that Gen. Sherman, with ten thousand men, was within about a day's march of us. Col. Smith's sharpshooters now began to peg away at the rebels, and they soon fell back out of range. The most opportune arrival of Col. Smith rescued the expedition from a serious dilemma. As the reinforcements were too far behind to be of service, the order was given to fall back, which the boats did slowly and in good order. In backing slowly down Bighleer Creek, the boats met with many obstructions, which had been placed there to retard and cut off our retreat, and it now became of the first importance to hasten out of reach of the enemy, who were gathering in heavy force from Haines's Bluff and Yazoo City. In the afternoon the rebel sharpshooters and skirmishers recommenced the attack, which was met by the Eighth Missouri and the other land forces which had now come up from below. Some splendid firing was made by Ensign Amerman's battery one shell falling in the midst of a large body of rebel troops who were just dropping into line. The effect upon their ranks was to skedaddle the whole crowd in a double-quick.

Monday, March 23.—The fleet continued slow-

ly backing down the creek, and was now out of range. One hundred and twenty-five of the sick troops of General Sherman were put on board the Carondelet, and many on other vessels.

Wednesday, March 25.—On the way down, the boats stopped at the plantations and took aboard what cotton could be conveniently carried, and the rest was destroyed. Some of the soldiers, on their own responsibility, burned three or four buildings. All the boats took on what cotton they could. Two prisoners, Dean and Howe, who had been detained, were released and sent ashore. On Wednesday, Gen. Sherman's sick were put ashore at Hill's. Information reached here that the Dew Drop, with one thousand two hundred rebel soldiers, had followed as far as Little Deer Creek, six miles distant. Late in the afternoon, Gen. Sherman's force were engaged in skirmishing with a rebel force near by. One of the Eighty-third Indiana was killed. The rebels had three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry.

Thursday, 26.—At Hill's plantation half of the Thirty-seventh Ohio regiment, with Brig.-General Ewing, embarked; the pickets were called in, bringing one prisoner, and at six p.m. the boats reentered Steele's Bayou. After pausing to bury seaman Long, who died of pneumonia on board the Carondelet, the vessel passed on down to the Yazoo, rather glad to get out of the wilderness.

It must be confessed the boats as they made their appearance again at their old rendezvous, excited no little attention from their dilapidated appearance. Most of them were minus one or both smoke-pipes, and much of the light upper wood-work was carried away or destroyed.

Herewith I send you a sketch of the country visited by the expedition, with the location of the different creeks and bayous, the plantations, Indian mounds, etc. The country is one of the most beautiful in this whole region, the plantations being large and flourishing, and every thing giving evidence of great former prosperity. A large quantity of supplies is sent from there to Vicksburgh.

—*N. Y. Times.*

Doc. 155.

INTERNAL AND COASTWISE INTER-COURSE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, in pursuance of the act of Congress, approved July thirteenth, 1861, I did, by proclamation, dated August sixteenth, 1861, declare that the inhabitants of the States of Georgia, South-Carolina, Virginia, North-Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi and Florida (except the inhabitants of that part of Virginia lying west of the Alleghany Mountains, and of such other parts of that State, and the other States hereinbefore named, as might maintain a loyal adherence to the Union and the Constitution, or might be from time to time occupied

and controlled by forces of the United States engaged in the dispersion of said insurgents) were in a state of insurrection against the United States, and that all commercial intercourse between the same and the inhabitants thereof, with the exceptions aforesaid, and the citizens of other States and other parts of the United States, was unlawful, and would remain unlawful until such insurrection should cease or be suppressed, and that all goods and chattels, wares and merchandise coming from any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, into other parts of the United States, without the license and permission of the President, through the Secretary of the Treasury, or proceeding to any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, by land or water, together with the vessel or vehicle conveying the same to or from said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, would be forfeited to the United States.

And whereas, experience has shown that the exceptions made in and by said proclamation embarrass the due enforcement of said act of July thirteenth, 1861, and the proper regulation of the commercial intercourse authorized by said act with the loyal citizens of said States ;

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby revoke the said exceptions, and declare that the inhabitants of the States of Georgia, South-Carolina, North-Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Florida, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties of Virginia designated as West-Virginia, and except, also, the ports of New-Orleans, Key West, Port Royal, and Beaufort, in North-Carolina,) are in a state of insurrection against the United States, and that all commercial intercourse, not licensed and conducted as provided in said act, between the said States and the inhabitants thereof, with the exceptions aforesaid, and the citizens of other States and other parts of the United States, is unlawful, and will remain unlawful until such insurrection shall cease or has been suppressed, and notice thereof has been duly given by proclamation ; and all cotton, tobacco, and other products, and all other goods and chattels, wares and merchandise coming from any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, into other parts of the United States, or proceeding to any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, without the license and permission of the President, through the Secretary of the Treasury, will, together with the vessel or vehicle conveying the same, be forfeited to the United States.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of [L. s.] Washington, this thirty-first day of March, A.D. 1863, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

By the President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

Doc. 156.

MEDALS OF HONOR TO SEAMEN.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, April 3, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER No. 11.

THE following seamen and others in the naval service of the United States have been specially mentioned to the department by their commanding officers in such terms as, in the opinion of the Secretary of the Navy, to entitle them to the Medal of Honor authorized by an act of Congress approved December twenty-first, 1861, to be bestowed upon "such petty officers, seamen, and marines, as shall most distinguish themselves by gallantry in action and other seamanlike qualities during the present war," namely :

James McCloud, captain of foretop, a volunteer from the Colorado, on board Pensacola, in the attack upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and at the taking of New-Orleans, April twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, 1862 ; specially commended.

Louis Richards, Quartermaster, also on board the Pensacola, on same occasions as those just mentioned. "Fine conduct"—"through din and roar of battle steered the ship through barricade, and his watchful devotion to orders contributed greatly to successful passage ;" "coolness perfectly heroic."

Thomas Flood, boy, also on board the Pensacola, on the same occasions, assisted "very materially by taking the duties of the Signal Quartermaster, who was shot down, which duties he performed with the coolness, exactitude, and fidelity of a veteran seaman." "Cannot speak too warmly of Flood." "Intelligence and character of a high order."

James Buck, Quartermaster, on board the Brooklyn, in the attack upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and at the taking of New-Orleans, April twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, 1862. "Stationed at the wheel." "Early in fight painfully wounded by a heavy splinter, but for seven hours stood bravely at his post, refusing to go below until positively ordered to do so." "Next morning stole to his station, and steered the ship over eight hours."

Oscar E. Peck, second-class boy, on board Varuna, in attack upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip. "Coolness and intrepidity attracted the attention of all hands." "Deserving great praise."

Thomas Genegan, Boatswain's Mate, on board Pinola, in the attack upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and at the taking of New-Orleans. "Brave example he set the crew, and faithful manner with which he served his gun, bringing up his own ammunition when men composing powder division had been nearly all killed or wounded."

Edward Farrel, Quartermaster, on board the Owasco, in the reduction of Forts Jackson and St. Philip. "His intelligence, coolness, and capacity were conspicuous."

Peter Williams, seaman, on board Monitor, in fight with Merrimac, March nineteenth, 1862. Made an acting Master's Mate ; but now (March, 1863) an acting Ensign on board Florida.

Benjamin Sevcarer, sailor, who raised flag on Fort Clark. "Deed of noble daring."

John Davis, quarter-gunner on board Valley City, in attack of enemy's vessels and a fort near Elizabeth City, North-Carolina, February tenth, 1862. When vessel was on fire near the magazine, seated himself on an open barrel of powder, as the only means to keep the fire out.

Charles Kenyon, fireman, on board Galena, in attack upon Drury's Bluff, May fifteenth, 1862. "Conspicuous for persistent courage."

Jeremiah Regan, Quartermaster, on board Galena, in same attack, May fifteenth, 1862. His good conduct "attracted the particular attention" of his commanding officer.

Alexander Hood, Quartermaster, John Kelley, second-class fireman. Both on board Ceres, in fight near Hamilton, up Roanoke River, July ninth, 1862, and both spoken of for "good conduct and soul-bravery."

Daniel Lakin, seaman; John Williams, seaman; John Breese, Boatswain's Mate; Alfred Peterson, seaman. All on board Commodore Perry, in attack upon Franklin, N. C., October third, 1862, and "distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct."

Thomas C. Barton, seaman on board Hunchback, in attack upon Franklin, N. C. Mentioned for "heroic conduct."

Edwin Smith, ordinary seaman on board Whitehead, in attack upon Franklin, N. C., October third, 1862. "Swam ashore under the fire of the enemy with a line, and thus rendered important service." Mentioned for "gallantry."

Daniel Harrington, landsman, on board Pochontas. Landing in a boat near Brunswick, (Ga.) March eleventh, 1862, and when fired upon by the enemy, concealed, "exhibited great coolness and bravery."

John Williams, captain maintop, on board Pawnee, in attack upon Mathias Point, June twenty-sixth, 1861. "Gallantry cannot be spoken of in too high terms. Though wounded by a musket-ball in the thigh, he retained charge of his boat; and when staff was shot away, held the stump in his hand, with the flag, till we got alongside the Freeborn."

J. B. Frisbee, gunner's mate, on board Pinola, in attack upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the taking of New-Orleans. "Berth-deck on fire, he instantly closed the magazine, and remained inside."

Thomas Bourne, seaman, William McKnight, coxswain, William Martin, seaman, Jno. Greene, captain forecastle. Captains of guns on board Varuna, in attack upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip, April twenty-fourth, 1862. Mentioned as having done "their duty, through the thickest of the fight, with great coolness and damage to the enemy."

John McGowan, Quartermaster, Amos Bradley, landsman. On board Varuna, in attack upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip, April twenty-fourth, 1862. "Stood at the wheel the whole of the time, although guns were raking the decks from behind them." "Their position was one of the most responsible on the ship, and they did their duty to the utmost."

George Hollat, third-class boy, on board Varuna, in attack upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip, April twenty-fourth, 1862. Mentioned "as deserving great praise."

Charles Florence, Boatswain's Mate; William Young, Boatswain's Mate; William Parker, Captain of the after-guard; Edward Wright, Quartermaster. On board the Cayuga, in attack upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the taking of New-Orleans, April twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, 1862. Mentioned with "praise for their conduct."

Charles Bradley, Boatswain's Mate; Timothy Sullivan, coxswain; James Byrnes, Boatswain's Mate, on the United States steamer Louisville. First captains of nine-inch guns. Specially recommended for their "attention to duty, bravery, and coolness in action."

John McDonald, Boatswain's Mate; Charles Robinson, Boatswain's Mate; Pierre Leon, Captain of the forecastle; Peter Cotton, coxswain, on board the Baron De Kalb. Mentioned by their commanding officer as having distinguished themselves in various actions.

Charles W. Morton, Boatswain's Mate, William Martin, Boatswain's Mate; Robert Williams, Signal Quartermaster. On board the Benton. Also mentioned by their commanding officer as having distinguished themselves in various actions.

The Secretary of the Navy therefore awards a Medal of Honor to each of the persons above mentioned, which will be transmitted upon application made through their commanding officers respectively.

The awards will be made hereafter only upon recommendations from commanding officers, in accordance with paragraphs four and five of General Order No. 10, of this department.

GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

Doc. 157.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR BONHAM

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
COLUMBIA, April 3, 1863. }

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

SINCE your last adjournment a mighty stride toward despotism has been made by the government of the North, indicative of a fixed purpose on the part of the dominant party if possible to conquer and destroy the South.

The sword and purse have been placed almost absolutely at the disposal of their President, in utter disregard of the Federal Constitution, making him virtually a despot. So far from this exciting a spirit of resistance, as many have vainly expected, from every portion of the North there comes nothing now but the note of preparation for the vigorous prosecution of the unholy war. The most sanguine must have abandoned all hopes of peace from foreign intervention or negotiations; from exhaustion of the enemy's men and means,

or from such resistance on the part of his subjects to Lincoln's tyrannical rule. With his control of the purse and power of draft there will be no lack of men for his armies.

It does not become us then, to shut our eyes to the fact that there cannot be any reasonable hope of peace, with his consent, during his term of office. It only remains for the people of this Confederacy, through themselves and their constituents, State and confederate authorities, to make adequate preparation to repel successfully the vandal attack. In their hands are their own destinies. With a country rich in all the resources which constitute the wealth of a nation; the finest type of government that the world ever beheld; a refined, cultivated, and enlightened people; an army perhaps not surpassed at any period of time in all the qualities which make troops invincible; contending for all that man in every age has held dear, it is their mission to go on making every preparation, submitting cheerfully to every sacrifice, and putting forth vigorously every effort necessary to secure the great boon which their fathers bequeathed to them—Independence.

The state of our foreign relations, and important developments in our own internal policy, which I shall proceed to indicate, have induced me to convene your bodies. Such measures as you in your wisdom, may devise to meet the emergency, I shall heartily endeavor to carry into effect. It is much to be feared that, while your act to limit the production of cotton to three acres to a full hand will restrain such as, having overflowing granaries, contemplate withholding their grain from market, and planting cotton almost exclusively, it has yet induced many, as I am informed, who propose planting little if any cotton, to plant the full number of acres allowed by law. And this is justified upon the ground that your statute is equivalent to an announcement by the chosen representatives of the people that such a course is not unpatriotic. If this feeling prevails extensively, it will be readily perceived what must be the result. All fertilizers will be put on the cotton lands to stimulate them to the highest production, while the corn lands will be thus proportionately impoverished.

In my first message, in January last, commending to your favorable consideration the Georgia law, I recommended a reduction of the number of acres below three. With the lights now before us, I recommend an amendment of your act so as to prohibit the planting over a half, or at most one acre to the full hand, and that the hands to be enumerated shall only be such as work in the crop. I invite your attention to the subject, and recommend, in the event a further restriction is imposed, that the two Houses ratify the act immediately after its passage.

The spirit of speculation has recently made such alarming strides in this State as to render your interposition necessary to arrest this evil. Large sums are invested in flour, corn, bacon, and other articles of prime necessity, to the monopoly almost of such articles in certain sections of the country;

and they are withheld from market, or are being exported beyond the limits of the State, to the great enhancement of prices, and to the manifest injury of the consumer, especially the families of those whose producing force is in the army.

Under these circumstances I have called into exercise the power conferred upon me by the constitution to prohibit, for thirty days, the exportation of provisions from this State, but with some modifications which I felt were due to our sister States and the confederate government. I have not gone, so far, beyond the retention of these articles within the limit of the State, and your action is requisite to enable me to carry fully into effect this clause of the constitution, as also to continue the prohibition without interruption, if you should deem it advisable.

I recommend the passage of an act which will authorize the Governor, through proper agents, to dispose, at their market value, of such articles as have been or may be seized *in transitu*, and after paying all expenses incurred out of the proceeds, to retain a certain proportion, to be distributed among the soldiers' boards of relief, the remainder to be returned to the owner, or such other appropriate legislation as you may deem better adapted to the case.

I also recommend that you adopt some legislation to arrest the purchase and monopoly of articles of prime necessity, even when it is not intended to export them beyond the limits of the State. The monopoly and withholding from market of supplies is most detrimental to the true interests of the whole country, now involved in such a war as has not been seen in modern times.

Your act, ratified eighteenth December last, to suppress the undue distillation of spirits from the cereal grains of the State, though stringent in its penalties, does not accomplish its object. I am informed of numerous violations of its provisions in various portions of the State, but have not yet heard of the first prosecution. Indeed, I learn, from some of the most respectable citizens, that no one seems willing to become an informer. It might be well to give the informer one half of the fine, but I am free to confess that I doubt its success even then. Some very worthy citizens of the State have urged the Executive to employ agents for the purpose of suppressing unlicensed distillations, which, of course, he has not the power to do. This is a crying evil, and mostly felt in the grain-growing districts, where the distilleries have heretofore been most abundant. The complaints to me from these sections are so numerous that this subject constitutes one of the principal objects of your convocation.

The permits authorized by me under the proviso in the act to distil a limited quantity for medical purposes only, is as yet probably far short of the medical wants of the whole State. For many districts there have been and doubtless will be no applications. I regret to say that I hear rumors of under-letting and violations of the contract, though not in any tangible form, which early steps will be taken to investigate. The sale

under the contracts I have endeavored to guard in every possible way. I am not sure but that all distillation "for medicinal purposes alone" should be limited to a single district of the State, under the charge of a competent agent, subject to the control of the Executive. But the trial made of the present system does not enable me to make any definite recommendations on this point.

The entire subject is commended to your earnest consideration, and I trust you will devise some means by which the undue distillation of the cereals, (and I would add molasses,) may be, for the present, effectually suppressed. The enormous profits on whisky afford apparently an irresistible inducement to distil grain; and the unwillingness of the citizens and officials to give information and prosecute is such, that the consumption of grain by distillation, without any permit, is a great evil.

All supplies which the country affords are needed for our armies in the field and our people at home. There is no limit to the capacity of the confederate States now to produce every thing requisite to carry on the war for an indefinite period. While our soldiers are proving themselves equal to the enemy everywhere, we at home may ruin our cause by an unwise failure to develop our resources and preserve our supplies. The two great questions with us are our finances and our supplies. The confederate government is endeavoring to regulate the former; the latter the State governments and the people themselves must regulate, and upon them rests a heavy responsibility.

The act to supply negro labor for coast defences experience has shown cannot be made effectual for the accomplishment of its objects. I have ascertained from the United States census of 1850, an abstract of which is herewith transmitted, that each division, as now arranged by the act, contained then at least five times as many road-hands as are called for by the confederate general, and, at this juncture, doubtless contains more. Not over one half of the road-hands of any one division has heretofore been sent to the coast. If, therefore, each division would furnish one half of its force heretofore sent down—that is, one fourth of its whole force—it would afford largely more than the number called for. But the second division—the only one whose time, so far, has arrived to respond to the call for its half, has furnished less than one fifth of the number called for by the confederate general. While a distrust as to the treatment of the negroes, and also as to their prompt return, deters some from sending their portion of the labor, the fine is too light to compel any. If that were adequate, the process of collection is too slow, each fine, by law, having to be sued for in the Court of Common Pleas, after being assessed and imposed by the commissioners; and, when collected, there is still no authority for the commissioners to pay this sum to the State agent, who might therewith procure some labor. Some more expeditious mode for procuring the labor and imposing and collecting

the fines will have to be adopted to secure the success of the scheme.

Some commissioners have doubted whether less than a quorum of the board can fill vacancies. Many commissioners being in the army, it may be well for the Legislature, at its present session, for this particular purpose, to fill the vacancies, and so to amend the act that one or more commissioners may appoint the number requisite to constitute a quorum, the vacancies to be filled from among such as are exempt from road duty, if necessary. I herewith transmit a copy of a recent correspondence with Colonel John S. Preston, commandant of conscripts for South-Carolina, upon a subject which, I presume, will give rise to no embarrassment. My action in the premises, as the Executive of the State, has been taken in accordance with the dictates of my best judgment; but, as some members of the Legislature entertain views differing somewhat from my own as to the construction to be placed upon your recent act connected with the subject, I have deemed it proper to lay the matter before you for such action as you may consider advisable.

Upon your own deliberations, and my humble efforts to carry out your decisions, I invoke the blessings of the Almighty.

M. L. BONHAM.

Doc. 158.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER,

APRIL 7, 1863.

OFF CHARLESTON HARBOR, ON BOARD FLAG-SHIP }
NEW IRONSIDES, Wednesday, April 8, 1863. }

THE sun has just gone down in Charleston harbor on what it is surely no straining of terms to call the most extraordinary contest in the annals of warfare.

Distressing though it be to write tidings which will carry pain and humiliation to the heart of the nation to read, it only remains to tell you that this fleet of iron-clads has measured its strength against Fort Sumter and the works that flank the entrance to Charleston harbor, and that it has withdrawn from the contest discomfited.

Estimated in the terms of time, the trial was brief; but it was decisive. An ordeal of two hours served to prove that the *defensive* powers of the iron fleet were insufficient to withstand the terrible force of the offensive machinery of the works it had to assail, while the limitations in the *offensive* powers of the iron-clads took away all the advantage which might have been derived from their superior powers of resistance over the forts. The enemy, by his obstructive appliances, was able to detain the fleet—whose total armament is *thirty-two* guns—in the focus of fire of a circle of works mounting at least *three hundred* guns; in half an hour, five out of the nine ships were wholly or partially disabled! Such is the ghastly fact in its naked proportions.

The following narrative will, it is hoped, afford material for a just appreciation of the events that transpired in Charleston harbor to-day during those two brief but pregnant hours. It is necessary to premise, however, that in this contest every thing is so novel and unprecedented that we must be cautious in applying the old standards of judgment to a new order of events.

Terrific though the action of to-day was, it can hardly be called a battle, for the fleet only felt the outposts of the enemy, and, owing to the obstructions, it was never even able to place itself where it was designed to begin operations—namely, on the north-west face of Fort Sumter. It was, in fact, though not in name, yet in reality, a reconnoissance in force. Every thing was untried. Both the work to be done, and the tools with which it was to be done, were comparatively untested. We knew but imperfectly the engines we were to use against the enemy; and we knew still more imperfectly the engines the enemy were to use against us. It is unfortunate, no doubt, that the revolution in the means and methods of offensive and defensive warfare now dawning on the world, and the urgency of the struggle in which the nation is engaged, should have necessitated the hazarding of a great battle on elements which are all but unknown. The trial, however, had to be made. It *has* been made, and though we are not gainers in what is always the aim of battle—direct material success—we have at least enriched our experience with that which, if rightly profited by, will yet bring success.

It would be folly for me to conceal from you that the result of this reconnoissance produces but one conviction on the mind of unprejudiced observers, the conviction of the utter insufficiency of our iron-clad fleet to take Charleston, alone. I feel it necessary at the outset, however, to indicate to you briefly the considerations that go to create this conviction, and the more so that I readily foresee that there will be some who, simply because the whole fleet was not left at the bottom of Charleston harbor, will be disposed to assert that the trial was insufficient, and will be clamorous for a renewal of it.

The result of the engagement, as already indicated, was to put out of the fight five of the nine iron-clads. One of these the Keokuk, or Whitney battery, was so horribly riddled that though she was brought out to her old anchorage, she has sunk.

The other four, though now that they come to be examined by the engineers, fortunately prove to be not so injured but that they can be soon repaired, were yet so damaged as to be put for the time being quite *hors du combat*. Remember that this tremendous effect—the disabling of one half the entire fleet—was accomplished in less than half an hour. Remember, again, that this took place simply at the entrance of the Inferno of fire through which the fleet must have had to pass to reach Charleston, and that there was before it a double line of batteries stretching up for four miles before the city is gained, at each point

of which the ships must have been exposed to a fire equal in intensity to that it felt under the walls of Sumter. But finally, remember that rebel artillery was not the most formidable foe our ships had to withstand; that, commencing at the point our fleet reached, directly across from Sumter, and extending all the distance up to the city, are successive lines of piles, effectually barring the progress of the vessels, and detaining them at known ranges within the focus of fire; that there are other lines of nets and ropes for the purpose of fouling the propellers, and that the whole channel is studded with submarine batteries, of proportions never before dreamed of in naval warfare.

That the entire fleet was not destroyed and left in the hands of the enemy is due to the skill of the gallant sailor commanding the expedition, and to the tact and pluck of the captains of the respective ships. That skill, tact, and pluck rendered what, in the hands of any man less able, must have been a most crushing and terrible disaster, a simple repulse, very distressing and mortifying, 'tis true, but one which leaves no blot on the fame of those engaged, and one which, rightly viewed, need abate not a jot of the heart or hope with which the nation holds to the awfully sacred work which God has given it to do.

II.

Certainly never did a fleet bent on so great a mission, set out with so little of pomp and circumstance as marked the departure of the expedition, so long preparing, against Charleston. Those who have read the volumes of Mr. Motley will remember the magnificent description in the *History of the Netherlands*, of the sailing of the Spanish Armada, with its hundreds of galleons and galleasses in their high state and bravery. There is absolutely nothing of this to tell in the story of our expedition. Indeed, so quietly had the fleet been dropping away from Port Royal for a week or ten days previous to the departure of the naval and military chiefs of the expedition—now a couple of iron-clads, now a convoy of gunboats with transports—that one rubbed his eyes at the time of the official announcement of the inauguration of operations on the first of April, to see that the vast fleet, numbering over one hundred vessels, had really gone. On Thursday, the first of April, Admiral Du Pont and staff left Port Royal on the James Adger, General Hunter and staff sailing on the following day in the steamer Ben Deford.

The fleet, which for a week or ten days had been dropping away from Port Royal, had been during the same time meeting in rendezvous in North Edisto River, which, you will observe, empties into the sea somewhat over half-way between Port Royal and Charleston harbor, and forms a safe and convenient *entrepôt* for the expedition.

Arriving at Edisto on Friday afternoon, (April third,) we found the whole fleet assembled in the embouchure of the river. Tides and winds were now the only conditions that remained to control the movement of the expedition. The iron-clads

require all the water over the Charleston bar that the most favorable circumstances provide, and it had been made a point that we should be in full fighting trim, and as near as possible to the scene of operations by the full of the moon, (April third,) when for three days before and after that period the spring tides prevail, and the "moist star upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands" piles up the waters off this coast a foot or two higher than their normal state. The water over the Charleston bar in ordinary times is but eighteen feet. Now, the New Ironsides draws sixteen feet, and as during the spring tides we get at least nineteen feet, the advantage of this season is manifest.

Weather as well as tides, however, had to be counted with, for maugre many fine popular illusions as to the splendid sea-going qualities of the monitors, all naval men here know that they are utterly unseaworthy, and that they require the deftest and most delicate handling. Now, for several days the wind had been blowing fresh, and ruffled the sea to such an extent as to make Admiral Du Pont unwilling to leave his anchorage, and hazard the inauguration of active operations off Charleston. On the day following our arrival in Edisto, however, (Saturday, April fifth,) the wind went down with the sun, and the resplendent full moon rose on a sea calm as the Galilean lake. With early dawn of Sunday the prows were turned northward, and in the course of three hours the fleet lay to in the station occupied by the blockaders, outside of Charleston bar, half a dozen miles from Sumter. In the afternoon Capt. Rhind was sent in with his vessel, the Keokuk, assisted by C. O. Boutelle, Assistant U. S. Coast Survey, commanding the Bibb, Acting Ensign Platt, and the pilots of the squadron to buoy out the bar. The bar was crossed by the new channel, called the Pumpkin Channel, formed on the north side of the main channel in which the stone hulks were sunk last year. Strange to say, the new channel made by the action of the quicksands, is not only as good, but it is better than the old one, and gives a foot and a half more water than has ever been known since soundings were made there. This preliminary work was performed with entire success.

On Monday morning Admiral Du Pont transferred his pennant from the James Adger, in which he had come up from Port Royal, to the Ironsides, which was to be the flag-ship during the engagement, and the iron fleet in battle order got under way to cross the bar on the flood-tide. This delicate task was handsomely done, and by nine o'clock the nine iron-clads had all crossed the bar, and had gained a position in the main ship-channel, extending in file parallel with Morris Island, and within a mile of the shore.

And now, at this point, arose one of these complexities, which, apparently insignificant in themselves, often frustrate the greatest designs, especially when those designs depend on a delicate combination of circumstances. A slight haze or "smoke," very common along this coast during the spring months, had, since daybreak, hung

over sea and shore, and this developed with the heat of the day to such an extent as wholly to obscure the "ranges" by which the fleet was to steer. These ranges had been determined and planted by Mr. Boutelle, of the Coast Survey. They consisted of various buoys and ships at anchor, which when brought into line with certain fixed points on shore—here a clump of trees, there a church steeple in Charleston, (the rebels, of course, had destroyed all the old landmarks, and not only so, but so far as possible, levelled to the ground every standing object of sufficient altitude to give bearings,) were to serve the pilots to guide the iron-clads in the arduous navigation of the intricate channel ways—a task delicate and difficult under the most favorable circumstances, but rendered ten thousand times more so by the absence of all buoys, the impossibility, on board the iron-clads, of dropping the lead to obtain soundings, and the excessive difficulty of seeing from the narrow slits in the pilot-house. It was absolutely necessary to have three of these ranges always in sight, involving the necessity of seeing three, four, five miles. The haze rendered this absolutely impossible, and there was nothing for the fleet to do but to lie at anchor in the roadstead it had gained in the main ship channel, along the line of Morris Island, and await further developments.

III.

'Tis the seventh "of April by the chime." We are lying off Charleston harbor. The sea, smooth as a surface of burnished steel, is beneath and around us. Sumter looms up in plain sight, a sentinel in the middle of the entrance to the harbor, and the rising sun bathes its top in golden glory; but unlike that Memnon's statue, which gave forth music to the god of day, awakes from its frowning battlements only the hoarse clamor of the daybreak gun. A gentle north wind has blown away the haze, and a diaphanous atmosphere invites to the work before us.

The plan of attack has been fully developed by Admiral Du Pont, and each captain of the iron fleet is provided with a copy of the official order for his guidance. I subjoin herewith a transcription of this document, and although, unhappily, the programme was baulked and brought to naught, it will be interesting as a clear exposition of the plans and purposes of the gallant sailor who led the fleet.

ORDER OF BATTLE AND PLAN OF ATTACK UPON CHARLESTON.

The bar will be buoyed by the Keokuk, Commander Rhind, assisted by C. O. Boutelle, Assistant United States Coast Survey, commanding the Bibb; by Acting Ensign Platt, and the pilots of the squadron. The commanding officers will, previous to crossing, make themselves acquainted with the value of the buoys.

The vessels will, on signal being made, form in the prescribed order ahead, at intervals of one cable's length.

The squadron will pass up the main ship-channel, without returning the fire of the batteries on

Morris Island, unless signal should be made to commence action.

The ships will open fire on Fort Sumter when within easy range, and will take up a position to the northward and westward of that fortification, engaging its left or north-west face, at a distance of from one thousand to eight hundred yards, firing low, and aiming at the centre embrasure.

The commanding officers will instruct their officers and men to carefully avoid wasting a shot, and will enjoin upon them the necessity of *precision* rather than *rapidity* of fire.

Each ship will be prepared to render every assistance possible to vessels that may require it.

The special code of signals prepared for the iron-clad vessels, will be used in action.

After the reduction of Fort Sumter, it is probable the next point of attack will be the batteries on Morris Island.

The order of battle will be the line ahead, in the following succession :

1. Weehawken, with raft, Capt. John Rodgers.
2. Passaic, Capt. Percival Drayton.
3. Montauk, Commander John L. Worden.
4. Patapsco, Commander Daniel Ammen.
5. New Ironsides, Commodore Thos. Turner.
6. Catskill, Commander Geo. W. Rodgers.
7. Nantucket, Commander Donald McN. Fairfax.

8. Nahant, Commander John Downes.
 9. Keokuk, Lieut. Commander Alex. C. Rhind.
 A squadron of reserve, of which Captain J. F. Green will be senior officer, will be formed outside the bar, and near the entrance buoy, consisting of the following vessels :

Canandaigua, Capt. Joseph H. Green.
 Unadilla, Lieut. Commander S. P. Quackenbush.

Housatonic, Capt. Wm. R. Taylor.
 Wissahickon, Lieut. Commander J. G. Davis.
 Huron, Lieut. Commander G. A. Stevens.

And will be held in readiness to support the iron-clads when they attack the batteries on Morris Island.

S. F. DU PONT,
 Rear-Admiral Commanding South-Atlantic
 Blockading Squadron.

Nothing now is wanting to the immediate inauguration of the plan of operations thus drawn out, save that ebb-tide shall come, as that condition of the water will afford the greatest facilities for steering. This will be at eleven o'clock ; but it lacks an hour or two of that—so let us look about us, and take in the elements of the panorama that stretches out before us.

We are on board the Coast Survey steamer Bibb, which, for the purpose of obtaining the best possible view, has been carried into the Swash channel, at a point three and a quarter miles from Fort Sumter, and about two and a half from the batteries that flank the entrance to the harbor on Sullivan's and Morris Islands. We are, consequently, looking directly up into the harbor and the city, which lies in the vista beyond—its wharves and ships, houses and steeples, standing out in the background like a picture. Steeples and roofs are crowded with spectators,

the neighboring shores are lined with onlookers, just as when, now two years ago, less two days, the same spectators stood on the same eignes of vantage to see, in the same harbor, another bombardment, while *another* flag from that which now flaunts in our eyes, floated from the walls of Sumter.

'Tis a brilliant day, with the sky and air of June ; the yellow butterflies of spring flit in bright flocks, and the white-bellied sea-gulls swoop through the air, soon, alas ! to be filled with other and more terrible winged things ! We have before us a mounted telescope of two hundred magnifying power, which consequently brings batteries, shore and ships, within a couple of hundred yards of us, though the whole scene is perfectly visible to the unassisted eye.

We are facing Fort Sumter, and looking directly up the harbor. We have, accordingly, Sullivan's Island on our right hand, and Morris Island on our left. These two islands end each in curved points of land, and at their nearest approach, are separated by an interval of a mile, formed by the entrance to the harbor, and just on the middle of this passage, and right between the two points of land, stands Fort Sumter, built on an artificial island made in mid-channel. Both Morris and Sullivan's Islands are scarcely removed above the level of the sea, which, indeed, would probably invade and cover them, were it not that the margin of the islands on their sea-frontage, is marked by a continuous narrow strip of low sand-hills, some five or six feet in height. Behind the second ridge of the islands, are alternate salt marsh, sand, and clumps of wood of live-oak, palmetto and tangled tropical undergrowths. The whole coast of South-Carolina and Georgia, consists of a labyrinth of islands and islets of this character, round which reedy creeks and rivers wind.

With Sullivan's Island on our right, we run the eye up to its upper or north end, formed by Breach Inlet. Guarding this point, is Breach Inlet battery—a powerful sand-work, having a circular dome-like bomb-proof magazine in its centre. It is, however, three miles from the entrance of the harbor, and will not be able to molest our ships on their passage. Its chief value has been to aid blockade-runners, as it covers Maffit's Channel (the passage through which the great majority of these craft run in) from the approach of our blockaders. At present, it will serve to oppose our landing troops at Breach Inlet, should the attempt be made. Coming down along the shore of Sullivan's Island, from Breach Inlet, we next reach Fort Beauregard, a powerful sand battery, mounting very heavy guns, and situated on the turn of the island a little right of the "Moultrie House" hotel, from which it is separated only by five intervening sea-shore houses. Next, to the right of the channel up and opposite Fort Sumter, is Fort Moultrie, which has been prodigiously strengthened by the rebel engineers, both in its means of offence and of defence. Looking up the harbor, and still to the right, the eye takes in the extensive line of works, *en cremaille*, called

the Redan, and which has been formed by throwing up intrenchments on the line of the break-water erected some years ago by the United States Government, for the protection of that portion of the harbor. Beyond the Redan, up near the head of the harbor, on an island, appears Castle Pinckney, in the vista, looking like the Battery in New-York City as seen from the sea-entrance.

So far as the eye can see we have now exhausted the fortifications on the right hand side of the harbor. It now remains briefly to glance at those that line the left hand side. In the mean while, Fort Sumter rises up conspicuously before us in mid-channel. We can see every brick in its walls. Two faces out of its five, and two angles only, come within sight from our point of view, namely, the south face, on which the sally-port and wharf are placed, and the eastern face. You are too familiar with the general features of this historic work to make any description necessary. It was, you know, pierced for two tiers of guns, but the lower embrasures had been filled in to strengthen it. From the top of the fort frown the barbette guns, which comprise all the heaviest portion of its armament. You can count distinctly each barbette gun—one, two, three, four, five on this; one, two, three, four on that, and so on all round, and it is easy to see that the ordnance is of the most formidable character. From a flag-staff on one of the angles of the fort, floats the confederate flag; from a flag-staff on the opposite angle floats the palmetto flag.

Passing now to the left hand side of the harbor, on James Island, we first have the Wappoo battery, near Wappoo Creek, effectually commanding the embouchure of Ashley River and the left side of the city. Next, coming down, we have Fort Johnston, and between it and Castle Pinckney, on an artificial island raised by the rebels, on the "middle ground," is Fort Ripley. Coming down to Cumming's Point, directly opposite Moultrie, is the Cumming's Point battery, named by the rebels Battery Bee, after the general of that name; south of Battery Bee, on Morris Island, is Fort Wagner, a very extensive sand battery of the most powerful construction. Half-way down Morris Island, again, from Fort Wagner, is a new sandwork erected by the rebels since I surveyed the ground from the blockading fleet, a fortnight ago. Finally, down at Lighthouse Inlet, which divides Morris from Folly Island, is another fortification, covering an attempt at a landing at that point. Such is the formidable panorama the eye takes in, in sweeping around the harbor and its approaches, and which you can imagine pictures itself on the retina in much less time than is required for the description.

IV.

And now, before the horrible fascination of battle shall whirl all thought and feeling into a tumultuous chaos, is it possible to realize for a moment the true nature of the situation before us?

With respect both to the obstacles we are to

meet, and the engines with which we are to meet them, every thing is novel and unprecedented. Comparison is simply impossible, for where there are no points of resemblance comparison is out of the question.

But can you imagine, if one were permitted to play with the elements of time and space—the shade of Nelson transferred from his gun-deck off Trafalgar, after but little over half a century, and placed on board of one of those iron craft before us; and can you imagine the sensations of that consummate master of all the elements of naval warfare as known in his day? He must be helpless as a child, and bewildered as a man in a dream. From his splendid three-decker, the Victory, carrying its hundred guns, and towering majestically on the water, which it rides like a thing of life, he finds himself imprisoned in an iron casing, the whole hull and frame of which is submerged in the water, the waves washing clean over its deck, and depending for its defensive power on a couple of guns, of a calibre that would astonish him, placed in a circular tower, rising from the deck amidships. This turret is in thickness eleven inches of wrought-iron, revolves on an axis by the delicate appliances of steam engineering, and contains the entire armament and fighting crew of the ship. The fire, the animation, the life of an old-time naval fight, when men gave and took, exposed to plain view—when ships fought yard-arm to yard-arm, and human nature in its intensest exaltation appeared, are here wholly out of the question, with the combatants shut up in impenetrable iron, and delivering their fire by refined process of mathematical and mechanical appliance.

Nor are the outward shapes of these craft less divergent from all that the world has hitherto seen of naval models than are their internal economy and fighting arrangements removed from all previous modes. The majesty of a first-class man-of-war, with its lines of beauty and strength, on which the æsthetic instincts of ages have been expended, is here replaced by purely geometrical combinations of iron, in which the one paramount and all-controlling consideration is the resisting power of lines, angles, and surfaces. As they stretch in horrid file before us, along the shore of Morris Island, awaiting the signal from the flagship to move, those nine ships, comprising the three different models represented by the Ironsides, the Monitors, and the Keokuk, one might almost fancy that some of the pachydermous monsters which paleontology brings to view from the "dark backward and abysm of time," had returned in an iron resurrection; and the spectacle they presented to the rebels from their posts of outlook, must have been one of portentous grandeur.

Precisely at half-past twelve o'clock the fleet begins to move on to the attack. The line of battle is formed in the order assigned to each ship in the Admiral's programme, and the position as marked on the diagram—the Keokuk, which brings up the rear of the line, lying down nearly opposite Lighthouse Inlet, and the others

extending on at intervals of a cable's length—the Weehawken leading the van.

The wooden gunboat fleet lies in reserve outside the bar, close by the position occupied by the blockaders.

The head of the line is some four miles from the position the fleet is to make before opening fire, and all the batteries on Morris Island—they must pass within easy range of each—have to be run.

The fleet is hardly in motion, however, when the leading vessel, the Weehawken, stops, and all the others have to stop, also. The cause of this delay, as we afterward learned, was the derangement of a raft which had been attached to the Weehawken for the purpose of exploding torpedoes and clearing away obstructions. This instrument is one of the inventions of Mr. Ericsson's fertile genius, and consists of a raft about twelve feet square, composed of transverse timbers, eighteen inches in thickness, fitting on to the prow of the vessel. From the forward part of this raft, suspended from a cable six feet in the water, was to be a large projectile, containing several thousand pounds of powder, so constructed that the line of fraction would be forward and laterally, and capable of being exploded from the turret by means of a lanyard. One of the two of these rafts which had been brought down was attached to the Weehawken, which for this reason was assigned the leading position in the line. Owing to the purely experimental character of the device, however, the projectile was not attached to the raft, but in its place a number of grappling-irons had been affixed, which it was hoped would be found of service in exploding and tearing out torpedoes. In the course of getting under way, these grapplings had become fouled in the anchor-cable, and this was the cause of the delay of the Weehawken and of the whole fleet.

It takes an hour to set this matter to rights, and at half-past one o'clock the fleet is once more under way.

Depend upon it, there were two parties that watched the progress of the iron fleet with an intensity of interest that words are too feeble to express—we, spectators from our vessels, and the still more interested spectators in the forts, who kept up a perpetual signaling of its approach from point to point.

Slowly the leading vessel, followed by the other eight iron-clads, moves up the main ship-channel—the shore of Morris Island, against which from our point of view they seem to rest, forming a fixed point, by which we measure the progress of the fleet. The first battery to whose fire it will be exposed is Fort Wagner, and one fixes his eye on it and on the Weehawken, approaching nearer and nearer, for the fleet will there undergo its first fiery baptism.

Now, then, she comes within range of the fort: no fire. She passes across it: still no fire! The second ship comes up, and meets the same silent reception; and so on, one by one, till, with the Keokuk, the whole nine file by without a single shot from this seemingly formidable work.

Meantime, while the fleet is passing Wagner unmolested, the leading vessel has come up with the next rebel work—Battery Bee. The same silent reception for her; the same silent reception for the whole fleet! What is the meaning of this? The enemy is obviously holding back his fire until he can deliver it with the greatest possible effect.

The line has now passed across the front of Morris Island, and rounds to make the entrance of the harbor, coming up within the circle of the fire of Fort Sumter and the batteries on Sullivan's Island. The suspense becomes painful.

“There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held their breath
For a while.”

In an instant a hollow square of smoke rises from the top of Sumter—a hollow square of flame shoots up—a crash counterfeiting “Jove's dread clamors” bursts on the ear, and a whole broadside streams down from the barbette guns. It is precisely four minutes past three in the afternoon.

While the Weehawken is receiving this fire, the others are gradually coming up to the same position; but the leading vessel, instead of passing on above Sumter, so as to place herself in the prescribed station opposite the north-west face, sheers off to the right, and hangs estopped between Sumter and Moultrie!

Heavens! what can be the matter?

From our point of view, no cause for this unlooked-for development can be perceived, but to those on the Weehawken it is only too apparent. Stretching from a point close to the north-eastern angle of Fort Sumter, completely across the channel to Fort Moultrie, is a stout hawser, floating on lager-beer casks, on which are hung nets, seines, and cables, strung with torpedoes. The vessel comes afoul of this, whisks up the nasty entanglements with its propeller, is thus deprived of all motive power, and is at the mercy of the current, to be drifted ashore into the hands of the rebels. If this fatality was not actually realized by the iron-clads, it was owing to the admirable skill of the captains of the foremost ships, who, when their vessels were just on the point of fouling, sheered off, and saved themselves and the fleet.

The right-hand channel being thus obstructed, it remains to see what can be done with the left, between Sumter and Cumming's Point. But this, too, is still more effectually blockaded by a row of piles, rising ten feet above the water, and extending across the whole width of the passage. Looking up the harbor, another row of piles discloses itself, stretching across from Fort Ripley on the middle ground to Fort Johnson. It does not stretch entirely across, however, for midway is an opening, inviting the passage of the fleet. Submerged in the water, underneath that opening, is a torpedo filled with—incredible though the statement may seem, it is an actual fact—five thousand pounds of powder! Furthermore, above this first line of piles is a second, and above the second a third—while above all, and

just behind the upper line of obstructions, are the three rebel iron-clads, drawn up in battle array, and vomiting huge clouds of smoke.

You can readily conceive that this unlooked-for estoppel utterly deranged the original intentions. The rebels were quite as well aware as we that the north-west face of Sumter is its weakest point; that it was, in fact, never finished, and, therefore, that it would be first attacked; and they used every means which admirable engineering skill could suggest to prevent our reaching it.

Thus brought to a pause, it only remained for the iron-clads to take up such positions as they could. And the complication was further increased by the ill behavior of the flag-ship, the Ironsides. While steaming along up through the passage in front of Sumter, she is caught by the tideway, and veered off from her course, and her huge iron frame refusing to obey her rudder, she becomes in great part unmanageable. This embarrassed not her only, but all that portion of the fleet following her. The two monitors immediately behind (the Catskill and the Nantucket) fell foul of her, the one on one side and the other on the other, and it was full fifteen minutes before they could be got clear and pass on.

In this plight it only remained for Admiral Du Pont to signal to the fleet to disregard the movements of the flag-ship. This he did, and the ships then assumed such positions as were available and they could gain, the whole number being at the mouth of the harbor, between Cumming's Point and Sullivan's Island, and opposite the north-east and eastern face of Fort Sumter, at distances of from six hundred to a thousand yards. While the manœuvres rapidly indicated in these paragraphs are going on, you must not suppose the enemy is inactive. The powerful work on Cumming's Point, named Battery Bee, opens, the long-range rifle-ordnance of Fort Beauregard join in, Moultrie hurls its heavy metal, the fifty guns that line the Redan swell the fire, and the tremendous armament of Sumter vomits forth its fiery hail.

There now ensues a period of not more than thirty minutes, which forms the climax and white heat of the fight; for though from the time when fire was opened on the head of the approaching line to the time when the retiring fleet passed out of the enemy's range, there was an interval of two hours and a half, (from half-past two till five,) yet the essence of the fight was shut in those thirty tremendous minutes.

The best resources of the descriptive art, I care not in whose hand, are feeble to paint so terrific and awful a reality. Such a fire, or any thing even approaching it, was simply never seen before. The mailed ships are in the focus of a concentric fire of the five powerful works already indicated, from which they are removed only from five to eight hundred yards, and which in all could not have mounted less than three hundred guns. And, understand, these not the lighter ordnance, such as thirty-two or forty-two-pounders, which form the ordinary armament of

forts, but of the very heaviest calibre—the finest and largest guns from the spoils of the Norfolk navy-yard, the splendid and heavy ten and eleven-inch guns cast at the Tredegar Works, and the most approved English rifled guns, (Whitworth and others,) of the largest calibre made.

There was something almost pathetic in the spectacle of those little floating circular towers, exposed to the crushing weight of those tons of metal, hurled against them with the terrific force of modern projectiles, and with such charges of powder as were never before dreamed of in artillery firing. During the climax of the fire a hundred and sixty shots were counted in a single minute! Some of the commanders of the iron-clads afterward told me that the shot struck their vessels as fast as the ticking of a watch, and not less than three thousand five hundred rounds could have been fired by the rebels during the brief engagement!

It was less of the character of an ordinary artillery duel, and more of the proportions of a war of the Titans in the elder mythologies.

While the fleet is receiving the fire from the forts, what, in the mean time, are the iron-clads doing in return?

On the order being given to disregard the movements of the flag-ship, the brilliantly audacious Rhind ran his vessel, the Keokuk, up through the others and laid it seemingly under the very walls of Sumter, and within a little more than five hundred yards from it. Close behind him, within six hundred yards of the Fort, is the Catskill, commanded by George Rodgers, a soul of courage all compact; and to both of them one could not help applying the exclamation of Nelson at Trafalgar: "See how Collingwood, that noble fellow, carries his ship into the fight!"

Close by is the Montauk, commanded by the heroic Worden; while not far removed are the Passaic, the Patapseo, the Nahant, the Nantucket, the Weehawken, and the Ironsides.

The whole fleet is devoting itself mainly to the face of Fort Sumter presented to it, with the exception of the Ironsides, which, from its position, can do better work on Fort Moultrie, and is pouring forth its terrific broadside from its seven ten-inch guns on that work.

Could you look through the smoke, and through the flame-lit ports, into one of those revolving towers, a spectacle would meet your eye such as Vulcan's stithy might present. Here are the two huge guns which form the armament of each monitor—the one eleven and the other fifteen inches in diameter of bore. The gunners, begrimed with powder and stripped to the waist, are loading the gun. The charge of powder—thirty-five pounds to each charge—is passed up rapidly from below; the shot, weighing four hundred and twenty pounds, is hoisted up by mechanical appliances to the muzzle of the gun, and rammed home; the gun is run out to the port, and tightly "compressed;" the port is open for an instant, the captain of the gun stands behind, lanyard in hand—"Ready, fire!" and the

enormous projectile rushes through its huge parabola, with the weight of ten thousand tons, home to its mark.

That mark is the face of Sumter, which already displays palpable proofs of the horrid impact. Half-a dozen ugly pock-marks show conspicuous, and a huge crater is formed in the parapet near the eastern angle. We look with interest at these effects, and look forward with good hope to seeing a breach at length effected, if only the iron-clads can remain long enough under fire to batter away.

If only they could have remained!

But what craft, pray, *could* remain under such a hurricane of fire? And what is this coming down out of the fight? It is the Keokuk; we know her by her double turret. She has defied Sumter under its very walls, and now comes out to report to the flag-ship that she has received her death-blow, and is in a sinking condition! The flag-ship herself has had one of her port-shutters shot away, thus exposing her gun-deck, and red-hot shot has penetrated her wooden bows. In addition, three others showed signs of disablement, and there was little more than sufficient daylight left for the fleet to gain its old anchorage. At five o'clock the Admiral makes signal to retire.

V.

Beyond the fact that half the fleet was disabled, neither those who were engaged, nor we who were spectators, had any means of ascertaining the nature of the damage our iron-clads had sustained until the fleet had retired and resumed its old anchorage off the shore of Morris Island. At the conclusion of the fight, however, I obtained the use of a steam-tug, and was thus enabled to pass from vessel to vessel. I spent the entire night in this work, and have thus the means to report definitely of the amount and nature of the damage they received. From the nature of the circumstances, however, the indications can be purely of a descriptive character, without any claim to scientific precision.

The Nahant received in all thirty wounds, several of them bad fractures of the deck and sides, below and above the water-line. The most fatal blow, however, was given by a heavy rifled shot, which struck the pilot-house, and dislodged several of the bolts, one of which, driven violently inward, wounded all of the three inmates of the pilot-house—the Captain, (Captain Downs, Massachusetts,) the Pilot, (Isaac Sofield, New-Jersey,) and the Quartermaster, (Edward Cobb, Massachusetts.) The Quartermaster had been struck by the bolt on the back of the skull, which received a compound comminuted fracture. When I saw the poor fellow, late at night, he was in a state of coma, his life ebbing away. He died this morning. The pilot's wound was a severe contusion of the neck and shoulder, and he is doing well. The Captain received merely a slight contusion of the foot. Other bolts were driven in, in the turret also, and the following were wounded: John McAlister, seaman, (Canada,) concussion of brain;

John Jackson, seaman, (Massachusetts;) Roland Martin, seaman, (Massachusetts;) and James Murry, seaman, (Massachusetts,) slightly hurt by flying bolts in the turret.

The Passaic also received twenty-five or thirty wounds. The most extraordinary shot was from a large ten-inch rifled projectile, which struck the top of the turret, scooping out a huge portion of the iron, breaking all of the eleven plates of an inch thickness each, and spending its force on the pilot-house, (which is placed on the top of the turret,) in which it made a crater three inches deep, and producing such a shock on the pilot-house as to start its top and raise it up three inches! Had not the force of the impact been broken on the turret, there can be little doubt that this shot would have gone clean through the pilot-house. Another shot hit the turret, forcing the place struck inward, and producing a big swell on the interior. The same shock disabled the carriage of the eleven-inch gun, while portions of the interior iron-casing fell down, and, lodging in the groove of the turret, stopped its revolution.

The Nantucket, besides receiving a number of wounds, had her turret so jarred that the cover of the port could not be opened, and consequently the fifteen-inch gun could not be used.

These three are all of the monitor type.

In addition, the other monitors each received shots more or less, though not disabling them. Thus the Catskill was hit twenty times. The worst wound was from a rifled shot, which broke the deck-plating forward, going through it, breaking a beam beneath, and spending its force on an iron stanchion, which it settled half an inch.

The Ironsides was frequently struck. One of the shots broke off and carried away one of her port shutters, and her wooden bows were penetrated by shell, though they were prevented from doing the damage they otherwise must have done, by Commodore Turner's precaution of protecting the exposed part of the vessel with sand-bags.

But the poor Keokuk — she, of all others, was the most fearfully maltreated. This vessel was struck ninety times, and she had nineteen holes above and below the water-line, some of a size through which a boy might crawl. Her turrets (five and three quarter inches of iron in thickness) were fairly riddled and came out of the contest mere sieves. During the action twelve of her men were wounded, among whom was her commander, the gallant Rhind. The others are as follows:

Alexander McIntosh, Acting Ensign, dangerously wounded; Charles McLaughlin, seaman, dangerously wounded; James Ryan, seaman, severely; William McDonald, seaman, severely; Richard Nicholson, Quartermaster, slightly; David Chaplin, seaman, slightly; C. B. Mott, landsman, slightly; J. W. Abbott, seaman, slightly; J. O'Connor, landsman, slightly; George Wilson, seaman, slightly; J. Brown, seaman, slightly; Henry Swords, seaman, slightly.

During the night her pumps were kept at work, to throw out the leaks she was making. The sea

had become somewhat rough, however, and was washing in through the holes in her bows. By daylight it became obvious that she must sink. I had remained on board the Catskill during the night, and at six o'clock word was brought down that the Keokuk, which was hard by us, had made a signal of distress. Passing up on deck, we saw she was rapidly settling forward. At her signal boats and tugs had come to her assistance, and were busy removing her wounded men. Barely time enough was afforded to get off them and her crew, for she had settled so much that the water was pouring into her turrets. Two or three of the men, indeed, had to jump into the sea, and were hauled into the small-boats. Suddenly she gives a lurch to one side, and a lurch to the other, and plunges under. She went down at eight o'clock at the spot of her original anchorage, near Lighthouse Inlet, and all that is visible of her is the upper portion of her smoke-stack.

Thus ended the brief and glorious career of this interesting vessel—the first iron-clad ever sunk in battle. Her story must form a most important chapter in the history of these new engines of naval warfare, and her fate presents an astounding example of the frightful power of modern projectiles.

Of course, it is impossible to leave the corpse there to be resurrected by the rebels, and it has been determined to blow her up to-morrow morning with the torpedo exploder; so that, by a grim kind of satire this instrument will be first tested in blowing up one of our own ships!

VI.

Such were the results of these thirty minutes fire which presented themselves to the naval chiefs, when the reports came in the day after the battle.

There was but one conviction in the minds of all who were made acquainted with these facts, whether among the naval people engaged or intelligent outside observers—the fight could not be renewed. And yet it was fully expected, on the night of the battle, that another trial would be made in the morning. I saw many of the captains of the iron-clads during that night. All were ready to resume the battle, though each man felt that he was going to an inevitable sacrifice. I confess I prayed that the fiery cup might pass from them, and that no impetuosity might prompt our leader to throw the fleet again into that frightful fire.

The grand old sailor, the noble Du Pont, who is loved with singular devotion by all under his command, combines in his character that fiery impetuosity which marked Dundonald, with a rare intellectual coolness and consummate mental poise. No man could possibly feel with greater intensity all the instincts and motives that prompted a renewal of the battle; and yet no man could possibly see with more clearness the blind madness of such an attempt. He dared to be wise.

Admiral Du Pont calls no councils of war; but on his own motion decided that the contest must

end here. This afternoon, there was an informal gathering of the captains of the iron-clads on board of the flag-ship. Rarely was ever a fleet so commanded. These men are the very flower of the navy. The lips must refuse their office to one who would breathe a whisper of suspicion against their courage or their devotion. Now there was but one opinion shared in common by all these men—the fruitlessness of renewing the attack at present. Let us see on what considerations their opinion is founded.

Viewed strategically, Charleston harbor forms a *cul de sac*, four miles in length from its entrance at Fort Sumter up to the city. This blind passage varies in width from one to three miles, and is capable of bearing defensive works on each side and on shoal places in mid-channel.

On these natural advantages have been brought to bear the finest engineering skill in the Confederacy (and it was the flower of the genius of the country) during a period of two years. Lee, Beauregard, and Ripley in succession have exhausted their professional efforts to make it impregnable. Every thing that the most improved modern artillery and unlimited resources of labor can do has been done to make the passage of a fleet impossible. And it is impregnable. Sebastopol was as nothing to it.

Our fleet got but to the entrance of the harbor. It never got within it. Had the iron-clads succeeded in passing the obstructions, they would still have found those miles of batteries to run. They would have entered an Inferno which, like the portals of Dante's hell, might well bear the flaming legend: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Not a point at which they would not have found themselves.

"Mid upper, nether and surrounding fires."

They pass out of the focus of fire of Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Beauregard, and Bee, and they find themselves arrested under the ranges of Sumter, the Redan, Johnston, and Ripley. They get beyond this, and a concentric fire from Ripley, Pinckney, the Wappoo battery and the guns of the city falls upon them! Merely to run by batteries, as was done at the forts below New-Orleans, is not a very difficult thing, even for vessels not iron-clad; but to be anchored as it were under such fires as these, is what no ships were ever called upon to suffer.

I think I am justified in saying that the Admiral and his staff and the captains commanding the iron fleet have all along well understood the task that was given them to do, and that they entertained no illusions regarding it. But both the navy department and the public have—illusions as to the nature of the work to be done and delusion as to the instruments with which it was to be done. They saw all the weaknesses of the monitors as well as their strength. They knew that their working depended on nice mechanical combinations easily deranged. They knew that their powers had never been tested.

But with the usual liberal logic that characterizes them, our people took every thing for granted.

Here was a universal panacea for all our ills. Here was a key to unlock all riddles. Take these iron-clads, says the Navy Department, knock Sumter into a brick-pile and sail proudly up to demand the surrender of Charleston.

Indeed, so preposterously did the Government regard the matter, that it was not even thought necessary to have a coöperating land expedition. It will astound the country to learn that the whole force which General Hunter could spare from his limited command was under seven thousand men! Of course he could do nothing against the force ready to oppose him. From information I received from the Spanish Consul, who came out from that city a few weeks ago, the rebel troops for the defence of Charleston numbered at the time fifty-five thousand men, and their railroad facilities would easily enable them, in twenty-four hours, to bring the force up to a hundred thousand. General Hunter frankly told Admiral Du Pont that he could do nothing to aid him. He could garner in what the navy reaped, but he could do nothing in the heat and labor of the field. The military force, indeed, never got any further up than Stono Inlet, a dozen miles from Charleston harbor, where it was to effect a landing on Folly Island for the purpose of making a diversion. I can make no report of what was done, if any thing, but it had no direct bearing on the business in hand. Thus left alone, the naval chief had eleven hundred men, (the whole force of the iron fleet,) with which to take and hold a dozen forts! Could the ecstacy of folly further go?

These intimations, however, will overshoot the mark if they convey the impression that Admiral Du Pont lacked faith in the enterprise, or that he entered upon it unwillingly. It was, in fact, no case for either a blind faith or an unreasoning skepticism. Too little was known, as well of the real character of the rebel defences as of the true merits of the iron-clad vessels, to justify the one attitude or the other. It was absolutely necessary to try certain experiments as the basis of any definitive plan of siege—for it was never thought it would be less than a ten days' affair. The operations of yesterday, therefore, may be regarded in the light of a reconnoissance. The reconnoissance resulted in a repulse, though not a disaster. That it was not so is due to the admirable skill of our naval leaders. In the process we have learnt valuable lessons. And now it remains true to-day as ever, that Charleston may still be successfully assailed. But that will begin to be possible for us when, casting off childish illusions as to special arms, an adequate expedition shall be sent, military as well as naval, and in which the navy shall only be required to play its legitimate part.

VII.

As one of the leading actions of the great rebellion, the battle of Charleston harbor passes into history and takes its place there. As a contribution to the world's experience in the art of

iron-clad warfare, it passes into science and opens an epoch there.

So far as the public are concerned, it might be well to postpone conclusions; but people will draw them, and perhaps hastily and unjustly. It would be quite in the natural order of those violent oscillations to which public temper is subject, that the disposition to see in iron-clads every imaginable virtue, should give place to a disposition to see in them every imaginable vice. And yet both judgments would be equally unjust. In the mean time, it is a compensation to believe that the inventive heads that have already been engaged in the construction of iron-clads, may find, in the results gained by this experiment, material for more perfect realizations in the new naval architecture.

There is one induction at least which our yesterday's experience in Charleston harbor authorizes us to draw. It is that the true way to fight iron-clads is by obstructions rather than by artillery; or perhaps we should say by obstructions affording concentration, continuity, and terrific accuracy and effect to the force of artillery.

And there is another truth which it teaches, and which cannot be better formulated than it is in a statement of Sir Howard Douglas—one of the last opinions put on record by that great naval authority: "There is no telling what gunpowder can do." The rebel artillery practice certainly drew on its resources to an extent hitherto unparalleled in warfare.

The presence in the fight of three distinct types of iron-clads, represented by the monitors, the Keokuk, and the Ironsides, affords an interesting means of comparing the relative merits of the different models.

The test is, however, hardly a fair one, as some of the vessels were much more exposed to fire than others. It would have been interesting, for example, to have seen how the Ironsides would have behaved under the amount of fire received by the Keokuk, and under the same range at which she was placed. This would also have afforded the means of testing the relative strength of continuous and of laminated armor—the plating of the Ironsides being one single four and a half inch mass of wrought-iron, and that of the monitors in series of one-inch plates. So far as one may be justified in drawing an induction from a limited range of facts, the advantage would seem to incline to the continuous thick plating. The exposed, overhanging port-covers, employed both on the Ironsides and Keokuk, and which in the case of both ships were in several instances shot away, appears to be an undeniable weakness.

The riddling of the armor of the Keokuk's turrets, which consist of five and three fourths inches of iron, presents a striking proof of the penetrating power of the improved modern projectiles; and the effect produced by the square-headed and steel-pointed shot would seem to justify all that has been anticipating of their power.

As to the monitors, there can be little doubt

that the results of this great test will suggest many improvements to the fertile genius of their inventor. It is fair to believe Mr. Ericsson will readily find the means of securing the bolts from being forced into the turret and pilot-house by shocks from the outside—an effect so disastrously illustrated in the case of the Nahant. If he cannot at the same time succeed in removing the liability of the turret to stoppage of revolution, by fouling and otherwise, it will always remain a fatal defect. And, indeed, it seems as though the dependence of the working of the monitors on nice mechanical contrivances and combinations, must seriously interfere with obtaining the best results from them.

W. S.

—*New-York Times.*

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER AND ADMIRAL DU PONT.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOUTH,
UNITED STATES TRANSPORT BEN DEFORD, April 8, 1863. }

Admiral S. F. Du Pont, Flag-Ship New Ironsides, off Fort Sumter :

ADMIRAL: Not knowing what have been the results of your attack of yesterday, so far as Fort Sumter is concerned, I cannot but congratulate you upon the magnificent manner in which the vessels under your command fought.

A mere spectator, I could do nothing but pray for you, which, believe me, I did most heartily, for you and all the gallant men under your command, who sailed so calmly and fearlessly into and under and through a concentric fire which has never heretofore had a parallel in the history of warfare.

That you are uninjured, and so many of your command fit for service, is a cause of deep gratitude to Almighty God. I confess, when the Weehawken first ran under Sumter's guns, receiving the casemate and barbette broadsides from that work simultaneously with the similar broadsides from Fort Moultrie and all the other works within range, I fairly held my breath until the smoke had cleared away, not expecting to see a vestige of the little vessel which had provoked such an attack. With each of the others the same scene was reënacted, my interest in the fate of the Ironsides being, perhaps, the keenest, from my knowledge of her vulnerability, and of the deep loss the country would sustain if any thing was to happen to you.

Thank God for the results as far as they go. May he have you in his keeping through whatever chances are yet before you. No country can ever fail that has men capable of suffering what your iron-clads had yesterday to endure. God bless you and keep you safe, Admiral, and believe me, with the highest esteem,

D. HUNTER,
Major-General.

FLAG-SHIP IRONSIDES,
CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C., April 8, 1863. }

GENERAL: I am this moment in receipt of your most gratifying letter of this date. I did not, however, require this to satisfy me of your deep sympathy in our operation of yesterday, intensified by the fact that circumstances beyond your

control prevented that which of all things you would most have desired, an immediate and active coöperation.

I shall have your letter read in every iron-clad of the fleet, so that every man under my command shall know, what has long been familiar to me, the heartfelt sympathy of the Commanding-General of the army of the Department of the South.

I am, General, with the highest respect, your most obedient servant,
S. F. DU PONT,

Rear-Admiral Commanding South-Atlantic Squadron.
To Major-General HUNTER,
Commanding Department of the South, off Charleston.

CHARLESTON "MERCURY" ACCOUNT.

CHARLESTON, April 11.

At two o'clock P.M., just as the officers had seated themselves for dinner, the first advance of the iron-clad fleet was announced to the commandant of the post. Their anchorage had been within the bar of Ship Channel, off the southern end of Morris Island, some four or five miles from Sumter. Upon inspection, it was judged that good time would be allowed for the conclusion of the meal, and, after communicating the movement by telegraph to headquarters in Charleston, dinner was comfortably despatched. At half-past two o'clock, after examination of the approaching armament from the terreplein, the order for the "long-roll" was issued. The whole garrison knew that the hour of trial was at hand, and the greatest enthusiasm and alacrity prevailed. The men rushed to their guns with shouting and yells of exultation. The regimental band was ordered to the rampart. The garrison flag (the confederate States) was already flying defiantly from the staff at the northern apex of the pentagonal fortress. The blue and white banner of the Palmetto State was given to the wind on the south-west corner of the work, and the elegant black and white color of the First regiment South-Carolina artillery (regulars) was run up at the south-east angle, in the face of the coming foe. A salute of thirteen unshotted guns was fired, and the band broke forth with the stirring strains of "Dixie."

It was determined to permit the fleet to come well within range before opening fire. Lieut-Col. Joseph A. Yates, who that morning reported for duty, was assigned to the special command of the barbette batteries. Major Ormsby Blanding was assigned the special command of the casemate batteries. They were both at their posts, with officers, men and guns ready, and awaiting the order to begin the engagement. Colonel Alfred Rhett, the commandant of the post, stood on the parapet, watching the progress of the doughty iron-clad dogs of war. Every heart beat high. Every face was flushed with calm excitement, properly incident to such a moment. On they came, steaming slowly north-eastward—seven monitors, their hulls sunk down to the water level, showing only a black line on the surface, and a projecting turret and smoke-stack each—the Ironsides, looming up from the sea a formidable looking monster, and the Keokuk, her hull more distinctly visible than the monitors, and

with two turrets, the most dreaded of all the nine.

In front, a monitor, supposed to be the *Passaie*, commanded by Drayton, pushed forward a long raft, forked and fitting her bow, intended to catch, by suspended grappling-irons, any entanglements, or to explode any torpedoes which might lie in the path of their hostile advance. Next followed, in approximate *echelon*, another monitor, bearing a pennon, and conjectured to be the flag-ship of the commanding officer of the fleet. This was succeeded, in the same order, by two others of a similar kind, only distinguishable by slight differences in the adornments of red and white paint upon their generally black turrets and smoke-stacks. These formed the first line or division. After an interval of space, came the *Ironsides*, of much larger proportions, her sleek and glistening black sides rising high and frowning above the water. She occupied a central position, and was followed at some distance by the three remaining monitors, and the *Keokuk* in the rear. These four formed the other line or division of battle.

At three o'clock, when the leading gunboat had got east-south-east of Sumter, at a distance of about one thousand four hundred yards, Fort Moultrie fired the first gun. The band was hushed at Sumter, the musicians were despatched to their pieces, and the order was given to open fire, carefully and by battery.

At three minutes past three the guns belched forth their fierce thunders upon the foremost monster. Within two minutes there was a response. His shots were directed against Sumter, and the strife was inaugurated. The east and north-east batteries, *en barbette* and in casemate, were those only engaged, together with a mortar-battery on one of the ramparts, which fired for a short time. It may be improper to publish, at this juncture, the garrison of the Fort, but we may mention that the east barbette battery was officered, as we understand, by Capt. D. Fleming, Lieut. F. D. Blake, Lieut. Jones, and Lieut. Julius Rhett, (a volunteer absent from Preston's battery light artillery on sick leave.) The north-east barbette battery was officered by Captain Harleston, Lieut. McM. King and Lieut. W. S. Simkins. The mortar battery was for a time manned and officered by Capt. Macbeth and Lieut. Julius Alston, who were subsequently transferred to one of the casemate batteries engaged. The other, the largest casemate battery engaged, was commanded by Captain W. H. Peronneau and Lieut. Fickling, while a third small battery was in charge of Lieut. Grimball.

For thirty minutes the guns of Fort Sumter were concentrated on the leading vessel, irrespective of the answering cannon of the others. The garrison fought with eagerness and impetuosity. They had to be restrained, and after trial, firing by battery, it was found that, from the small size of the object at a distance of one thousand one hundred to one thousand four hundred yards, and its constant and alternate moving and stopping, it was difficult to keep the guns trained to shoot simultaneously with accuracy. The method was changed,

with apparent advantage, during the course of the engagement. The gunboats fired deliberately, at intervals. The smoke-stack of the pioneer boat was riddled with balls. The turret was repeatedly struck and impressions distinctly visible. At twenty-five minutes past three a flat-headed bolt of chilled iron projected from a Brooke gun, (rifled and banded seven-inch,) struck with manifest damage. A volume of steam was seen to issue from the creature, and it turned off on a curve toward the east and south-east, steaming out of range and out of the fight. Meantime, the three other monitors of the first line had bestowed their attention upon the Fort with impunity. They now, after the retirement of the supposed *Passaie*, received each, for a brief season, sundry acknowledgments. That bearing the pennon, at thirty-seven minutes past three had its emblem of command cut down by a well-directed shot. Its turret and hull were indented. Several shots were visible, driven and sticking in the iron. The smoke-stack was repeatedly pierced through. And at forty-five minutes past three this invulnerable man-of-war also drew off, followed by the two that had accompanied it.

The *Ironsides* seemed shy of the contest. She fired a few shots at a distance of not less than one thousand five hundred yards, and perhaps as much as one thousand eight hundred. Three balls were seen to strike her in return. She soon headed off out of range, and was counted out.

The monitors of the second line were under a concentrated fire, each a few minutes. All were hit, but apparently with no special injury. The longer the fight continued the more accurate the firing proved with the gunners of that gallant and admirably trained corps.

The *Keokuk* now boldly advanced, bow on, to eight hundred and fifty yards of the east side of Fort Sumter. This was the shortest distance attained by any of the fleet, no other venturing so near. Col. Rhett now requested Lieut.-Colonel Yates to take charge of a Brooks gun for a few shots, and to sight it carefully himself. The first shot entered the open port-hole of the foremost turret, apparently silencing the boat.

The next ball was a centre shot upon the turret. The third penetrating the bow some ten feet from the stem, making a large opening at the water-line, and a fourth also struck the hull. During this time a concentric fire was poured into the monster from all the guns that could be brought to bear. The fire of the Fort had been reduced by order to one gun from each battery every five minutes, and was exceedingly precise and effective. For many minutes the boat drifted lifelessly with the tide, under a terrific hail, being torn in different places, and having shot plainly imbedded in the iron armor. It was strongly hoped that it would be so disabled as to surrender, falling into our hands by capture. But, after being under punishment forty minutes, it managed to crawl feebly off and escape, giving a parting salute as it was getting out of range, to show that the will was there to fight. The following morning it settled down some five hundred yards

to sea from the beach, toward the south part of Morris Island.

This was the end of the fight. After a short engagement of two hours and twenty-five minutes, an unprotected brick fort, by the use of its cannon, assisted by Fort Moultrie and the guns of one or two sand batteries, employing a few guns, repulsed a fleet of nine of the boasted iron-clad gunboats. The Keokuk was sunk. The Passaic had disappeared from view, probably sent or towed to Port Royal for repairs. And the flag-boat has been undergoing the mending process in plain sight. The prestige of their invulnerability is gone. The question is reduced to the relative powers of destruction of the fort and the assailing fleet. It is a question of pluck and survivorship in a square stand-up fight for victory. Iron-clad fleets can be destroyed as well as forts. Fort Sumter, although somewhat pitted, to-day is, we believe, as strong as it was when this fight begun. We deem that, if the attack is renewed as before, (and there is good reason to believe it will be,) the six monitors left and the Ironsides will come out the defeated party, with worse results than those obtained in the first attempt. *Nous verrons.*

The enemy fired about eighty shots, mostly fifteen-inch and steel-pointed shells, at Fort Sumter. This estimate was made from Sullivan's Island. Forty only struck the work. One ten-inch gun was temporarily disabled by a shot. One columbiad of old pattern burst. One seven-inch rifled gun dismounted by recoil, and one gun was disabled for a few moments by fracture of the elevating screw through recoil.

Not a person was killed in Fort Sumter from any cause. Sergeant Faulkner and privates Chaplin, Minnix, and Penn, company B, were injured by a shower of bricks thrown from a traverse on the rampart by a large shot of the enemy. A drummer-boy, Ahrens, was struck on the head by the explosion of a shell over the parade. A negro laborer was also wounded. All, we learn, are doing well and there is no danger of losing a life or a limb. The wounded were dressed by Surgeon Moore, of the post, and sent out of the way to a hospital in the city, where they now remain.

The regimental ensign was pierced near the centre by a ball. The confederate flag was also perforated.

THE BATTERIES ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

Fort Moultrie opened the engagement. At three o'clock the head of the grim procession of monitors having come within reason-range, the word was given, and the first shot of the batteries went whizzing at the iron fleet. In a very few minutes the batteries of Sumter, with the earthworks of Morris and Sullivan's Islands were mingling their deep voices in the chorus of the fray. During the entire fight, the batteries of Fort Moultrie maintained a well-directed fire against the monitors that happened to be nearest, and the frequency with which the Yankees turned from the main effort against Fort Sumter to give a spiteful

shot to Fort Moultrie, showed how effectively and accurately the men at the latter post were hurling their metal on the foe.

There was but one casualty at Fort Moultrie. A shot from one of the monitors cut away the flag-staff, a few feet above the parapet, and the staff fell upon private Lusby, company F, First South-Carolina (regular) infantry, inflicting injuries from the effect of which he soon died.

The garrison of Fort Moultrie it would not be proper to enumerate. It consists of the First South-Carolina (regular) infantry. The commandant of the post is Col. William Butler, of the same regiment, and the companies during the action were severally commanded by Captain T. A. Huguenin, Captain S. Burnet, Captain Constantine Rivers, First Lieutenant E. A. Erwin, and Captain R. Preston Smith, the last-named officer having special charge of the mortar battery. The closest range into which the enemy ventured was estimated by the officers of the Fort at about one thousand two hundred yards. The flag-staff has been replaced, and as no other portion of the Fort sustained any damage whatever during the engagement, the post is in excellent condition to join in another trial of strength with the turreted armada.

Battery Bee, on Sullivan's Island, just opposite Fort Sumter, was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Simkins, of the First South-Carolina (regular) infantry, and manned by companies of that regiment. The captains commanding the companies at this post engaged were Robert de Treville, Warren Adams, and W. T. Tatum. The battery was the recipient of occasional shots from the enemy, but was not in any way injured, nor were there any casualties among the men. During the fight General Ripley was present at Battery Bee. Whenever the enemy may choose to renew the attack, if his object should be to dash into the harbor, Battery Bee will have a far more important part to play.

The Beauregard battery, with three of its guns, also took part in the general *mêlée* of heavy artillery, and twice received a broadside from the enemy. This battery, commanded by Captain J. A. Sitgreaves, First regiment South-Carolina (regular) artillery, is situated on the Sullivan's Island beach, north-east of Fort Moultrie, a little beyond the Moultrie House, and is manned from the First regiment South-Carolina (regular) artillery, First Lieut. Erwin commanding, and company B, First regiment South-Carolina (regular) infantry, Capt. Warley commanding. The battery was in no respect damaged, although many of the Yankee round shot fell upon the sand in the immediate neighborhood.

The forces on Sullivan's Island (which is a portion of the sub-division commanded by Brig.-Gen. Trapier) were under the immediate command of Colonel D. M. Keitt, of the Twentieth regiment South-Carolina volunteers. Both General Trapier and Col. Keitt were on the island at the time of action, and during the firing were moving from battery to battery.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD TO THE TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH-CAROLINA, }
 GEORGIA, AND FLORIDA, CHARLESTON, S. C., April 10. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 55.

The Commanding General is gratified to have to announce to the troops the following joint resolutions unanimously adopted by the Legislature of the State of South-Carolina:

"*Resolved*, That the General Assembly reposes unbounded confidence in the ability and skill of the Commanding General of this department, and the courage and patriotism of his brave soldiers, with the blessing of God, to defend our beloved city and to beat back our vindictive foes.

"*Resolved*, That his Excellency the Governor be instructed to communicate this resolution to General Beauregard."

Soldiers! the eyes of your countrymen are now turned upon you on the eve of the second anniversary of the thirteenth of April, 1861, when the sovereignty of the State of South-Carolina was triumphantly vindicated within the harbor which we are now to defend. The happy issue of the action on the seventh instant—the stranded, riddled wreck of the iron-mailed Keokuk, her baffled coadjutors forced to retire behind the range of our guns, have inspired confidence in the country that our ultimate success will be complete. An inestimably precious charge has been confided to your keeping, with every reliance on your manhood and enduring patriotism.

By command of General BEAUREGARD.

THOMAS JORDAN,
 Chief of Staff.

Official: JOHN M. OTEY, A.A.G.

MOBILE "REGISTER" ACCOUNT.

CHARLESTON, April 8.

A visit to Fort Sumter to-day enables me to present to your readers a more correct account of the late engagement in front of Charleston than the one already sent to you, and which was prepared the night succeeding the attack, when but few of the facts had been definitely ascertained. In order to give a full understanding of the affair, it may be necessary to begin the narrative with the first appearance of the Federal armada in this vicinity.

At half-past ten o'clock, Sunday morning, the fifth instant, it was reported at Fort Sumter that twenty-seven vessels were visible just outside the bar, one of which was the Ironsides, and four were monitors or turreted iron-clads. On the morning of the sixteenth, (Monday,) as the fog lifted, it was discovered that the Ironsides, eight monitors, and a large number of other vessels were in sight, the Ironsides having already crossed the bar and come to anchor off Morris Island. An infantry force, variously estimated at from three thousand to six thousand, was landed on Coles's Island, off the mouth of Stono River, during Sunday night.

But before proceeding further, it may be well to restate the names of the forts and batteries that participated in the fight. They are Fort Sumter in the harbor, Fort Wagner and Cumming's Point Battery on Morris Island, the first

looking seaward, and the second across the harbor; and Fort Moultrie, Battery Bee, and Battery Beauregard, on Sullivan's Island. Looking out to sea from Charleston, Morris Island is on the extreme right, and Sullivan's Island on the extreme left.

After various changes of position, the whole iron-clad fleet advanced to the attack at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the seventh, in the following order: The first line consisted of four monitors, the Passaic supposed to be in the lead, with the so-called "Devil" (a nondescript machine for removing torpedoes) attached to her prow. The second line also consisted of four monitors, the double-turret Keokuk lying on the right. The Ironsides, with Admiral Du Pont on board, held position about equidistant between the two lines and near the centre. The wooden vessels outside moved closer in, and during the action remained silent spectators of the conflict.

At half-past two o'clock the long-roll was beat in Sumter. The garrison answered promptly with a shout, and rushed immediately to battery. The garrison, palmetto, and regimental flags were now hoisted, and saluted by order of Col. Rhett with thirteen guns—thus announcing to the enemy, that though the Fort might be battered down, the confederate colors would be kept flying as long as a gun was left standing and there was a man to fire it. Admiral Du Pont had said that he would reduce the Fort in three hours, and this defiance was hurled in his teeth in answer to his unseemly boasts.

About three o'clock the fight was opened by Fort Moultrie firing a shot. Three minutes later the barbette guns on the east face of Sumter, commanded by Captain D. G. Fleming, were fired by battery, with a report that brought all Charleston to the promenade-battery and to the housetops to witness the imposing spectacle. Two minutes later the Passaic returned the compliment with two guns fired almost simultaneously. The fight thus opened soon became general. The Passaic swept around in an elliptic course in front of the east face of the Fort, delivering her fire as she passed—the closest range into which she came being estimated at seven hundred yards. Her turret and hull were struck several times, and with damaging effect. After receiving the concentrated fire of the Fort for thirty minutes, she rounded off and fired but few shot afterward, and soon moved out of range.

The three other vessels of the first line came up successively, and after remaining under fire about the same length of time, rounded off also at nearly the same point as the Passaic, and took but little part in the action afterward. The Passaic being armed with the nondescript machine for the removal of torpedoes supposed to have been sunk by the confederates, she was put forward and required to make the fiery passage first, whilst the other vessels followed as nearly in her track as possible. After passing round, they took up their positions at a distance of from one thousand one hundred to one thousand five hundred yards, where they kept up their fire until the whole fleet withdrew.

The monitors in the first line having delivered their fire, the Ironsides now moved up and became the object of attention. She is a huge monster, carrying twelve heavy guns, and protected by an iron mail, but having no turrets. She first delivered a broadside of six guns, and afterward fired single guns only. Three square bolts fired from Sumter were seen to enter her side, (above the short ribs,) while one from Fort Wagner penetrated her stern, when she immediately steamed off to a distance of one thousand eight hundred yards, from which point she kept up an irregular fire until half-past four, at which hour she moved off out of range, considerably injured.

As soon as the Ironsides had turned off, the second line advanced, and, passing under the stern of the Ironsides, came into action. The Keokuk steamed up gallantly in the track of the first line, and coming bow on, engaged our batteries at about nine hundred yards. She is provided with two stationary turrets, each turret having three port-holes. It was manifest from the manner of her advance, that her officer felt confident of her power, and expected to accomplish great things. Seeing this, Colonel Rhett requested Lieut.-Colonel Yates, an accomplished artilleryman, to take charge of one of the Brooke guns, and pay his respects to the saucy iron-clad. This gun—the invention of a gallant officer in our navy, from whom it takes its name—is ribbed, and carries a square-headed bolt weighing one hundred and nineteen pounds. Colonel Yates's first shot entered a port of the turret, and doubtless knocked over the gun. The second shot struck just above the port-hole, and passed through the turret. The third shot smashed in the pilot-house, which is just above the turret; and the fourth hit her hull, abaft of midships, tearing up the iron-plated deck, and making an ugly hole. The Keokuk was struck repeatedly afterward by other guns, one of which carried away her bow, while her smoke-stack and hull were completely riddled. She fired but one shot after Colonel Yates opened upon her. She managed to get away after being under our concentrated fire for nearly forty minutes, and now lies a perfect wreck off Morris Island, where her smoke-stack and one of her turrets are still visible. Portions of her furniture, including a bureau, spy-glass and other articles, have washed ashore on the beach and been secured. The firing of Colonel Yates, who is as modest as he is brave, was superb.

The other monitors of the same line had, meanwhile, come into action. They delivered their fire and rounded off at the same point as those of the first line, and finally the whole fleet ceased firing and retired badly beaten, at half-past five o'clock.

Our fire was concentrated upon the leading vessel (the Passaic) about thirty minutes. Her smoke-stack received seven shots, and several severe impressions were made upon the turret. A bolt from a Brooke gun struck her forward deck, ripping up the armor and making an opening through which the steam was seen to issue

in great volumes. She immediately retired, and in her haste left behind the Yankee "Devil" attached to her prow, which now lies stranded on Morris Island beach, to be seen by all men. As Monsieur Du Pont could not send our brave boys to the devil in three hours, as he threatened to do, he compromised the matter, I suppose, by sending the devil to them.

The second vessel had a pennon flying—probably the Commodore's. She did not remain under fire as long as the first; yet her pennon was shot away, her smoke-stack riddled, and her turret and hull badly marked. Several round-shot were seen to strike and lodge in the iron plating of the hull.

She drew off at forty-five minutes after three o'clock. The other monitors did not appear to be so badly injured, except the Keokuk, though all of them received more or less damage. None of them remained longer under fire than from fifteen to twenty minutes; it was too hot for them. The smoke-stacks of all of them are vulnerable.

The east face of Fort Sumter was struck about forty times by fifteen-inch shell and eleven-inch solid shot, at a distance of from nine hundred to one thousand eight hundred yards, and yet it is in quite as good condition as before the attack. One gun was dismounted and one bursted, and five men were wounded, all of whom are doing well. Lieut.-Colonel Yates having reported for duty the morning of the battle, was assigned to the special command of the parapet batteries. Major O. Blunding was assigned to the special command of the casemate batteries. All officers and men in Sumter as well as in the other forts and batteries behaved with great gallantry. It was a proud day for Charleston and the Carolinians. It was a remarkable coincidence that General Beauregard and General Ripley, and other officers and men, who conducted the assault which resulted in the destruction of Fort Sumter—nearly two years ago, should now be present aiding and assisting in its successful defence.

I have been unable to obtain the details of the part taken by the other forts and batteries which participated in the action. Let it suffice for the present to say, that they all did well, and aided materially in the repulse of the enemy's attack, which was directed chiefly against Sumter.

There are now only six iron-clads and the Ironsides in sight at sunset this evening. A renewal of the attack is looked for at an early day, perhaps to-morrow.

A confederate vessel passed right through the blockading fleet last night, and went to sea. The Federals were too much occupied with their bruises, and dilapidated condition generally, to notice a mere blockade-runner.

Doc. 159.

ADDRESS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, RICHMOND, April 10, 1863.

In compliance with the request of Congress,

contained in the resolutions passed on the fourth day of the present month, I invoke your attention to the present condition and future prospects of our country, and to the duties which patriotism imposes on us all during this great struggle for our homes and our liberties. These resolutions are in the following language :

[Here follow the resolutions passed by the confederate Congress, requesting Mr. Davis to issue an address.]

Fully concurring in the views thus expressed by Congress, I confidently appeal to your love of country for aid in carrying into effect the recommendations of your Senators and Representatives.

We have reached the close of the second year of the war, and may point with just pride to the history of our young Confederacy. Alone, unaided, we have met and overthrown the most formidable combinations of naval and military armaments that the lust of conquest ever gathered together for the conquest of a free people. We began this struggle without a single gun afloat, while the resources of our enemy enabled them to gather fleets which, according to their official list, published in August last, consisted of four hundred and thirty-seven vessels, measuring eight hundred and forty thousand and eighty-six tons, and carrying three thousand and twenty-six guns; yet we have captured, sunk, or destroyed a number of these vessels, including two large frigates and one steam sloop-of-war, while four of their captured steam-gunboats are now in our possession, adding to the strength of our little navy, which is rapidly gaining in numbers and efficiency.

To oppose invading forces composed of levies which have already exceeded thirteen hundred thousand men, we had no resources but the unconquerable valor of a people determined to be free; and we were so destitute of military supplies that tens of thousands of our citizens were reluctantly refused admission into the service from our inability to furnish them arms, while for many months the continuation of some of our strongholds owed their safety chiefly to a careful concealment of the fact that we were without a supply of powder for our cannon.

Your devotion and patriotism have triumphed over all these obstacles, and called into existence the munitions of war, the clothing and the subsistence, which have enabled our soldiers to illustrate their valor on numerous battle-fields, and to inflict crushing defeats on successive armies, each of which our arrogant foe fondly imagined to be invincible.

The contrast between our past and present condition is well calculated to inspire full confidence in the triumph of our arms. At no previous period of the war have our forces been so numerous, so well organized, and so thoroughly disciplined, armed, and equipped as at present. The season of high-water, on which our enemies relied to enable their fleets of gunboats to penetrate into our country and devastate our homes, is fast passing away; yet our strongholds on the

Mississippi still bid defiance to the foe, and months of costly preparation for their reduction have been spent in vain. Disaster has been the result of their every effort to turn or storm Vicksburgh and Port Hudson, as well as every attack on our batteries on the Red River, the Tallahatchie, and other navigable streams. Within a few weeks the falling waters and the increasing heats of summer will complete their discomfiture, and compel their baffled and defeated forces to the abandonment of expeditions on which was based their chief hope of success in effecting our subjugation.

We must not forget, however, that the war is not yet ended, and that we are still confronted by powerful armies and threatened by numerous fleets, and that the Government that controls those fleets and armies is driven to the most desperate efforts to effect the unholy purposes in which it has thus far been defeated. It will use its utmost energy to avert this impending doom, so fully merited by the atrocities it has committed, the savage barbarities which it has encouraged, and the crowning attempt to excite a servile population to the massacre of our wives, our daughters and our helpless children.

With such a contest before us, there is but one danger which the government of your choice regards with apprehension; and to avert this danger it appeals to the never-failing patriotism and spirit which you have exhibited since the beginning of the war.

The very unfavorable season, the protracted droughts of last year, reduced the harvests on which we depend far below an average yield, and the deficiency was, unfortunately, still more marked in the northern part of our Confederacy, where supplies were specially needed for the army. If, through a confidence in an early peace, which may prove delusive, our fields should now be devoted to the production of cotton and tobacco, instead of grain and live stock, and other articles necessary for the subsistence of the people and army, the consequences may prove serious, if not disastrous, especially should this present season prove as unfavorable as the last. Your country, therefore, appeals to you to lay aside all thought of gain, and to devote yourselves to securing your liberties, without which these gains would be valueless.

It is true that the wheat harvest in the more Southern States, which will be gathered next month, promises an abundant yield; but even if this promise be fulfilled, the difficulties of transportation, enhanced as it has been by an unusually rainy winter, will cause embarrassments in military operations, and sufferings among the people, should the crops in the middle and northern portions of the Confederacy prove deficient. But no uneasiness may be felt in regard to a mere supply of bread for men. It is for the large amount of corn and forage required in the raising of live stock, and the supplies of the animals used for military operations, too bulky for distant transportation; and in them the deficiency of the last harvest was mostly felt. Let your fields be

devoted exclusively to the production of corn, oats, beans, peas, potatoes, and other food for man and beast. Let corn be sowed broadcast, for fodder, in immediate proximity to railroads, rivers, and canals; and let all your efforts be directed to the prompt supply of these articles in the districts where our armies are operating. You will thus add greatly to their efficiency, and furnish the means without which it is impracticable to make those prompt and active movements which have hitherto stricken terror into our enemies, and secured our most brilliant triumphs.

Having thus placed before you, my countrymen, the reasons for the call made on you for aid in supplying the wants of the coming year, I add a few words of appeal in behalf of the brave soldiers now confronting your enemies, and to whom your government is unable to furnish all the comforts they so richly merit. The supply of meal for the army is deficient. This deficiency is only temporary, for measures have been adopted which will, it is believed, soon enable us to restore the full rations; but that ration is now reduced at times to one half the usual quantity in some of our armies. It is known that the supply of meat throughout the country is sufficient for the support of all; but the distances are so great, the condition of the roads has been so bad during the five months of winter weather through which we have just passed, and the attempt of grovelling speculators to forestall the market and make money out of the lifeblood of our defenders, have so much influenced the withdrawal from sale of the surplus in the hands of the producers, that the government has been unable to gather full supplies.

The Secretary of War has prepared a plan, which is appended to this address, by the aid of which, or some similar means to be adopted by yourselves, you can assist the officers of the government in the purchase of the corn, the bacon, the pork, and the beef known to exist in large quantities in different parts of the country. Even if the surplus be less than believed, is it not a bitter and humiliating reflection that those who remain at home, secure from hardship, and protected from danger, should be in the enjoyment of abundance, and that their slaves also should have a full supply of food, while their sons, brothers, husbands and fathers, are stinted in the rations on which their health and efficiency depend?

Entertaining no fear that you will either misconstrue the motives of this address, or fail to respond to the call of patriotism, I have placed the facts fully and frankly before you. Let us all unite in the performance of our duty, each in his sphere, and with concerted, persistent, and well-directed effort, there seems little reason to doubt that, under the blessings of Him to whom we look for guidance, and who has been to us our shield and strength, we shall maintain the sovereignty and independence of the confederate States, and transmit to our posterity the heritage bequeathed to us by our fathers.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

PLAN SUGGESTED BY THE REBEL SECRETARY OF WAR.

1. Let the people in each county, parish, or ward, select at a public meeting, as early as convenient, a committee of three or more discreet citizens, charged with the duties hereinafter mentioned.

2. Let it be the duty of this committee to ascertain from each citizen in the county or parish what amount of surplus corn and meat, whether bacon, pork, or beef, he can spare for the use of the army, after reserving a supply for his family and those dependent on him for food.

Let this committee fix a price which is deemed by them a just compensation for the articles furnished, and inform the citizens what this price is, so that each may know, before delivery, what price is to be paid for the articles furnished.

Let this committee make arrangements for the transportation of the supplies to some convenient depot, after consultation with the officer who is to receive them.

Let the committee make delivery of the supplies on receiving payment of the price, and assume the duty of paying it over to the citizens who have furnished the supplies.

3. Where the duty of the committee is performed in any town or city at which there may be a quartermaster or commissary, no further duty need be required of them than to deliver to the officer a list of the names of the citizens and of the supplies which each is ready to furnish, and the price fixed; whereupon the officer will himself gather the supplies and make payment.

4. Where the supplies are furnished in the country, the cost of transportation to the depot will be paid by the government, in addition to the price fixed by the committee.

5. As this appeal is made to the people for the benefit of our brave defenders now in the army, the department relies with confidence on the patriotism of the people, that no more than just compensation would be fixed by the committees, nor accepted by those whose chief motive will be to aid their country, and not to make undue gains out of the needs of our noble soldiers.

JAMES A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War.

Doc. 160.

THE FIGHT AT FRANKLIN, TENN.

DESPATCH OF GENERAL ROSECRANS.

MURFREESBORO, TENN., April 11, 1863.

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

The following despatch was received from General Granger on the tenth instant:

Van Dorn made his promised attack to-day, at one o'clock directly in front and on the town. The infantry regiments on guard in town, with the cavalry pickets, held him at bay until their ammunition was exhausted. The dense smoke and atmosphere favored their operations, enabling them to approach very near without our being able to observe them. Our siege-guns and our light batteries opened upon them with murderous

effect, literally strewing the ground with men and horses. I had halted Stanley four miles out on the Murfreesboro road. He at once crossed his forces over at Heights's Mills, vigorously attacking Forrest's divisions, moving down on the Lewisburgh pike, capturing six pieces of artillery and some two hundred prisoners; but, owing to the unfavorable nature of the country, was unable to hold them, being attacked by greatly superior numbers, outflanked and nearly surrounded. Our loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners is less than one hundred, while the enemy's cannot be less than three times that number. They were repulsed on all sides, and driven until darkness prevented the pursuit. Captain McIntyre, of the Fourth regulars, took the battery and prisoners, bringing off thirty odd of the latter.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General.

G. GRANGER,
Major-General.

CAPTAIN MATCHETT'S REPORT.

CAMP OF THE FORTIETH O.V.I. }
NEAR FRANKLIN, TENN., April 11, 1863. }

Colonel S. D. Atkins, Commanding Second Brigade, Third Division, Army of Kentucky:

COLONEL: I have the honor of submitting to you the following report of the engagement had by the Fortieth O. V. I. under my command with the combined rebel forces of Van Dorn, Cosby, and Brig.-General Jackson, on yesterday, (April tenth, 1863,) while on picket-duty. The Colonel and Major of the regiment being sick, and I being the ranking Captain of the regiment reported for duty, the command of the regiment for that day was assigned to me.

At twenty minutes past twelve o'clock m. the enemy commenced the engagement by attacking the outpost guards on, and adjacent to, the Columbia pike, with a large advance-guard. Companies E and K (First Lieutenants James Allen and David Roop, respectively) were in charge of that section of our line, with First Lieutenant David Roop commanding. The guards of that section were rallied on their reserve, where they gallantly repulsed two attacks of the enemy's advance before reinforcements reached them. Before the attack began I ordered company H, Capt. Meagher, and First Lieut. John W. Smith, company I, forward to strengthen Lieut. Roop's reserve. Seeing the strength of the enemy's advance-guard greatly outnumbered Lieut. Roop's reserve, I immediately sent company B, Captain Charles Ent, forward also to take position on the left of Lieut. Roop's reserve. A moment's glance at the enemy's force convinced me that the limited force under my command could maintain their lines but a short time against the numbers of the enemy in front. I therefore ordered my last company of reserves, (company A, under command of Second Lieut. Hart of company B,) to take position in the wood at the left of the railroad in order to strengthen company C, Second Lieut. J. C. Peck, who had been posted on our extreme left section of the guard, on the Lewisburgh pike. At the same time I sent for the provost-guards of Franklin,

(company G, Second Lieut. J. A. Fisher commanding,) ordering them to reinforce my left by way of the Lewisburgh pike with all their force, excepting one relief of the prison-guards. This order was not obeyed. My messenger in a few minutes informed me that Lieut. Fisher and the Provost-Marshal, Capt. Avery, of Gen. Granger's staff, refused to send me the company. Company G, therefore, was not sent out of the town. With this disposition of my force, and with only seven companies of infantry—less than three hundred men—we maintained our lines, of more than one fourth of a mile in extent, for more than two hours against vastly superior numbers. Twice did they attempt to rout us with their cavalry, and as often were they repulsed with loss.

They next advanced several mounted companies as skirmishers, deployed in sections and platoons, and at the same time began to form a consolidated line on rear of his skirmishers for a charge. We held our lines thus long, momentarily expecting reinforcements. None, however, arrived, and I was informed that none were on their way. From the length of time that we were engaged, it was reasonable to suppose that we were not to be reinforced, but rather that it was the wish of the Commanding General for us to fall back. No order or intimation to that effect, however, reached me.

Our lines up to this time had been maintained in the skirts of a wood. To the rear of us for a distance of more than a half a mile, lay an open cotton-field without an obstacle or a shelter on it. A formidable line of cavalry, composed of three regiments, of from one thousand five hundred to two thousand five hundred men, as we learned from prisoners afterward taken by us, were just beyond the range of our guns to the front of us. The fences and houses of the town were our nearest shelter in rear. A force sufficiently strong to flank us were menacing our right and left. The woods must soon be yielded up to overwhelming numbers. From this critical position the men were relieved by the most noble daring and bravery that ever graced any arms. I gave the order to fall back on double-quick. His mounted skirmishers followed us. When they had advanced into the open field we halted, came to an "about," and gave them a fire which soon sent them reeling on their main line. Taking advantage of their retreat, we fell back. His skirmishers soon recovered, and again charged us as before, and we again "faced about" and repulsed them. We again fell back as they fell back. This manœuvre was repeated with equal success on our side until we gained about two thirds of the distance from our outpost line to the village, when the main line of the enemy's cavalry charged us. When within range of our arms, we kept up a continuous fire on him, which caused him to move toward us at a slow and cautious pace. At this time I caused the men to retire from front to the rear by the company. This order was executed in admirable style, the front company retiring on double-quick to the rear of the other companies, where they came to an "about," and deliberately

delivered their fire, until they again became the front company, when they again retired as before. In this manner, though exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy, we kept them on a pace less than double-quick, until we gained the town, where we took advantage of houses, yard-fences, hedges, etc., which we converted into rifle-pits, from whence we poured into the enemy's ranks a murderous fire. The right and left regiments of his line were repulsed, and they retreated to his main reserve; his centre only passing into the town. For this they were severely punished by our continuous fire and soon retreated in the utmost confusion. We saluted their retreating and confused ranks as we had welcomed their approaching line of battle, with a murderous fire. After they had fallen back, several pieces of his artillery, which he had placed in battery near our picket post on the Columbia road, opened on us with grape and shell. Our batteries and siege-guns at the fortifications then opened on them and drove them from the field.

At five o'clock P.M., our regiment was again formed near the pontoon-bridge, from whence in a few minutes we moved forward and again took our former position at our guard-lines.

During the action every officer and man did his duty nobly. My commands were promptly obeyed and executed under a heavy fire of the enemy, with a promptness that would do credit to the ordinary drill on the parade-ground. Capts. Meagher and Ent, First Lieuts. Roop, Allen, and Smith, and Second Lieuts. Peck and Harp, each commanding a company, and the only companies engaged, deserve particular mention.

Our loss was, killed, three; wounded four; and missing ten. Their names accompany this report. The enemy's loss was: killed, two captains and fifteen men; wounded, one major and thirteen men, and thirteen prisoners, beside over one hundred horses, riderless, escaped within our lines and were taken.

In reporting their loss, I only mention those who fell in our (Fortieth Ohio's) hands, except the horses. He took with him the greater part of his killed and wounded. His total loss may be safely estimated at one hundred and fifty in killed and wounded.

I have the honor to be, Colonel, your obedient servant,
CHAS. G. MATCHETT,
April 10, 1863. Captain Commanding Fortieth Ohio.

Official list of killed, wounded, and missing of the Fortieth Ohio volunteer infantry, in the engagement at Franklin, Tenn., April tenth, 1863:

KILLED—Orderly Sergeant Wilson Burrows, company A; privates Washington Link and Thomas Huntington, company C.

WOUNDED—Privates Alpheus Babb, company B; Martin Woollether, company C; Samuel I. Morrow, company B; and James Bradley, company C.

MISSING—Sergeant Jesse Norain, Elwood Hale, and John Fleming, company B; Albert Williams, Wilson Olney, Oscar Duvall, and Samuel Hubbard, company A; Adam Suverly, Wallace Bennett, and Michael Madigan, company C.

NASHVILLE "UNION" ACCOUNT.

FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE, April 11, 1863.

We have been so much accustomed of late to skirmishing, that any serious thought of an attack on this place was not entertained, and even when, on yesterday, about one P.M., the firing became continuous, no excitement was manifest either in the citizens or soldiers. Not until the loud yells of the advancing rebels, and the furious flight of some of our cavalry through town, accompanied by numbers of riderless horses, were we aroused to the belief that any thing more than a demonstration was intended on our front, and ere we had time to take a calm glance at the subject, the matter was decided by seeing our own and the rebel cavalry coming down our main street pell-mell, ours slightly in advance, but the rebels "gaining on 'em" every jump. They dashed through town, and some of them reached the pontoon-bridge, under the very muzzles of our guns.

So sudden and impetuous was the charge, that every one was taken by surprise, and no doubt its very boldness saved them to some extent. Dearly, however, they paid for it, as a very small proportion of them escaped either death or capture. Van Dorn advanced on the Columbia pike with a battery of artillery. Cosby came by the Lewisburgh pike, while Starnes and Forrest were essaying to make the rear of our works by a road crossing the Harpeth three miles east of town, and known as the Nichol Mill Road. In anticipation of this move on their part, Gen. Granger had sent a large body of cavalry, under Gen. Stanley, to guard that crossing and check their advance. Meantime Cosby's force advanced on our pickets, (Fortieth Ohio,) who fought them most handsomely for an hour or more, but finally fell back under cover of our guns. The rebels formed and advanced until within range of our siege-pieces in the fort, planting their battery west of the Columbia pike and firing into the town. Our battery fired shell into their lines, and succeeded in forcing them back and breaking them. We had some fine artillery practice, indicating great skill on the part of our gunners.

When they had fallen back from our front we heard continuous firing from the forces of Stanley. Here the Fourth regulars distinguished themselves by one of the finest charges of the war, capturing the rebel artillery and two hundred prisoners, but which unfortunately we could not hold, and all the artillery, with most of the prisoners, were retaken. Our loss on this part of the field was slight, not amounting to more than twenty, that of the rebels unknown, as they carried off their dead. Infantry reinforcements were sent out from here, but the rebels fell back toward Spring Hill. The fight near town resulted in the loss to the rebels of fifteen killed, including two captains and one lieutenant, six wounded, and taken, including a major, and twelve prisoners. The total number of prisoners taken here and by Stanley is about seventy; among them several officers. Captain Freeman, of Freeman's battery, (rebel,) is among the killed.

Federal loss here four killed, four wounded, and three missing, all belonging to the Fortieth Ohio. A reconnoissance from the front has just returned, and the rebels have disappeared.

Most of the prisoners taken here belong to the Twenty-eighth Mississippi mounted infantry. Many of those captured by Stanley are Tennesseans.

OCCASIONAL.

Doc. 161.

THE ATTACK ON THE "SAM GATY."

LEAVENWORTH "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

LEAVENWORTH, March 31.

THE steamer *Sam Gaty*, which arrived at our levee on Sunday evening, reports that she was stopped at Sibley, on Saturday morning last, by a band of from forty to sixty bushwhackers, supposed to be a portion of the gang under Todd or Quantrell, though at the time of the outrage in question in command of a man named Clifford. As the boat was passing Sibley the pilot was hailed and ordered to run ashore, under penalty of shooting, and being within a few yards of the landing he had no alternative but to obey.

As the boat touched the shore she was almost immediately boarded and taken possession of by the guerrillas, who roused the Captain from his berth, it being then about two o'clock in the morning, and informed him that he was, for the time being, a prisoner. About eighty contrabands being on the boat, they were ordered ashore, the bushwhackers being surprised to find so small a number, as they had been informed that there were three hundred; and they expected to find with them "Parson Fisher," and threatened to burn the boat within fifteen minutes unless he was produced; but, being apparently satisfied with the Captain's assurance that the Parson was not on board, they did not execute the threat. The Captain informed them that the contrabands were in charge of a private soldier, who could not be found. When the negroes were marched ashore, the Captain asked the guerrilla leader what he intended to do with them. He replied: "Blow their brains out!"

The Captain remonstrated with him, and finally he concluded to kill only the "bucks," and forthwith eight or ten were murdered, the rest scattering and hiding in the darkness. There were on board eight of the Missouri militia, two of McFarren's regiment, and six of Penick's. The guerrillas paroled the former, and killed two and wounded one of the latter, three escaping. The bushwhackers kill all of Penick's men that fall into their hands. They then proceeded to throw overboard some forty-eight wagon-beds, and from forty to seventy-five sacks of flour and rice that belonged to the Government.

They robbed every man on board, and the safe, which contained about six hundred dollars. One gentleman had some six or eight hundred dollars taken from him. The boat had a very large cargo, but it was not disturbed.

Mr. Wilson, who had charge of the negroes,

had a narrow escape. Before they came aboard a man told him to throw overboard his coat, lie down, and be covered up with a lot of eastings, which he did. He is a resident of Kansas. One of Penick's men was taken for him and killed.

The action of Captain McCloy is warmly commended by passengers, and all are satisfied that he did the best he could under the trying circumstances in which he was placed. The guerrilla leader said he had followed him from Napoleon; he expected the boat would land there, but it did not; he had a sure thing on him at Sibley. The guerrillas compelled the Captain to leave before daylight, being afraid he would take the negroes on board again.

On reaching Independence the Captain made the fact known, and Colonel Penick immediately gave his attention to the matter, and so successfully, that nearly all the contrabands will escape, as is telegraphed from that port to Captain Killen, and published elsewhere this morning.

The *St. Joseph Herald* learns the following additional particulars from an eye-witness:

The steamboat had arrived at Sibley's Landing where the channel was close to shore, and was hailed by some men on the bank, followed by the cracking of a dozen or more guns. The pilot put her in shore, and George Todd and about twenty-five of his gang of guerrillas came aboard. It was almost morning, and there was no moon. The Rebels were dressed in butternut, having a pair of Colt's navy revolvers each, (and some as many as three and four,) and shot-guns and rifles. Todd wore a large cloth coat, with an ample cape and flowing sleeves, and had also a slouched hat, which he soon exchanged with a passenger for a new light-colored beaver. He gave the command, and the work of murder commenced. The passengers were mostly ladies, and the few gentlemen were unarmed.

They first killed George Meyer, by shooting him in the back. Meyer was formerly in this city, and when Colonel Peabody was here after the siege of Lexington, he was in Major Berry's cavalry command, acting as Quartermaster. For a time he was Sergeant-Major of the Fifth cavalry, Colonel Penick. During the last winter he was frequently engaged, with Assistant Secretary Rodman, in the Senate at Jefferson City, in writing up the journal. He was a young man of the most generous impulses, and will be mourned by a large number of men, who will avenge his death.

The cowardly butchers next blew out the brains of William Henry, a member of Captain Wakerlin's company. He, too, was a St. Joseph boy, and was formerly engaged in a stall in our city market, and at one time, we think, labored for John P. Hax, a meat-dealer. He leaves a wife and four children in our city wholly unprovided for.

They next led out to slaughter young Schuttner, of this town, whom they first robbed of two hundred dollars, then shot. He revived the next morning, and will probably recover.

The most revolting act in the bloody drama

was the ordering ashore of twenty negroes, drawing them up in line, one man holding a lantern up by the side of their faces, while the murderers shot them, one by one, through the head. This inhuman butchery was within three yards of the boat. One negro alone of all that were shot is alive.

Christ. Habacher, who lives near Hamilton's Mill, in this city, was aboard, but managed to hide his money, and got off scot free. Charley, formerly bar-keeper for Christian Wagner, in Jefferson City, was robbed of every dollar he had, some four hundred and fifty dollars. Geo. Schriver, of this city, was led out to be shot, and a watchman on the boat halloed, "Hold on there; he is one of my deck-hands," and they led him back, taking seventy-two dollars from him, being all he had except twenty dollars, which he had secreted on the boat.

George Morenstecker, a grocer, on the corner of Tenth street and Frederick avenue, in this city, and a Captain in the Thirty-third Missouri, was robbed of one thousand and sixty dollars and his gold watch.

The affair ended by the gang going aboard the boat, and compelling the passengers to throw overboard fifty wagon-beds, one hundred sacks of flour, and a large amount of other stores, including sugar, coffee, etc. Wearing apparel of ladies and gentlemen was indiscriminately plundered.

There were about eighty contrabands aboard, sent on their way to Kansas by General Curtis. Sixty jumped off and ran away, and are now under Colonel Penick, whose men are scouring the country for these murderers. When the guerrillas drew their revolvers on the negroes as they stood in line, the women on the boat screamed and cried, and begged them not to kill them; but the work of death went on.

Doc. 162.

CAPTAIN OSBAND'S EXPEDITION.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

YOUNG'S POINT, March 30, 1863.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rawlins:

SIR: In pursuance of Special Order No. 66, with the Fifty-fifth Illinois volunteers, part of the One Hundred and First Illinois, and part of company A, Fourth Illinois cavalry, on the thirteenth March, with the steamers Chancellor and Fanny Bullitt, all proceeded to Deer Creek Landing, in American Bend. I found the cotton, and held it, on the fourteenth. On the fifteenth March, Colonel Ferguson's cavalry attempted to burn the cotton, appearing with about sixty men. On the sixteenth, Colonel Malmborg, of the Fifty-fifth Illinois volunteers, concluded he could not hold the position. On this account, I proceeded with the steamer Chancellor, to Lake Providence, and obtained the Eleventh Illinois volunteers and the Fourteenth Wisconsin volunteers, under General Ransom. We arrived on the seventeenth at eight A.M.

General Ransom attempted to find the enemy, but they were not discoverable. On the nineteenth instant, I proceeded with the Fanny Bullitt for more teams. I obtained at Lake Providence, from the Seventeenth army corps, twelve teams, and the steamer Von Phul, from the Thirteenth army corps, fifty-one teams and the Empress, and arrived with all at American Bend on the morning of the nineteenth, and, in the mean time, transported from Milliken's Bend to Eagle Bend thirty thousand rations, for General Stuart's command.

On the twentieth, at eight P.M., the Von Phul left, with one hundred and seventy-one bales of cotton, three hundred and fifty head of beef cattle, and one hundred mules, and proceeded to Lake Providence and discharged her freight there, returning on the twenty-second at eight A.M., and again left on the twenty-fifth, with two hundred and eighty-six head of cattle, landing them half at Milliken's Bend and half at Young's Point. On the twenty-seventh, the David Tatum arrived, and on the twenty-eighth, the expedition left, arriving here and disembarking the troops, without accident or trouble, on the thirtieth.

The David Tatum, being nearly wrecked by the storm, only obtained seventy-five cattle, which were delivered to General Logan's division on the thirtieth.

The summary of the trip of sixteen days is as follows:

Two thousand three hundred and eighty bales of cotton—2209 to Captain Reno; 171 to Captain Kluick.

Seven hundred and five beef cattle—350 to Chief Commandant of the Seventeenth army corps; 140 to Captain Baker, Thirteenth army corps; 140 to Captain Strickle, Fifteenth army corps; 75 to Commissary of General Logan's division.

One hundred mules—Captain Kluick, Seventeenth army corps.

I have to thank all concerned for energy and good conduct.

The cotton obtained was principally "C. S. A." cotton, so branded, and was pledged in London for confederate bonds.

During our stay the confederates burned about five thousand bales in our vicinity. There still remain two thousand bales "C. S. A." cotton, easy of approach, and at a good landing, unburned. If you should desire to send me again, I think I can obtain it, as well as all the beef cattle you may need, besides mules untold.

Respectfully,
E. D. OSBAND,
Captain.

Doc. 163.

BREAD RIOTS IN RICHMOND, VA.

NEW-YORK "HERALD" ACCOUNT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
April 11, 1863.

A REFUGEE from Richmond, who left that city on Tuesday, gives an interesting account of the riot of the second instant. Considerable excitement had prevailed for some time in consequence

of the exorbitant prices, and rumors of a popular movement had been in circulation for several days. Females had begged in the streets and at the stores until begging did no good, and many had been driven to robbery to sustain life. On the morning of the second instant, a large meeting, composed principally of the wives and daughters of the working classes, was held in the African church, and a committee appointed to wait upon the Governor to request that articles of food should be sold at government rates. After the passage of sundry resolutions the meeting adjourned, and the committee proceeded to wait upon Governor Letcher. That functionary declined to take any steps in the matter, and upon urging the case the ladies were peremptorily ordered to withdraw. The result of the interview was soon made public, when a body of females, numbering about three hundred, collected together and commenced helping themselves to bread, flour, meat, articles of clothing, etc. The entire city was at once thrown into consternation. Stores were closed, the windows barred, doors bolted, and every precaution taken against forcible entries; but hatchets and axes in the hands of women rendered desperate by hunger made quick work, and building after building was rapidly broken open. The destruction commenced on Carey street, above Fifteenth street, and was becoming general in that section of the city, when the City Guard, with fixed bayonets, arrived at the scene of operations. A few individuals attempted to resist the women, but without success. One man who struck a female was wounded in the shoulder by a shot from a revolver, and the threatening attitude of those armed with hatchets, etc., intimidated others from attempting force. The Mayor soon appeared, and, mounting a stool on the sidewalk, proceeded to read the riot act. During the reading of that document a portion of the crowd suspended operations, but no sooner had the Mayor concluded than the seizure of provisions commenced again more vigorously than before. At this juncture an attempt was made to arrest the more violent; but the party immediately scattered, and, entering Main street, resumed operations.

Governor Letcher then appeared, and, mounting a vehicle in the centre of the street, addressed the throng, characterizing the demonstration as a disgrace and a stigma upon the city, and announcing that but five minutes would be given them in which to disperse. If in that time the order was not complied with, the troops would be called upon to act. Again the crowd broke up, and in a few moments burst into the stores on Franklin street. But little damage was done here, however, and the riot finally subsided, but not until after the arrest of about forty of the women, and the promise of the Governor to relieve the wants of the destitute. A large amount of bread and bacon was carried off, and all engaged in the riot succeeded in getting a good supply of provisions. Steps have been taken to provide for the immediate wants of some of the families; but great suffering still prevails and is

daily increasing. Another uprising is feared, and precautionary measures for its suppression have been instituted; but great uneasiness is felt throughout the city, and merchants are adding to the strength of doors and shutters in every possible manner. The effect of this riot upon the troops about Richmond was very demoralizing. The authorities are much exercised over it, and the greatest vigilance is enjoined upon the police force. The leading men of the city attempted to circulate the report that the women were "Irish and Yankee hags," endeavoring to mislead the public concerning the amount of loyal sentiment in the city, but miserably failed. The fact of their destitution and respectability was too palpable, and the authorities are forced to admit the conclusion that starvation alone incited the movement.

Troops are being hurried up from Richmond to Fredericksburgh. There is still a large force in the vicinity of Richmond; but these, it is believed, are about to leave for the Rappahannock. Fortifications are being thrown up on the Rapidan River, and the force in that section is being augmented. No work is going on upon the defences about Richmond. Two gunboats (iron-clads) are afloat in James River. The Virginia has been trying to get below the obstructions, and now lies near Drury's Bluff. The third is unfinished, but is rapidly approaching completion. The iron works are worked to their utmost in the manufacture of munitions of war; but the iron is of miserable quality, and many of their projectiles contain pieces of stone.

The railroads have almost entirely given out, and no material is to be had for their repair. Great despondency prevails, and the events of the next three months are awaited with most absorbing anxiety.

REBEL NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT.

Happily these daylight burglaries are undergoing judicial investigation. A great part of the stolen goods has been reclaimed. The ringleaders are being arrested; they will be tried and punished. A full account of the affair, from its obscure origin to its disgraceful culmination, will be made public, and the exaggerations that have gone to the country will be counteracted.

That there was any just ground for the shameful disturbance of Thursday no one believes. The more it is looked into, the more causeless it appears. Doubtless there is much suffering in the city. But the fund voted the poor was by no means exhausted; the churches were willing and abundantly able to relieve distress; private benevolence had not once been appealed to. No petition, no remonstrance had been made; yet, on a sudden, a hundred or a hundred and fifty well-dressed, plump-checked women, led by a virago who is known to have made a fortune by market-gardening, and cheered by a rabble of gamblers and ruffians, who are protected here by the special toleration of the confederate, State and municipal governments that misrule this unhappy city—all of a sudden this throng of courte-

sans and thieves assembles in the Capitol square, organizes, and proceeds to break open stores—to get what, forsooth? Not meat and bread, but boots, shoes, silk dresses, tobacco, jewelry, brooms and the like. These the Mayor in his investigation last Friday, suggests pertinently, are not articles of food. But there is a proof more convincing than any yet given of the absurdity and falsehood of the plea, that this row was occasioned by suffering for food or clothing, and that is the fact, substantiated by every house-keeper in the city, that notwithstanding high prices and scarcity of provisions, there have been fewer applications for charity than in any previous winter for many years. The entire absence of beggars at a time like this, and in a city so crowded by idlers as Richmond, is very notable. The writer of this article can testify, that during the whole winter he has encountered but two beggars, one of whom, an obvious impostor, wanted to fight because her veracity was doubted, while the other set upon him with the stunning petition for “a quarter to buy a catechism!” The truth is, this petticoated foray was political in its origin; as the simultaneous disturbances in other cities indicate, and as the evidences before the Mayor will yet prove.

If there be a soul of good in things evil, this ridiculous affair may be turned to account. It ought to put a stop to hoarding, to suppress speculation, to induce producers to bring in supplies, to make the government facilitate transportation, and to clean out the gamblers, loafers, and ruffians, stock, lock, and barrel. Let Congress at once pass a law requiring every man to show that he is engaged in some honest, useful calling or else go into the army forthwith. In this way the five and twenty gambling-houses that feed every day nearly as many thousand idlers, and thereby run up the price of provisions, will be swept away. And let our high officials display a little courage and a little reason. The people are not afraid of unpleasant truths; why should they be? Let them not attempt impossibilities. But the reports in the papers will go to the country and encourage other riots. Better a correct account in print than a thousand exaggerations from as many tongues and private letters. If the riots occur, put them down; it is easily enough done. But the Yankees will get hold of it. Certainly. What if they do? Let them make the most of it; they are going to do their worst, any way. Better a thousand fold that the Yankees should ply their lying arts with all the aid the disaffected here can give them, than that the people should see that the government of Jefferson Davis is timorous about any thing on earth. The people are manly; so should their government be, and put a bold, calm face on every thing. If any thing could be “kept back,” the fate of Ananias should warn us of the folly of attempting it. Have we gotten so deep in the mire of a sneaking, evasive, alternately truckling and bullying policy, as not to be able to turn round and face Yankees and females combined? Or shall it go to the country that the

confederate government is scared out of its wits because a parcel of women broke open a store and stole a pair of shoes?

—*Richmond Whig*, April 6.

Doc. 164.

GOVERNOR VANCE'S APPEAL

TO THE PLANTERS OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

THE peculiar calamities which often befall a nation struggling for its existence are about to come upon us in the shape of a scarcity of provisions and a threatened famine. While it is still believed there is enough in the country, if fairly distributed, it is certain there is none to spare, and there is danger that insufficient preparations will be made for the ensuing season, and that a considerable proportion of the labor of the country will be devoted to the production of crops other than breadstuffs.

The Legislature having adjourned without taking action to prevent this much dreaded state of things, and it not being deemed expedient to call it together again so early after its adjournment, I have deemed it my duty to address you in this extraordinary manner, praying you of your own will to avert it. And I am confident that the large-hearted patriotism—the wonderful generosity which last year filled to overflowing the store-houses of our quartermasters, in response to my call in behalf of our naked soldiers, has not yet deserted the farmers of North-Carolina.

By universal consent there is allowed to be but one danger to our speedy and triumphant success, and that is the failure of our provisions. Our victorious soldiers now constitute the best army in the world. Arms and munitions are abundant. Time and experience have given us admirable leaders, and every thing is prosperous and hopeful except in the fields and work-shops. Every thing depends now upon the industry and patriotism of the farmer. Now that so many brawny arms which were wont to hold the plough have gone into the ranks, unless those still at home strain every nerve to produce bread, our cause may be ruined.

Without bread the soldier has neither strength nor courage. Without bread, the cries of his little ones at home will reach his ears in the distant camps and cast a sickening chill to his heart. No bravery, no skill, nor device, nor human wisdom can cope with that dreaded enemy—Famine. While our brave defenders are facing death upon the field, we at home must sustain and feed them, or in vain will their blood be spilled. Our duties, though less glorious and pretending, are equally as important and well defined.

Though not battling with the living and embodied enemies of our country, we are yet in her service, and struggling with a far more dangerous and insidious destroyer. And as the soldier who shirks the conflict and deserts his comrades in the hour of battle, is a coward or a traitor, so equally is he who withholds his hands from the plough, or guides it to the production of those crops

which produce money and not bread, though he may not so intend it.

The humblest mother in all the land, who, amid the harrowing cries of a helpless family, can find time to plant a few potatoes near her cabin door; the poorest little boy whose infant and unskilled hands may plant a few hills of corn or gather the sheaves of harvest, will each do a more acceptable service in the sight of God and his countrymen, and is worthy of more honor than he who raises one thousand bales of cotton or one hundred hogsheads of tobacco, and ostentatiously devotes a small portion to some "Aid Society."

The bright sunshine again warms and dries the earth. We must use it to our salvation, or neglect it to our destruction. Plant, sow, dig and plough; corn, oats, potatoes—any thing and every thing which will support life. Let every body take to the fields, where the plough, not the maddening wheels of artillery, furrow the generous soil. These will prove the real fields of victory and independence. Hundreds of able-bodied young men in our towns and villages—non-producers—who, having procured substitutes or exemptions, now idle their time about empty stores or other unprofitable places, should be growing something, and adding to instead of diminishing the general fund.

Let none be idle. And above all, my countrymen, let none plant cotton or tobacco. Though the prices are high, and the temptation great, your profits would be made from the blood of brave men and the suffering of helpless women and children. Your children and your children's children would reap an abundant and enduring harvest of scorn, and the remembrance of the manner in which your wealth was gained would burn into your conscience to the hour of death.

While I thus appeal to you in behalf of the preparations for another year, it is also my duty to speak of the present. Ninety days will bring us to harvest, and I am confident we can reach it without actual suffering, if all parties will do as duty and Christianity prompt. Let all who have to spare divide liberally with those who have not. Sell to the county and State agents when your neighbors are supplied, and do not wait for it to be impressed.

Impressed it certainly will be before our armies shall be disorganized by the suffering of their families for the want of that which you can spare, and for which a fair price will be offered you. Allowance your work-hands and your negroes. They are no better than soldiers, who live on half their daily portion. Put your stock in the woods and upon grass the moment they can live upon it, and conscientiously devote the saving to your neighbor's children whose father or brother is fighting your battles.

Let the magistrates see that distillation is arrested, by issuing promptly process against every man who dares to waste the precious grains of life in defiance of law. Avoid, above all things, mob violence. Broken laws will give you no bread, but much sorrow; and when forcible

seizures have to be made to arrest starvation, let it be done by county or State agents. Should Providence favor our growing crops, a plenteous harvest will, I trust and believe, greet our gallant soldiers again victorious through another campaign, and bring us to the blessed day of peace and independence.

In order that the most effectual means in our power may be speedily and systematically adopted both for the husbanding and distribution of our present supplies, and for securing a large provision crop for the next year, I earnestly recommend that meetings of the farmers and planters of each county and neighborhood of the State be held immediately to express their condemnation of cotton and tobacco planting, and to devise means of mutual aid and assistance in the trials of the coming season. Much good can be done in this way, and a wholesome public opinion set forth, more powerful, perhaps, to steer us past our impending dangers than the fines and penalties of a statute.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. B. VANCE.

RALEIGH, April 2, 1863.

Doc. 165.

FIGHT NEAR PASCAGOULA, MISS.

COLONEL DANIELS'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, SHIP ISLAND, MISS., April 11, 1863.

Brigadier-General Sherman, Commanding Defences of New-Orleans:

SIR: In compliance with instructions from your headquarters to keep you promptly informed of any movements that the enemy might be known to be making up the Mississippi Sound, upon learning that repeated demonstrations had been made in the direction of Pascagoula, by confederate troops ashore, and in armed boats along the coast; and, furthermore, having reliable information that the greater part of the forces at Mobile were being sent to reënforce Charleston, I determined to make a reconnoissance within the enemy's lines, at or near Pascagoula, for the purpose of not only breaking up their demonstrations, but of creating a diversion of the Mobile forces from Charleston, and precipitating them along the Sound; and, accordingly, embarked with a detachment of one hundred and eighty men of my command on United States transport General Banks, on the morning of ninth April, 1863, and made for Pascagoula, Miss., where we arrived about nine o'clock A.M.—landed and took possession of wharf and hotel—hoisted the Stars and Stripes upon the building—threw out pickets, and sent small detachments in various directions to take possession of the place, and hold the roads leading from the same. Immediately thereafter, a force of over three hundred confederate cavalry came down the Mobile road, drove in the pickets, and attacked the squad on the left, from whom they received a warm reception. They then fell back in some confusion, reformed, and made a dash upon the detachment

stationed at the hotel, at which point they were again repulsed; confederate infantry, meanwhile, attacking my forces on the extreme left, and forcing a small detachment to occupy a wharf, from which they poured volley after volley into the enemy's ranks, killing and wounding many, with a loss of one man only. The fight had now extended along the road from the river to the wharf, the enemy being under cover of the houses and forest, whilst my troops were, from the nature of the ground, unavoidably exposed. The confederates had placed their women and children in front of their houses, for a cover, and even armed their citizens, and forced them to fight against us. After an hour's continuous skirmishing, the enemy retreated to the woods, and my forces fell back to the hotel and wharf. Then the enemy sallied forth again, with apparently increased numbers, attempting to surround the hotel, and obtain possession of the wharf; but they were again repulsed, and driven back to their cover—the forest. It was here that Lieut. Jones, with a detachment of only seven men, having been placed on the extreme right, cut his way through a large force of the enemy's cavalry, and arrived at the hotel without losing a man, but killing and wounding a considerable number of the enemy.

After continuous fighting from ten o'clock A.M., to two o'clock P.M., and on learning that heavy reinforcements of infantry and artillery had arrived from the camps up the Pascagoula River, I withdrew my forces from the hotel, and returned to Ship Island. The enemy's loss was over twenty killed, and a large number wounded. From my own knowledge, and from information derived from prisoners taken in the fight, and from refugees since arrived, the enemy had over four hundred cavalry and infantry at Pascagoula, and heavy reinforcements within six miles of the place. Refugees, who have arrived since the engagement, report the enemy's loss as greater than mentioned in my first report.

The expedition was a perfect success, accomplishing all that was intended; resulting in the repulse of the enemy in every engagement with great loss, whilst our casualty was only two killed and eight wounded. Great credit is due to the troops engaged, for their unflinching bravery and steadiness under this their first fire—exchanging volley after volley with the coolness of veterans; and for their determined tenacity in maintaining their position, and taking advantage of every success that their courage and valor gave them; and also to their officers, who were cool and determined throughout the action—fighting their commands against five times their numbers, and confident throughout of success—all demonstrating, to its fullest extent, that the oppression which they have heretofore undergone, from the hands of their foes, and the obloquy that had been showered upon them by those who should have been friends, had not extinguished their manhood, or suppressed their bravery, and that they had still a hand to wield the sword, and a heart to vitalize its blow.

I would particularly call the attention of the

department to Major F. E. Dumas, Capt. Villeverd, and Lieuts. Jones and Martin, who were constantly in the thickest of the fight, and by their unflinching bravery, and admirable handling of their commands, contributed to the success of the attack, and reflected great honor upon the flag under and for which they so nobly struggled. Repeated instances of individual bravery among the troops might be mentioned, but it would be invidious where all fought so manfully and so well.

I would also mention the names of, and thank, in behalf of the regiment, Dr. Celso Pierrucci, Surgeon of the United States store-ship Relief—Dr. Skinner, Surgeon of the United States sloop of war Vincennes—who so kindly volunteered their services in behalf of the wounded, and so assiduously attended to their every want; and also Quartermaster Sauvinet, who, by his valuable services, aided materially the embarkation and disembarkation of the forces.

This expedition has completely changed the plans of the rebel leaders at Mobile, by creating a diversion from Charleston; heavy reinforcements having already been sent to Pascagoula and other points along the Mississippi Sound.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. U. DANIELS,
Colonel Second Regiment Louisiana
N. O. Volunteers, Commanding Post.

Doc. 166.

FIGHT AT BLOUNT'S MILLS, N. C.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

NEWBERN, N. C., April 11, 1863.

OUR expedition left Fort Anderson, on the Neuse River, opposite Newbern, at three P.M. on Wednesday, eighth instant, for the purpose of relieving Washington, by an overland route. We marched that afternoon as far as New-Hope school-house, on the road toward Swift Creek, where a part of the command, through a mistake of orders, encamped for the night, while the advance pushed on to Little Swift Creek, four miles beyond. From this point our cavalry went to within a mile of Great Swift Creek, where they ascertained that the rebels had destroyed the bridge and barricaded the roads so it would be impossible to proceed. They also learned that the enemy were encamped there, about fifteen thousand strong, with batteries arranged to command the roads approaching in every direction.

Finding it impossible to proceed by this route, we next attempted to gain the other side of the swamp by the route of Blount's Mill. But here again we were doomed to disappointment. We left New-Hope Corners about nine o'clock on Thursday morning, and came upon the rebels at Blount's Bridge, where we had a brisk fight for over an hour, losing about a dozen men wounded. The rebels had here also a superior force of infantry and artillery, had cut away the bridge over the creek, and had erected breastworks on the opposite side which commanded every ap-

proach. We could only tell of the whereabouts of the enemy by the flashes of their guns and the smoke, (as they were masked,) while they had their artillery trained so as to sweep the roads completely.

At two o'clock news came back to the General that our cavalry had come upon the rebel pickets about a mile this side of Ruff's Mills. Immediately the line was put in motion, and we marched at a brisk pace to a point near an old church, where we halted while Captain Pond's company of cavalry and the Seventeenth Massachusetts volunteers were sent forward to reconnoitre. They had not been gone many minutes when we heard brisk firing in the direction of the mill, Captain Pond having come upon a line of cavalry, dressed in the common blue uniform of our soldiers, whom he at first mistook for our own men. The rebels let our cavalry come up to within a few yards of them, when they opened a murderous fire and fled. Captain Pond immediately deployed his company on foot as skirmishers, and for a few moments the fire on both sides was quite spirited, amounting to no loss to us, except one man slightly wounded and one horse killed. The rebels retreated across the bare string-pieces of the bridge, and sought safety behind their works.

As soon as the rebels had crossed, they commenced using their artillery, and our boys replied with a small cavalry howitzer. The two thirty-two pound howitzers were then sent forward, and they took position upon the brow of the hill, just above the bridge, and within three hundred yards of the rebel works. The column of infantry was also moved down into the woods, while Belger's battery was held in readiness to join in the action. It was soon found that the thirty-twos had not sufficient ammunition to last them through a long action, and two guns of Captain Belger's were ordered down to relieve them. Captain Belger had just arrived upon the ground with his pieces, when a spherical case-shot landed in the midst of his men, wounding the Captain and killing his horse instantly. The battery then took up the fight, and for an hour the cannonading on both sides was terrific. But we labored under great disadvantage, as the thick woods upon both sides prevented our gunners from seeing the enemy's position, while they could fire at random at the woods on our side, and be tolerably certain of doing us some damage.

Finding the contest so unequal, and the possibility of our crossing so very slim, General Spinola ordered his command to fall back to New-Hope. The artillery, however, as a parting salute, sent a few shells into the mill and lumber-piles, and when we left, they were in a fine blaze.

The following is a list of casualties on our side:

Captain Belger, First Rhode Island artillery, wounded in thigh and horse killed.

Lieutenant S. G. Roberts, Co. G, Seventeenth Massachusetts, severely in arm.

Sergeant G. S. Morse, Co. F, Seventeenth Massachusetts, slightly.

Corporal S. W. Reed, Co. A, Seventeenth Massachusetts, slightly.

William Heath, Co. F, Third New-York artillery, severely in arm.

Patrick Donovan, Co. G, Seventeenth Massachusetts, slightly.

A. W. Barrett, Co. B, Seventeenth Massachusetts, severely in shoulder.

H. Rivers, Co. E, Seventeenth Massachusetts, slightly.

Thomas Murray, Co. F, Seventeenth Massachusetts, slightly.

Joseph Fishter, Co. F, Third New-York artillery, severely in back.

After the engagement, our forces moved back to New-Hope, where we camped for the night, and yesterday we came into Newbern.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Doc. 167.

OPERATIONS ON BAYOU TECHE, LA.

COLONEL GOODING'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, }
OPELOUSAS, LA., April 21, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that in accordance with orders from General Emory, on the twelfth instant my brigade, excepting the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New-York volunteers, marched with our army from Pattersonville toward the enemy's works on Bayou Teche, some four or five miles distant, the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel Sharpe, following the line of the railroad.

A short distance from Pattersonville, pursuant to orders from General Emory, I sent the Fifty-third Massachusetts volunteers, Colonel Kimball, to reinforce Colonel Ingraham's brigade.

A short time subsequent I sent the Thirty-first Massachusetts volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel Hopkins, to the left bank of the Bayou Teche to reinforce the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New-York volunteers, Colonel Bryan, who was skirmishing with the enemy's pickets on that bank of the bayou.

The Fifty-third Massachusetts volunteers and the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York volunteers afterward rejoined the brigade. On arriving in front of the enemy's works an artillery duel ensued. Seeing that my brigade was exposed to the shot and shells of the enemy, I marched it two or three hundred yards to the rear, and caused the men to lie down. In the mean time the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New-York volunteers, supported by the Thirty-first Massachusetts volunteers, carried on a brisk skirmish with the enemy on the left bank of the bayou, gallantly driving him before them.

On the morning of the thirteenth I was ordered to take my best regiment and proceed to the left bank of the Bayou Teche, assume command of all the forces, and hold at all hazards the pontoon-

bridge which had been thrown across the bayou, which I did.

I had been there but a short time when I received an order from General Emory to attack a light battery of the enemy, which was throwing grape into General Paine's brigade, on the opposite shore of the bayou, and which was supposed to be in position outside of the enemy's works, on the left bank of the bayou, just above a sugar-house, but was ordered not to storm the enemy's works.

I made my dispositions for the attack, advanced my skirmishers beyond the sugar-house, in plain view of the works, and discovered that there was no light battery outside the same.

The Thirty-first Massachusetts volunteers composed my line of skirmishers, supported by the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel Rodman.

The advance of my skirmishers was hotly contested by the enemy, who was driven before them. A skirmish fight on the right of my line, in and near the woods, was kept up till about half-past two P.M.

The ammunition of the Thirty-first Massachusetts being expended, it was relieved by the Thirty-eighth.

At this time I was reënforced by the Fifty-third Massachusetts volunteers, and the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York volunteers, and the remaining two sections of the First Maine battery.

In accordance with orders from Generals Banks and Emory, I made my dispositions and immediately moved on the enemy's works. My dispositions were as follows:

Thirty-eighth Massachusetts volunteers in advance, deployed as skirmishers.

Fifty-third Massachusetts volunteers about one hundred and fifty yards in rear of the Thirty-eighth, and deployed as skirmishers.

Two sections of the First Maine battery, under command of Lieutenants Haley and Morton, on parallel plantation roads leading to the enemy's works, and immediately in rear of the second line of skirmishers, the remaining section in reserve.

One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New-York volunteers in reserve immediately to the left and rear of the left section of the battery.

Thirty-first Massachusetts volunteers immediately to the right and rear of the right section of the battery.

One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York volunteers in the woods on the extreme right, having been sent to turn the enemy's left flank.

Detachments of cavalry posted in reserve some distance in rear of my right.

These dispositions being made, at a quarter-past three P.M., I ordered an advance of the whole. My advance was met by a brisk fire from the artillery and musketry of the enemy, who was driven into his works about five P.M.; the ammunition of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts having been expended, it was relieved by the Fifty-third Massachusetts volunteers.

At about the same time, having learned that

the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York volunteers had a superior force to contend with on the right, I ordered the Thirty-first Massachusetts to go to its support. The Thirty-first having arrived to its support, a short time afterward, the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel Sharpe, supported by the Thirty-first Massachusetts, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Hopkins, charged and carried a breastwork of the enemy in the woods in front of our right, killing many of the enemy and capturing eighty-six prisoners, among whom are two lieutenants, one of the Seventh Texas cavalry, and one of the Eighteenth Louisiana infantry.

The fight was continued in front by the Fifty-third Massachusetts volunteers and the artillery, and by the Thirty-first Massachusetts and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York in the woods on the right, until darkness put a close to it; the troops having advanced to within two hundred yards of the enemy's works, which line they held notwithstanding repeated efforts of the enemy to drive them back. This line was held during the night.

In my judgment, two hours more of daylight would have enabled me to turn the enemy's left flank and witnessed the triumphant entry of my troops into his works.

At half-past five A.M., of the fourteenth, the Fifty-third Massachusetts volunteers, commanded by Colonel Kimball, entered the enemy's works, and at the same time company D, of the Thirty-first Massachusetts volunteers, under the command of Captain W. J. Allen, who had deployed his company as skirmishers in the woods, entered the fort on the extreme left of the enemy's position, it having been evacuated by the enemy during the night.

The loss in my brigade during the entire engagement was fifteen (15) killed and fifty-seven (57) wounded.

Among the killed were the gallant Captain Gault, Thirty-eighth Massachusetts volunteers, and Lieutenants Nutting and Frees of the Fifty-third Massachusetts and One Hundred and Fifty-fourth New-York volunteers, who lost their lives while nobly battling for their country.

About one hundred and thirty prisoners were captured, one hundred and fifty stands of arms, and thirty cavalry horses, with all their equipments.

Lieut.-Colonel Rodman, Thirty-eighth Massachusetts volunteers, mentions a case of marked coolness and bravery on the part of private Patrick Smith company, D, Thirty-eighth Massachusetts volunteers, who, coming suddenly upon three rebels, shot one of them and compelled the other two to surrender, bringing them both in as prisoners.

My entire command, officers and men, behaved with marked coolness and courage throughout the entire engagement, proving themselves true men and brave soldiers.

I have to speak in the highest praise of all the members of my staff, who were necessarily

mounted and under fire during the entire engagement.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

O. P. GOODING,

Colonel Commanding Third Brigade, Third Division.

To F. A. FRENCH, A. A. A. G.,
Third Division.

NEW-YORK "HERALD" NARRATIVE.

NEW-ORLEANS, April 19, 1863.

The boasted spot of Southern rural grandeur—"The Country of the Attakapas," "The Garden of Louisiana," "The Paradise of the South"—is ours.

From Berwick City to Opelousas the victorious army of General Banks has advanced. Three battles, three gunboats and three transports the enemy have lost in three days. Twice were they defeated by the main army of General Banks behind their intrenchments on the Beasland plantation, between Pattersonville and Centreville, as the straggling fire and final silence of their guns in the face of our batteries on Sunday and Monday fully proved, while Grover at the same time was reaching their rear, harassing, engaging and finally driving them before him with such rapidity that they were compelled to make a stand on Monday at Irish Bend, where a sharp and decisive battle was fought, in which the rebels were defeated and fled into the woods.

Three gunboats—the Diana, Hart, and Queen of the West—are no more. The two former were fired in the Teche by the rebels, to prevent them falling into our hands—the former on Monday, the latter on Tuesday—while the Union gunboats Estella, Calhoun, and Arizona, at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, discovered, attacked and destroyed in Grand Lake the famous iron-clad ram Queen of the West.

Three large transports—the Newsboy, Gossamer, and Era No. 2—which were lying at Franklin, were also destroyed by fire, as it was found impossible to get up steam and escape up or down the Teche before our troops would overtake and seize them. The consequence was that, like the Diana and Hart, they were burned to prevent them from falling into our hands.

The last accounts state that our forces are still following up the retreating, demoralized, and panic-stricken remnant of an army of eight thousand men, which a week ago were guarding the gate of this paradise, hourly expecting reinforcements and an immediate advance of the army and navy, when a sudden, combined and overwhelming dash upon Brashear City and New-Orleans should be made.

The commands of Generals Emory and Weitzel on Thursday and Friday arrived at Berwick City. General Banks and staff, who had been encamped for some days alongside the railroad, to the right, about a quarter of a mile from the dock at Brashear, embarked on board the Laurel Hill on Saturday afternoon, the eleventh instant, at twenty minutes to two P. M., landing at Berwick, (across the bay, about half a mile distant,) remaining there about two hours, when they started for the front.

On landing at Berwick City the brigade of General Weitzel proceeded to the outskirts, ahead, and to the right. A strong infantry and cavalry force was thrown out as pickets, and the artillery posted in position commanding the roads and woods.

The enemy from the first was very bold, and appeared determined to harass our force as much as possible, contesting our apparent advance with vigor, approaching to within a short distance of our pickets, showing themselves and firing their pieces.

The following day a reconnoissance was made by Captain Hubbard, of General Weitzel's staff. He was accompanied by the cavalry companies of Captain Williamson and Lieutenant Perkins. Our party had advanced, but a short distance when the enemy fired upon them, retreating behind buildings. The rebels were in easy range from Fort Buchanan, and a signal being given for the fort to open fire, a few shells were thrown in the neighborhood of the enemy, who soon dispersed and fled hastily into the woods. The object of the reconnoissance having been accomplished, the party returned to Berwick City, reporting the country clear for miles around.

At twelve o'clock M., the next day, (Saturday, April eleventh,) an advance was ordered. Williamson's and Perkins's cavalry were again in the saddle, skirmishing with the enemy all day.

The following is the order in which the advance was made: Eighth Vermont, Colonel Thomas, extreme right; One Hundred and Fourteenth New-York, Colonel E. B. Smith, right centre; One Hundred and Sixtieth New-York, Lieutenant-Colonel Van Patten, left centre; Twelfth Connecticut, Lieutenant-Colonel Peck, left wing. Williamson's First Louisiana cavalry was in the extreme advance, closely followed by skirmishers from the different regiments. Captain Bainbridge's First United States artillery, company A, and the Sixth Massachusetts battery, Captain Caruth, accompanied them.

The enemy were seen all along the march, in small squads and singly, which thus compelled a careful advance and firing of the skirmishers at doubtful points, with occasional shelling. After advancing about five miles, the enemy opened with a battery of six and twelve-pound light pieces, posted near a large sugar-house on the right. Bainbridge's artillery was quickly in position, and so effective were the shells that the rebels soon ceased firing, limbered up their guns and hurriedly left, never stopping to make another attempt to stay our advance. Many of their shots, however, were well directed, falling in close proximity to our forces; but fortunately not a man was either killed or wounded. One of their shells entered the chimney of widow Mott's residence, another buried itself in the trunk of a large tree by the side of the house, while a third struck the residence of Mr. John M. Bateman, two or three hundred yards in the advance, exploded in the closet, scattering the china, pots, pans and victuals in every direction, and leaving that part of the house in ruins. In addition to

the artillery the enemy had four hundred cavalry and two hundred infantry. The advance was now resumed, and beyond an occasional stray musket-shot and the capture of a few prisoners, nothing important occurred. The cavalry were supported by the One Hundred and Sixtieth New-York, and the gunboat Clifton sent for. By General Weitzel's orders, Colonel E. B. Smith placed a guard over the houses and plantations. The sugar-houses and out-buildings were filled with sugar, corn, and molasses. The advance was now very rapid, the Clifton ahead, occasionally shelling the woods. Many of the families of the planters were taken so unawares that when our forces arrived at their residences an untouched or half-eaten dinner on the table, or valuable article left here and there, proved with what surprise they heard of our advance, and in what haste they left. Black and white all hurriedly crossed the Atchafalaya or accompanied the enemy. None were there to welcome us. It was well that General Weitzel placed a guard over their homes and property, or the owners would have returned to a homeless desert. At half-past five P.M., Pattersonville was reached. This village is distant nine miles from Berwick City. The Atchafalaya runs to the right, parallel with it, and in this neighborhood, it will be remembered, that some four weeks ago the Diana was captured by the rebels.

At four o'clock General Banks and staff started from Berwick City for the front. General Emory's division followed the advance, the ambulances and wagons bringing up the rear. All had arrived at Pattersonville by six P.M., including the staff. A detachment of Major Robinson's cavalry acted as General Banks's body-guard. Nearly every house of respectable size and appearance in the village was honored by either division, brigade, or regimental headquarters, while the Commanding General and staff occupied a large white house to the right, some twenty yards from the side of the road. The whole army was in a very small space, but a strong force of infantry and artillery guarded it well on every side from surprise and attack.

At six o'clock on Sunday morning I started for the extreme front. Williamson's cavalry were scouring the country ahead and on the right, occasionally skirmishing with the enemy, who were out of range of our artillery.

About seven o'clock the Seventy-fifth New-York moved slowly ahead, throwing out skirmishers, and acting as support to Bainbridge's artillery. The infantry deployed toward the dense woods on the left, about half a mile in the advance of a large force of Generals Emory and Weitzel's commands. Artillery was also posted to the right and centre, and in front of the Atchafalaya.

The skirmishers having moved about half a mile, and beyond a bend of woods about two hundred yards, discovered a large force of the enemy's cavalry advancing on the main road. Falling back to their support, the skirmishers reported what they had seen, when the artillery

opened, firing three shells. The enemy hastily left. About eight o'clock a cloud of dust was seen in the distance. It was evidently caused by a large force of the enemy advancing. This fact was communicated to General Weitzel. Captain Williamson was also notified of the move, and cautioned to be on the alert against surprise.

I now looked along the level country beyond the woods to the left. With the exception of the buildings on the plantations, the shrubbery around, and the ridges on the sugar and corn-fields, there was no obstruction for miles. Indistinct moving bodies might be observed with the naked eye. By the aid of a glass I could see that they were rebel cavalry and infantry. They were mostly in small squads of three and four. This was about nine o'clock A.M. They were moving from what appeared to be a road, leading in the direction of the woods on the left, and some buildings to the right.

General Banks and staff, accompanied by Generals Emory, Andrews, and Weitzel, now rode up for the purpose of reconnoitring the country. After a careful survey they were only able to see a few rebel cavalry, and in a few moments their horses' heads were turned in the direction of Pattersonville, General Banks remarking: "There are no enemy in front. We will advance the army, gentlemen."

Half an hour after the cavalcade returned, General Weitzel's brigade of artillery and infantry advanced to the open ground beyond the point of woods on the left and formed in line of battle, as follows:

Seventy-fifth New-York centre; One Hundred and Fourteenth New-York right centre; Eighth Vermont right; One Hundred and Sixtieth New-York left centre, and the Twelfth Connecticut left.

Captain Bainbridge's battery, company A, First United States, was in position at the right, and Captain Carruth's Sixth Massachusetts battery in the centre.

Colonel Ingraham's brigade of General Emory's division formed the extreme left of the line of battle in the advance, and was composed of the One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Sixty-second New-York, Fourth Massachusetts, and Sixteenth Vermont.

At this time both Generals Banks and Emory had a narrow escape from the bullets of the enemy's sharpshooters. General Emory was placing his men in position when General Banks rode up. The two commanders were not more than three feet apart, and were conversing together as to future movements, when suddenly from the woods on the left, not more than two hundred yards distant, half a dozen muskets were discharged, and the bullets went whistling past and between the Generals, one ball entering the breast and killing one of the body-guard.

Quick as lightning General Emory half-turned in his saddle, and pointing to the woods and addressing his mounted guard said: "After them, men, there are but five or six of them, or we should have had more shots."

As a number of the body-guard put spurs to their horses, two or three hasty shots were fired from the party in the woods without, however, doing any injury. Generals Banks and Emory quietly walked their horses in a line further from the woods, and the conversation was resumed as if nothing had happened. I may here state that when our soldiers entered the woods the guerrillas had disappeared in the thick underbrush, and nothing more was seen or heard of them.

The remainder of General Emory's division was now drawn up in second line of battle, supporting General Weitzel, and in different directions, the reserves being in the rear.

The enemy at this time began to show themselves in considerable force, (half-past ten A.M.) Two regiments were drawn up in line of battle directly ahead and in front of a large sugar-house, not more than a mile and a half distant. Other buildings were in the neighborhood, and it was impossible to form any idea of what was beyond them. The dark line of infantry, scarcely visible to the eye, was in admirable position, forming a half-square, with the point toward us. They appeared ready to receive us.

The rebel cavalry were quietly walking their horses over the whole country, some riding very leisurely toward our lines, approaching to within half or three quarters of a mile, for the purpose of reconnoitring. When satisfied, they rode in haste toward the column.

Our advance remained stationary until cavalry could be sent to feel the way ahead. Suddenly the two rebel regiments drawn up in line of battle disappeared. Their cavalry followed, and in a few moments after the dense cloud of rising dust marked their course. They were hastily retreating. For two hours, these clouds could be plainly seen, each moment becoming more indistinct and distant, until they finally disappeared. Captain Williamson's First Louisiana cavalry, of Major Robinson's command, now started in pursuit. They galloped at full speed along the road which skirts the Teche, under a galling fire from the rebels on the opposite bank of the river. Volley after volley was fired as our men rode rapidly past, and for a mile or a mile and a half the discharges continued, the fire and smoke being easily seen by our whole force, and the shots distinctly heard. It would have been very foolish for our cavalry to return the fire, as they were exposed, while the rebels were hid in the underbrush and behind trees. Of all the firing not a man was touched. Three or four horses were shot, however—one seriously in the body. In the mean time, Captain Mack's Eighteenth New-York battery was rapidly placed in position on this side of Teche, and a sharp fire was kept up for nearly an hour, the shells falling and bursting in every direction. Under this fire two regiments of Colonel Gooding's brigade and a section of Captain Bradbury's First Maine artillery, Lieutenant Morton, crossed the river over the pontoon-bridge, throwing out skirmishers and driving the enemy before them. Several shots

were exchanged, but whether any of our men were killed or wounded I am unable to state. Whilst retreating, the rebels on the other side fired the buildings along the banks of the Teche to prevent, as is supposed, their affording a shelter to our sharp-shooters.

About one o'clock P.M. the whole force was ordered to advance. Skirmishers from the infantry and squads of cavalry from the different companies were detached and sent ahead to feel the way. Owing to the thickness of the cane-fields and the plantation houses and buildings, it was found necessary for them to keep up a pretty sharp fire. Occasionally a rebel, mounted or on foot, could be seen in the distance, but on observing our advance, hastily left. As our forces were moving along the road bordering the Teche, some two miles and a half from Pattersonville, fifty or sixty rebel cavalry suddenly sprang from out of a piece of woods on the opposite side, advanced a few paces, and fired their carbines. Quick as thought a section of artillery (twenty-pound Parrotts) was turned upon them. The bursting shells forced them from their cover into the open ground, and they being now in full sight and easy range, the shells were sent amongst them in beautiful style, exploding, plunging up the earth, and scattering the pieces of shell all around. Never men rode faster, and as each moment their backs became less distinct, our men, who had laughed and shouted at their disappearing, gave one long, loud, wild yell, which echoed back from the woods the rebels had so recently left, seeming as if they, too, mocked them in their hasty retreat. Half an hour after we again saw them, this time, however, at a very respectful distance, and out of range of our heaviest cannon. They could just be distinguished by the naked eye. These men were wiser than an hour ago, having learned sense by experience.

An aid now rode up to General Banks and reported that there were obstructions in the river. It proved to be a half-destroyed, half-sunken wooden bridge, with a passage cut where the current runs, to allow boats to pass up and down. It can soon be repaired and made very useful, as it is fifteen or twenty feet wide, one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet long, and reaches two thirds of the distance over the river.

A few moments later and a report arrived that the gunboat Diana was in sight. General Banks and staff rode from the road to the bank of the river, about a hundred yards distant, and from a rising ground the masts of our former staunch little gunboat Diana were seen, with a large rebel flag flying, nearly a mile distant. Every body wished to take a good look at her, and the consequence was that we remained long enough to hear from her, for a flash, a puff of smoke, a loud report, and a whirring, whizzing, whistling noise, the latter becoming each instant more distinct as it approached us, passing over our heads and plunging into the ground beyond with a thug, that no doubt sounded musically to every ear, for it was a shell from the thirty-pounder rifled Parrott on board the Diana.

The next instant and another gun was fired, this time opposite, from the other side of the Teche. We were the mark that both were firing at, for a shell whistled directly over us, and lodged in the centre of a bank not fifty yards distant, scattering the earth over several soldiers who were resting themselves at the top, and who scampered off in double-quick.

It was very fortunate that neither of these shells burst, as, if they had done so, several of the staff must have been killed or wounded.

"It's becoming rather warm here, gentlemen, and as we are evidently the target they are firing at, I think we had better disperse," said General Banks, as he quietly turned his horse's head and walked directly in a line toward the battle-field, where he was joined by his staff. The astonishing coolness with which the Commanding General and his staff acted in this case no doubt spoke well for their bravery, but poorly for their judgment. At least that was my opinion, for I was one of the party. When the order was given to disperse I expected to see them gallop off out of range at double-quick, but what was my surprise when I saw them walking their horses as if they were going to a funeral.

It was nearly five minutes before another gun was fired from the Diana. They calculated that shot by time from the other and the distance that a mounted man could ride, for the shell hummed far overhead, and struck the earth nearly a mile in advance, in nearly a direct line with the previous one. They evidently did not know General Banks. Had we ridden rapidly from the spot when the first gun was heard, we should have been very near where the shell struck, and, as I afterward learned, exploded.

It was about ten minutes past three o'clock when the General and staff rode into the field. The enemy had opened the whole of his batteries from behind the breastworks, and already rapid discharges of cannon, shells exploding in the air, and ploughing up the earth, were seen and heard. Our infantry in first and second lines of battle, creeping skirmishers and rapid posting of batteries, with the roaring cannon and bursting shell, formed one of the grandest spectacles imaginable.

The following was the position of the infantry and artillery at four o'clock P.M. on Sunday:

General Paine's brigade of General Emory's division, composed of the Fourth Wisconsin, Eighth New-Hampshire, One Hundred and Thirty-third New-York, and the One Hundred and Seventy-third New-York, advanced and formed the right of the line of battle, while General Weitzel's brigade formed the left, in precisely the same order as in the early part of the day.

A second line of battle was also formed of Col. Ingraham's command, and part of Col. Gooding's Thirty-eighth Massachusetts and Fifty-sixth New-York regiments. Captain Bradbury's First United States artillery, company A, engaged the enemy just above the obstructions in the Teche, while Captain Carruth's and one section of Capt. Bradbury's First Maine batteries, under command of Lieutenant Healy, engaged the enemy in front.

One piece of Captain Mack's Eighteenth New-York (twenty-pound Parrott) was ordered about the same time to take position between the road and the river—about the same place that General Banks and staff had formerly occupied—and open fire on the Diana. Twenty shells were fired at the vessel. She was struck several times.

There was something very singular in the actions of the Diana. She would suddenly appear every five or ten minutes, fire and then disappear. Captain Mack thinks that she was lashed to the side of the dock, when, by the loosening of the rope, she would turn by the force of the stream into the centre of the Teche, fire her guns, and was then instantly drawn out of sight. One shell from the Diana burst very near the gun. A piece of the shell brushed private Corson's cap, and lodged in a tree near by.

Soon our batteries replied to the enemy's fire, and a constant roar of artillery was heard, with occasional rapid firing sounding in the distance like heavy musketry. For more than two hours the firing was kept up.

In addition to the powerful guns on board the Diana, the enemy were well supplied with batteries and guns of large calibre, answering our rapid discharges with spirit. One, a thirty-two pound smooth-bore, at the left of the road and near the end of the breastworks, on this side of the Teche, was fired very rapidly, and no doubt did great execution. It was either a Parrott or a columbiad.

During the whole of this time General Banks and staff were under fire, riding from one portion of the field to another with apparent unconcern.

Ahead, behind, and on each side of us the shells were falling or exploding, the earth every instant rising in a cloud from where they struck, while the air was filled with flashes from the bursting missiles and white circling smoke, which curled and sailed upward.

Suddenly, while we were between the two lines of battle, a round shot struck the earth about forty yards ahead, just behind the first line, ricocheted over our heads but a very short distance, and, striking the earth again between us and the second line, bounded harmlessly over the latter.

A few minutes after, as the General and staff were moving between the lines toward General Emory, a shell from the Diana came cutting through the air, striking the earth not more than fifty feet ahead and about thirty feet from the first line, plunging deep into the ground, and throwing up the dirt in a huge shower, similar to what might be expected to result from a large, heavy body thrown with great force into a sheet of water. I noticed this one more particularly than the others probably because it struck much nearer, though from every portion of the field along our lines and the enemy's breastworks the earth every instant was rising in clouds.

As General Emory saw the shells striking all around us, he shouted: "Keep your staff and body-guard away, General; the enemy are directing their fire toward you." We were all

ordered to keep back and await his return, while General Banks rode toward General Emory with only one of his staff.

About five o'clock the Commanding General took a last look at the Diana. He had just passed a large white sugar-house on the left-hand side of the road, about six hundred yards from the battery, when a shot from the thirty-two pounder smooth-bore struck the roof of the building.

A section of Captain Bradbury's battery was sent to guard the pontoon-bridge which had been thrown across the Teche, while the other, as I have before stated, crossed the river, with two of Colonel Gooding's regiments.

While the artillery was at work the infantry was not idle. The brigades in the advance line of battle were Paine's, to the right, and Weitzel's, on the left—the former reaching to the Teche, and the latter resting on the woods.

Skirmishers were thrown out all along the front, and the whole carefully advanced.

At half-past four o'clock there was a reconnoissance by the Generals commanding, and an attempt made to ascertain the position of the enemy's batteries, the appearance of the earthworks, distant from our lines about three quarters of a mile, being so similar in color to the standing cane-fields, that it was found impossible to distinguish them or see the position of the guns. Our batteries were opened, the lines advanced, and skirmishers deployed for the purpose of drawing their fire. There was considerable firing along the whole lines, and along the edge of the woods there was a sharp musketry engagement for some time, the enemy coming out of his intrenchments to attack us. They were, however, driven back with loss.

About five o'clock our skirmishers advanced near enough to draw the fire of all their batteries. On the side of the Teche on which we were, they had fourteen or fifteen guns. On the other side of the bayou the enemy's force was unknown.

The firing ceased with the darkness, and it being found that both the lines of battle were within range of the enemy's guns, an order was given that the advance should retire out of the range of light artillery, and bivouac for the night, taking position in two lines, the brigade of Gen. Paine forming the right half of each line and General Weitzel's the left half.

General Paine's command had scarcely obeyed this order, (his right resting on the road,) when General Emory ordered the Fourth Wisconsin, Colonel Bean, to be thrown forward to hold the woods and sugar-house on the right of the main road, as the enemy's defences and principal guns were masked by them.

This position was contested with spirit all night. The pickets were firing and skirmishing among the trees and buildings during the whole of the time; but the ground was firmly and gallantly held by the Fourth Wisconsin, with but small loss on our side. Lieutenant-Colonel Dean had his horse shot from under him during the engagement.

About one o'clock on Tuesday morning, Col. Bean sent a communication to General Paine, stating that under cover of the fog and darkness the enemy had been busily at work near their picket-line all night, hammering and chopping, leading him to believe that they were planting batteries, or preparing in some manner to give us a warm reception in the morning. General Emory was informed of these facts. He at once gave General Paine permission to place an additional force in position to support Colonel Bean if necessary.

Before the fog lifted General Paine moved his headquarters up to the line held by the Fourth Wisconsin. He was accompanied by the Eighth New Hampshire. This regiment was placed in line of battle in the rear of the Fourth Wisconsin, and both regiments were ordered to place themselves in the deep plantation ditches, so that by lying down they might be sheltered from all missiles, excepting shell bursting directly overhead.

The remainder of General Paine's brigade now came up, at twenty-five minutes past six o'clock A.M., when it was determined to make a reconnoissance, in order to learn the meaning of the enemy's movements during the night.

General Paine accordingly went up to the line of pickets in front of the Fourth Wisconsin. Proceeding cautiously he reached the extreme advance, and, from observation and information, became satisfied that the Diana was within short-range, having moved from her former position during the night.

As General Paine had just come to the conclusion that artillery could be placed in position so as to easily destroy her, the Diana fired her thirty-pound rifled Parrott, the shell passing in dangerous proximity to our little force.

This was at thirty-five minutes past six A.M., and was the signal for the second day's fight to commence.

At half-past six o'clock on Monday morning a large force of the enemy's infantry and cavalry advanced from behind their breastworks, for the purpose of regaining possession of the sugar-house and woods. The guns on the Diana, (two,) the thirty-two pounder at the corner of the road, the batteries along the breastworks, together with a battery on the opposite side of the Teche, opened upon the woods and General Paine's command. The men bravely stood their ground amid this terrific hail of iron missiles, and met the advancing enemy with spirit.

An infantry fight of half an hour was kept up, our men still holding their ground, and finally driving the rebels to the shelter of their breastworks.

While our forces and artillery were getting into position on the left, General Paine sent to General Banks, requesting that heavy guns might be sent forward as rapidly as possible, as his position must soon become untenable, unless artillery arrived at once.

Scouts in the mean time were sent forward to observe the movements of the Diana, and in a

short time they returned, reporting that she was changing her position. The fog, which had been very heavy, now lifted, (thirty-five minutes past eight A.M.,) discovering her position. A large flag was flying from her mainmast.

A rebel battery had been quietly placed between the Diana and our forces, not one hundred and fifty yards distant from the latter, and nearly five hundred yards from their earthworks. They were attempting to post their pickets and get ready to open a fire, which must have forced our gallant fellows back, when General Paine again sent a messenger to hasten up a battery. A moment after the artillery of Captain Mack's Eighteenth New-York was heard thundering along the road. At the bend he was seen galloping at full speed, and the next moment the guns were in position.

So rapid and splendid was the whole movement performed, that the enemy had not time to open their batteries before the staunch twenty pounder Parrotts of Captain Mack were throwing shell into them, when the whole of the rebel guns were limbered up and hurried away without firing. Under the circumstances General Paine was compelled to commence the fire with Mack's battery before the Fourth Wisconsin was called in, and most of the shelling was over their heads. Captain Mack now turned his artillery upon the Diana and the guns of the enemy ahead and on each side of the Teche. The firing was kept up for two hours without cessation. The whole were in easy range of his guns, the Diana and batteries on this side of the river not being more than eight hundred yards distant, while that on the opposite side to the left was about one thousand three hundred.

Four hundred rounds were fired, two caissons emptied, the Diana and batteries right and left silenced repeatedly, the gunboat finally steaming up the Teche, and never firing a shot this side of the breastworks afterward. Generals Banks, Emory, Paine, and their staffs, rode up and complimented Captain Mack and his command. This is the first time that this battery has been engaged, and the men under fire. The battery was raised in the city of Rochester, New-York, last September. Your country will thank you, Captain Mack, for you and your command acted gloriously.

While this battery was answering the enemy from every quarter, Colonel McMillan, of the Twenty-first regiment Indiana artillery, ordered Captain McLaffin, of company G, to take a section of thirty-pound rifled Parrots, place them in position on the bank, in easy range of the Diana, and open on her.

This was promptly done, twenty shot were fired, six of which are said to have struck her. The flag was shot away.

The first shell that was fired is reported to have passed through her iron plating and wheel-houses, killing both the engineers and three other persons. Six were afterward killed by two other shells.

A large number were scalded and wounded on

board the Diana, as one of the shells passed through a portion of her steam works. In half an hour after the first shot was fired from these guns she steamed up-stream and disappeared. This was about ten minutes past three A.M. She never appeared to fight Mack's and McLaffin's guns afterward.

Before proceeding further with what occurred in General Paine's brigade I will state that at an early hour in the morning, (Monday, April thirteenth,) news reached General Banks that General Grover was in the rear of the enemy advancing on Franklin.

The lines of battle were advanced the same as on the day previous, except that the remainder of Colonel Gooding's brigade crossed the Teche and rejoined those who went over the day previous. The First Maine artillery, Lieutenant Healy commanding, accompanied it for the purpose of silencing the battery which was throwing grape and canister into General Paine's brigade.

Colonel Gooding's command crossed to the other side of the Teche on a bridge partly destroyed by the rebels (before mentioned as used for obstructing the bayou) and afterward repaired by us.

In the line of battle on the west bank Duryea's battery, of General Emory's division, took the place which Mack's battery occupied the day previous.

As the Diana was preparing to start up-stream to get out of range of our guns, a severe skirmish took place in the front of General Paine's brigade between company B, Fourth Wisconsin, Captain Carter, and company B, of the Twenty-eighth Louisiana. The latter were driven off.

While this affair was going on, information was brought to General Paine that a regiment of the enemy's infantry had been landed in the woods and were advancing toward our right wing for the purpose of flanking it.

This circumstance, and the discovery that another force was passing down to the bank of the bayou out of the woods, led him to suppose that the enemy were massing troops in that direction, with the intention of suddenly descending upon Captain Mack's battery, for the purpose of capturing it.

To guard against this move, the right wing (Eighth New-Hampshire) was ordered in position on the bank of the bayou, slightly in advance of the right of the battery, with orders to protect it to the last, and charge upon any troops which might advance for that purpose.

This movement no doubt checked the enemy, who fell back with their main body, leaving, however, a large force of skirmishers, who opened a destructive fire. At thirty-five minutes past eleven o'clock these were also partially driven back and their fire slackened. Ours increasing, they too finally retreated behind the shelter of their earthworks. The fire on both sides was fierce and constant.

About this time every gun of the enemy's batteries was silenced also, and our firing ceased, leaving us in undisputed possession of the woods

and sugar-house. All acted splendidly. The ground so hotly contested, was held during the whole time, the enemy being driven off at every point by the infantry; while the fire of the Diana, the thirty-two pounder, and the guns on each side of the river, before and behind their breastworks, were silenced by Mack's, McLaffin's, and Healy's artillery. Observing this, General Paine rode up to Captain Mack, thanked him and his command, when the brigade gave three cheers for the battery and its gallant chief. This was followed by three more for General Paine, the members of the artillery company joining with spirit. Several shells had struck some buildings in the rear and to the right of the enemy's works on this side of the Teche, setting them on fire. The artillery firing, infantry fighting, skirmishing and the burning buildings presented one of the grandest spectacles I ever witnessed.

During the whole of this sharp engagement our forces were in line of battle a little farther in the rear, skirmishing ahead, the main body gradually approaching nearer the enemy's breastworks, and the artillery replying to the rapid fire of their batteries.

The artillery about ten o'clock opened with renewed vigor along the whole line.

In addition to the batteries I have already mentioned were Captains Carruth's and Bainbridge's, of Weitzel's brigade. They fired from their positions on the left until all their ammunition was expended, when they retired. Several of the enemy's guns were either silenced entirely by these batteries or compelled to change their positions.

Between twelve and one o'clock, Captain Duryea's battery of twelve-pound Napoleons was ordered up in front, and was soon firing upon all the batteries of the enemy on this side of the Teche. Lieutenant Morris, with one section of the battery, was ordered to proceed forward to within one hundred and fifty yards of their breastworks. They did so, and engaged the enemy from that time to five P.M., doing considerable execution, firing in all two hundred and fifty-six rounds, when he ceased for want of ammunition. A shell from the enemy about one o'clock killed one of the drivers, his horse, and struck a caisson. The latter was soon repaired.

One shot from Captain Duryea's command struck and dismounted a large brass field-piece of the enemy posted near the woods on the left. It was a gun of Valverde's battery. From the effects of this shot Captain Valverde and four horses are reported to have been instantly killed, and four men wounded.

The two thirty-pound Parrotts which engaged the Diana were now turned on the land-batteries, distant about a mile and a quarter, compelling the rebel artillerists to change their guns from one part of their works to another, as could be seen from the smoke of their pieces.

The constant roar of artillery was now literally deafening, (half-past three P.M.) All day there had been firing, with more or less vigor, at different parts of the field; but now all the artillery

appeared to be engaged, battery replying to battery and gun answering gun.

It is known that the enemy had three or four batteries behind their breastworks on the west side of the Teche, among them Valverde's and Semmes's, as well as the guns of the Diana (now silenced) and the large gun on the redoubt near the road.

Our battery had already thrown grape and canister from the other side of the Teche, and it was believed that besides this others were there in reserve.

I thought that the firing of the previous day's engagement was terrific; but it was nothing in comparison with this, which was the heaviest I ever heard, and continued for three or four hours in a perfect roll. The whistling of each shot and shell, as it cut through the air, was distinctly heard above the din. Soon a haze filled the atmosphere, caused by the large quantities of smoke rising from the discharged guns and bursting shells, and the number of the latter exploding in the air resembled fire-flies at night, the whole horizon in front appearing to shoot out a sudden jet of yellow fire, which, disappearing, was instantly followed by a circle of white fleecy smoke, which gradually became less distinct and finally vanished.

The enemy's breastworks, extending from the Teche to the woods on the west side, and to Grand Lake on the east, were evidently of great strength and in admirable position. On Sunday they were invisible to the naked eye, and at the distance of three quarters of a mile could scarcely be distinguished with a glass, owing to their similarity to the earth and plantation ridges around. Now our forces were much nearer and in plain sight. The dirt from the falling missiles was rising in showers along the enemy's ranks, while the same was the case in our front, every place where the shot and shell struck over the fields being plainly visible from the clouds of dark earth suddenly rising to a height of several feet in the air.

The coolest and apparently the least concerned of all the brave men on the field were the Commanding Generals, and none more so than General Banks himself. Certainly none were in greater danger from the enemy's guns. Surrounded by his staff, he rode from one portion of the field to another, and both days visited the other Generals and inspected the lines himself. Though headquarters on the battle-field might be said to be on the road and slightly to the left, opposite the trees and sugar-house, (which position was so hotly contested in the morning,) they were compelled to be changed frequently, as the large gun on the redoubt and a battery over the river threw shot and shell rapidly in that neighborhood, in answer to Captain Hammick's twenty-pounder Parrotts, posted on the road a few yards to the right, and one of our thirty pounders, making it one of the warmest places on the field along our lines.

Captain Cox, Co. K, of this regiment, received orders about this time to post his two brass

eighteen-pound rifles near the centre of the field, on the left of the Teche. They were placed in the rear of the light artillery, and opened on the guns to the right, near the river. Only a few rounds were fired, as it was found impossible to see the position of the enemy. Captain Cox was then ordered up to within four hundred yards of the batteries, from which position he fired one hundred rounds, driving the enemy repeatedly from their guns, upsetting a caisson, and killing several horses. Three of his men were severely wounded.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Mack having filled his caisson, received orders to advance his guns to the point, and open fire on the thirty-two pounder, the battery to the right, on the other side of the Teche, and Semmes's battery of light twelve-pounders on the left, on this side.

The guns were soon in position in the rear of Captain Bradbury's, and kept up a constant fire upon the enemy's position for three hours and a half. The distance from the battery to the large gun was about six hundred yards, and from the batteries on each side of the river about fifteen hundred. Captain Mack was under a severe cross-fire during the whole of the time. Shell struck and burst all around his pieces. A case of grape from the thirty-two pounder struck directly under Captain Mack's horse and exploded; but the powder was of such a poor quality that it failed to throw the grape with any force, only one or two of the balls from the rings which inclosed them being forced out.

At three o'clock, Captain Hammick, of Co. E, Twenty-first Indiana, with a section of twenty-pounder rifled Parrotts, took position near the sugar-house, on the right of the road, and opened on the large gun on this side and on the enemy on the other side of the Teche, where a sharp engagement was going on between Colonel Gooding's brigade, Healy's battery and the rebels.

The enemy from the other side of the bayou promptly answered Hammick's section, and fired with such rapidity as to compel him to change his position frequently during the action.

The enemy's batteries were behind high breastworks, so that it was impossible to know the effect of his fire; but Captain Hammick had the satisfaction of observing that they were driven from their guns again and again, as the firing would cease at times for several minutes.

On both sides of the Teche the infantry had been engaged nearly the whole of the day.

On the left, as we have seen, the artillery fight commenced about noon.

After ascertaining the number and force of the enemy's guns, General Banks gave orders that the advance should learn, if possible, their force of infantry; and our artillery, infantry, and skirmishers were advanced four hundred yards at one o'clock for that purpose, but without accomplishing the object.

The brigades of Generals Weitzel and Paine formed the two first lines of battle, the latter the two right and the former the two left lines,

the advance or front line being the Fourth Wisconsin and Eighth New-Hampshire, of General Paine's brigade, right, and the One Hundred and Thirty-third and One Hundred and Seventy-third New-York of General Weitzel's brigade, left. Colonel Ingraham's brigade, of General Emory's division, was held in reserve.

The order was now given to advance on the enemy's works. A large body of skirmishers were thrown out along the whole line in face of and not more than fifty yards from the enemy's sharp-shooters, which covered the entire front; and a terrible fire from these parties alone was at once opened and kept up for some time, the enemy bravely resisting the advance of the skirmishers, but finally compelled to fall back.

The distance of the first line of battle from the earthworks was about five hundred and twenty yards. (Time, forty-five minutes after two P.M.)

At the first the fire of the sharp-shooters was very accurate, and several of our gallant fellows were shot down before they had proceeded twenty yards. One of the rebels was hidden behind a knoll. He would project his bayonet, with his cap at the end, slightly from one side, and, watching his opportunity, would fire on the other side of the knoll. He continued this *ruse* for some time, and must have killed or wounded no less than six or seven of our men.

General Weitzel now posted the Seventy-fifth, supported by the One Hundred and Fourteenth New-York, on the left, in the woods. A constant fire from the enemy was kept up on them.

About this time the enemy's batteries appeared to be silenced, when the whole army advanced toward them at quick time, skirmishers still in the advance.

Suddenly a terrific cross-fire from every part of the enemy's works on both sides of the Teche opened upon them. The men were at once ordered to lie down, so that the shell might pass over them.

In a few moments the order to advance was again given, when the whole moved on in the face of a heavy fire. This was about three o'clock P.M., and the distance from the works was not more than three hundred and fifty yards.

The artillery was firing over our heads from every quarter, in answer to the line of fire from the guns of the enemy posted on their breastworks.

With the exception of the two regiments to the left in the woods, our whole force lay down in the plantation ditches and along between the ridges in the field, and the whistling shells from the enemy's batteries rushed harmlessly over their heads.

And now occurred one of those acts of bravery which is called rashness.

When our skirmishers were falling back from an overpowering force of the enemy's sharp-shooters, but only to rally and drive the enemy in their turn, several heads would be raised along our line for the purpose of witnessing the engagement, thereby drawing the fire from both the batteries and sharp-shooters upon them. Some

went so far as to stand upright. "Down, men, down," shouted General Emory, using but this order. Being unnoticed, the General stood up, and said: "Get down, men. Don't you see that you are drawing the fire of the enemy upon you?"

This order and appeal had no more effect than the former, curiosity being stronger than the fear of danger, when General Emory, for the third time stood up, and, in a loud tone of passion, said: "Lie down, or I'll arrest you, and send you to the rear. Commanders of companies and regiments will see that this order is obeyed." The men instantly dropped their heads, and those standing glided out of sight. This order had the desired effect; and it is said that not a man raised himself after, until commanded to do so.

It was intended that the men should remain in this position until the order for the assault was given.

The enemy's sharp-shooters from behind their rifle-pits, two hundred and fifty yards from the main works, again drove back our skirmishers.

General Emory sent the division artillery to report to General Paine, who posted it on the right, near the centre, and on the left of his line.

It was now a quarter-past four o'clock. Every thing appeared ready, and the order to advance in double-quick and storm the works was momentarily expected.

Our skirmishers along the line and the Seventy-fifth and One Hundred and Fourteenth New-York regiments in the woods on the left, had already approached so near the enemy's intrenchments that he was compelled to expose his infantry force, open fire and drive them back.

This was all that was required, and, falling back, a report was made to the commanders, and the strength of both the enemy's artillery and infantry behind their earthworks, was thus ascertained.

The enemy appeared to fully understand the meaning of the movement, for their guns fired rapidly along the whole line. It was well that our men were situated as they were, or they must have been cut to pieces and compelled to fall back. As it was, the loss was very small.

About this time (five o'clock) a regiment of infantry and cavalry emerged from their works on the left, and entering the woods, attempted to flank us, but were engaged by the Seventy-fifth and One Hundred and Fourteenth New-York, when, after a sharp skirmish, the enemy retreated behind their fortifications with considerable loss.

General Paine now formed his brigade into two lines, with the intention of at once advancing and assaulting the enemy's works. It had moved but a short distance, however, when a staff-officer from General Weitzel rode up at full speed, bringing a request that he would wait until an answer could be received from a communication sent to General Banks a few moments previous, in relation to the movement.

General Paine accordingly marched his brigade back into the ditches.

In a few moments the reply was received. It was decided to defer the assault until morning, as it was late in the day, and the Clifton, (gun-boat,) which had arrived a short time previous, could coöperate in the attack.

Had the assault been made it would no doubt have succeeded, but at a very heavy loss of life.

The firing having now ceased on both sides, (twenty minutes past six P.M.,) the lines of battle were ordered to fall back and bivouac for the night. They were relieved by fresh troops, a strong picket-line placed ahead, with reserves but a short distance in the rear, and the exhausted but brave and gallant fellows went back a short distance in the rear of the picket reserves and slept soundly on the battle-field until morning, when the reveille was the signal for a hasty breakfast and rapid start after the enemy, who had evacuated his works in the night.

While our troops are resting on this side of the Teche, I will tell you of the brilliant affair of Colonel Gooding's brigade on the other side.

Early in the forenoon of Monday, Colonel Gooding received an order from General Emory to cross the Teche, rejoin the two regiments sent over the afternoon previous, and attack and silence the rebel battery which was throwing grape into General Paine's command, at that time posted near the sugar-house. The remaining sections of Lieutenant Healy's First Maine battery accompanied the brigade.

The regiments composing Colonel Gooding's command were the Thirty-first Massachusetts, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York, One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New-York, Fifty-third Massachusetts, and the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts. The latter crossed the pontoon-bridge about eight o'clock under a severe fire from the battery. The First Maine battery followed.

The Thirty-first Massachusetts was deployed as skirmishers through an immense cane-field, at the end of which, a mile and a half distant, the enemy's breastworks extended for three quarters of a mile, reaching from the shore of Grand Lake to the bank of the Teche.

The advance of the Thirty-first was hotly contested by the enemy, and the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts moved forward in three detachments as a support. The intention was to immediately attack the battery; but as soon as our advance was observed, it ceased to fire on General Paine's brigade, and accordingly the attack was not made. Colonel Gooding, however, decided upon finding the true position of the enemy outside his works, and also ascertain if the guns which had been throwing grape into General Paine's brigade was a light battery posted on the outside of the intrenchments, as was supposed by General Emory.

The Thirty-first Massachusetts was now advanced to within half a mile of the works; but no light battery was found there. The advance was very hotly contested; and the ammunition of the Thirty-first being exhausted, they were relieved by the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, Col. Rodman, who deployed as skirmishers. About two o'clock, an order was received from General

Banks to move on the enemy's intrenchments on the right bank, while at the same time an order was given to Generals Emory and Weitzel to advance on them on the left bank.

The Thirty-eighth Massachusetts deployed across the whole field, advancing to the position of the Thirty-first. The Fifty-third Massachusetts was also deployed as skirmishers, acting as a support. The One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New-York and Thirty-first Massachusetts were placed in the rear of the left and the right of the second line of skirmishers, as reserves, while at the same time the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York was ordered to turn the enemy's left flank. The battery, under command of Lieutenants Healy and Morton, was posted on parallel plantation roads, leading to the enemy's works. One section was held in reserve, and in rear of the second line of skirmishers. These dispositions being made, the whole advanced on the enemy's works, driving them into the same.

The advance was very stubbornly resisted, the rebel sharp-shooters engaging our skirmishers, while the artillery belched forth fire and smoke all along the extent of their fortifications, bravely answered, however, by our own, which was well served, and the guns of the enemy were twice silenced and frequently compelled to change their positions.

About three o'clock a further advance was made under a severe direct and cross-fire from their batteries, and it having been found by this time that the enemy were very strongly fortified with powerful guns, the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts was ordered to advance steadily forward toward the earthworks, and when within the reach of musketry to lie down and await orders. The next moment another order arrived that they should advance, and, if they could reach the enemy's works, enter them.

As Colonel Rodman rode along the line for the purpose of issuing his commands, the enemy's sharp-shooters fired upon him. He was the only mounted man in his regiment. The men advanced steadily and rapidly, so well that our troops on the other side of the Teche cheered them, and the rebels hastily entered their breastworks.

The fire was very severe on the left of this regiment under command of Major Richardson, the men being more exposed to the enemy's fire than at any other point.

A shell exploded just in the middle of the left reserve, killing Captain Gault, company A, private Gill, company A, another of company D, and severely wounding seven others of these companies. The front line at this time was distant from the enemy's works about seven hundred and fifty yards. The advance was now (forty-five minutes past three p.m.) very slow, as the enemy was using every exertion from their works and outside on the right, left, and centre to drive us back.

At this time Lieutenant Russel, of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, with his company, was in the woods to the right, when about five hundred

of the enemy's infantry advanced from the works with the intention of flanking him. They opened a tremendous fire, checking our further progress, and the right would probably have been turned by this overpowering force, but for the thick underbrush of the woods and the swampy nature of the ground, thus rendering their movements very slow and difficult.

Colonel Gooding at once ordered the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York, Lieut.-Colonel Sharpe, to strengthen this position and drive the enemy back. Advancing through the woods on the enemy's left, Colonel Sharpe reached their rear and flanked them, driving the rebels before him. They were the Eighteenth Louisiana infantry and three companies of the Seventh Texas cavalry. The latter dismounted. A section of artillery was also posted by the rebels on that end of the works for the purpose of assisting the force to flank us. Suddenly the enemy sent a powerful force to the assistance of the rebels, as it was found that they were being driven at every point. Colonel Sharpe had now a much superior force to contend against. A sharp musketry fire, by volleys, was commenced and kept up for some time, when word reaching Colonel Gooding that Colonel Sharpe's force was outnumbered by the enemy's, the Thirty-first Massachusetts was immediately sent to reinforce him.

As soon as they arrived a charge was made by Colonel Sharpe upon a strong abattis to the right of the earthworks, in the woods, about two hundred yards distant, and hidden entirely from sight of the latter by the trees. The position was evidently a very strong one, for the enemy had dug a ditch and felled trees around it. The rebels in the abattis fought bravely, and our forces fell back about twenty feet, when Sergeant Charles W. Kennedy, of company I, advancing to the front, waved his musket as an officer would his sword, and impulsively shouted: "Let's try it again, boys! We'll have it this time! Follow me!" And the gallant fellow bounding forward, the rest followed with a yell, when the ditch, obstructions and guns were passed in a moment, and the next instant the abattis was taken and the enemy at the mercy of our soldiers. The latter, eighty-six in number, at once surrendered. One hundred stand of arms were taken.

The abattis was held by our men with little loss, as I have said that it was distant from their works and batteries about two hundred yards, with dense woods between.

Lieutenant Healy's guns were struck frequently by the shot and shell from the enemy's batteries. One was disabled, but was soon repaired. The rammer of Lieutenant Morton's section of the same battery was cut in two by a shell. A piece of the same shell wounded him slightly in the neck. A round shot, about three o'clock, passed very near Lieutenant Morton, cutting the head off an infantry-man at his side.

The One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New-York, Colonel Sharpe, and the Thirty-first Massachusetts, Colonel Hopkins, held the woods and abattis all night, fighting the enemy the whole time, and

killing and wounding a large number, amongst the former a field-officer on a white horse, who rode among his men cheering and inspiring them onward.

About five o'clock P.M., the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts having expended all their ammunition, the Fifty-third Massachusetts, Colonel Kimball, was ordered by Colonel Gooding to advance his line of skirmishers and relieve the Thirty-eighth.

The fight continued in that position until between seven and eight o'clock P.M., when the firing closed. All day there had been a constant roar of artillery and musketry, grape, ball, and shell, on both sides of the river. Altogether, it was, perhaps, one of the warmest and liveliest fights ever known. As I have stated, the enemy were driven at every point.

At daylight in the morning Colonel Kimball, commanding the advance line of skirmishers, failing to discover any trace of the enemy in front, concluded to advance his line to the enemy's works, when he found them evacuated. At the same time Captain W. Irving Allen, of the Thirty-first Massachusetts, having his company deployed as skirmishers in the woods on the left, and seeing the forward movement of Colonel Kimball's line of skirmishers, ordered his men to advance also, entering the enemy's works on the left at the same time. While this movement was taking place Colonel Gooding received an order from General Emory to ascertain, if possible, by an advance movement, whether the enemy had evacuated his works, when the welcome news was received that the flag of the Fifty-third Massachusetts already waved over them.

About one o'clock the same morning, (Tuesday, April fourteenth,) General Paine, who, with his command, it will be remembered, was a short distance in the rear of the reserves, on the opposite side of the Teche, was awakened by the distant rumbling of artillery. Soon after an officer from the picket-guard came to him and reported that he and his command had heard the noise since eleven o'clock the night previous, and that the enemy must either be evacuating, or was being reënforced. The former was thought to be the most probable by both of the officers, and General Paine at once sent word of what had occurred to General Emory.

At two o'clock A.M., an order from General Emory arrived with instructions to send a company of skirmishers to ascertain whether the enemy's pickets were there, draw their fire, and occupy the enemy's works at once, as soon as it was known that they had evacuated them.

Captain Allaire, of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New-York, with his company, were at once detached by General Paine for this purpose, with orders that he should send back as early as possible an account of his operations, and whether or not the enemy were met on this side of the works.

In the mean time, the brigade formed in line of battle, and the left wing (Eighth New-Hampshire) was deployed over his entire front, with

orders to skirmish, if possible, into the enemy's breastworks.

The men advanced as ordered, the brigade following closely. No gun was fired and no obstruction made to their onward progress, and in a short time the men of the Eighth New-Hampshire were seen climbing up the breastworks. While three rousing cheers were given from along the line of intrenchments on each side of the river, the flag of the Eighth New-Hampshire was planted on them.

The whole brigade then marched in line of battle, and followed them over the works. Information was now sent to Generals Banks and Emory that the enemy had evacuated, and in a short time a large force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery started in pursuit.

The cavalry of the rebels had formed in line of battle about half a mile from the earthworks; but as soon as they saw our forces mount them, they hurriedly left.

Before following the enemy, it is proper to state what occurred in their rear, and what was the result of General Grover's expedition. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the eleventh inst., General Grover's division left Brashear City on the gunboats Clifton, Estrella, Arizona, and Calhoun, and the transports Laurel Hill, Quinnebog, and St. Mary's. Two small tugboats had in tow rafts loaded with artillery, munitions of war, etc. The intention was to have left the night previous, but the dense fog detained them until the time mentioned above.

The whole proceeded up the Atchafalaya River in line, the Clifton taking the lead. As the loaded vessels steamed up the river, one after another passing our army marching along the river road, hearty cheers were given, hands and handkerchiefs waved, and the joy which shone on the faces of all could not have been exceeded if the parties had met after a long and dangerous campaign, instead of the few hours which passed since they were together. Those cheers, I thought, boded no good to the enemy, and I was satisfied when I saw the spirit of the men that they were advancing to victory, and as bold and brave a front would be shown to the enemy as could be desired. And so it proved, for I question whether any men fought better or acted more the soldier throughout than the gallant fellows composing the Nineteenth army corps did in this rapid and victorious campaign.

The intention of General Grover's expedition was to get into the enemy's rear, and, if possible, cut off their line of retreat in case they should be forced to evacuate in front, and in the event of their not evacuating to attack them in the rear, and thus, under two fires, compel them to do so.

Unforeseen difficulties in transportation, the grounding of one of the transports near the entrance to Grand Lake, and a delay of upward of twenty-four hours in laying off where a landing was desired, detained them a considerable time.

The expedition proceeded to Grand Lake, meeting no obstruction whatever.

Steaming up the lake a few miles, the fleet an-

chored at a place opposite what is known as Mrs. Porter's shell-road, about thirty miles from Bra-shear City, arriving there about eight o'clock the same evening.

A reconnoissance was now made on shore by the First Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Fisk, along the shell-road leading to the Teche, from the lake to the rear of where the enemy was supposed to be. After a careful examination it was found that the road was impassable.

Captain Rawley, Aid to General Banks, and chief signal-officer in the department, about three o'clock the same afternoon took the steamer Sykes, proceeded up the Atchafalaya into the lake, and opened communication with General Grover. A company of men and one piece of artillery accompanied him.

The flotilla now moved up to what is known as McWilliams's road, five miles above. This movement was quietly made in the night. The landing here being found good, and the road passable, the troops commenced disembarking on Sunday morning at daylight. The First Louisiana and the brigade of Colonel Birge landed at the same time. The former immediately formed in line of battle, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fisk advanced with two companies and deployed as skirmishers toward the woods, supported by Colonel Holcomb with the balance of the regiment.

Suddenly, after proceeding a short distance, artillery opened upon our forces from the woods beyond the road, instantly followed by a sharp discharge of musketry.

Colonel Fisk, with his command, was ordered to advance into the woods, while Colonel Holcomb moved rapidly forward with his regiment to take the enemy's guns, or drive them back and advance through the woods to the opposite edge, distant about three quarters of a mile.

As our men moved rapidly forward, the enemy limbered up his guns and retreated. Volleys of musketry were, however, kept up on Colonel Holcomb's command, which were briskly returned, the latter advancing at the same time.

At this time Colonel Fisk fell, wounded through the leg, and the men moved forward with more spirit, as if determined to dearly avenge his fall, when the enemy retreated in haste, leaving two prisoners and two horses in our hands.

Our force now advanced to the edge of the wood, which it held, and the Twelfth Connecticut, One Hundred and Fifty-ninth and Sixth New-York shortly after arrived as a support. Here General Dwight was ordered to halt and await the disembarking of the remainder of the division, while steamers in the mean time were sent to the assistance of the Arizona, which had grounded a few miles above with two regiments on board. The troops were transferred to the other vessels as rapidly as possible, and the Arizona got afloat, when the whole returned to the main body. This caused a detention of four hours.

General Dwight was now reënforced by the remainder of his brigade and Captain Closson's

battery of artillery. The enemy, in considerable numbers, was moving about on the plain ahead, and across the bridges of the Teche. This force consisted of four guns, three hundred cavalry and a few infantry.

As soon as our cavalry and artillery arrived at the front, the former was sent to occupy and hold the junction of the Lake road, together with the road that runs parallel with the Teche.

The rebels moved forward upon this body with their cavalry and artillery, compelling it to fall back.

A section of Closson's battery, with Colonel Cassidy's Sixth New-York regiment, was now sent forward with a support, for the purpose of effecting the same object, when the enemy, seeing this body advance, retreated across the Teche, at McWilliams's plantation, burning the bridge behind them, and proceeding to the bridge at Madame Porter's plantation, attempted to fire it also; but our artillery and infantry, having by this time got possession of the junction of the roads, prevented its destruction, extinguished the fire and compelled the negroes on the plantation to repair the damage already done.

The enemy now started for a bridge about five hundred yards lower down the Teche, with the intention of destroying it, but our artillery opening upon them and the cavalry harassing them, they retreated without accomplishing their purpose. Shortly after noon we had full possession of the bridge at Madame Porter's, which was now in good repair.

About this time an order to halt was given, when General Dwight received instructions from General Grover to remain on the opposite side of the Teche, and keep possession of the bridges. The brigade remained in this position until five o'clock P.M., the remainder of the force crossing to the other side.

When all were over, General Dwight was ordered to burn the lower bridge, at which his command was, and with his brigade cross the one which our forces had already passed over.

This was accomplished, and the troops bivouacked for the night.

Captain Rawley now communicated with General Grover, and returned to headquarters where he arrived at ten o'clock in the evening. It was supposed that both sides of the Atchafalaya were lined with rebel troops, which was the reason of artillery and infantry accompanying the Sykes. No resistance, however, was made, and but a few of the enemy were seen, and they retreated without firing.

On Monday morning, April thirteenth, shortly after daylight, the division again advanced, Colonel Birge's brigade in front, followed by the brigades of General Dwight and Colonel Kimball. Lieutenant Rogers's battery was in the advance, with Captains Closson's and Nim's batteries in reserve.

About seven o'clock A.M. the advance reached the edge of a dense line of woods, near what is known as Irish Bend, (a sharp bend of the Teche,)

about eleven miles distant from the rebel earthworks, where General Banks was engaging the enemy.

Here our force was met by a strong one of the rebels, in position, from the bank of the Teche, across the front and right flank of General Grover's division.

The enemy was strongly posted at this point, their right flank supported by artillery, and their left extending round into another wood, in such a manner as to completely encircle any force which should simply attack their position in the wood first spoken of.

Colonel Birge, of the Third brigade, of General Grover's division, at this time in command of the advance, and supported by two sections of Rogers's battery, now skirmished with the rebels in front for about an hour, our skirmishers and their supports engaging the infantry and dismounted cavalry of the enemy. Colonel Birge then ordered the Twenty-fifth Connecticut and One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New-York in front of the first skirt of woods.

He had no sooner done this, than the enemy commenced a flank attack, endeavoring to take the section of Rogers's battery which was on the right.

These two regiments, assailed by a fire on their front and right from an enemy very perfectly concealed, replied ineffectually to the fire, became shaken, and finally commenced to fall back, when General Grover rode up to the front and rallied them, at the same time ordering General Dwight to hasten up with his brigade.

The section of Rogers's battery was compelled to limber up and go the rear, the fire of the enemy being so lively as to pick off nine cannoneers at their guns.

At this time General Dwight moved on to the field with his brigade, and placed the Sixth New-York on his right, in such a manner as to outflank the enemy's left, in a similar way that the enemy outflanked our right.

The Ninety-first New-York was ordered in front to advance against the woods, with the First Louisiana supporting the Sixth New-York, and the Twenty-second Maine and One Hundred and Thirty-first New-York in support of the Ninety-first New-York.

The order to advance was given, and, like veterans, they moved forward across the field, through the woods, and over another field, the enemy slowly but surely falling back before them, sweeping on, taking from him all his positions, and finally compelling him to so hasty a retreat that he left over one hundred prisoners in our hands. Then the position which Colonel Birge's brigade failed to take, with a loss of something over three hundred men, was taken by General Dwight, with a loss of only seven killed and twenty-one wounded.

General Dwight was ordered to halt, take a favorable position, and hold it.

This was done, the enemy continuing to manoeuvre in front of General Dwight's and Colonel Birge's commands for two or three hours.

The Diana did but very little harm during the whole of this time.

Our troops in the mean time had been ordered by General Grover to rest in their places until further orders, which they did until about three P.M., when an order was given to feel the enemy on the front and flank, with a view to our attacking their position in force.

Before any considerable advance further was made, the enemy evacuated, retreating to the woods and canes; having previously set fire to the gunboat Diana and transports Gossamer, Newsboy, and Era No. 2.

The retreat was accomplished in such a manner as to prevent effectual pursuit.

The rebel prisoners represent that they had upward of five thousand men engaged in this affair, and that they came up with the intention of driving General Grover's division across the Bayou Teche before General Banks's force could arrive; but they were signally repulsed, with a loss of from three to four hundred.

On the field of battle one hundred and five prisoners were taken and thirty wounded.

Among the killed is General Riley, and among the wounded Colonel Gray.

The prisoners also report that General Dick Taylor advanced in force on the flank, and was in command of the whole. "Sibley was there," they say, "but he was not in the fight, and never is."

About one hundred and fifty prisoners in all were captured by General Grover's command.

Immediately on the retreat a reconnoissance was sent out, which met a courier from the advance of General Banks's army, when the news arrived for the first time that the enemy had evacuated his works at Beasland.

At an early hour on Tuesday morning, April fourteenth, our cavalry and artillery, followed by Gen. Weitzel's brigade, with Col. Ingraham's, of Emory's division, as a support, started in pursuit of the enemy. Two regiments of Colonel Ingraham's brigade were detached and sent on the opposite side of the Teche, keeping in a line with the others, while the remainder of General Emory's division brought up the rear of the main body on the west bank. Between one and two hundred prisoners a day have been captured.

A better position for throwing up fortifications and earthworks, and resisting successfully an advancing army, was perhaps never seen.

Extending from Grand Lake on our right to the Teche, with obstructions across that stream, and a continuation of the earthworks on the left, to the impassable woods and swampy ground, the whole nearly two miles in length, was alone of sufficient strength for a small force to keep an army at bay for some time; but when we add that all along the works ran a deep natural ditch or bayou, and that the right and left of each line on both sides of the ditch could not be flanked, it will be seen what a formidable barrier was before our army in its front.

The earthworks were about three feet and a half high and four through, piles being driven on

the enemy's side, for the purpose of strengthening them. They followed the course of the ditch, which had many and sharp turns. In some places, where the works were higher than the guns, the earth was cut away, for the purpose of getting a clear range. On the west side, to the left, ran the unfinished line of the New-Orleans and Opelousas Railroad, with a slight wooden plank bridge thrown over the bayou. This was the termination of the line of fortifications. On the same side, at the right end, was a small redoubt, with the famous thirty-two pounder (columbiad) still in position. In their haste the enemy had left without spiking it. Two dismantled caissons lay near it. The ground around the gun was literally piled with shot, shell, grape, canister, cartridges, and even powder. In addition to this, both the boxes in the caissons were filled with ammunition. What appeared to interest lookers-on more than any thing else around here, was a pile of broken-up bars of iron, grates, bolts, etc., in pieces of from one to two inches in length and thickness, which the rebels used in lieu of grape and canister, though I noticed several cases of the former inclosed in iron rings, the balls about one and a half inches through. Near the woods, in a ditch, I saw one of the famous twelve-pound brass field-pieces of Valverde's battery. One of our shells struck and dismantled it. Another piece was said to be in the woods dismantled also. I did not see it. The works were shot away and broken in many places. When I arrived all the dead had been buried. Upward of forty horses, however, lay around dead. On the opposite side of the river there was about half that number.

The Beasland plantation extends on both sides of the Teche, covering an area of from two thousand five hundred to three thousand acres. Between seven and eight hundred hogsheads of sugar were raised yearly on this plantation before the war broke out. Nearly two hundred negroes were employed.

Thomas Beasland, the owner of this large plantation, is now a quartermaster in a Mississippi regiment. It is said that he was compelled to enter the army against his wishes. He has only been three or four months in it. Mr. Beasland, a few years ago, married the daughter of John Brownson, Esq., of Brooklyn, (a millionaire.) The former is now thirty-two years of age. Mrs. Beasland is about twenty-six. They have two small children.

A little further along the road, to the right, were rifle-pits, and beyond them a fort of considerable size, with a star front. There were no signs of its having been recently in use. In this neighborhood were the destroyed buildings of a large plantation. The mansion was burned to the ground, the lawn and shrubbery were covered with rubbish and broken statues. In the garden (which was now a ruin) was a silent fountain, a dilapidated summer-house, and more broken statues. To the right, across the road, was a sugar-house and saw-mill, both literally broken

to pieces by our shot and shell, hundreds of which had struck the buildings, which were in sight and range of nearly all our artillery. To the left were the negro quarters, tenantless. In one building I counted twenty-nine hogsheads and barrels filled with salt beef, beans, sugar, pork, and corn-meal. This belonged to the enemy, and is said to be all the army food they had in that neighborhood.

Reveille at four, breakfast at five, march at six, was the order sent round to the different commands on Tuesday night, and at the latter hour on Wednesday morning the advance and pursuit were continued.

I have already given an account of the loss of the gunboat Diana, and transports Newsboy, Gossamer, and Era No. 2, near Franklin, on Monday. The next day, about sundown, the Hart (iron-clad) was towed across the Teche, two miles below New-Iberia, scuttled and fired. She was not yet completed. She promised to be one of the most formidable, when finished, that the South have built. She was clad with railroad iron dovetailed together. Her armament was very heavy. A rifled thirty-pounder Dahlgren on her bow and a large brass gun on the stern, with their carriages, are perfect, and will be saved. The Hart, as the rebels intended she should be, proved a very serious obstruction, and when I left (three days after) she still lay as she sunk.

So rapid did our army follow up the enemy that they had no time to get their transports at New-Iberia away, and the Blue Hammock, Darby, Louise, Uncle Tommy, and Cricket were all either fired or sunk. All the commissary stores and ammunition with which these transports were loaded were destroyed with them. The Cornie (the hospital boat mentioned in company with the Diana) was captured near New-Iberia the day previous. When our forces saw her stopped by the Diana she was on her way to New-Iberia with her load of wounded. The commander of the Diana warned her not to proceed any further, as General Grover was in the neighborhood; but advised that he should return to Franklin, remove the wounded on shore, and destroy her by fire.

She accordingly returned, but was compelled to surrender to our forces before even her wounded were landed. The Cornie, with her crew and nearly sixty wounded prisoners, steamed to the side of the dock, when her wounded were landed. Fortunately, on board her were Capt. Jewett and Lieut. Alice, two of our officers who were captured and refused parole when the Diana was first captured by the enemy.

We arrived at New-Iberia on Thursday. Here a large foundry was taken possession of by our forces. A similar one was seized at Franklin two days previous. They were used for manufacturing cannon, munitions of war, gun-carriages, etc. A large saw-mill was also taken possession of at the former place, and two regiments sent to take possession of the celebrated New-Iberia Salt-Works. The latter will prove one of the most

serious losses which the enemy have met with in this line, as the whole of the South was furnished with large quantities of salt from these mines.

On Thursday afternoon a dashing cavalry charge was made by Major Robinson's command. The companies were Williamson's, Barrett's, Perkins's, and a Massachusetts company. The rear-guard of the enemy's cavalry, which for two days had desperately attempted to check our pursuit, made a stand for the purpose of attacking our party. They numbered nearly two to our one, and when our party approached them a charge was made upon the enemy's body with such bravery and impetuosity that, completely taken by surprise, they made a feeble resistance, and turned and fled in great disorder. They were chased nearly four miles. Seventy-five prisoners were captured. A halt was at last ordered, as the enemy's infantry had massed in considerable force to receive us. We lost ten wounded and fifteen horses killed. The names of the wounded men are given below. One of our men was taken prisoner by the enemy. He could not check his horse. In a second charge he was rescued by our men. General Emory complimented the commanders for this brilliant affair.

When I left General Banks's headquarters on Friday morning, at ten o'clock, four miles above New-Iberia or Newtown, (the army having been advancing from the neighborhood since six o'clock A.M.) we had already captured between one thousand four hundred and one thousand five hundred prisoners. Some were barefooted, others without blankets and hatless, and all meanly and scantily dressed in coarse home-spun.

Between two and three o'clock on Monday afternoon General Banks and staff were in the rear of the advance column a short distance, when a shell from the enemy passed directly over the General's head, apparently not more than six or eight feet, striking the earth within five feet of Captain Dunham's horse, which was galloping at full speed, as that officer at the time was carrying a despatch from General Banks to General Weitzel. The shell ricocheted and buried itself in the earth not three feet from an infantry-man who was sitting on the ground, covering him with earth. Half an hour later the General and staff were riding up the road to the front, and when nearly abreast of the sugar-house a shell entered the ground but a few feet ahead. Others falling to the right, left, and around them, rendered it perhaps one of the warmest places that any commander and staff were ever in. General Banks coolly remarked, "I think we are a little too far in the advance," upon which they rode leisurely back to the right of one of the columns drawn up in line of battle. While they were in the neighborhood of the sugar-house I counted no less than eight shots which struck the road and earth near them, all within half an hour.

About three o'clock on Sunday afternoon a solid shot from one of the enemy's batteries passed between Colonel Ingraham, commanding a brigade in General Emory's division, and Colonel Blanchard, One Hundred and Sixty-second

New-York. They were conversing together, some distance apart, and a little in front of the line of battle, when the shot struck the ground a few yards in advance, ricocheting completely over Colonel Blanchard's head, horse and all, afterward striking the ground between the Colonels. It was a very narrow escape. As the ball buried itself in the ground the men set up a cheer. It was repeatedly told me by several officers that the soldiers in line of battle would make a remark or criticise every shot and shell of interest, and many of their expressions being excellent jokes, they would be received with roars of laughter. There was a perfect absence of fear among the men. And while I am upon the subject, I may as well state that nearly every regiment, and many of the batteries and cavalry companies, were never engaged in battle before, and several of the two former were now for the first time under fire. I have the authority and word of honor from nearly all the commanders to state that they never saw men fight better or appear in better spirits throughout than these soldiers, comprising the Nineteenth army corps. I have looked for and even asked to be informed of a case of cowardice, and pledge my word that I neither saw nor heard of one.

Lieutenant John Freer, of company D, was shot in the stomach at the head of his company, just before the charge, while leading on his men. The shot was fatal. On receiving the ball, he staggered and fell, exclaiming: "My God, I am shot; tell my wife that I died doing my duty." He was a native of Ellenville, Ulster County, was married about three months ago, and was a young man about twenty-six years of age.

Private A. Grimley, of company D, of the same regiment, about this time exchanged several shots with a rebel hid behind a tree. As the latter advanced to fire, both pieces were discharged at the same instant. The rebel was shot dead, while the ball from his musket grazed Grimley's head.

When Colonel Kimball moved on the right works on Tuesday morning, after the evacuation, Grimley had the curiosity to look behind the tree to see whether his late enemy was lying there dead as was supposed. There indeed he lay, his face upturned, with a hole in the centre of his forehead, showing where the ball entered. On turning the body over, it was discovered that it had passed completely through. His death must have been instantaneous.

Twenty-five others of the rebel dead lay along the inside of the breastworks, while several fresh graves marked the places where others had been interred.

A shell burst directly over Colonel Gooding's head about four o'clock on Monday afternoon, scattering the pieces in every direction.

Another time a shower of grape whistled on all sides of him.

While riding across the field with Captain Fordham, his Assistant Adjutant-General, a little later, a round shot struck the ground some distance ahead, ricocheted again and again in a

direct line, and rolled harmlessly at their horses' feet.

A young rebel, about eighteen years of age, belonging to the Eighteenth Louisiana, was about sundown shot through the stomach and taken prisoner. He asked Lieutenant Bailey for a drink of water. When given to him he thanked him very kindly, prayed that God would bless and prosper him. He said that he would never have fought against the Stars and Stripes, but he was forced to do so, and frankly admitted that the South was in the wrong. He said: "This is a dying man's last word." It was even so, for in a few minutes he expired.

One of the first questions the rebels asked our men after they were captured was: "What kind of guns have you got? Why, they will carry a mile! We never saw such firing." One asked: "Are all your men sharpshooters?" Another said: "If we looked over our breastworks, got behind trees or into ditches, we were shot, and I believe that if I had put my hand up I could have caught a handful of bullets." Patrick Fitzgerald, of company H, Fourth Wisconsin, and orderly to General Paine, accompanied the latter over the field and in every fight. He was on horseback during the whole time of the fighting, and was the one nearest the Diana when the first shell struck her. Finding that his riding about the field drew the fire of the enemy in that direction, General Paine ordered him to dismount. The order was scarcely obeyed, and the last foot out of the stirrup, when a shell, which had been heard for some seconds humming toward them, passed within three feet of the two soldiers and cut away the top of the saddle. Patrick is only seventeen years of age.

Those wounded in the battle of Fort Beasland on Sunday and Monday, were placed in hospitals by the side of the road, about a mile and a half from the battle-field. The following surgeons were in charge, and nobly did their duty:

Post hospital No. 1, Emory's division.—Dr. W. B. Eager, Jr., in charge; Drs. W. H. Hozier and E. C. Clark, assistants.

Post hospital No. 2, Emory's division.—Dr. Robert Watts, Jr., in charge; Drs. Ward and Smith, assistants.

Post hospital No. 1, Weitzel's brigade.—Dr. M. D. Benedict, Medical Director of the brigade, Chief Surgeon, Dr. George Benedict, Assistant.

NEW-ORLEANS "ERA" ACCOUNT.

NEW-ORLEANS, April 29.

We have not until to-day been able to obtain a full account from an eye-witness of the important part taken by General Grover's division in the severe struggle of the thirteenth and fourteenth instant.

The fight took place near Irish or Indian Bend, between the Teche and Grand Lake, on the morning of the thirteenth, and culminated in the retreat of the enemy, and the destruction of the Diana on the fourteenth.

From several participants in the fight we are now enabled to relate the facts as they occurred in some detail.

On the morning of the thirteenth instant, at daylight, General Grover's division, comprising three brigades, arrived at Indian (sometimes called Irish) Bend, on Grand Lake, and prepared to land. Lieutenant-Colonel Fisk, of the First Louisiana infantry, was the first to land, with two companies from his regiment, one of which he employed as skirmishers, and the other he kept in reserve. The spot chosen for the disembarkation was a plain or clearing, of a semi-circular shape, about three quarters of a mile in diameter, through which ran a road to the woods, at a right angle from the lake. Lieutenant-Colonel Fisk followed this road toward the woods, and when within a short distance, discovered the enemy, afterward ascertained to be about three hundred strong. These were undoubtedly the force designed to act as sharpshooters on the Queen of the West. As we have already published, from the *Opelousas Courier*, this force of three hundred sharpshooters was cut off by General Grover's forces, and it is thought they had subsequently been used as skirmishers for the land force. They had two pieces of artillery, from which they opened a brisk fire on Lieutenant Colonel-Fisk's two companies. The fire was returned by our men, and the skirmishing between those forces lasted for about three quarters of an hour; when Colonel Holcomb arrived at the head of five more companies of the same regiment, and made a rapid charge into the woods where the enemy was concealed. Lieutenant-Colonel Fisk was wounded in the preliminary skirmish, and lost about fifteen men. He was struck in the calf of the leg, and soon becoming exhausted from loss of blood, was compelled to go to the rear, and mount a cart which he found there, upon which he followed up with the pursuit, which succeeded the arrival of Colonel Holcomb.

The strip of woods here was about a mile in width, and the three hundred retreated across it closely pursued by Colonel Holcomb, until they formed a junction with the main body of the rebels who were advantageously posted around and behind a sugar-house on a large plantation. Following closely after Colonel Holcomb, came Lieutenant-Colonel Warner with the Thirteenth Connecticut, Colonel Molineaux, with the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New-York, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cassidy with the Sixth New-York. Brigadier-General Dwight of the First brigade, was with this force, and of course in command.

The enemy, as before stated, was posted upon an open field, near the sugar-house, and consisted, as near as could be ascertained, of a considerable force of infantry, four well-handled pieces of artillery and about eight hundred Texas cavalry.

General Dwight formed his line of battle, under cover of the woods, with the Thirteenth Connecticut on his right, where he held the enemy in check without artillery for about an hour, when General Grover arrived with Closson's battery of six pieces. An artillery duel was now opened, which was of a very spirited nature, but without much loss of life on either side, and resulting in the retreat of the enemy. Pursuit was made,

during which an annoying fire from the four pieces of artillery was kept up on our advanced skirmishers.

On crossing the bridge over the Teche at Mrs. Porter's plantation, the Texas cavalry were dismounted and ordered to make a stand and destroy the bridge, with the intention to check General Grover's advance. The importance of this bridge was fully appreciated by both commanders, and General Grover ordered Captain Barret's cavalry, reinforced by twenty-five mounted infantry from the First Louisiana, to charge the enemy and save the bridge at all hazards.

A most furious, brilliant, and successful charge was made by this cavalry force, the Texans were driven across the Teche, and the bridge was saved. This was the most important achievement performed by any of our forces from the time of the debarkation up to this hour. The destruction of the bridge would have effectually stopped the pursuit.

Artillery firing was kept up after our cavalry had secured the bridge, but without much of any result. The night closed around General Grover's division encamped in a strong position, with the Third brigade, Colonel Birge, thrown forward as an advance.

SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

At five o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth, the whole division again got in motion, and marched in the direction of the enemy, who was between our forces and the town of Franklin, about three miles above the latter. At the end of half an hour he was encountered pretty strongly posted under cover of the woods, and on the bank of the Teche. As soon as it was known that the moment for action had arrived, General Grover formed his troops in line of battle, as follows:

He established his headquarters about a mile and a half from the enemy's front, and sent the Third brigade on to make the attack. General Grover's army were in a heavily ploughed field, the deep furrows of which materially retarded marching. He stationed two brigades, the First and Second, a little to the rear of his headquarters, planted a section of artillery on a line with him to his right, and another to the left. Still further to the left he stationed Nim's battery in the road, with orders to act as a reserve.

Colonel (Acting Brigadier-General) Birge now advanced in line of battle, with the Thirteenth Connecticut on the left, the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New-York in the centre, and the Ninety-first New-York on the right. The Twenty-fifth Connecticut, Colonel Bissell, and the Twenty-sixth Maine, Colonel Hubbard, were deployed to advance as skirmishers. While this force was advancing as rapidly as the nature of the heavily ploughed field would permit, an extraordinary fire was kept up by the field artillery on both sides, the rebels having some advantage in position, and they are said to have handled their four guns with admirable skill and rapidity.

The two regiments in advance soon came upon

a large infantry force of the enemy, and a furious fire of musketry followed. This skirmishing resembled more a general engagement between respectable bodies of troops than it did a skirmish. Our loss was quite severe here, being about seventy each in the two regiments, the Twenty-fifth Connecticut and the Twenty-sixth Maine. But the main body of the brigade was marching up at double-quick, led on by the almost too intrepid Colonel Birge, and soon passed the point where the skirmishers were holding ground against a fire of musketry at not more than one hundred yards' distance. For some reason, the Ninety-first New-York, on arriving at the line of the skirmishers, made a halt under cover of a ditch, while the left (Thirteenth Connecticut) and centre (One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New-York) kept marching on toward the enemy. This halting gave the left wing of the enemy a chance to flank the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth, and he was not slow to take advantage of the mistake. Colonel Molineaux now found his regiment in a most precarious position, suffering from an enfilade fire from the enemy's centre and advanced left wing. He accordingly gave the order to halt and lie down. In this position he was comparatively safe; and in the mean while the Ninety-first New-York recovering from the error into which it had fallen, and which caused a most serious loss to the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth, came nobly up to its proper place, and drove the left wing of the enemy from his position; and at the same time Colonel Molineaux gave the orders to up and advance.

The Thirteenth Connecticut, under Lieutenant-Colonel Warner, was in the mean time steadily advancing against a most determined enemy, who contested the ground inch by inch. We have not been able to see any of the officers of this regiment, but some of their brothers-in-arms on that hotly contested field say they stood their ground like veterans, and showed no signs of flinching. This was Colonel Birge's own regiment, and they behaved in a manner worthy of men under the immediate eye of their popular Brigade Commander.

After Colonel Molineaux gave the order to up and advance, he received a wound on the left side of his face from a Minie-ball, which proved very severe but not dangerous. His Lieutenant-Colonel had previously been killed. The Major of the regiment was serving on General Grover's staff, and was not on the spot; two other officers and the Adjutant were dead, and two others mortally wounded; yet, notwithstanding all this, and the fact that they had lost about one hundred and twenty of their brave comrades, this heroic regiment, on the restoration of the order of battle, went on with a will, and, with the other two regiments, put the enemy to a complete rout. About five hundred prisoners were secured in the retreat and pursuit which followed, and large numbers of killed and wounded were left on the field. These were taken care of—the dead being buried, and the wants of the wounded attended to with the same care bestowed upon

our own men. The surgeons in General Grover's division have been highly complimented for their skill and humanity on that occasion, as well to friend as foe.

The rebels engaged, as near as we could learn, consisted of Sibley's brigade, (nearly all Texans, and one Arkansas regiment,) the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth Louisiana, and a battalion of Texas cavalry, nearly eight hundred strong. Their artillery consisted of four pieces. Most of the prisoners taken on this field are Texans and Twenty-eighth Louisiana troops.

At just about the time the enemy showed symptoms of giving way, the gunboat Diana appeared at a point in the river where she could shell any part of the field with her large guns. Against this new and formidable enemy, a force of sharpshooters from the Twelfth Maine, of the Second brigade, and a section of artillery, were sent. The land forces retreated at about nine o'clock, when the engagement with the Diana began. After a three hours' fight, the gunboat was set on fire by a shell and soon after blew up.

Immediately after the destruction of the Diana, which was about twelve o'clock, General Weitzel's brigade came up, a junction formed, and the whole corps bivouacked on the battle-field. The killed and wounded on both sides were then attended to. The only regiments who lost any men were: The First Louisiana infantry, about fifteen or twenty; the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New-York, one hundred and twenty, including Lieutenant-Colonel Draper, the Adjutant and other officers killed, Colonel Molineaux and several others wounded; the Thirteenth Connecticut, sixty; Twenty-Fifth Connecticut, seventy; Twenty-sixth Maine, seventy; and the Ninety-first New-York, ten—making altogether about three hundred and fifty in killed and wounded, many of the latter having since recovered. The rebel killed and wounded were fully equal to this besides the prisoners, which, in addition to the five hundred mentioned above, were continually being brought in.

The fact that many of our men received bayonet wounds, is an evidence of the desperate nature of the contest.

Doc. 168.

FIGHT ON THE NANSEMOND RIVER.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDING CUSHING'S REPORT.

U. S. STEAMER COMMODORE BARNEY, }
NANSEMOND RIVER, VIRGINIA, }
April 14, 7.30 P.M. }

To the Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: This morning the vessels from above came down—the Mount Washington disabled. About half-past eleven A.M., the enemy opened on us with seven pieces of artillery, giving us a cross-fire. At once got under way and went into action, silencing the enemy in about an hour.

At about one P.M. the rebels took up a position within seven hundred yards of the Mount Washington, who was aground, and opened on us with

both artillery and sharpshooters. I kept close to the disabled steamer, and fought the enemy at high-water, when I ordered the Stepping Stones to take the Mount Washington in tow. This was done under a heavy fire. At five P.M. I had the satisfaction of silencing the enemy's battery. My loss foots up to three killed and seven wounded. I do not know as yet what the casualties are in the other vessels. I have eight raking shots, but fortunately my engine is not disabled.

I can assure you that the Barney and her crew are still in good fighting trim, and we will beat the enemy or sink at our post.

The most of the wounded and the dead I send down to the Minnesota. It is only requisite to look at the Mount Washington to see with what desperate gallantry Lieutenant Lamson fought his vessel. I am now taking in coal, and shall anchor for the night where we have fought all day.

W. B. CUSHING,
Lieutenant Commanding.

Doc. 169.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURGH, MISSISSIPPI.

PASSAGE OF THE BATTERIES, APRIL 16.

STEAMER SUNNY SOUTH, ABOVE VICKSBURGH, }
Friday, April 17, 1863. }

The old canals and the Pass and Bayou expeditions having failed from various causes, we have an entire change of programme. To make the new system of intended operations understood, it may be briefly explained that the efforts hitherto made have had for their object the flanking of Vicksburgh from above the city, and from that direction reaching the rear and obtaining possession of its important railroad communications with Jackson. It was this object that made the Yazoo River so important a position.

The Lake Providence project, now abandoned, had in view the same object as the new movement. This is, instead of gaining the rear of Vicksburgh from above, to do so from below. It is to abandon further attempts by the Yazoo Pass and the maze of bayous and rivers that have their origin in that direction, and seek in the ground lying behind the bluffs of Warrenton, between the Mississippi and the Black Rivers, a means of reaching Vicksburgh by passing below that now celebrated city. To accomplish this, the necessary prerequisites evidently were to obtain possession of the forts at Warrenton by means of gunboats, and to keep them, and obtain command thence back to Black River by land forces.

The first step in the new strategy was the commencement of another canal on the Louisiana shore, beginning at a higher point and terminating lower than the one whose failure has caused so much disappointment. Through this canal are to be sent, in flatboats or barges, such coal, ammunition, provisions, and other supplies, as will be needed for the land forces and the gunboats below Vicksburgh. This canal is now in satisfactory progress. Four dredge-boats are at work in it, and even the old river pilots—who

from the first prophesied the failure of the other canal—express their belief in the success of this.

The next step was the moving of a body of troops (how many it is of course not prudent to state) to a position opposite, or nearly opposite, Warrenton. They marched from Milliken's Bend, passed through Richmond, and at the end of thirty miles reached New-Carthage, a point in the bend below Warrenton. The soldiers being at hand, the canal for supplying their wants and those of a fleet being at the point of termination, the last and most hazardous step was to send down gunboats for the attack on the Warrenton batteries, transports for crossing the troops at New-Carthage to the Mississippi side of the river, and such supplies as will be required before the new canal can be brought into use. There was no other way to get them down except the bold one of running the gauntlet of some eight miles of batteries, past the stronghold of Vicksburgh. Although the recent catastrophe of the Lancaster, and the terrible experiment at Port Hudson, had surrounded this mode of transit with horrors undreamed of on former similar occasions, it was resolved to send eight gunboats, three transports, and various barges and flat-boats laden with material and supplies down the river to New-Carthage. It speaks well for the bravery of our officers and men, and especially of those who had to take the responsible and dangerous positions of pilots, that no difficulty was experienced in manning the expedition.

During the whole of yesterday a feeling of anxious expectation existed throughout the fleet. The day was fine and sunny. Cloud and gloom would have been welcome, but the vault of heaven beamed blue and serene over the spot of approaching strife. The sun set clear and beautiful, and the stars came out in full radiance. As the night deepened, a slight haze dimmed the bosom of the Mississippi, but the eye had no difficulty in making out the dark line of the opposite shore.

The former expeditions had started shortly before or at daylight; this time a change was resolved upon. Eleven o'clock at night was appointed as the hour at which the boats should leave their rendezvous, which was near the mouth of the Yazoo River. To the anxious expectants of the coming events the hours stole slowly by. As the appointed moment drew near, the decks of the various steamboats were crowded with watchful spectators.

A sort of apprehensive shudder ran through the collected gazers when it was announced that the first boat destined to pass the batteries was approaching. Sombre and silent it floated down, near the Louisiana shore; scarcely were its dark sides to be distinguished from the foliage lining the bank. Stealing slowly on, it passed us, and at a point below took an oblique course, steering for the Mississippi side of the river; and in the gloom it was soon confounded with the dark shadow of the trees beyond.

Before this boat was lost sight of, another succeeded, and to that another and another, until before midnight the whole had gained the Missis-

issippi side of the river and were swallowed up in the dim obscurity. With breathless interest their transit was watched by all of us on the boats of the fleet, whose position a little above the entrance of the first canal brought the rough heights of Vicksburgh within our sphere of vision, though the town lay for the present buried in the darkness, except where now and then the twinkling of a starry light was seen.

As the boats, with lights out and fires carefully hidden, floated past, indistinct as the ghosts of Ossian in the mountain mists, it was curious to note the effect upon the spectators. Before they appeared, the hum of conversation was heard all around. All were busy with speculations as to the probabilities of success. The desponding prognosticated unmitigated disaster. The hopeful indulged in confident expectations. All were contented to endure some loss provided a sufficiency arrived at the destined point to accomplish the object contemplated.

As the various boats came slowly into view, stole past with noiseless motion, then vanished into the recesses of the shadowy shore, each voice was hushed; only in subdued and smothered tones were persons at intervals heard to ask a question, or venture an observation. It seemed as if each one felt that his silence was due to the impressive scene; as if an indiscreet utterance on his part might raise the veil of secrecy so necessary to be preserved in the presence of a watchful foe.

A painful expectation weighed on every spirit. The boats must now be near the point opposite the beleaguered city. Will they be discovered at the first approach? or will a kindly fortune give them easy passage by? Suddenly a flame starts up! Another and another leaps into the darkness of the night! The enemy has seen the passing boats, and is sending across the river his death-dealing messengers. Rapid now darts the momentary fires; the "iron rain" of the remorseless cannon hurtles upon the dim and gliding boats. Dull upon the heavy air, scarce moved by the night wind, which blows in a direction unfavorable for our hearing, reverberates the heavy thud of the cannon.

As the time passes, the batteries, lower and still lower, come into action. We can trace the course of our fleet by new flames that each moment startle the strained sight; and cannon for miles along the hazy shore are hurling their destructive missiles.

And now a new accessory adds its influence to the exciting scene. While we had been engaged in watching the vivid flames leaping from cannon-mouths, and exploding shells, a gleam of light, first pale and soft, then red and lurid, and at last glaring and refulgent, stole up into the heavens above the opposing city. For the first time the silence was broken by the gazing crowds upon the steamboats of the fleet. "Vicksburgh is on fire!" was uttered in excited tones. But it was not so. Steady and with wonderful brilliancy, upon the hill on which the city stands, the fire assumed a circular outline on the upper edge,

much like a third part of the full moon when apparently magnified, it is rising above the horizon. The flame glowed brilliant and beautiful; no smoke was visible to dim its splendor. It was a beacon light, placed in a position to throw its beams along each arm of the bend of the river, the convex side of which is turned toward Vicksburgh. So powerful was the light, that at the point where our fleet was moored, the shadow of a hand held a foot from the boat's side was distinctly thrown upon it. This beacon with treacherous fidelity, showed to the foe the now fast disappearing boats; but, happily, it was fired too late. The sight of the boats appeared to add new rage to the enemy, who could not fail to count the cost to him of such a fleet joining Farragut's three gunboats already between Vicksburgh and Port Hudson. The firing became more rapid. From the upper batteries to the last ones down at Warrenton leaped flame on flame. The dull echo of the cannon, and the whirr and shriek of the flying shells startled the midnight air. But now comes a roar which tells that our boys are awake and lively! The light that showed the boats to the enemy revealed to our men the outlines of the batteries, and the roar which deafens the ear to every other sound is the peal of the heavy pieces on our gunboats.

After an interval of maddest rage, the upper guns of the enemy almost cease their fire. It is evident our boats have passed the first-reached batteries—all that have escaped the deadly onset. That no large portion of them is missing is evident from the activity of the forts at Warrenton, and the answering thunders of our own guns.

By this time the beacon-light was burnt down, and ceased to render its cruel aid. Just as the gathering darkness and the yet longer and longer intervals of silence gave intimation that the exciting scene was nearly over, another startling incident woke anew the emotions of the time. Midway between the extinct beacon in the city and the lower batteries at Warrington a new glow of light, soft as the dawn but rapidly blushing into deeper intensity, climbed gently toward the sky. "They are lighting another beacon," shouted many voices; but again the speakers were mistaken. The light grew stronger every moment; it wanted the mellow, vivid, space-piercing brilliancy of the beacon; above it rolled volumes of thick and curling smoke; and more—the light with slow and equal pace was moving onward, passing down the stream! There was no disguising the truth—one of our own boats was on fire! The white color of the smoke showed that among the fuel to the flame was cotton. The inference was plain; it was not a gunboat but a transport that was burning. On floated the doomed vessel; her light doubtless exposed to the rebels' view the floating flat-boats and barges, for the firing, especially from the Warrenton batteries, was for a short time violently renewed.

The glow of the burning boat continued in sight until the beams of morning hid its glare.

Before this, however, the solemn drama had reached its termination. The spectators reluctantly retired to their cabins when nothing remained to engaged the attention but the flaming wreck, and scattering shots—

"The distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing."

It was not until noon to-day that any account of the fate of the expedition reached this place. We then learned briefly that the whole of the eight gunboats had reached their journey's end without having suffered any material damage. On the Benton, Porter's flag-ship, one man was killed and two wounded by the explosion of a shell. The boat that was burned was the transport Henry Clay; her crew got safely to shore. She was set on fire by a shell exploding among the cotton with which her engines were protected. She was loaded principally with commissary stores and forage, including a large amount of soldiers' rations and oats for the cavalry.

—*New-York Tribune.*

Doc. 170.

COLONEL GRIERSON'S RAID.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

IN obedience to orders of Colonel B. H. Grierson, commanding the First cavalry brigade, Colonel Edward Prince moved with his regiment, the Seventh Illinois cavalry volunteers—five hundred and forty-two officers and men—from La Grange, Tennessee, at ten o'clock A.M., on the seventeenth of April, 1863, on the Ripley road, and camped on the plantation of Dr. Ellis, four miles north-west of Ripley, Mississippi—distance about thirty miles.

The order of march for this day was to be as follows: Sixth Illinois in advance, Lieutenant-Colonel Reuben Loomis commanding; followed by the Seventh Illinois and Second Iowa; but the Sixth Illinois taking the wrong road near La Grange, was thrown to the west, and did not rejoin the command till near camp. As the Seventh Illinois was just going into camp, Col. Prince discovered a party of five or six rebels crossing a field, and immediately sent a party in pursuit, who captured three of the number.

On the eighteenth—the Seventh Illinois moving in advance—they left camp at eight o'clock, passing through Ripley, and moved south toward New-Albany. Our battalion was detailed under command of Captain Graham, who took the direct road to that place, where they arrived in time to save the bridge across the Tallahatchie, and drive away a picket endeavoring to destroy it. They repaired the bridge and crossed into town. The rest of the command crossed three miles east of New-Albany, and arrived in town at half-past five P.M., whence the command—Sixth and Seventh Illinois—moved south, and camped on Mr. Sloan's plantation, four miles south of New-Albany.

At Ripley, Mississippi, Colonel Hatch, in command of the Second Iowa, had been detached to

move eastwardly, and thence southwardly, to cross the Tallahatchie some five miles above New-Albany, with a view of rejoining the brigade some five or six miles below New-Albany, which Colonel Hatch accomplished the following day with good success. On this day, the eighteenth, the advance of the Seventh Illinois captured four prisoners—two of Barteau's and two of Wetherall's command.

On the morning of the nineteenth two companies were sent, under command of Captain Trafton, back to the Tallahatchie, and he drove a force out of New-Albany, and joined the command at ten A.M. Colonel Prince also sent two companies to the right, to look after Captain Wetherall's company of cavalry, but the latter had retired during the night. This detachment, however, captured three prisoners from Major Chalmers's command, and destroyed some camp and garrison equipage. Two companies were also sent to the left, to look after some horses said to be hid in the woods; and they returned at ten o'clock with very good success. The command left camp at ten o'clock, and passed through Pontotoc at four o'clock P.M. They encamped on the estate of Mr. Wetherall, eight miles south of Pontotoc. The distance marched on the eighteenth and nineteenth was about sixty miles. On the nineteenth the Sixth Illinois marched in advance, and at Pontotoc killed a rebel who persistently continued to fire upon the advance. His name was Reno.

20th.—They left camp at four o'clock A.M. Sixty men and a number of led horses, in charge of Lieutenant Wilt, were sent back to La Grange. About the same number were sent back from the other regiments; all under command of Major Love, of the Second Iowa. They encamped at Clear Springs, Mississippi, having passed around Houston—the Second Iowa in advance. The distance marched was about forty miles.

21st.—They left camp at daylight, the Seventh Illinois in advance. Colonel Hatch and the Second Iowa turned eastward from Clear Springs, with orders to proceed toward Columbus and destroy the Mobile and Ohio Railroad as much as possible. The gallant Colonel has unfortunately not been heard of since, except through the *Memphis Appeal*, which says that near Okolona he was met by a large confederate force, was himself seriously wounded and lost fifteen men. The remainder, it is to be hoped, got safely back to La Grange. It rained all day on the twenty-first. The two Illinois regiments passed through Starkville, and camped eight miles south of that place. Distance travelled this day, forty-five miles.

22d.—They marched at daylight. Captain Forbes, of company C, Seventh Illinois, was detached ten miles south of Starkville, to proceed to Macon, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, to break up the rails, destroy the wires, and do all the damage in his power to the enemy's transportation.

From the time the command left Starkville,

Colonels Grierson and Prince, in consultation, felt thoroughly convinced that it was of the utmost importance that the railroad—or, at all events, the telegraph—should be interrupted between Okolona and Macon, as near Macon as possible; and two volunteer scouts, (private Post, of the Second Iowa, and private Parker, of the Sixth Illinois,) who had offered to do the work, backed out at last from the perilous undertaking. Believing it to be very important that a feint should be made toward Macon, and no one appearing willing to do it, Colonel Prince—soon after starting on this morning of April twenty-second—offered the work to Captain Forbes, of company B, Seventh Illinois.

Captain Forbes, whose command numbered only thirty-five men and officers, gladly accepted it, though knowing that, in order to rejoin his regiment, he would have to repulse any force which might be following, and march at least fifty miles further than the rest of the command; besides running great risk of being captured, as it was not known what force might be at Macon, nor what force might be following. He was instructed that if a force should be at Macon, he was to try and cross the Okanoxubee River, and move toward Decatur, in Newton County, by the shortest route. The gallant Captain proceeded on his perilous journey, and his Colonel says he feared he would never see him again; although he knew that he would accomplish all that could be done by human bravery and prudence.

Before marching this day, (the twenty-second,) Captain Graham, with one battalion, was detailed to burn a confederate shoe-manufactory near Starkville. He succeeded in destroying several thousand pairs of boots and shoes, also hats and a large quantity of leather; besides capturing a quartermaster from Port Hudson, who was getting supplies for his regiment. The two regiments—the Sixth Illinois in advance—passed through the little village of Louisville at half-past seven P.M., and camped ten miles below the latter place at one o'clock A.M., of the twenty-third. The distance marched this day was fifty-seven miles, over the most terrible roads that can be imagined.

The march of the twenty-second was terrible, because the swamps of the Okanoxubee river were overflowed. After moving four miles south of Louisville, they marched a distance of eight miles through a swamp. On each side of the road were enormous trees, and the water was, everywhere, from three to four feet deep; with every few hundred yards, a mire-hole in which frequently, for a few moments, man and horse were lost to view. The Seventh Illinois being in the rear, found these holes almost impassable, from the action of the large body of cavalry which had preceded them, and they were compelled to leave drowned some twenty noble animals, whose strength was not equal to such an emergency. The men so dismounted removed their saddles, placed them on some other led beasts, and pushed onward cheerfully.

23d.—They broke camp at seven o'clock A.M., crossed the Pearl River at half-past four P.M., and took refreshments at Squire Payne's.

A glance at the map will show the importance of Pearl River. Knowing it to be quite high from heavy rains, and aware also that as rebel scouts had preceded them, it was of the utmost consequence to secure Pearl River bridge, Colonel Prince, who was in advance with the Seventh Illinois, pushed forward with energy, and, by very fast riding, succeeded in getting to the bridge and driving away a picket, before they had time to tear up more than a few planks, which were replaced in a few minutes. The gallant Colonel devoutly speaks of this as one of the many instances in which a divine Providence seemed to be shielding them, during their whole perilous journey; for the destruction of this bridge would have been, in all probability, fatal to the whole expedition.

At ten o'clock P.M. Colonel Blackburn, of the Seventh Illinois, was sent forward with two hundred men to Decatur, which place he passed through at four A.M., (of the twenty-fourth,) and captured two trains of cars and two locomotives at Newton Station, at seven o'clock. The rest of the command arrived at nine o'clock. The bridges and trestles were found burned six miles each side of the station, seventy-five prisoners captured and paroled, two warehouses full of commissary stores utterly destroyed by fire, and also four car-loads of ammunition, mostly for heavy artillery. The bridges, etc., on the east side of the station were destroyed by the Second battalion of the Sixth Illinois, under Major M. H. Starr. The whole command left Newton at eleven A.M. of the twenty-fourth, and marched through Garlandville to the plantation of Mr. Bender, about twelve miles from Newton, where they encamped. The distance traversed on the twenty-third and twenty-fourth was eighty miles, and all this without scarcely halting.

25th.—They left camp at Bender's at eight A.M., and encamped for the night on Dr. Dore's plantation, eight miles east of Raleigh. It was at this place they were unhappily compelled to leave two or three soldiers, who were unable to travel further. The distance marched this day was about twenty miles.

26th.—They left camp at sunrise, passed through Raleigh at eight o'clock A.M., crossed Strong River, near Westville, and fed at Mrs. Smith's plantation, near Strong River bridge. The distance marched was forty-one miles.

27th.—Colonel Prince left Mrs. Smith's with two hundred men at one A.M., and arrived at the Georgetown Ferry at daylight. The rest of the command came up and crossed during the day. Colonel Prince immediately proceeded with two hundred men to Hazlehurst, cut the telegraph wires, destroyed a number of cars, four of them loaded with ammunition.

Although Colonel Prince had marched his regiment forty-one miles—during a large portion of the time through drenching rain—he firmly believed that, as the citizens were arming them-

selves and the news about them was flying in all directions, it was a matter of life and death that Pearl River should be crossed, and the New-Orleans and Jackson Railroad reached without any delay whatever. He therefore obtained permission from Colonel Grierson to move directly forward with two hundred picked men of his regiment, to secure the ferry across Pearl River before the enemy should be able to destroy it. The distance to the river was thirteen miles, and from there to Hazlehurst's Station was twelve miles. The remainder of the two regiments were to come forward as soon as they were sufficiently rested.

Colonel Prince started with the two hundred at one A.M., and reached the bank of the river before daylight, when contrary to his information, the flat-boat was upon the opposite side of the river. Not daring to call out, he spoke to a volunteer, who, with a powerful horse, undertook to swim the river; but the rapidity of the swollen stream carried him below the landing, where there was a quicksand, and he barely returned to shore with his life.

A few moments later a man came down from the house toward the river, and, in true North-Carolina accent, asked, in a careless way, if we wanted to cross; to which he got a reply—in a very capital imitation of his twang—that a few of them did want to go across, and that it seemed harder to wake up his nigger ferryman than to catch the d—d conscripts. The proprietor took the bait, apologized for the detention and woke up his ferryman, who immediately brought over the boat, which thenceforward became the property of Uncle Sam—the proprietor all the while believing he was lavishing his attentions on the First regiment of Alabama cavalry, fresh from Mobile! The breakfast given to the Alabama Colonel that morning was highly relished and appreciated, but too much time was not spent over it, and the importance of speed was clearly proved, only half an hour afterward, when they caught a courier flying to the ferry with the news that the Yankees were coming, and that all the ferries were to be immediately destroyed.

At Hazlehurst Station, Colonel Prince succeeded in capturing a large number of cars, four or five being loaded with shell and ammunition, and others with army stores. The whole of this property was utterly destroyed.

And here comes one of the most amusing episodes of the whole affair. Captain Forbes, who, it will be remembered, had been sent to Macon, from near Starkville, rejoined the command just as they had all crossed Pearl River. Having been unable to take Macon, he followed their trail to Newton, where he was informed that they had gone to Enterprise, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. He followed on to that place, and marched with his little squad into town, where he found about three thousand rebel troops just getting off the cars. He promptly raised a flag of truce, and boldly rode forward, demanding the surrender of the place, in the name of Colonel Grierson.

The commanding rebel officer—Colonel Goodwin, asked one hour to consider the proposition, and wished to know where Captain Forbes would be at that time. The Captain answered that he would go back with the reply to the reserve—which he did pretty rapidly, after having shrewdly ascertained the strength of the enemy. It is not known whether Enterprise ever surrendered or not, or whether the rebel Colonel is still trying to find the “reserve” to make his penitent bow, but one thing certain is that Captain Forbes, with his little squad of thirty-five men, did not intend to take those three thousand rebels prisoners—that time at least—and was laughing in his sleeve many miles off while those Enterprise-ing people were trembling in their boots—*id est*, if, at the present fabulous price of leather, they had any boots to tremble in.

The *Mobile Register* of the twenty-eighth, in the depth of its consternation and chagrin, treats this ridiculous sell with the most absurd and amusing gravity. “The only thing satisfactorily explained,” says the oracular *Register*, “is that they ran away from Enterprise as soon as they heard that ‘Old Blizzard’ was about.” The *Register* little thought that it was only thirty-five brave fellows whom its terrified imagination had converted into “one thousand five hundred Yankees.”

The Sixth and Seventh Illinois, under command of Colonel Grierson, left Hazlehurst at seven P.M., (the Sixth Illinois in advance,) passed through Gallatin and encamped near that place. A thirty-two pounder rifled Parrott gun, with one thousand four hundred pounds of powder, was here captured, *en route* to Grand Gulf. The distance travelled this day was thirty-seven miles.

28th.—They left camp at seven o'clock. At Hardgrove's, companies A, H, F, and M, were detailed, under command of Captain Trafton, to proceed to Bahala and destroy the railroad and transportation. The Sixth Illinois had a skirmish with some rebel cavalry, near Union Church, in which two of the enemy were wounded, and some prisoners taken. They camped at Union Church. Distance marched that day thirty miles.

They left camp at sunrise. Captain Trafton's battalion had come in at four A.M., having travelled some thirty miles more than the rest of the command, and having had several skirmishes, in which, without any loss, they captured about thirty prisoners. Again directing their course toward the New-Orleans and Jackson Railroad, at Brookhaven, the Seventh Illinois, in advance, charged into the place, burned depot, cars, bridges, etc., and captured and paroled two hundred and one prisoners. They encamped six miles south-west of the town. The people were much terrified by the idea that the whole town would be burned, but when they found all private property perfectly undisturbed, they seemed to entertain a very different opinion of the Yankees to what they did only a few hours previously. This diffusion of light and truth is, in reality, the vital point in which our advancing armies are striking down

this rebellion. They marched twenty-five miles this day.

30th.—They left camp at sunrise, the Sixth Illinois in advance. They burned the depot, bridges, and cars in the railroad at Bogue Chito; left that place at ten A.M., burning all bridges and trestles between there and Summit, where they arrived at five P.M., and again burnt several cars and a large amount of government property in the last locality. They encamped south-west of Summit, after marching over a distance of twenty-eight miles.

May 1st.—They left camp at daylight, and proceeding in a south-westerly direction through the woods—without regard to roads—came into the Clinton and Osyka road, near a bridge four miles north-east of Wall's Post-office. About eighty of the enemy were lying in ambush near the bridge. Lieutenant-Colonel Blackburn, unfortunately with more bravery than discretion, proceeded across the bridge at the head of the scouts and of company G, Seventh Illinois. He was seriously wounded in the thigh, and slightly in the head. Colonel Prince immediately caused his men to dismount, to skirmish the enemy out of the bushes, and, with the assistance of Captain Smith's battery, soon put them to flight.

This affair at the bridge detained the column but a few minutes. They marched all night; and crossed the Amite River about ten o'clock P.M., without opposition—the picket being asleep. They had marched forty miles this day.

May 2d.—They marched again early in the morning, and the Sixth Illinois, being in advance, surprised and burned a rebel camp at Sandy Creek Bridge. At this point the Seventh Illinois was ordered in advance, and, at about nine o'clock A.M., as a crowning glory to this most extraordinary series of adventures, captured forty-two of Stewart's Mississippi cavalry on Comite River, including their Colonel.

This noble band of toil-worn heroes arrived at Baton Rouge about noon of May second, where their triumphal entry created a furore of joyful excitement that will not cease till it has thrilled every loyal heart upon this continent—ay, every heart that loves liberty and human bravery, through the civilized world.

Some idea of the pluck and endurance of these men can be gleaned from the fact that during the last thirty hours—in which they had ridden eighty miles, fought two or three skirmishes, destroyed bridges, camps, equipages, etc.; swam a river and captured forty-two prisoners and quantities of horses—they had scarcely halted at all, and went through these terrific exertions without food for man or beast! During the last night it was observed that nearly the entire column—worn out almost beyond human endurance—were fast asleep upon horseback; except when the sharp report of a carbine told of the nearness of the enemy. And all this was rendered without one word of murmur or complaint from any lip, either of officers or privates.

Doc. 171.

OPERATIONS ON THE OPELOUSAS.

GENERAL BANKS'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
 NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
 OPELOUSAS, April 23, 1863. }

GENERAL: On the evening of the seventeenth, General Grover, who had marched from New-Iberia by a shorter road, and thus gained the advance, met the enemy at Bayou Vermilion. The enemy's force consisted of a considerable number of cavalry, one thousand infantry and six pieces of artillery, masked in a strong position on the opposite bank, with which we were unacquainted. The enemy was driven from his position, but not until he had succeeded in destroying the bridge over the bayou by fire. Every thing had been previously arranged for this purpose.

The enemy's flight was precipitous. The night of the seventeenth and the whole of the next day were occupied in pushing with vigor the reconstruction of this bridge.

On the nineteenth the march was resumed, and continued to the vicinity of Grand Coteau, and on the following day our main force occupied Opelousas. The cavalry, supported by one regiment of infantry and a section of artillery, being thrown forward to Washington, on the Courtableau, a distance of six miles.

The command rested on the twenty-first. Yesterday morning, the twenty-second, I sent out Brigadier-General Dwight with his brigade of Grover's division and detachments of artillery and cavalry, to push forward through Washington toward Alexandria. He found the bridges over bayous Cocodue and Bocuff destroyed, and occupied the evening and night in replacing them by a single bridge at the junction of the two bayous. The people say that the enemy threw large quantities of ammunition and some small arms into Bayou Cocodue, and that the Texans declared that they were going to Texas. Here the steamer Wave was burnt by the enemy, and the principal portion of her cargo, which had been transferred to a flat, captured by us. A despatch was found by General Dwight, in which Gov. Moore tells General Taylor to retreat slowly to Alexandria, and if pressed to retire to Texas. General Dwight will push well forward to-day, and probably halt to-morrow, to continue his march or return, according to circumstances.

An expedition, consisting of the One Hundred and Sixty-second New-York, Lieutenant-Colonel Blanchard, one section of artillery, and Barrett's company B, First Louisiana cavalry, accompanied by Captain Durham, Assistant Adjutant-General, and First Lieutenant Harwood, Engineers, (both of my staff,) was sent out yesterday morning by way of Barre's Landing, to examine the Bayou Courtableau, in the direction of Bute-a-la-Rose. Last night Captain Dunham reported the road impassable, four miles beyond Barre's Landing, and that the expedition had captured the steamer Ellen, in a small bayou, leading out of the Courtableau. This capture is a timely assistance to us.

I informed you in my number "nine" that I had ordered the gunboats to take Bute-a-la-Rose. This was handsomely done without serious loss on the morning of the twenty-sixth instant, by Lieutenant-Commander Cooke, United States Navy, with his gunboat and four companies of infantry. We captured here the garrison of sixty men and its commander, two heavy guns in position and in good order, a large quantity of ammunition, and the key of the Atchafalaya.

I hope not to be obliged to lose a moment in improving the decisive advantage gained in this section. We have destroyed the enemy's army and navy, and made their organization impossible by destroying or removing the material. We hold the key of the position.

Among the evidences of our victory are two thousand prisoners, two transports and twenty guns, (including one piece of the Valverde battery,) taken; and three gunboats and eight transports destroyed.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. P. BANKS,

Major-General Commanding.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK,
 General-in-Chief, Washington City.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PECK'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWELFTH REGIMENT CONN. VOLS., }
 IN THE FIELD NEAR OPELOUSAS, LA., }
 April 22, 1863. }

Adjutant-General J. D. Williams:

SIR: I have the honor to present the following report of the operations of the Twelfth regiment Connecticut volunteers during the recent expedition to this point.

We left Brashear City, La., on the ninth of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, and proceeded to Berwick, where we remained until the eleventh, when we marched to a point one mile above Pattersonville, company B being thrown forward as skirmishers. We bivouacked for the night, and on the twelfth marched forward on the left of the brigade in support of Carruth's Sixth Massachusetts battery on our right, our front being covered by company A, thrown forward as skirmishers.

During the day our skirmishers were constantly engaged with those of the enemy, but sustained no loss. During the afternoon we came under the fire of the enemy's artillery, when an engagement ensued which lasted till night. At dark we withdrew out of range of the enemy's guns and bivouacked in line of battle upon the left of the brigade line.

On the thirteenth, soon after daylight, the regiment was formed in support of the Twenty-first Indiana battery, which opened upon the enemy's fortifications and the gunboat Diana, which had taken position upon their left. After the silencing and withdrawal of the Diana, the regiment was advanced to the front of the enemy's works, and successively, during the day, supported Carruth's, Mack's, Duryea's, and Bainbridge's batteries.

Companies E, F, and G were advanced as skirmishers, and approached within speaking distance of the enemy's intrenchments. They were actively engaged during the whole afternoon with very apparent effect. All our casualties occurred during this engagement. The battle was continued till some time after dark, when we bivouacked upon the field in line of battle. During the night the enemy's works were evacuated.

On the fourteenth we marched in pursuit through Franklin. On the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth, we marched through Jeanerets, New-Iberia, and St. Martinsville, without special incident. On the eighteenth we rested near Vermillionville. On the nineteenth, renewed our march for Opelousas, where we arrived on Monday morning, the twentieth. We are distant from New-Orleans one hundred and eighty miles, and from Alexandria, on the Red River, about seventy-five miles.

The patient endurance of the men of the regiment, of the fatigues and privations of the long march, in their eagerness to overtake and again engage the routed enemy, deserves the highest praise. Captains Grannis and Brennan, with their companies, as skirmishers on the eleventh and twelfth, did most creditable service. The coolness and pertinacity with which the companies of Captains Braley and Byxbee annoyed the gunners of the enemy during the entire afternoon of the thirteenth, under a fire of grape and canister and repeated volleys of musketry, reflect the highest credit upon the courage and skill of the officers and soldiers of those companies present.

I take pleasure in mentioning the efficient support of Major Lewis during the progress of the expedition. Our wounded were promptly cared for by Doctor Cummings, Acting Surgeon. Chaplain Bradford is deserving of great praise for the fearless activity with which he ministered to the suffering during the battle and the night following. I inclose a list of the killed and wounded.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FRANK H. PECK,

Lieut.-Colonel Commanding Twelfth Connecticut Vols.

P. S.—Lieutenant Francis, who was wounded and captured on the Diana on the twenty-eighth of March, was recaptured at Franklin, where he now remains in hospital, receiving all possible attention.

F. H. P.

Doc. 172.

BATTLE OF FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

COLONEL HARRISON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS POST,
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., April 19, 1863. }

Major-General S. R. Curtis, Commanding Department of the Missouri:

GENERAL: The following report of the battle of yesterday at Fayetteville, is respectfully submitted, in addition to the telegraphic despatches of last evening. On Friday, seventeenth instant, a scout under command of Lieutenant Robb, First Arkansas cavalry, returned from the direc-

tion of Ozark, and reported no apparent preparations of the enemy to move in this direction. Having no fresh horses, I ordered Lieutenant Robb to take his command to quarters, expecting to be able to send a small scout again on the next day. On Saturday morning, eighteenth instant, at a few minutes after sunrise, the enemy having made a forced march from the Boston Mountain during the night, surprised and captured our dismounted picket on the Frog Bayou road, and approached the town with wild and deafening shouts. Their cavalry charged up a deep ravine on the east side of the city, and attacked my headquarters, (the Colonel Tibbetts place.) The firing of the picket had alarmed the command, and by the time the enemy had reached town the First Arkansas infantry had formed on their parade-ground, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. Searle, assisted by Major E. D. Hanna, and slowly retired by my orders, toward the cavalry, then formed, dismounted, at their camp. Fearing that, not being informed, they might be mistaken for the enemy, and be fired upon by the cavalry, I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Searle to post seven companies as a reserve in a sheltered position in our rear, two of which were afterward ordered to support the left wing. The remaining three companies of the First infantry, together with four companies of the First cavalry, formed the centre of our line under my own immediate command. The right wing was composed of the Third battalion, First cavalry, under command of Major Ezra Fitch; and the left wing, Second battalion, (First Arkansas cavalry,) was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Bishop, assisted by Major T. J. Hunt. Headquarters was made the "bone of contention," and was repeatedly charged by the rebels, but they were gallantly repulsed by our men. In less than thirty minutes after the first attack, the enemy planted two pieces of artillery—one a twelve-pounder, and one six-pounder—upon the hill-side east of town, near Colonel Guitar's place, and opened a sharp fire of canister and shells upon the camp of the First Arkansas cavalry, doing some damage to tents and horses, but killing no men. At eight A.M. our centre had advanced and occupied the house, yard, out-buildings and hedges at my headquarters; the right wing had advanced to the arsenal, and the left occupied the open field on the north-east of town, while the enemy had possession of the whole hill-side east, the Davis place, opposite to, and the grove south of headquarters. This grove was formerly occupied by the buildings of the Arkansas College. At about nine A.M., or a little before, Colonel Munroe led a gallant and desperate cavalry charge upon our right wing, which was met by a galling cross-fire from our right and centre, piling rebel men and horses in heaps in front of our ordnance office, and causing the enemy to retreat in disorder to the woods. During this charge, Captain Parker and Smith, of the First infantry, while bravely cheering their men, were both wounded in the head, though not dangerously. At about the same time, by my order, two companies of

the First cavalry, led by the gallant Lieutenant Robb, advanced within rifle-range of the enemy's artillery, and guided by the blaze of its discharges, fired several volleys into the midst of the artillery, which effectually silenced their battery and caused its precipitate withdrawal from the field. The enemy's centre, occupying the Davis place, made a desperate resistance for nearly an hour after both wings had partially given way, and skirmishing continued at intervals for some time with pickets, reconnoitring parties and stragglers. At twelve m. their whole force was in full retreat for Ozark. Having only a very few horses, and they already on duty with picketing and reconnoitring parties, I was utterly unable to pursue them. During the whole action the enemy occupied ground covered with timber and brush, while my command were in the streets and open fields.

Since the battle I have ascertained the following particulars: General Cabell and staff, with about two thousand men and two pieces of artillery, left Ozark on Friday morning with three days' rations and a full supply of ammunition. They halted at the crossing of the mountains at a little past noon and rested until nearly sunset, afterward marching rapidly toward Fayetteville. They were delayed by the darkness of the night and the incumbrance of their artillery so that they did not commence the attack as early by nearly two hours as they had intended. Colonel Munroe recommended a cavalry attack, to be supported by the artillery, but was overruled by Cabell, and a halt was made until the artillery could come up. Their force was made up as follows: Brigadier-General W. L. Cabell, commanding, accompanied by staff and escort; Carroll's First Arkansas cavalry regiment, Colonel Scott, of Virginia, commanding, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel Thomson. Munroe's Second Arkansas cavalry, Colonel Munroe commanding in person. First battalion Parson's Texas cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Noble commanding. One section of artillery, commanding officer not known, four companies bushwhackers, commanded by Mankins, Palmer, Brown, and others. The enemy left all their dead and wounded which they could not take away on their retreat in our hands, leaving Surgeon Russell and Assistant-Surgeon Holderness to take charge of them. To-day Captain Alexander arrived at our picket with a flag of truce bringing a communication from General Cabell, a copy of which I inclose. The flag was immediately ordered back with my reply, a copy of which is also inclosed. The following is a list of casualties on our side:

First Arkansas Infantry.—Killed: S. Cockerill, Co. A.

First Arkansas Cavalry.—Killed: Privates H. Morris and J. D. Bell, Co. I; R. B. Burrows, Co. A. Wounded: Captain W. S. Johnson, Co. M., right arm, dangerously. Sergeant Frederick Kise, Co. A, slightly. Sergeant John Asbill, Co. D, severely. First Sergeant W. M. Burrows, Co. E, severely. Commissary Sergeant Ben. K. Gra-

ham, Co. L, slightly. Corporal Josiah Fears, Co. A, slightly. Corporal Henry C. Lewis, Co. D, slightly. Corporal Geo. A. Morris, Co. G, slightly. Corporal Doctor B. Morris, Co. M, slightly. Farrier Wm. Wooten, Co. C, slightly. John Hays, Co. A, severely. James Jack, Co. A, severely. William J. Quinton, Co. D, slightly. Francis M. Temple, Co. D, slightly. John Grubb, Co. E, slightly. Jordan Taylor, Co. E, severely. Wm. F. Davis, Co. G, slightly. George Davis, Co. H, mortally. William J. York, Co. H, severely. Davis Chyle, Co. M, slightly.

First Arkansas Infantry.—Captain Randall Smith, Co. A, head, slightly. Captain Wm. C. Parker, Co. H, head, slightly. Corporal John Woods, Co. A, slightly. James Shockley, Co. A, mortally. Niles Slater, Co. A, slightly. Daniel Rupe, Co. E, slightly. William Rockdey, Co. F, severely. — Nolin, Co. H, slightly.

Ran away disgracefully to Cassville, Lieut. C. C. Wells, Regimental Quartermaster First Arkansas infantry.

Missing—thirty-five. Mostly stampeded toward Cassville during the engagement.

Prisoners: One lieutenant and eight men, First Arkansas cavalry, taken while absent without leave at a dance nine miles from town. Also, one private, First Arkansas infantry, and six privates from other commands, taken in town.

Total killed, four; wounded, twenty-six; prisoners, sixteen; missing, thirty-five.

The enemy's loss is not accurately known. At and about this post are not less than twenty killed and fifty wounded. Citizens report one Colonel and several men as having died on the retreat; also a large number of wounded still moving on with the command. We captured, during the engagement, Major Wilson, General Cabell's commissary, wounded, and Captain Jefferson, of Carroll's regiment; also, four sergeants, three corporals, and forty-six privates, a part of them wounded; also not less than fifty horses and one hundred stand of arms, mostly shot-guns. Among their killed are Captain Hubbard of Carroll's regiment, and a captain of bushwhackers. The enemy admit the loss of over two hundred horses, killed, taken, and stampeded.

Inclosed please find a rough sketch of the position of forces at nine a.m., when the battle culminated.

Every field and line-officer, and nearly every enlisted man fought bravely, and I would not wish to be considered as disparaging any one when I can mention only a few of the many heroic men who sustained so nobly the honor of our flag. Lieutenant-Colonel Searle and Major Ham, in command of the reserve, did good service in keeping their men in position and preventing them from being terrified by the artillery. Lieutenant-Colonel Bishop and Majors Fitch and Hunt, of the First cavalry, led their men coolly up in the face of the enemy's fire, and drove them from their position. Captain W. S. Johnson, company M, First cavalry, had his right arm shattered while leading his men forward under a galling

fire. Lieutenant Roseman, Post-Adjutant, and Lieutenant Frank Strong, Acting Adjutant, First Cavalry, deserve much praise.

I remain, General, your most obedient servant,
M. LA RUE HARRISON,
Colonel First Arkansas Cavalry Commanding.

P. S.—We had actively engaged during the battle between three and four hundred men only. I should not neglect also to mention that S. D. Carpenter, Assistant-Surgeon of volunteers, assisted by Assistant-Surgeons Caffé, Drake, and Pefft, were actively engaged during the contest in carrying the wounded from the field and attending to their wants.

M. LA RUE HARRISON,
Colonel First Arkansas Cavalry, Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS NORTH-WEST ARKANSAS, }
April 19, 1863. }

SIR: The bearer of this letter, Captain Alexander, visits your post under a flag of truce to bury any of my command that may be left dead from the engagement of yesterday. I respectfully request that you will suffer him to get up the dead and wounded, and that you will extend to him such assistance as may be necessary to enable him to carry out his instructions.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obd't serv't,
W. L. CABELL,
Brigadier-General Commanding North-West Arkansas.
To Colonel M. LA RUE HARRISON,
Commanding Post of Fayetteville.

HEADQUARTERS POST, FAYETTEVILLE, }
ARK., April 19, 1863. }

Brigadier-General W. L. Cabell, Commanding.

GENERAL: In reply to despatches from you by hand of Captain Alexander, bearing flag of truce, I would respectfully state that the dead of your command have all been decently buried in coffins. The wounded are in charge of Surgeons Russell and Holden, having been removed to our general hospital by my order. They are receiving every attention that men can receive, abundance of medicines, surgical instruments and subsistence stores having been placed under the control of your surgeons.

Rest assured, General, that your wounded shall receive the best of care, such as we would hope to have from you were we placed in a like situation.

Under the circumstances, I consider it unnecessary to retain your flag, and therefore return it.

Your prisoners shall be paroled, and as fast as the men whose names are mentioned in your list report to our lines, the exchanges will be made.

I am, General, very truly yours,
M. LA RUE HARRISON,
Colonel Commanding.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 16.

READ AT DIVINE SERVICE, FAYETTEVILLE, SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1863.

HEADQUARTERS POST, FAYETTEVILLE, }
ARK., April 9, 1863. }

COMRADES IN ARMS: Let the eighteenth of April, 1863, be ever remembered. The battle of Fayetteville has been fought and won. To-day the

brave and victorious sons of Arkansas stand proudly upon the soil which their blood and their bravery have rendered sacred to every true-hearted American, but doubly sacred to them. In the light of this holy Sabbath sun we are permitted, through God's mercy, to gather together in his name and in the name of our common country, to offer up our heartfelt thanks to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," for the triumphs of our arms and for the blessings which we this day enjoy.

When yesterday's sun rose upon us, the hostile hordes of a bitter and unprincipled foe were pouring their deadly fire among our ranks; the booming of his artillery was reëchoing from mountain to mountain, and the clattering hoofs of his cavalry were trampling in our streets.

At meridian, General Cabell with his shattered and panic-stricken cohorts was retreating precipitately through the passes of the Boston Mountains toward the Arkansas River, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands.

Fellow-soldiers: It is to your honor and credit I say it, he could not have left them in better hands. Not one act of barbarity or even unkindness stains the laurels you so proudly wear. Such may your conduct ever be; brave and unflinching in battle; kind and generous to the vanquished. Abstain from all cruelty and excess. Respect the immunities of private property. Never insult or injure women and children, the aged, the sick, or a fallen foe.

Let us show to our enemies that the Federal soldiers of Arkansas are as generous as they are brave and patriotic; let us prove to them the justice of our cause and the purity of our purposes, so that soon we may gather together, under the broad folds of our time-honored and victorious banner every true-hearted son of Arkansas.

Fellow-soldiers: I congratulate you all upon the glorious victory you have won by your cool and determined bravery for that Union which our revolutionary sires established by their valor and sealed with their blood. More than all, do I congratulate you that this battle was fought upon Arkansas soil, and this victory won by Arkansians alone; thereby testifying to our patriot brethren in arms from other States that we are not only willing but anxious to second their efforts in rescuing our State from the dominion of traitors. But in all our rejoicing let us not neglect to shed the tear of regret over the graves of those heroic men who fell beside us, fighting bravely for the nation's honor.

Green be their mossy graves;
Immortal be their name;
Above, their banner proudly waves,
While heaven records their fame.

A just cause is ours. The Stars and Stripes float gallantly over us. God is on our side. Who can be against us?

By order of Colonel M. LA RUE HARRISON,
Commanding Post.

JAMES ROSEMAN,
Lieutenant and Post Adjutant.

Doc. 173.

COL. STREIGHT'S RAID INTO GEORGIA.*

INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL ACCOUNT.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Your readers are doubtless advised of the fact that Colonel A. D. Streight, in command of one brigade, composed of the Fifty-first and Seventy-third Indiana, Eightieth Illinois, and the Third Ohio regiments, and two companies of Tennessee cavalry, (Alabamians,) left Nashville, Tennessee, April eleventh, for some point in the South, on a raid.

I will not mention the many delays and misfortunes that befell us on our way down the Cumberland and up the Tennessee, but will say that when we left the boats at Eastport for the accomplishment of our object, not over one half of our troops were mounted, and many of those who were mounted had mules that could not endure two consecutive days of travel. In this condition we moved, in the rear of General Dodge's forces, to Tusculum, Alabama, which place we reached on the twenty-fourth. Here worn-out mules and wagon-horses were received, but not enough to mount the command—there being between two and three hundred who had to go on foot. At three o'clock on the morning of the twenty-seventh the brigade started for Russellville, a distance of eighteen miles. The night was very dark, and the road covered with water from the recent heavy rains. In ascending a very steep hill through a cut that could not properly be called a road, with very deep ravines washed out on both sides, several mules, with their riders, were seen in the ravine struggling with little success to get out. None of the men were severely hurt, but their persons were completely covered with mud, and presented an unsightly appearance. The object had in moving in this direction evidently was to obtain all the good stock to be had to mount the men. Unless the men could be mounted, and well mounted too, it was useless to undertake the expedition. But the inhabitants, in this and adjoining counties, having heard of Dodge's advance to Tusculum, at once concealed their horses and mules in the mountains. This caused some delay in mounting the men, and when we reached Moulton we were poorly mounted, and even then a few had to go on foot. Here information was received that the enemy in the valley of Courtland were informed of our movements, and were advancing on us, under Colonel Roddy.

We left Moulton before daylight in the morning, in order to get out of their way, not thinking that they would pursue very far so long as General Dodge made a demonstration before them. Camped at night at Day's Gap, enjoying the first full night's rest since we left Tusculum.

On the morning of the thirtieth of April, shortly after leaving camp, our rear was fired into. The enemy soon opened on us with two pieces of artillery, doing very little damage. In a very

short time the brigade dismounted, and were disposed on the crest of a hill on both sides of the road, with orders to hold their fire until the enemy came very near. They moved their artillery very near, and threw their shells far over us. We had two small pieces of artillery, which were used with precision and effect, under the command of Lieutenant Pavey, of the Eighth Illinois. When the rebels had advanced sufficiently near, Colonel Streight ordered a charge, which was handsomely executed, driving the enemy and killing and wounding not less than seventy-five. We lost one killed on the field and twenty wounded, several mortally. Among the latter we are pained to announce the name of Captain J. W. Sheets, commanding the Fifty-first regiment. We took their two pieces of artillery in the charge, and soon had them in readiness to be served against the enemy. They left many guns and side-arms on the field, and several riderless horses, which were quickly appropriated.

The brigade was soon ordered to move on, notwithstanding the continued firing between the pickets.

It was a sad thought to have to leave our mangled heroes in that deep ravine to the tender mercies of a vanquished foe. All their wounds were neatly dressed, and several amputations were performed with a skill and despatch quite complimentary to the surgeons. Our surgeon and nurses, with a few necessary articles, were left with them to care for their wants; and with one long, sad look we parted with those we may not soon see again.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, the rear regiment—the Third Ohio—was attacked in crossing a small creek, and before it could receive support from the advance regiments, the rebels had succeeded in crossing the creek, and were driving our men over the brow of the hill.

In a very short time (for mounted men) the troops were disposed in line of battle before the enemy. Here the engagement became very hot on the right—the rebels advancing with great boldness. They were repulsed with great loss, as we afterward ascertained. There was a lull in the contest for a while, then firing was heard on our extreme left. Happily one regiment had just arrived there in time to receive the enemy's charge—his movement being anticipated by Colonel Streight; but our right was turned so far that we were under a galling cross-fire, compelling the centre to fall back. Here, after the ammunition was all expended, the two pieces of artillery captured in the morning were spiked and abandoned. The firing became general and almost terrific. Such valor is seldom displayed by men as was shown by these troops in resisting the attacks of twice their number with no advantage of position. The firing continued nearly an hour, one incessant rattle of musketry, relieved only by the thunder of the little brass pieces which did good work. Darkness coming on caused a cessation of hostilities. Although the firing was terrific and long continued, we

* See Sergeant Breidenthal's Journal, in the Supplement to the REBELLION RECORD.

lost only two killed and several slightly wounded. The escape of the men seemed almost miraculous. Here Colonel Streight had his horse killed under him, pierced with two musket-balls. Officers and men behaved themselves very gallantly, and none displayed greater bravery and coolness than the Colonel commanding.

Owing to our hasty departure and the darkness, the surgeons were unable to dress the wounds of the soldiers save a few. Not being informed of the Colonel's intention to move, Dr. Peck, Acting Brigade Surgeon, and Assistant-Surgeon King of the Fifty-first, went on the field to look after our wounded, and were soon surprised to find themselves almost in the enemy's lines. Dr. Peck succeeded in escaping, but Dr. King was made prisoner and sent to Day's Gap.

Just as we left, the enemy had received reinforcements, with three pieces of artillery. They shelled our rear, causing some commotion among the horses and mules. It was expected that they would follow, and no time was lost. Arriving at a favorable situation, Colonel Streight disposed his troops in ambush on both sides of the road, where they waited with almost breathless anxiety, and eyes weary with watching, for the approach of the enemy. Two hours were lost and no enemy appeared. We moved on, reaching Blountsville, the county-seat of Blount County, at noon, May first. Soldiers seldom get more weary and sleepy than did those heroes on that night and morning, after having fought in two severe engagements in less than twelve hours. The mules and horses were not only tired but hungry. During our two hours' rest here, rations were issued to the men and ammunition distributed. All the wagons but one were burned, and the ammunition was put on the backs of pack-mules. At three o'clock in the afternoon, May first, we were on the move. We had not proceeded far when skirmishing was again commenced in the rear. The Colonel selected the first bank of a stream, (the east fork of the Black Warrior, I think,) for his line of battle, and checked the further progress of the enemy. They had not yet come up in force, and it was not deemed wise to wait for their arrival. We moved on that afternoon and night until twelve o'clock, when we rested until daylight. Our march during the forenoon of the second instant, was considerably annoyed by the enemy's skirmishers in our rear. We passed Gadsden, stopping only long enough to destroy a large quantity of meal and other provisions in store for the rebels. Here it was expected that a small steamer would be found upon which a detachment of men could be placed, and sent to Rome to hold the place until our arrival. The steamer was not there. We moved on the north side of the Coosa River toward Rome. The animals were becoming very much exhausted, and men were compelled to fall in the rear of the guard, and a few were taken prisoners. We had to go much slower in order to prevent this.

At about one o'clock P.M. on the second, our rear was again attacked, but the coolness and bravery

of the rear-guard, assisted by one piece of artillery, kept them at a respectful distance.

Arriving at Mr. Blount's farm, well provided with corn, the Colonel ordered the animals to be sent forward and fed, while one or two regiments held the enemy at bay. But the rebels were much nearer than was expected, and fired on the men before they were in position. It was here, in the early part of the engagement, that Colonel Hathaway fell while at the head of his regiment. This event caused a general feeling of sadness, especially among the men of his own command, who seemed to love him as a father. He was a brave man.

The enemy were again repulsed with considerable loss, but continued to skirmish briskly.

From this point Col. Streight sent a detachment of two hundred men in command of Captain Milton Russell, of the Fifty-first Indiana, acting Provost-Marshal, to Rome, Georgia, to take and hold it until our arrival. Owing to the delay they met with in ferrying a stream, they did not arrive before Rome until the next day at nine o'clock A.M. They had been advised of their advance, and sent out pickets to arrest their progress. Captain Russell ascertained that the town was protected by a considerable force and four pieces of artillery. Besides, they had the bridge already torn up to prevent our crossing of the river. Finding it impossible to gain the town, Captain Russell slowly retreated to the main force. The enemy was held back at Blount's farm till after dark, during which time the pack-mules and a part of the force were sent on to cross two tributaries of the Coosa River. At the first ford it was expected to find a ferry-boat on which to cross the ammunition, but it was gone. This caused a delay of several hours. The train proceeded up the creek two or three miles, where a very unsafe ford was found with a very rapid current. In crossing, the ammunition was somewhat damaged, several boxes becoming wet.

Not more than one mile to the left of our road, was the Round Mountain Iron-Works, where munitions of war were manufactured for the confederate service. It was burned to the ground and all its machinery rendered useless. This was something the rebels could ill afford to lose, and I have since learned that they have commenced to rebuild it.

There was a bridge over the second stream which was destroyed as soon as our forces crossed. Here it was hoped that the two last streams were between us and the enemy, and that we would not soon be annoyed by their attacks. So two miles beyond Cedar Bluffs the command was divided so that they could procure corn to feed. The men were busily engaged in preparing their scanty breakfast, or taking that rest of which they had had so little in the last two weeks, and enjoying a feeling of security, when their peace was soon disturbed by firing in the rear. This caused considerable excitement, but the men, jaded and tired as they were, moved bravely to the front. A flag of truce was sent demanding a surrender. Colonel Streight refused, upon which

the officer replied that the consequences were upon him, (Colonel Streight.) Colonel Streight asked time to consider, after which he surrendered, exacting the following conditions:

That the officers and men should retain their private property, including side-arms; that each regiment should be allowed to keep its flag; and that he (Colonel Streight) be permitted to go around the enemy's lines to see the batteries said to be placed in position around us.

The first and second conditions were never complied with, because we were then in their power, but the third condition was complied with, and Colonel Streight satisfied himself that he could not take their batteries without great loss, and found that they were in position as had been stated by General Forrest. There was another reason not less potent. Our ammunition was discovered to be in a damaged condition, so much so that the whole of it was comparatively valueless. It had got wet in crossing the creek.

Colonel Streight drew up his men and stated to them the reasons which led him to surrender, and at the close the men gave three tremendous cheers for Colonel Streight, which clearly showed their confidence in him as a leader.

The officers and men were taken to Rome, Georgia, where they went through the farce of paroling.

On our journey to Richmond, and while there, we were treated very much as our numerous predecessors.

On Saturday, the twenty-fourth, the surgeons and chaplains of this brigade, with the officers of Hooker's army, were sent into our lines *via* Fortress Monroe. Colonel Streight and the officers of his command are still held, and it is said they intend to hold them as long as possible.

The loss of the brigade in this engagement was twelve killed and sixty-nine wounded.

Most of the officers were in good health, and hopeful that the Government would not let them remain there long.

Captain Brown and other officers of the Indiana are in Washington. More anon.

GEORGE J. FRENYEAR,
Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, May 8.

BRAGG'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

TULLAHOMA, TENNESSEE, May 5.

To General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-General:

On the nineteenth of April the enemy moved from Corinth toward Tusculumbia, crossed Bear Creek with five regiments of cavalry, two of infantry, and ten pieces of artillery. Colonel Roddy, commanding, fought them on the eighteenth with one regiment, killing a large number and capturing more than one hundred prisoners and one piece of artillery with horses and caissons, losing six killed and twenty wounded.

The enemy, after burying their dead, fell back, and on the nineteenth they were reënforced to three full brigades, the whole under command of General Dodge. Skirmishing continued on the nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-

second, and twenty-third. On the night of the nineteenth the enemy landed troops at Eastport from a large number of steamers, and burned the town and houses on several plantations. On the twenty-fourth Roddy fought them. Their loss was heavy, ours slight. He contested every inch of ground, but falling back before overwhelming forces, the enemy advanced and entered Tusculumbia on the twenty-fifth. The enemy advanced toward Decatur as far as Town Creek.

Nothing more occurred until the twenty-eighth. On that day Forrest with his brigade, having been ordered by me from Columbia, arrived and engaged all day, with the loss of one killed and three wounded. The loss of the enemy heavy. Forrest falling back.

On the twenty-eighth, Forrest discovered a heavy force of cavalry, under Colonel Streight, marching on Moulton and Blountsville. General Forrest pursued this force with two regiments, fighting him all day and night at Driver's Gap, at Sand Mountain, with the loss of five killed and fifty wounded — Captains Forrest and Thompson, it is feared, mortally. The enemy left on the field fifty killed, one hundred and fifty wounded, burned fifty of his wagons, turned loose two hundred and fifty mules and one hundred and fifty negroes, and pursued his way toward Blountsville, Gadsden, and Rome, Georgia.

On the third of May, between Gadsden and Rome, after five days and nights of fighting and marching, Gen. Forrest captured Col. Streight and his whole command, about one thousand six hundred, with rifles, horses, etc.

BRAXTON BRAGG.

ROME "SENTINEL" ACCOUNT.

ROME, GA., May 7.

General Forrest received news that large forces of Yankee cavalry were in North-Alabama and marched immediately to meet them. He reached Courtland, Alabama, on Monday morning, twenty-seventh ult. General Dodge (Yankee) was then in the neighborhood of that place with a force of ten thousand men. Skirmishing began that evening, and on Tuesday morning General Forrest, with not more than one thousand five hundred men, engaged the enemy ten thousand strong for several hours. The engagement took place at Town Creek, between Courtland and Florence, and across the creek, as it was so much swollen by recent rains that it was impossible for either party to cross. The contest closed at this place without the accomplishment of a great deal on either side. From this place a Yankee brigade of two thousand men were sent in the direction of Rome, commanded by Colonel Streight, of Indiana. General Forrest left a regiment at Courtland, and with a small force went in pursuit of Streight, marching from forty to fifty miles a day and fighting more or less every day, and had one fight at two o'clock at night.

A hard fight took place on Sand Mountain on Thursday, when Captain Forrest, a brother of the General, was wounded, and it is feared mortally. On Friday they fought at Blountsville,

where Colonel Hathaway, of Indiana, was shot in the breast and fell dead from his horse. We are informed by Mr. Joseph G. Blount that when Colonel Hathaway fell, several Yankee officers went to him and fell on his body and wept like children. Colonel Streight asked Mr. B. to put the body of Col. Hathaway in a metallic coffin, and send it through the lines, but was informed that such a coffin could not be procured. He then asked him to put him in a pine coffin and bury him, but Mr. B. replied: "I can't do that, for you have burnt all my lumber." He then asked him to roll up the body in an oil-cloth and bury it. With this request Mr. B. complied, notwithstanding they burnt his bacon, corn, and all his provisions, his eorn-crib, stables, and other out-houses, and took all his mules and horses. Colonel Streight apologized for the act by assuring him that what he (Streight) did was forced upon him by a military necessity. As General Forrest was in such close pursuit of Colonel Streight he did not have time to gratify the malignity of his black heart to the fullest extent. He, however, burned the Round Mountain Iron-Works, which belonged to the government and to Judge Samuel P. L. Marshall.

On Friday night or Saturday a detachment of two hundred picked men were sent by Colonel Streight to Rome with orders to do their work and then return to the command. They came to Colonel Shorter's spring, one mile and a quarter from this place, where they were informed by a negro, "dat Rome is plum full of soldiers an' dem big guns is put up on cotton bags and are pintin up all de roads." They therefore returned to their command without approaching nearer than the spring.

In the mean time General Forrest overtook the main body on Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, in Alabama, two miles from the Georgia line, and twenty miles from Rome. He sent a flag of truce to Colonel Streight with a demand to surrender. The surrender was soon agreed upon. When Colonel Streight returned to his command and informed his men he had surrendered, he made a speech; at the conclusion of which he proposed three cheers for the Union, to which his men responded. Thus ended one of the most brilliant achievements for our arms of the war. General Forrest and his glorious men captured a force of three or four times greater than his own; but, "one blast upon his bugle horn is worth a thousand men."

The victory may be summed up thus—Yankee loss in killed and wounded, three hundred. There were paroled at Rome one hundred and one officers, including two colonels, one lieutenant-colonel, three or four majors, captains, etc., and one thousand three hundred and sixty-five privates, or one thousand four hundred and sixty-six in all, not including five surgeons and four chaplains, who were sent off without being paroled. A considerable number of the Yankees were left sick along their line of travel, others were broke down and were overtaken and paroled by General Forrest. Horses, mules, wag-

ons, arms, and equipments, ammunition, etc., were all taken and brought into this place. Several negroes were also taken.

Doc. 174.

THE MARCH TO WASHINGTON, N. C.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HECKMAN'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS HECKMAN'S BRIGADE, }
NEWBERN, N. C., April 21, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by two regiments of my brigade, during the recent expedition to Washington, N. C.:

Friday, (seventeenth instant,) having received orders to cross the Neuse River with my command and take the advance, I proceeded on the road toward Washington as far as Purify's plantation, distant from Newbern seven miles, the road for a greater part of the distance being of the most horrid character.

The column not having closed up, I placed Belger's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Simpson, in position, and my two regiments of infantry and a squadron of cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Beecher, in line to support them. I then ordered the troops to bivouac for the night.

At daylight on the morning of the eighteenth, formed the line and continued the march without interruption until we arrived at Swift Creek road, at ten o'clock A.M. Learning that the road to Swift Creek was blockaded for a number of miles, I continued on the direct road to Blunt's Creek Mills.

At twelve M., the main column being some distance in the rear, I halted to rest and allow the column to close up. After a halt of about two hours I was joined by General Naglee and staff, when we immediately pushed forward, and reached Blunt's Creek about half-past three P.M. Found the bridge over the creek destroyed; but with very little labor the pioneers constructed a passage through the mill.

Received orders from General Naglee to halt the column when it arrived, bivouac, and move forward early in the morning, the General proceeding in the direction of Washington, accompanied by his staff. As soon as the cavalry arrived and had fed their horses, I ordered them to follow, which they did, coming up with the General about eight miles from our encampment.

At half-past five A.M. column again in motion; received orders, upon arriving at the road leading to Hill's Point, to take one regiment of infantry and ascertain if the fort was occupied, and, if so, by whom. Accompanied by my staff, and followed by the Ninth New-Jersey, I rode into the fort and found it occupied by detachments of the Forty-third and Forty-fourth regiments Massachusetts volunteers.

At twelve M. received orders to continue the march toward Washington, leaving the Ninth New-Jersey and Twenty-third Massachusetts at Hill's Point.

Placed the Seventeenth Massachusetts in ad-

vance, and arrived at Washington at three P.M. The Ninth New-Jersey volunteers arrived by boat from Hill's Point at five P.M. Left on steamer Escort for Newbern, N. C., on the twentieth, and reached here at six A.M. on the twenty-first.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. A. HECKMAN,

Brigadier-General Commanding Brigade.

To Lieutenant-Colonel S. HOFFMAN,

Acting Adjutant-General Eighteenth Army Corps.

Doc. 175.

LIEUT. COM. FITCH'S REPORT

OF OPERATIONS ON THE TENNESSEE AND CUMBERLAND.

MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG-SHIP BENTON, MOUTH }
OF RED RIVER, May 12, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to inclose herewith a report from Lieutenant Commander Leroy Fitch, in relation to operations in the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers.

DAVID D. PORTER,

Acting Rear-Admiral Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy.

UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT LEXINGTON, }
HAMBURGH LANDING, April 23, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that on the twenty-fourth instant, while cruising down the river, ahead of General Ellet's fleet, I met the steamer Emma Duncan, Acting Master Griswold commanding, coming up to report his vessel for duty. Learning that he had been attacked by a field-battery at Green Bottom Bar, and had three men badly wounded, I proceeded down the river, giving him orders to follow me, in hopes of catching the rebels at or near the same place.

I passed the bar about dark in the evening, but the enemy was nowhere to be seen. Arriving at the foot of Green Bottom Bar about midnight, I anchored till morning. Still seeing nothing of the enemy, I proceeded on up the river to meet and communicate with General Ellet. The Emma Duncan remaining nearly a mile in my rear, caught a ferry-flat coming out of a creek, after I had passed; the guerrillas in the flat jumped out and made their escape in the woods. The flat, however, was destroyed and set adrift.

I cruised on up leisurely, keeping a good lookout for the enemy along the right bank, but saw no signs of them till I arrived at Duck River Shoals, when I heard musketry and artillery a short distance (not a mile) ahead. I pushed on over the bar and met General Ellet's fleet just at the head of the shoals, engaging the rebel batteries. I was then in good range, and at once opened fire on the enemy. There was not room for his boats to round or to back out of the channel. He was, therefore, compelled to push over the bar before he could effect a landing.

I took the battery side, and moved up to cover his boats as much as possible, at the same time raking the bank with our heavy guns. The ram Monarch came in range and opened fire also. As soon as I rounded the point, the enemy fired a farewell shot at one of the brigade boats, limbered up and were off. Some few sharp-shooters re-

mained behind, fired a few shots at a transport having on board sick and wounded. I followed on up the bank, throwing shell after them till I thought them out of range, and ceased firing. By this time General Ellet had landed and was pursuing them.

Several of the enemy were found dead on the bank, and many more were dragged off in the woods. I should suppose that their loss in killed and wounded is about twenty-five or thirty.

I believe General Ellet lost two killed and one wounded on his boats; also, some horses killed. About eleven P.M. I left General Ellet at the foot of the bar, and proceeded on up the river with his boat and the Emma Duncan, to communicate with the fleet above. I arrived at Eastport in the afternoon of the twenty-seventh instant, and received a communication from General Dodge at Tuscumbia.

LE ROY FITCH,

Lieutenant Commanding.

Acting Rear-Admiral DAVID D. PORTER,

Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

Doc. 176.

THE FIGHT AT GREENLAND GAP, VA.

GENERAL KELLEY'S DESPATCH.

GREENLAND GAP, HARDING COUNTY, VA., April 23, 1863.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Cheeseborough, A. A. G.

THE affair at this place, on Saturday, was one of the most gallant since the opening of the war. Greenland Gap is a pass through the Knobley mountain, only wide enough for the road and a small mountain stream. This gap was guarded by Captain Wallace (Twenty-third Illinois) with a detachment of company G, Twenty-third Illinois regiment, and a small detachment of company H, Thirteenth Virginia infantry, Captain Smith, in all between seventy and eighty men.

Captain Wallace occupied a large church at the west end of and near the mouth of the gap, and Captain Smith held a log-house about a hundred yards distant, both positions commanding the gap. Jones was compelled to capture or dislodge the little band before he could pass. His troops made three gallant charges, but were each time repulsed with great loss, especially of officers. The fight commenced at five P.M., and lasted till after dark. The rebels, availing themselves of the darkness, approached and fired the church, but the gallant Irish boys would not even then surrender till the burning roof fell in. The killed and wounded of the rebels outnumbered our whole force engaged. Five of the officers out of eight commanding the leading battalion which made the first charge, were either killed or wounded, among the latter Colonel Dulany, commanding. Captains Wallace and Smith had only two men killed and four wounded. I counted, to-day, eighteen dead horses within musket-range. I most earnestly request the Major-General Commanding to apply to the Secretary of War to have every officer, non-commissioned officer and private engaged in the fight presented with a medal, in recognition of the gallantry displayed.

B. F. KELLEY,

Brigadier-General.

Doc. 177.

THE MARMADUKE RAID

INTO SOUTH-EAST MISSOURI.

Editors Missouri Democrat :

I wish to furnish you a brief sketch of the Marmaduke raid into South-East Missouri, and the memorable retreat of his ten thousand confederates from Cape Girardeau into Arkansas, having been an eye-witness of every move made, for and against, from Saturday, April twenty-fifth, to Saturday, May second, when Marmaduke was driven into Arkansas, at Chalk Bluff, on the St. Francois River. I do this to vindicate the "truth of history," that thus far has not received full justice by the reports that have been put in circulation.

On Monday, the twentieth of April, General McNeil with one thousand two hundred men and six pieces of artillery, was at Bloomfield, Stoddard County, and found that Missouri had been invaded by Marmaduke, with four brigades, being the First army corps Trans-Mississippi department, C. S. A.

At nine o'clock P.M., Monday, he received orders to move from Bloomfield on Fredericktown. Tuesday, twenty-first, at four o'clock A.M., marched, and with his little band camped four miles north of the Cape Girardeau road—thirty miles march—crossing one swamp, in which his train was stuck for the night. Part of the command, First Wisconsin, was sent on to occupy Dallas, and make reconnoissance in three different directions, under Colonel La Grange, Major Torrey, and Captain Paine. Wednesday succeeded in getting train through the swamp, and reached Dallas Wednesday night; found that Captain Paine had encountered a vidette of the enemy; rode over them and captured seven prisoners. Major Torrey had captured the Sergeant-Major of Colonel Jeffries's regiment. By separate examination of these prisoners it was clearly established that the enemy in force had taken possession of Fredericktown and were preparing for additional offensive operations. Becoming apprehensive that if he advanced on Fredericktown it would be to find the enemy gone and on their way to seize the important post of Cape Girardeau, General McNeil instantly turned his column toward the Cape, resolving to beat the rebels in reaching the town. Subsequent events demonstrated that the General's judgment was singularly correct. Thursday, marched to Jackson, twenty-three miles, and the General pushed to the Cape that night, twelve miles further. On Friday he established communications with St. Louis *via* Jonesboro, Illinois, and brought the whole force into town. The garrison now stood as follows: A part of First Nebraska infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Baumer, Commandant of the post; a few men of the Second Missouri artillery, under Captain Meisner—in all five hundred men, which, with McNeil's force, brought the total up to one thousand seven hundred men. Colonel Baumer, expecting an attack, had already

prepared his plan of defence, which McNeil, on examination, pronounced unimprovable, and adopted it without alteration; simply furnishing more men to aid in carrying out the plan of the gallant Baumer, and by so doing manifested an abnegation of self that is singularly at variance with the general rule and practice of generals. But McNeil appears to have a holy horror of "red tape," and to be guided by but two rules of action—one, to help the country; the other, to damage the rebels as far as possible; and he has infused those points into every officer and soldier of his little command.

Saturday morning the enemy advanced in force on the Cape. The Honorable W. R. Strachan, of Shelby, arrived and assumed position as Chief-of-Staff. Pickets five miles out of town were firing on the advance of the enemy. At eleven o'clock A.M. General McNeil, Colonel Huston—Seventh Missouri cavalry, acting as mustering officer—and Col. Strachan made a complete examination of the place. The so-called forts, A, B, C, and D, were earthworks of the most simple form, being so slight in defence that cavalry could ride over and through them without ever pulling rein—mounting in all ten guns, twenty-four and thirty-two-pounders. Colonel Huston took command of fort B, mounting four guns. Welfley's battery of twelve-pound howitzers was planted on a ridge commanding the approach *via* Bloomfield; this battery was supported by two companies of the First Nebraska and the First Wisconsin cavalry—a portion of whom afterward did valuable service as sharpshooters. The section of mountain howitzers attached to the Second regiment M. S. M. was to the right of Welfley on a ridge still further out of town and commanding the approach by way of Jackson—this section under Captain McClanahan did admirable service, dismounting one of the enemy's pieces and doing fearful execution to his ranks. A section of rifled cannon, long twelves, under charge of Lieutenant Stauber, were on the right of fort B, forming the right of the line of defence, while fort D was the extreme left, commanding approach to the town from the south; this was the weak point of the line, but fortunately was never attacked by the enemy. In the afternoon it became evident that Marmaduke with his whole force of ten thousand men, divided into four brigades under Colonels Carter, Burbage, Shelby, and Green, had masked their forces for an attempt to storm the place. The continuous fire kept up by our artillery, which had been advanced to within four hundred yards of their line, and which was most admirably served by Lieutenants Jacoby, Stauber, and Captain Callahan, excellently supported as they were by the First Nebraska, First Wisconsin, and a battalion of the Thirty-second Iowa as sharpshooters, held the enemy in check—their officers could plainly be seen urging their men to the onset, but they could not be forced to face the music. Their loss in officers was severe. Major Blackwell, of Lafayette, wounded, and a prisoner in the hospital, informed me that his regiment alone, (Colonel Colton Green's,) lost

five field and line-officers alone. The enemy retired at two o'clock and thirty minutes, simultaneously with the arrival of reënforcements, who doubtless were seen by them descending the river.

General McNeil having determined to maintain the post to the last extremity, and fearing that the overwhelming force of the rebels might force him to his last resort, that is, retiring his whole force into Fort C, and battering the town down about their ears, the several steamboats arriving were seized and the large amount of public stores, teams, wagons, etc., were carried over to Illinois, so that if the town fell, its loss should be as harmless to the Government as possible. The women and children were also removed, and the little garrison then seemed as one man, resolved to do or die. All that caused any apprehension in the minds of the leading officers for the result, was the weakness of our left, and many a fervent prayer went up for the arrival of a gunboat to strengthen that point.

At ten o'clock Saturday night, our pickets reported the arrival at their post of a flag of truce. General McNeil despatched Colonel William R. Strachan with instructions to act for him in the premises. Accompanying the flag of truce were Colonel Watson, three majors and two captains, with an escort. They were not allowed to come nearer town than three miles, and were the bearers of the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION, }
NEAR CAPE GIRARDEAU, April 25, 1863. }

To the Officer Commanding U. S. Forces in and around Cape Girardeau:

SIR: By order Major-General Sterling Price, commanding, I formally demand of you the immediate surrender, unconditionally, of the troops in Cape Girardeau and the adjoining forts, together with all the ammunition, stores and other property, belonging to the United States, in the same. If the surrender is made, I pledge myself to treat the troops as prisoners of war, and to parole and exchange them as soon as practicable. I shall scrupulously protect private property; no difference will be made in this particular between parties, whether Union or Southern sentiment. One half-hour is allowed for your decision.

Colonel Watson, commanding Second Texas cavalry brigade, who bears the flag of truce, will present this demand and wait for your reply.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
G. W. CARTER,
Colonel Commanding Fourth Division, First Army Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department.

On reading this interesting demand, Colonel Strachan requested Watson to tell Carter he must credit General McNeil with twenty-nine minutes, as one was sufficient for reply, and at once wrote the following:

To G. W. Carter, Colonel Commanding, First Army Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department:

SIR: I am instructed by General John McNeil to decline your demand for a surrender of

the post of Cape Girardeau. He thinks himself able to maintain its possession.

I have the honor to be, etc.,
WILLIAM R. STRACHAN,
Colonel and Chief of Staff.

That night the little garrison lay on their arms, and the next morning, Sunday, twenty-sixth April, the enemy opened fire from two batteries, one posted on the Jackson road, the other near the Bloomfield road, at ten o'clock and fifteen minutes. Shortly after the engagement had commenced, another flag of truce was announced, and the following was brought in:

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES FORCES, }
DISTRICT OF SOUTH-EAST MISSOURI, April 26, 1863. }

GENERAL: I have this moment arrived and learn that Colonel Carter has demanded the surrender of the forces in Cape Girardeau—the fortifications and Government property, which demand you have declined. With my combined forces now surrounding Cape Girardeau, I deem it an easy task to storm and capture the town, and I therefore reiterate the demand, that you immediately surrender to me unconditionally your command.

In case the demand is not immediately complied with, I request that you will inform all non-combatants in the town to provide for their safety, as I will immediately proceed to attack your position and storm the works. Major Henry Ewing, Adjutant-General, is intrusted as the bearer of this flag of truce.

I am, General, very respectfully,
J. MARMADUKE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Brigadier-General McNEIL,
Commanding U. S. Forces in Cape Girardeau.

General McNeil, to this insulting demand after the first answer, simply informed the rebel General that he had taken the precaution to remove the women and children, and so far from surrendering the place, he should defend it to the last extremity.

Pending this flag of truce the firing was not discontinued, the General being determined that the rebels should not, under the palpable hypocrisy of a flag of truce, steal a march on him. Major Henry Ewing appeared somewhat disconcerted at not being allowed to see the preparations for Sir Marmaduke's reception, and remonstrated against the non-cessation of hostilities, pending the reception of his contemptible mission. The General coolly told him he was not engaged just then in exchanging compliments or cultivating the amenities of war. The rebels had his answer last night, and further discussion was superfluous. So the rebel Major had perforce to retire to his command, amid the thunder of artillery and the sharp rattle of musketry. At two o'clock and thirty minutes, Marmaduke realized the empty arrogance of his boast of taking the town by storm, ceased firing and withdrew his troops with heavy loss.

A proud day it was for the brave and determined McNeil. The gratitude of hundreds of citizens was freely poured out; they recognized

that against heavy odds he had saved their houses from pillage, their homes from desolation, and their town from destruction. The reinforcements that arrived never fired a gun, the gunboats never discharged a shot, but to General McNeil and his little band of one thousand seven hundred heroes belong exclusively the honors of the day. Amongst those officers particularly active were Colonel Huston, of the Seventh Missouri volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Baumer, of the First Nebraska, Captain Meisner, of the artillery. Adjutants Poole and Cramer were at all points of attack, and displayed a zeal and courage that aided much toward the good fortunes of the day. Colonel Strachan was constantly employed in carrying orders and bringing up supports to the points menaced. The First Nebraska infantry proved that officers and men could be fully relied on in any emergency, and no one who witnessed or participated in the attempted storming of Cape Girardeau but will cheerfully award to them the highest praise. On Monday, at two o'clock p.m., General McNeil, without taking any rest—for Sunday night all hands were kept on the alert, expecting a night attack—started in pursuit of the retreating foe. That afternoon his wearied men marched sixteen miles to Whitewater, found the bridge destroyed, that General Vandever had made eight miles that day, engaged the enemy, and that part of one company of the Third Iowa had been gobbled up by them. The column from Cape Girardeau was not allowed to push on, prudential reasons ruling the order of advance next morning. General McNeil, with the invaluable assistance of the First Wisconsin, under Colonel La Grange, rebuilt the bridge in three hours, and the column pressed on. Colonel Benjamin of the Second M. S. M., having the advance, they rushed on some ten miles, when orders were received from General Vandever to stop the advance. They had captured two of the enemy who were finishing the destruction of a bridge, and who told them if they had come up ten minutes sooner they could have had the rear-guard of some fifty men, who destroyed the bridge, and had just disappeared. The advance under Benjamin pushed on until we were within a mile of the enemy, who were in force, when up rides an orderly from General Vandever, some ten miles in our rear, calling on them to halt. Orders were obeyed, although it gave the enemy additional time to shove ahead and rest their jaded animals.

Finally, the column was allowed to push on—got within three miles of the Castor, captured Lieutenant Bast and a few others, who admitted they had no knowledge of the rapidity of our march, and supposed the Whitewater had effectually stopped us. On the east side of the Castor was Carter's division, numbering over three thousand effective men; also Shelby's division. Both brigades should have been captured at the Castor. Prisoners have frankly admitted that they expected they would be forced to surrender.

Four times had McNeil's column been halted by General Vandever, who was several miles in the rear, and that several times when we were within

a mile and a half of the main force of the retreating foe, having driven their rear-guard in upon their column. We got within three miles of the Castor a little after dark. Here Lieutenant Bast, son of G. Y. Bast, was taking supper at a farmer's. The farmer said that about five minutes before a squadron galloped by, hailed the Lieutenant, told him the Yankees had rebuilt the bridge and were close at hand. The Lieutenant could not believe them, and went back to supper; but Lieutenant Poole, with some five of our boys from the advance, charged by, Lieutenant Poole killing two of the Texans as he passed, and returning took the Lieutenant in, who was so bewildered that he had not presence of mind enough to make his escape. The same farmer informed us the enemy were at the Castor, and could not cross, the river being up. Guns were pushed on, and position taken to sweep the Castor Bottom so soon as day should dawn; but alas! the enemy succeeded in crossing during the night, and their sharpshooters were posted in the woods on the opposite bank to dispute our crossing, while the main column should have time to get out of our way. A sharp skirmish ensued, the First Wisconsin succeeded in driving them, aided by artillery, and we had undisputed control of the fords, when, instead of crossing, it was understood that orders had been received from General Vandever abandoning the crossing and giving up further pursuit. So waited we for several hours, when General Vandever changed his mind and allowed us to move on once more. The delay prevented our getting over in time to occupy Bloomfield that night. We shoved on to Bloomfield next day, having sharp skirmishing in front, which at one time seemed like advancing toward a general engagement.

But falling back was the ruling order among the rebels. On arriving in Bloomfield, several citizens informed us that we were but two hours behind.

Again did joy illuminate the faces of the brave and resolute men of McNeil's column, but alas! its fitful flash soon died away, we remaining in town to give the enemy a good start again, when it was well known that forty miles would land him in Arkansas, across the St. Francis, and he could then laugh at us with impunity. Finally General Vandever gave to General McNeil two brigades, first under command of Colonel J. M. Glover, Third Missouri volunteer cavalry, and second under Colonel La Grange, First Wisconsin cavalry. Vandever asked McNeil when he could move. "In half an hour," replied McNeil. "I will march at four in the morning," said Vandever. General McNeil marched all night without rations or feed, the men never murmuring, so anxious were they to make up the criminal delay at the Castor and Bloomfield. At five o'clock a.m., Colonel Glover became engaged with the enemy, forced them from their position, (although it was a strong one,) and backed by their artillery. About four miles further the enemy made another stand. The artillery was hurried up, skirmishers went to work, and soon Colonel

Glover forced them again to retire. Here a few of us fell heir to an ample breakfast that had been prepared for the officers of the retreating rebel column. It suffered not by passing down loyal instead of disloyal throats. General McNeil, desirous of seizing their batteries, which were annoying us, constantly proposed to Colonel Glover that he should order a charge from a battalion of his regiment, at the next stand made by the foe. In a few minutes the time arrived, the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Carrick with several companies of the chivalrous Third Missouri cavalry, and led by Colonel Glover himself, made a dashing charge. The First Iowa had been ordered to hurry up and sustain the Third Missouri, but they from misapprehension or some other cause went haltingly on and failed to give the support that would have made the charge a complete success. The Third Missouri went through and through the enemy, strewing the points and the road with rebel dead. Colonel Glover was unhorsed; Lieutenant-Colonel Carrick wounded in the shoulder. The brave Captain Mitchell received a serious wound, and other noble and daring spirits were killed and wounded. After cutting their way through the enemy for a mile and a half, the main force of Texas cavalry came at them and forced them back—no support arriving, General McNeil making frantic but vain efforts to hurry the artillery up. We lost the advantages that would have resulted from this most brilliant charge. For twenty miles the enemy were driven with loss, and every one rejoiced at the supposed prospect of cutting them off at the St. Francis, but again delayed, the enemy made good their escape. Next morning a sharp engagement ensued between McNeil on this side and the rebels on the other side, in which General McNeil and his aid Lieutenant Ankony, volunteer, both had their horses shot from under them. A terrific artillery fire served as a *de joie* for the final safety of the rebel force. The First Nebraska infantry again clothed themselves with immortal honor—leaving the Cape some twelve hours behind the Thirty-seventh Illinois—then passed them and marched eighty miles in two days; made the night march from Bloomfield and participated in the twenty miles fight, as though not a man was fatigued. In obedience to orders, General McNeil fell back on Bloomfield, and resumed march to Cape Girardeau, followed by a host of movers, who dared not remain at home after the Federal forces had been withdrawn. Thus closed the Sir Marmaduke raid into South-East Missouri. The enemy defeated at every point—demoralized yet allowed to carry off their fourteen pieces of artillery, with full as many prisoners as graced our columns, and the balance of killed and wounded being largely in our favor. Too much praise cannot be given Captain Dawson and his company A, of Second M. S. M., for their invaluable services in crossing the Castor, and making a floating bridge on which artillery and wagons were successfully crossed.

S.

Doc. 178.

BATTLE OF FAIRMONT, VIRGINIA.

FAIRMONT, VIRGINIA, MAY 4, 1863.

THE rebel raid into West-Virginia has come and gone. The smoke of battle has drifted away, and the thousand rumors have given place to well-determined facts. I propose to describe briefly what I understand to be the route taken by the raiders after entering our lines until they escaped beyond them; and, with as much detail as time will permit, the engagement at this place.

It appears that on Friday and Saturday, the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth ultimo, the rebels, having driven our small forces from Beverly and Philippi back to Grafton, crossed the railroad at several points between Grafton and Rowlesburgh, and went to Kingwood, in Preston County, thence to Morgantown, which place they reached on Monday, at two P.M. Tuesday morning they left Morgantown, and came up on the east bank of the river to within seven or eight miles of this place, where they were met by another body, which crossed the railroad subsequently. The whole force then returned to Morgantown, crossed the river, spread out over the country, taking every good horse they could find, and concentrated here on Wednesday morning. They crossed Buffalo Creek—which flows from the west and enters the river a mile below town—at Barracksville, and approached town on the Mannington pike.

The first positive information of their number and whereabouts, was received from Morgantown on Monday evening. Their number was estimated by a gentleman who witnessed their *entree*, at five thousand. Before this news came, and while all was vague rumor and perplexing uncertainty, many of our fighting men whom we relied upon as certain to die in "the last ditch," if die they must, performed "a grand strategical movement," and "fell back" to a new "base of operations" at Cameron, Moundsville, Wheeling, and various other points in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Those whose lips retained the crimson hue of natural life, and whose knees did not quake like Cæsar's with the ague in Spain, remained and busied themselves in hunting up arms, and in making every effort to defend the place against the impending assault. A delegation went to Mannington, and returned on Tuesday morning with two companies of militia and as many guns as were fit for use. The whole defensive force consisted of only three hundred men, made up of companies D and F, One Hundred and Sixth New-York volunteers—one hundred and five men; two companies of the One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Virginia militia—one hundred and seventeen men; thirty-eight men of company A, Sixth Virginia; a few of company B, Sixth Virginia, and about forty citizen soldiers.

The rebel army was commanded by General William E. Jones, and consisted, according to his statement, of seven regiments of cavalry, one regiment of mounted infantry, and three hundred mounted sharpshooters, in all six thousand men,

many of them being of the celebrated Ashby's cavalry.

Wednesday morning dawned wet and foggy; our scouts came dashing in and reported the enemy approaching only two or three miles off. One company of militia and most of the armed citizens went out on the hills to meet him. About eight o'clock picket-firing commenced and was kept up briskly for half an hour. The enemy finding we were posted on the hills prepared to rake him severely as he came down the pike along Coal Run, sent a heavy force on the hills to drive us off. In this they succeeded after several of them had been summarily unhorsed. The men from the hills retreated, some to the main force, near the railroad bridge a mile above town, and some to the Palatine end of the Suspension bridge. The latter made a gallant stand and resisted the crossing for nearly an hour. They took shelter in a foundry, and fired from the windows upon the rebel sharpshooters, who dismounted and took positions in vacant houses, behind fences, stables, and whatever else would conceal their cowardly carcasses from our unerring aim. Thus was the unequal contest continued, until one man, named Coffman, from Bingamon, was fatally wounded, and all but five or six had straggled off. The remainder ceased firing, and each one took care of himself as best he could. When the firing ceased, the rebels sent over a flag of truce to demand a surrender, but, to their astonishment, they found no one to receive it. They then hastily replaced the plank, which had been removed from the bridge, and crossed over to the number of nearly a thousand, and pushed on up to get in the rear of our men at the railroad bridge.

While the fight at the suspension bridge was going on, the rebels disposed their main force for attack at the upper bridge. Our force in defence of the railroad bridge, now about two hundred and seventy-five, had taken up a position half a mile north-west of the bridge, and within gunshot of the road leading to Pruntytown. As the rebel cavalry dashed along this road in order to reach the river above the bridge, they were exposed to a raking and destructive fire, which unhorsed ten or twelve of them. Having crossed at the suspension bridge and occupied the heights at the eastern end of the railroad bridge and gained the river above, they had our men completely surrounded. From his position on the heights to the rear and immediately overlooking the Spartan band, the commanding general called out: "Why the h—ll don't you surrender?" Our boys sent back a defiant response, when he immediately commanded his men to "Rally." Then began one of the most desperate and unequal contests of this or any other war. For some time the rattle of musketry was incessant. Our men were in open meadows, protected somewhat from the fire in front by ravines, but exposed to the rebel sharpshooters behind rocks and trees on the right bank of the river. Inch by inch we were forced back to within two hundred yards of the bridge, all the time coolly load-

ing and firing, for the most part after deliberate aim at the cowardly rebels, who, notwithstanding they had twenty to our one, fought Indian fashion, from behind whatever would conceal them. Finding further resistance utterly hopeless, and just as the rebel cavalry were ready for a grand charge, which must have resulted in the total destruction of the gallant little band, a white flag was raised from a house near by, and the firing ceased.

Scarcely had the formalities of the capitulation been completed, when two pieces of ordnance from Mulligan's command at Grafton opened on them from the opposite side of the river. They then double-quickened the prisoners off the field, and placed them in the court-house, where they were paroled about nine o'clock at night.

The rebels on the left bank of the river were soon shelled out of range, but those on the same side as the battery made a desperate effort to tear up the road in the rear of the battery to prevent its return. They took up one or more rails, and piled several cords of wood on the track, but, after a sharp engagement, they were driven off by eighty men of company B, One Hundred and Sixth New-York, and a few rounds from the cannon. While the train bearing the battery was behind the hill protecting itself from being cut off and captured, the rebels commenced the destruction of the railroad bridge, which was doubtless the finest structure of the kind in the United States. It was made of iron, supported by four piers of massive stone-work, and was about nine hundred feet long. The iron-work was above the piers, and was supported by tubular columns of cast-iron. In these hollow columns they poured kegs of powder, which they had brought along for the purpose, and in this way the noble structure was blown from the piers into the river. The whole cost of its erection was four hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars, two thirds of which was expended in getting the piers above the high-water mark, owing to the great depth of water and mud above the solid rock. The destruction of this bridge is one of the most serious losses this railroad has sustained during the war. Months must elapse before even a temporary bridge can be erected.

The battle we have endeavored to describe, was fought on Wednesday, April twenty-ninth, and was in many respects the most remarkable in the annals of warfare. The great disparity in the numbers engaged; the obstinate, determined resistance made by the Unionists; the length of time they held out; and, stranger still, only one killed and four wounded on our side, while the rebel loss, according to their own admission, was fifty or sixty. Indeed, General Jones told Captain Chamberlain that we had killed and disabled about a hundred of his men.

He, as well as the rebel soldiers, complimented us on the gallantry with which we maintained our various positions. Where all who took up arms did so well, it would be invidious to particularize individual acts of heroism.

Captain Chamberlain, of company F, One Hundred and Sixth New-York volunteers, had com-

mand of the post, Major Parish of the militia, and each citizen-soldier commanded himself, and as many more as would obey him.

Every store in the town was robbed of every thing the thieves fancied. The home rebels pointed out the private property they wanted destroyed, and it was done. A valuable steam saw-mill, belonging to J. N. Cromwell & Co., was burned. The National printing-office was destroyed because it has been uncompromisingly Union, while the Butternut concern in Morgantown was uninjured, because, as the traitors said, it was on their side and was devoted to their cause. The law and private libraries of Governor Picpoint were carried into the street in front of his office, and burned; every horse in town and surrounding country was taken. At least five hundred horses were taken out of Marion County alone.

Fortunately the Union men had moved their horses out of the neighborhood, while the secesh relied on their opposition to the Government, which has always protected them, for security. Hence in the loss of horses they are by far the greater sufferers, as the raiders were no respecters of persons in making their selections. Some men, who have all along been very desirous to get their "rights," have had a little foretaste of what their rights are in the estimation of traitors. The miserable copperheads who have been opposing the war, and growling about taxes, have lost more by the men whose rights they are so jealous of, than the Government expects them to pay as taxes for the next ten years.

—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Doc. 179.

ATTACK ON GRAND GULF, MISS.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S REPORT.

MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG-SHIP BENTON, }
BELOW GRAND GULF, April 29, 1863. }

SIR: I had the honor of sending you a telegraph announcing that we had fought the batteries at Grand Gulf for five hours and thirty-five minutes, with partial success. Grand Gulf has been very strongly fortified since Admiral Farragut went down, to prevent his coming up again, and four (some of very heavy guns) are placed at the distance of a quarter of a mile apart, on high points, and completely command the river.

I ordered the Louisville, Carondelet, Mound City, and Pittsburgh, to lead the way and attack the lower batteries, while the Tuscumbia, Benton, and Lafayette, attacked the upper ones; the Lafayette lying in an eddy, and fighting stern down-stream. The vessels below silenced the lower batteries, and then closed up on the upper one, which had been hotly engaged by the Benton and Tuscumbia, both ships suffering severely in killed and wounded.

The Pittsburgh came up just at the moment when a large shell passed through the Benton's pilot-house, wounding the pilot, Mr. Williams, and disabling the wheel. This made the vessel

unmanageable for a short time, and she drifted down to the lower batteries, which she opened upon while repairing damages.

The Pittsburgh, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Horl, for a short time bore the brunt of the fire, and lost eight killed and sixteen wounded. The Tuscumbia was cut up a great deal. As the fire of the upper battery slackened, (I presume for want of ammunition,) I passed up a short distance above the fort to communicate with Gen. Grant, to see whether he thought proper to send the troops in the transports by the battery under what was rather a feeble return to our fire.

He concluded to land the troops and march them across by a road two miles long, coming out below the batteries. As there was a prospect of expending a great deal of ammunition on the upper battery, without being able to occupy it if it was silenced, the vessels moved up-stream again by signal, without being much fired at or receiving any damage while the enemy had a raking fire on them.

I then sent down Captain Walke in the Lafayette to prevent them from repairing damages, which they were doing with great diligence. He opened on them, to which they responded a few times, and finally left the fort, when he fired at intervals of five minutes until dark.

At six o'clock P.M. I again got under way, with the transports following up, and attacked the batteries again, the transports all passing down under cover of our fire. We are now in a position to make a landing where the General pleases.

I should have preferred this latter course in the first instance; it would have saved many lives and many hard knocks. The Benton received forty-seven shots in her hull alone, not counting the damage done above her rail; but she was just as good for a fight when she got through as when she commenced.

All the vessels did well, though it was the most difficult portion of the river in which to manage an iron-clad—strong currents (running six knots) and strong eddies, turning them round and round, making them fair targets. . . .

It was a hard fight and a long one on both sides. The enemy fought his upper battery with a desperation I have never yet witnessed, for though we engaged him at a distance of fifty yards, we never fairly succeeded in stopping his fire but for a short time. It was remarkable that we did not disable his guns, but though we knocked the parapets pretty much to pieces, the guns were apparently uninjured. . . .

The squadron has been six hours and a half to-day under a hot and well-directed fire, and are ready to commence at daylight in the morning.

I will send a list of killed and wounded the first opportunity. No naval officers were killed or severely wounded.

In our attack to-night only one man killed; he was on the Mound City. DAVID D. PORTER,

Acting R. A., Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of Navy.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

NEAR GRAND GULF, MISSISSIPPI, }
 Wednesday, April 29, 1863. }

This day, which a year ago was signalized by the capture and occupation of New-Orleans by the Union forces, has been again rendered memorable by one of the fiercest and longest contested naval engagements of the war. The long-promised, and, as some think, too long delayed attack upon Grand Gulf by our naval flotilla commenced at eight o'clock this morning, all seven of the gunboats—Benton, (flag-ship,) Lafayette, Tuscumbia, Carondelet, Mound City, Pittsburgh, and Louisville—participating, and the fight continued until near one o'clock P.M., lasting almost five hours. The place was, very properly, reported by Admiral Farragut as very strong. We found it so. The enemy had at least twenty guns favorably posted in casemates and behind earth-works of the most formidable description. They fought, too, with characteristic tenacity and courage. Our gunboats, however, were too much for them. One after the other was silenced by the direct firing at close quarters from the rifle Parrotts, and the eleven-inch and nine-inch Dahlgrens—the guns, large and small, which compose the armament of the gunboat fleet. At one P.M. only a single gun, protected by a casemate, on the bluff nearest to Big Black River, responded, at long and nervous intervals, to our fire, and the place was taken, to all intents and purposes, so far as silencing the rebel guns was concerned. All that was wanted to complete the victory was for the fifteen thousand troops, which were lying on board of transports three miles above, to land, according to the programme, and occupy the enemy's works under cover of our guns. Why they did not do this—why they remained spectators to the scene, and why, after five hours of as hard and successful fighting as has been done during the war, all the gunboats were withdrawn, are questions I am unable to answer. The Tuscumbia remained at a considerable distance below the batteries, while all the rest proceeded up-stream. Within two hours—while I am now writing—some hundred and odd men may be seen by the glass, busily engaged repairing their dilapidated works, and apparently remounting their guns. The troops, at a late hour in the afternoon, are on the march to a point below Grand Gulf, on the Louisiana side, from which, it is reported, they are to be ferried across by the transports, which will go down empty.

All the gunboats have received some injury, but not one has been materially damaged or crippled. The Lafayette, Tuscumbia, Pittsburgh, Mound City, Carondelet, Louisville—all went in and fought the rebel batteries, head, stern, and broadside; first down-stream, then up-stream; then enflading them in the still basin formed by the outlet of Big Black, within two hundred yards or less of the rebel casemates. The Mound City actually laid herself ashore directly opposite to one of the most formidable batteries, and kept firing at it until every rebel gunner had left. The Benton (flag-ship) did terrible execution with

her guns. The firing on the Lafayette was exceedingly accurate—one shot from her eleven-inch Dahlgrens completely upsetting one of the largest of the rebel guns.

First Master Bryant, a New-Yorker by birth, but who fought all through the Crimean war, and received a medal from the British government, handled his guns with remarkable skill and judgment, and was complimented several times by Captain Walke for his excellent shots. The Benton fired over six hundred rounds, the Lafayette over three hundred. The number of rounds fired by all the boats must have exceeded four thousand. The rebels were not backward in returning the fire, as all the boats give unmistakable evidence. The Benton was hit over fifty times, the Lafayette twenty-eight times. The Lafayette received a shot in her hull, exploding near the magazine. The Benton had eight killed and twenty wounded, Pittsburgh six killed, and Tuscumbia seven killed and a number wounded.

Doc. 180.

BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON, MISS.

GENERAL GRANT'S DESPATCH.*

GRAND GULF, VIA MEMPHIS, May 7.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

WE landed at Boulingsburg, April thirtieth, moved immediately on Port Gibson, met the enemy, eleven thousand strong, four miles south of Port Gibson, at two o'clock A.M., on the first instant, and engaged him all day, entirely routing him, with the loss of many killed and about five hundred prisoners, beside the wounded. The enemy retreated toward Vicksburgh, destroying the bridges over the two forks of the Bayou Pierce. These were rebuilt, and the pursuit was continued until the present time. Beside the heavy artillery at this place, four field-pieces were captured, and some stores, and the enemy was driven to destroy many more. The country is the most broken and difficult to operate in I ever saw. Our victory has been most complete, and the enemy is thoroughly demoralized.

Very respectfully,
 U. S. GRANT,
 Major-General Commanding.

GENERAL CARR'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTEENTH DIVISION, }
 May 6, 1863. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 32.

I desire to congratulate the officers and soldiers of this division on the brilliant and successful manner in which they performed their duty in the different conflicts of the late battle near Port Gibson.

At the end of a tiresome night-march the Second brigade, under Colonel Stone, being in the lead, came upon the enemy at one o'clock in the morning, posted in a strong position, with artillery, immediately formed into line, and Captain Griffith's First Iowa battery, with the assist-

* This battle is also known as the battle of Thompson's Hill. See General Grant's Report of the Siege and Reduction of Vicksburgh, Volume VII. REBELLION RECORD.

ance of three pieces of Klaus's First Indiana, fought him for over an hour, and finally, at three o'clock, drove him away, when we lay down to take our first rest since three o'clock the preceding morning.

At half-past six we renewed the conflict. The two batteries made terrible havoc with the enemy. The First brigade, under Brigadier-General Benton, was deployed in the ravines and underbrush on the right, and advanced gallantly to flank the enemy and take his guns.

When they engaged him on the right the Second brigade engaged him on the left. The Twelfth division was advanced to support, and with a rush the enemy was routed from his position.

The Eighteenth Indiana, Colonel H. D. Washburne, has the distinguished honor of capturing a regimental flag, on which were inscribed the names of four battle-fields; and with the Ninety-ninth Illinois, Colonel G. W. K. Bailey, and some of the Thirty-fourth and Forty-sixth Indiana, of capturing two of the enemy's guns. This success was the result of the splendid fighting of the whole division, which provided the opportunity.

After the enemy took up his new position, the Second brigade was very severely engaged on the left of our line for a long time, and behaved with distinguished gallantry. It subsequently took up a position across the valley in the timber very near the enemy, where two regiments, the Twenty-first and Twenty-third Iowa, remained till after dark.

The First brigade went to the relief of General McGinnis's brigade, and the Eighth Indiana distinguished itself by driving the enemy from a strong position and taking it for themselves.

Coming from Missouri, where you had endured great hardships during the last winter, you were honored by being placed at the head of the grand army of the Mississippi, and you have proved yourselves well worthy of that honor.

You have encountered and defeated the same men against whom we have so long contended in Missouri and Arkansas, and you have added another wreath to those you won at Blackwater, Blackwell's Station, Fredericktown, Pea Ridge, Round Hill, Hartville, Haines's Bluff, and Post of Arkansas; and I am sure you will go on with your glorious achievements till the demon of rebellion shall be destroyed, and our land shall once more rejoice in the blessings of peace and prosperity.

While we mourn our fallen comrades, we cannot forget that they have offered up their lives for the noblest of purposes—that of preserving to their country a Government at once free and stable, which shall give, in conjunction with the largest liberties to the citizen, the greatest security for his life and property.

To their friends and to our wounded comrades we tender our sympathies, and hope that time and the thoughts of what they suffer for will soothe their pain and sorrow.

The loss of the First brigade was—killed,

twenty-six; wounded, one hundred and forty-three. That of the Second—killed, fifteen; wounded, seventy-nine. Total, two hundred and sixty-three.

This comprises only men put *hors du combat*; scratches not reported.

Where all have done their duty it is invidious to make distinctions; but the conduct of some individuals seems to merit special mention, even at the risk of leaving out deserving men whose names have not been reported to me. These shall receive their due credit as soon as I am informed of their merits.

Brigadier-General W. P. Benton distinguished himself for daring, gallantry, and good management, during the whole battle. Indiana continues to be glorified by her sons. Colonel C. S. Harris, Eleventh Wisconsin, though he had been obliged to give up the command of his brigade on account of illness, was on the field and shared the dangers.

Colonel W. M. Stone, Twenty-second Iowa, who succeeded to the command of the Second brigade, took his place with the extreme advance-guard at night during the advance on the enemy, exposed himself freely, and exerted himself so much that he became completely exhausted in the afternoon, and was obliged to relinquish the command to Colonel Samuel Merrill, Twenty-first Iowa, for about an hour. By his bravery and admirable management of his brigade he reflects new honor on his noble State.

Captain George S. Marshall, Acting Adjutant-General First brigade, and Captain L. H. Whitteley, Eleventh Wisconsin, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General Second brigade, distinguished themselves during the whole battle, and exposed themselves freely.

The regiments and batteries all showed great gallantry, and their commanders good management. The list is as follows:

Eighth Indiana, Colonel David Shunk.
Eighteenth Indiana, Colonel H. D. Washburne.
Thirty-third Illinois, Colonel C. E. Lippincott.
Ninety-ninth Illinois, Colonel G. W. K. Bailey.
First Indiana battery, Captain Klaus.
Eleventh Wisconsin, Lieut.-Col. C. A. Wood.
Twenty-First Iowa, Colonel Samuel Merrill.
Twenty-second Iowa, Major Jos. B. Atherton.
Twenty-third Iowa, Lieutenant-Colonel S. L. Glasgow, with its gallant young commander, behaved admirably.

First Iowa battery, Captain H. H. Griffith.

Major Thomas J. Brady commanded the skirmishers of the First brigade.

Private Noah Havens, company K, Eighteenth Indiana, made a reconnoissance within the enemy's lines in the night.

Major L. H. Potter, with four companies of the Thirty-third Illinois infantry, engaged the enemy on the left in the morning, holding him in check until the arrival of Osterhaus's division.

Captain Charles, company H, Eighteenth Indiana, was the first man to jump on the enemy's guns.

Lieutenant D. F. Adams, Adjutant Eighteenth

Indiana, passed twice through the hottest of the enemy's fire to conduct reinforcements.

Private Amos Nagle, company K, Eighteenth Indiana, captured color-bearer with flag bearing inscriptions of four battles.

Captain J. C. Dinsmore, Ninety-ninth Illinois, seized one of the enemy's twelve-pound howitzers, turned it, and fired at him his own charge.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlap, Twenty-first Iowa, commanded the skirmishers, and Major Van Anda, of the same regiment, commanded the support of the howitzer in advance of the Third brigade.

Company B, Twenty-first Iowa, Capt. Crooke, received the first fire of the rebel picket, and returned it with great coolness.

Sergeant B. Kinst, company E, Twenty-first Iowa, captured a rebel orderly carrying despatches.

Sergeant Wm. R. Liebert, First Iowa battery, who was mentioned for gallantry and good conduct at Pea Ridge, was (with his piece) on advance-guard during the night-march, behaved with the greatest coolness and spirit, and was seriously wounded.

In conclusion, I would say that you have done valuable service to your country; your friends at home will be proud of your achievements, and expect that when you again meet traitors in arms you will give as good an account then as you did on the battle-field near Port Gibson, Mississippi.

E. A. CARR,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

C. H. DYER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOVEY'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWELFTH DIVISION, THIRTEENTH A. C., }
IN THE FIELD, May 8, 1863. }

Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Scates, A. A. General:

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report, commencing with the landing of the Twelfth division at Milliken's Bend on the fourteenth of April, and terminating with the battle of Port Gibson, on the first day of May. Marching over heavy roads from the Bend on the sixteenth, under orders to leave our camp and garrison equipage behind, we arrived at Dawson's Farm on the Roundaway Bayou, on the second day. On the eighteenth marched to the mouth of Gilbert's Bayou, with directions to make a reconnoissance in the direction of the Mississippi River, and ascertain whether a practicable route could be found. Descending the bayou, I met General Osterhaus coming up from the river on the same business, and on comparing notes, the route was deemed practicable and so reported to Major-General McClermand. In four days from that date, my division, with the aid of Captain Petterson's Pioneers, built four bridges, over about one thousand feet of water, and cut two miles of road through the woods, thus opening up the great military route through the overflow land from Milliken's Bend to the Mississippi River below Vicksburgh. During the severe task, many of my men worked for hours up to their necks in water, and I take this occasion to thank

them for the devotion and energy there displayed. To Captain George W. Jackson, Thirty-fourth Indiana, and his pioneer corps, praise is particularly due for the performance of this herculean task.

On the twenty-eighth we embarked on steamers for the purpose of aiding in the attack on Grand Gulf; and on the twenty-ninth, witnessed the brilliant assault of the gunboats upon that place. As it was expected at the time that a battle would take place at Grand Gulf, the horses of all officers, excepting those commanding divisions, and all kinds of transportation, were left behind. Subsequent events made this very onerous upon the officers and upon the command. On the thirtieth we again disembarked at Bruinsburgh Landing, Mississippi, below Grand Gulf, and at three o'clock P.M., took up our line of march for Port Gibson. The order of march by divisions being: Carr's, (Fourteenth,) Osterhaus's, (Ninth,) Hovey's, (Twelfth,) Smith's, (Tenth.) The organization of the Twelfth division at that time was:

First brigade, General George F. McGinnis commanding—Twenty-fourth Indiana, commanded by Colonel W. T. Spicely; Forty-sixth Indiana, commanded by Colonel T. H. Bringhurst; Eleventh Indiana, commanded by Colonel D. Maculey; Twenty-ninth Wisconsin, commanded by Colonel Charles R. Gill; Thirty-fourth Indiana, commanded by R. A. Cameron; Sixteenth Ohio battery, Captain J. A. Mitchell; Second Ohio battery, First Lieutenant Aug. Beach.

Second brigade, Colonel J. R. Slack commanding—Twenty-fourth Iowa, commanded by Colonel E. S. Byaur; Twenty-eighth Iowa, commanded by Colonel John Connell; Fifty-sixth Ohio, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Raynor; Forty-seventh Indiana, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. McLaughlin; First Missouri battery, commanded by Captain Schofield; Peoria light artillery, commanded by Second Lieutenant Fenton.

We continued our march during the night. Near two o'clock in the morning of the first of May, cannonading was heard in our front, which continued several minutes. The column pressed forward, and at daylight reached Centre Creek, about three miles west of Port Gibson. At this point, at five o'clock A.M., my division was ordered to take position, a few hundred yards in advance, upon the right of the road, on the crest of the hills, nearly opposite the Shaffer farmhouse, at that time the headquarters of Major-General McClermand. The first brigade occupied the position in front, nearest the enemy's line, and at right angles to the road, and the second brigade in a similar ridge in the rear of the first brigade.

The lines of each brigade were formed under fire from the enemy, who were being engaged by Brigadier-General Benton, to my left, and near the centre of my line of battle.

At this juncture I received orders from Major-General McClermand to hold my division as a reserve until the arrival of the Tenth division, com-

manded by Brigadier-General Smith, at which time my whole command was to be in readiness to take part in the action. On receiving this command, I ordered my division to lie down under the cover of the brow of the hills. In less than thirty minutes afterward, General Smith arrived, and the fact was announced to the Major-General commanding. In the mean time the brigade under General Benton was engaged in a severe conflict with the enemy upon our left, and gallantly resisting almost overwhelming numbers. About seven o'clock A.M., aids from Major-General McClelland came rapidly forward, with orders directing me, without the least delay, to support General Benton's line. I immediately ordered Brigadier-General McGinnis to march the infantry of the first brigade, in line of battle, across a deep and rugged ravine, to his support.

All concur in describing this ravine as about forty feet wide, and filled with vines, cane, deep gulches, and exceedingly difficult of passage. The enemy no doubt regarded it as impassable. As soon as the First brigade had commenced moving, I ordered the Second brigade, Colonel Slack commanding, to march by the right flank around the head of the ravine, in support of our forces engaged in the centre. They reached their proper position in line of the division, beyond the ravine, about the same time the left of the First brigade arrived, the right of the First brigade being still engaged in working through the tangled vines and underbrush of the ravine.

As I rode down the road toward the front and middle of my line, I met Captain Klaus, First Indiana battery, who had been gallantly fighting the rebel batteries. The field around him and one disabled gun testified to the nature of the conflict. He at once pointed out the position of the rebel battery, the guns of which, with a line of rebel heads in their rear, were plainly visible. I immediately rode down under cover of the brow of the ravine to the head of the Second brigade, where Colonel Slack and Colonel Cameron of the Thirty-fourth Indiana, were standing. Lieutenant-Colonel Raynor, of the Fifty-sixth Ohio, who had been supporting Captain Klaus's battery, here joined us. Here I attempted to communicate with General McGinnis, who was in the rear of his brigade, but the ground was impassable for my aids on horseback, and my voice could not be heard on account of the noise around him. I pointed out the battery first to Colonel Cameron, and told him it must be taken. Colonel Slack claimed the honor for his command, but I settled the matter by directing Colonel Cameron, of the Thirty-fourth Indiana regiment, to make the charge, and Lieutenant-Colonel Raynor, Fifty-sixth Ohio, to support it. I also directed Colonel Slack to hold his brigade ready to move forward at any instant. The distance of the rebel battery from the point of my attack could not have exceeded one hundred and fifty yards. Upon receiving the order to charge, Colonel Cameron commanded his battalion to leap the fence, which, with the Fifty-sixth Ohio, rushed with

loud shouts and fixed bayonets toward the rebel battery.

Their advance was met with grape from the rebel battery, and a shower of ball from the rebel lines. The fire became intense and concentrated, and both regiments, to shield themselves, fell to the ground, whilst the fire continued for two or three minutes longer on both sides. At this juncture I gave the command forward, as loud as I could, and had the gratification of seeing the Thirty-fourth and Fifty-sixth spring to their feet, and with two companies of the Eleventh Indiana, which I knew by their dress, and several other companies of my division, which I could not then distinguish, rush forward to the charge. Again the bright bayonets of the Twelfth division were glittering in the sun; again a wild shout, a shout of triumph, reverberated through the hills. The enemy were beaten back, between two and three hundred taken prisoners; and one stand of colors, two twelve-pounder howitzers, three caissons, and three six-mule teams, loaded with ammunition, was the reward of the chivalrous action. The particular men, or companies, who seized the colors, took the guns and turned them upon the enemy, surrounded and took the prisoners, I cannot tell, as in the hot contest of the moment nothing but momentary daguerrean sketches could have fixed the facts. One thing is certain, the honor of the charge belongs to the Twelfth division. I gave the command, my men obeyed, and made the charge, manned the guns, discharged them at the enemy, took the prisoners, and have the battle-flag of the battery, now in possession of the gallant Colonel Raynor, etc., etc.

ALVIN P. HOVEY,

Brig.-Gen. Com'g Twelfth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps.
J. E. PHILLIPS,

A. A. General.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL BENTON.

BIVOUAC IN THE FIELD, MISSISSIPPI, May 5, 1863.

*Captain C. H. Dyer, Assistant Adjutant-General
Fourteenth Division:*

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the First brigade, Fourteenth division, Thirteenth army corps, department of the Tennessee, in the engagement on the night of the thirtieth ultimo and the first instant, near Port Gibson, Mississippi:

About midnight I received the order of the General commanding the division, to hasten forward the First Indiana battery, which was immediately executed at a full run, arriving on the ground in a few minutes. The battery was at once placed in position, and opened a vigorous fire, which was continued, without intermission, until three o'clock A.M. of the first instant, when the enemy ceased his fire, and we lay upon our arms, awaiting the tardy coming of daylight. In the mean time, the infantry, consisting of the Eighth and Eighteenth Indiana, and the Thirty-third and Ninety-ninth Illinois regiments, had come on the field, and were also lying on their arms in support of the battery. At the earliest

dawn all were on the alert, eager for the coming fray. At this juncture, Major-General McClermand came dashing to the front, asking a thousand questions as to the position and strength of the enemy, the roads, and general topography of the ground; and, with matchless energy, proceeded to verify every statement by a personal investigation. About six o'clock A.M. I was ordered to push four companies down a road turning to the left of Schaeffer's house, and directly in the rear of the one in which the previous engagement occurred. I accordingly sent the gallant Major Potter, of the Thirty-third Illinois, with four companies of that regiment, with orders to feel his way down the road cautiously, and hold it until relieved by General Osterhaus's command, which had been ordered up, and then, without further orders, hasten to rejoin his regiment. In a few minutes his skirmishers engaged the outposts of the enemy, who replied sharply, both with small arms and artillery. Owing to the promptness of General Osterhaus, the Major's fight, though spirited, was of short duration, and he, in turn, promptly rejoined his regiment, and shared with it the dangers and glory of the fight on the extreme right.

General Osterhaus having thus secured our rear, by special direction of General McClermand, I ordered the Thirty-third Illinois, commanded by the cool and fearless Colonel Lippincott, to move forward along the high ridge to the west, and carefully explore the ravines intervening between Schaeffer's house and our intended line of battle. At the same time, Captain Klaus was ordered to change the position of one section of his battery to the high ground on the left of the road, and open fire with his whole battery, while the gallant Major Brady, of the Eighth Indiana, commanding my skirmishers, consisting of one company from each regiment, was pressing forward under orders, and the Eighth and Eighteenth Indiana formed forward into line of battle. The Ninety-ninth Illinois was also ordered forward as the reserve of the brigade. In a very short time the battle raged with great fury. Having driven the stubborn enemy, at the point of the bayonet, several hundred yards, from one ravine to another, and completely turned his left flank, I ordered a change of front forward on the tenth company, which was accomplished most handsomely at a double-quick, over the most difficult ground. So promptly was the movement executed, under a galling fire of shell and musketry, that I was at a loss which most to admire, their valor or the efficiency of their drill. In the mean time, "Old Rough and Ready number two," Colonel Bailey, commanding the Ninety-ninth Illinois, was ordered forward, which was executed, with cheer on cheer, at a double-quick. Our new line was formed with the Eighth Indiana, Colonel David Shunk, on the right, the Thirty-third Illinois, Colonel Lippincott, Ninety-ninth Illinois, Colonel Bailey, and the Eighteenth Indiana, Colonel Washburne, whose left was resting near the Magnolia Church, and his whole regiment in front of the enemy's battery. Now

came the tug of war in good earnest. I soon found that the odds were largely against us, and that the enemy was making a most desperate effort to turn our left flank, thus cutting us off from our support. I immediately despatched Captain Marshall for reinforcements, and did all in my power to stimulate the men to heroic action, and right nobly did they respond. For at least two hours, single-handed, the First brigade fought three brigades of the enemy, giving him volley for volley, with interest.

Three times did he form to charge us, and as often was he hurled back discomfited by the well-directed aim of the brave lads of Illinois and Indiana. We had already driven the enemy over the hill-top and through a ravine for a full quarter of a mile, never yielding one inch ourselves. At length the long-looked for succor came. We were all, officers and men, glad to know that it was composed of a part of the veteran troops of the gallant General A. P. Hovey's division, and the sequel proved that we were not mistaken in our estimate of their courage. No sooner had they come upon the ground—before I had fully completed my arrangements—than some one, unknown to me, gave the order "Charge!" which was executed with the wildest enthusiasm, the men of my brigade vying with their friends of Hovey's division as to who should first reach the enemy. The result of this splendid charge was the complete rout of the enemy—the capture of two twelve-pounder howitzers, and, at least, one flag. This was not the work, exclusively, of General Carr's division, or General Hovey's—it was the joint work of both, and in my humble judgment, herein is glory enough, and to spare, for both divisions.

Our whole command are at a loss for words to express our admiration for the noble and gallant bearing of the officers and men of General Hovey's division. To borrow the expression of another when speaking of General Hovey, "there is no discount on his pluck," while the praises of General McGinnis and Colonel Slack, Colonel Cameron, (Thirty-fourth Indiana,) and Colonel Macauley, (Eleventh Indiana,) and in a word, all of them, were upon the tongues of all, at the same time it is due to the truth of history to state that the Eighteenth Indiana, whose mortality list is larger than any regiment engaged, and the Ninety-ninth Illinois, were in the charge, that Captain Charles of company H, of the former regiment, was the first to jump upon one of the canons and claim it as his trophy. Amos Neagle, private, company K, also captured the color-bearer and colors of the Fifteenth Arkansas, inscribed with the battle-fields of "Oak Hill," "Elkhorn," "Corinth," and "Hatchie Bridge." All this time, from first to last, the indefatigable First Indiana battery, in charge of the brave Klaus, was pouring shot and shell into the enemy, firing in all one thousand and fifty rounds in point-blank range. The entire line of my brigade was now advanced through the woods, and, moving by the right flank, passed up the road in quick pursuit of the flying rebels.

Arriving in front of the second position taken by the rebels, we were halted to rest.

During the afternoon, at the request of General McGinnis, I ordered the Eighth Indiana to the right of our new line to support the Twenty-ninth Wisconsin, which was being hotly pressed with great slaughter. Well did the old Eighth sustain its high reputation under the lead of the veteran Colonel Shunk. Forming under a heavy fire, within seventy-five yards of the enemy, they at once charged and drove the enemy from the brow of the hill, completely turning the tables on him, and punishing him severely. Indeed, just as the Eighth had exhausted their ammunition they drove the enemy from that part of the field. In the mean time the remainder were ordered forward in support of some batteries on the hill—Captain Klaus having had two pieces disabled and his ammunition exhausted, had been ordered to the rear. Thus we remained until late in the afternoon, when an order was received to go to the support of General Osterhaus, on the extreme left. While in the prompt execution of this order, I encountered one from General Grant to remain where I was for the present, General Osterhaus having driven the rebels. Accordingly the men had just lighted their camp-fires to prepare some supper, when still another order came, sending us back on the field of battle, where we slept on our arms during the night.

When the facts are stated that after two weeks dragging through the mud and crossing bayous in old scows and skiffs, on the morning of the thirtieth ult., at three o'clock, we arose from a sleep that had been disturbed by the bursting shells from Grand Gulf, which vainly endeavored to sink our transports as they defiantly ran the blockade; and in the afternoon, landing below on the Mississippi shore, the first brigade formed at once and pushed four miles back, to gain and hold the hills, while the rest of the troops stopped to draw and distribute their rations, it will be seen that we endured bravely as well as fought bravely. We had left a detail who carried ours upon their backs four miles to us. To see a stout-hearted fellow, trudging along under the broiling sun, with a box of crackers on his shoulders, weighing a hundred pounds, claimed at once your admiration and sympathy. Not waiting for all our rations to come up, we again took up our line of march till about midnight, when the enemy opened on us. We fought him till three o'clock A.M. At six o'clock we went at him again, and fought him all day long, and finally whipped him most handsomely.

During all this time no one faltered, nor did I hear one word of complaint. Under such circumstances, to obey the order literally, to mention all who distinguished themselves, I should be compelled to attach and make a part of this report, already too long, the muster-rolls of my entire brigade.

I have already made honorable mention of Colonel Shunk, Eighth Indiana; Colonel Washburne, Eighteenth Indiana; Colonel Bailey, Nine-

ty-ninth Illinois; Colonel Lippincott, Thirty-third Illinois, and Major Brady, Eighth Indiana, (who commanded the skirmishers,) each and all of whom are brave and competent officers.

I am deeply indebted to my staff-officers for their intelligent bravery and promptness in bearing my orders to all parts of the field—Captain George S. Marshall, A. A. G.; Lieutenant Joe P. Wiggins, Adjutant Eighth Indiana, and acting A. D. C.; Lieutenant Jesse E. Scott, company C, Eighteenth Indiana, and acting A. Q. M.; and Lieutenant William Irwin, company A, Eighth Indiana, A. A. C. S.—all of whom were under fire from the beginning to the end.

I am also indebted to the gallant Lieutenant William Hill, company B, Eighth Indiana, for acting as Aid temporarily.

Our list of killed and wounded is attached and made a part of this report.

I have the honor to be, Captain, with great respect, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM P. BENTON,
Brigadier-General Commanding First Brigade,
Fourteenth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL MACAULEY.

HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH INDIANA ZOUAVES, }
NEAR WILLOW SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI, May 5. }

Captain Jos. H. Livesey, Assistant Adjutant-General, First Brigade, Twelfth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps:

SIR: The following report of the part taken by the Eleventh Indiana, in the battle of May first, near Port Gibson, is respectfully submitted:

We arrived near the battle-field at six o'clock A.M., on that day, after marching all night, and, before having time to cook breakfast, were sent by General A. P. Hovey to the field to report to General G. F. McGinnis.

On an order from him we stacked arms in shelter of a hill, and awaited the "advance." About eight o'clock A.M., I received General McGinnis's order to form line on the right of the Twenty-ninth Wisconsin infantry, and advance as support two hundred yards in the rear of the line formed by the Twenty-fourth, Forty-sixth, and Thirty-fourth Indiana regiments. A deep ravine, choked by an almost impassable cane-brake and undergrowth, was before us, through which, with great exertion, we succeeded in forcing our way.

Two more of like character were passed, when, by marching by the left flank, an open space was reached, in which were formed the remaining regiments of the brigade.

In front of my position was a ravine running diagonally to the left and rear; on the far side of it, and a little to the right, was stationed a rebel battery, supported by a heavy force of infantry.

I was ordered to cross this ravine, making a right half-wheel and attack in company with the Forty-sixth Indiana on the other side. The ravine was immediately passed, but the Forty-sixth had been delayed a little in crossing. I halted and waited a moment for it.

We were formed in a road, in front of which

was the Thirty-fourth Indiana lying down; about one hundred yards to the right and front was a large house, and immediately beyond it the rebel battery. Resolving to take possession, without further delay, of a part of the rising ground on which was the house and battery, I moved by the right flank, double-quick, up the road, then by the left flank, over the fence, and with a run and yell the position and battery were ours.

This battery seems to be a much disputed point among a number of claimants for the honor of its capture. I find that as our two companies on the right (E and G) neared the guns, the rebels endeavored to turn them on us, but a volley from the companies killed a number of the cannoneers and prevented it—possession was immediately had, and the guns turned on the enemy.

As, however, by this time the Forty-sixth Indiana was in the field, and the Thirty-fourth Indiana also moving and doing good service so near us, it is almost impossible to decide which of them did not participate in the capture of the battery. The Eleventh in the mean time kept up a constant and rapid fire on the enemy, which continued till he had retreated from all positions in range.

After a halt here of half an hour, I was ordered to advance with the Twenty-fourth Indiana, and with two companies thrown out as skirmishers. Ordering company E, Captain Ruckle, and G, Captain Caven, forward on that duty, we advanced about half a mile, when rapid firing to the left told us the battle had again commenced. We remained in shelter of a hill on the right of Fenton's Peoria battery, till ordered forward to take a position on a ridge running nearly perpendicular to our present one, to resist an attack being made by the enemy in force. This was about half-past eleven o'clock A.M.

Having moved, we remained in defence of that ridge till about five o'clock P.M., resisting during that time several attacks. I was then ordered by General McGinnis to move forward and support an attack being made by General A. J. Smith's division. I at once moved down in the bottom some two hundred yards to the front and awaited a chance to "get in," there being here but one road, and it filled with troops at a halt. Remaining here about half an hour, the regiments to the front were brought back, and I was ordered to my recent position on the ridge. The firing in front soon ceased, and we bivouacked for the night.

In conclusion, I would say that where every man did his duty so thoroughly, and fought with so much energy, it is difficult to single out any for special mention, yet the gallant conduct of Captains Ruckle and Caven in the capture of the battery, deserves more than a passing notice.

The regiment entered the fight with four hundred and ninety-one enlisted men, and twenty-eight commissioned officers. It lost one killed, one missing, and twenty-three wounded.

I append a list of the killed, wounded, and missing. Very respectfully, DAN. MACAULEY,
Colonel Eleventh Indiana.

REPORT OF COLONEL SPEIGEL.

HEADQUARTERS ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH
REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,
IN THE FIELD, May 2, 1863. }

*Brigadier-General T. T. Garrard, Commanding
First Brigade, Ninth Division:*

SIR: I have the honor to herewith transmit the following report of the part taken by the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio volunteer infantry in the action of Thompson's Hill on the first instant, and with it a list of casualties:

About five o'clock A.M. we were ordered to advance and take a position on the right of Lampher's battery, which we accordingly did, under severe fire of the enemy's shell, in which position we remained for about half an hour, when we advanced to the ravine, and from there were ordered to advance and form in line of battle in a ravine to the left of the division.

Soon after, in conjunction with the One Hundred and Eighteenth Illinois volunteers, we advanced briskly to a position behind a fence fronting the enemy, in support of the Forty-ninth Indiana, which was deployed as skirmishers on the edge of the woods. Soon after Colonel Kigwin, of the Forty-ninth Indiana, informed me that he was ordered to the right on a line with his position, and at the same time I received orders to cover his old position with skirmishers. I then advanced companies A and C as skirmishers, and D, I, and B as supports. At half-past seven A.M. I was ordered to recall all but one of the companies. I moved as ordered, somewhat to the right, in advance of our line, to relieve the Forty-second Ohio. The enemy's shell, grape-shot and bullets flew thick and fast around us, but the brave and gallant boys moved briskly on until we arrived in front of the Forty-second Ohio close to the ravine, moving parallel with the enemy's strongest position. I then engaged the enemy for about twenty minutes, without being able to do him much harm, being continually under cover on the opposite bank of the ravine. I then advanced as skirmishers some of the best shots from all companies down into the ravine, with orders to advance, closely supporting them with the remainder, keeping up a constant fire toward the top of the opposite bank. When nearly down the ravine I discovered the exact position of the enemy's advance toward my left on the opposite bank. I then charged upon them with the regiment and quickly drove them from the bank to the knoll, where they rallied and made a stand, which only increased the determination of my brave boys. Rushing up the bank we drove them from behind the knoll, taking eight prisoners. When I had obtained possession of the knoll I did not deem it prudent to follow any further, being at least three hundred yards in advance of any of our troops, and in danger of meeting the enemy's entire right wing, massed behind a number of old buildings directly in front of me. I deployed my regiment on the knoll, in order to push the retiring force and hold the position against a more formidable attack. As soon as the retiring enemy had regained the main body,

the attack was renewed with redoubled fierceness, but, meeting with such continued and well-directed volleys from us, he fell back under cover of the houses again.

I then continued to fight the enemy, who was concealed behind logs, fences, and houses, and some perched upon the tree-tops, until my ammunition was beginning to run out, and many of the guns became unfit for use, when I was relieved by Colonel Bennett, of the Sixty-ninth Indiana, and ordered to retire. I then fell back to the second ravine in the rear of me, replenishing the empty cartridge-boxes with ammunition from the boxes of their comrades who were killed and wounded. I remained in that position until late in the afternoon. I saw the charge made on the left, when I quickly formed my regiment, marching it toward the charging column, in order to support them, if necessary, but before reaching them the enemy fled in confusion. A glorious victory was won; the One Hundred and Twentieth had nothing more to do but to exult, to cheer, and be merry, and that, I assure you, was done.

I cannot close this report, General, without saying that the men of the One Hundred and Twentieth have not only justified their former reputation, but even have excelled it. They have displayed gallantry and bravery on that day which will never be forgotten by their country. To the line-officers, all of whom stood bravely up to the work, I am much indebted for their aid and courage in promptly carrying out every order given. Lieutenant-Colonel Beckman has shown himself worthy of the position he holds; while promptly assisting in manœuvring the regiment, his encouraging and cheering words were always heard along the lines. Major Slocum, while with me in the morning, showed that coolness and courage for which he is well known in the army; and while detailed to take charge of the skirmishers of the left flank of the division, did his full duty, to the entire satisfaction of the General commanding the division. Adjutant Sherman, young in years, has truly shown himself a veteran on the field. He possesses all the elements necessary to qualify him for the position he holds. Brave and cool, he became courageous and dashing when the occasion required it.

Both officers and men have my sincere thanks for their cheerful coöperation on the field of Thompson's Hill.

I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,

M. M. SPEIGEL,

Col. Com'g One Hundred and Twentieth Regiment, O. V. I.
CONGRATULATORY ORDER FROM GENERAL GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, IN THE FIELD, }
HARKINSON'S FERRY, May 7. }

Soldiers of the Army of Tennessee:

Once more I thank you for adding another victory to the long list of those previously won by your valor and endurance. The triumph gained over the enemy near Port Gibson, on the first, was one of the most important of the war. The capture of five cannon and more than one thou-

sand prisoners, the possession of Grand Gulf, and a firm foothold on the highlands between the Big Black and Bayou Pierre, from whence we threaten the whole line of the enemy, are among the fruits of this brilliant achievement.

The march from Milliken's Bend to the point opposite Grand Gulf was made in stormy weather, over the worst of roads. Bridges and ferries had to be constructed. Moving by night as well as by day, with labor incessant, and extraordinary privations, endured by men and officers; such as have been rarely paralleled in any campaign, not a murmur or complaint has been uttered. A few days' continuance of the same zeal and constancy will secure to this army crowning victories over the rebellion.

More difficulties and privations are before us; let us endure them manfully. Other battles are to be fought; let us fight them bravely. A grateful country will rejoice at our success, and history will record it with immortal honor.

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

JACKSON "APPEAL" ACCOUNT.

Some of the particulars of the affair near Port Gibson, that occurred on Friday last, have reached us, after pertinacious inquiries made in every direction to ascertain the result, and we regret our report cannot, in truth, be so favorable as have been those of other operations in this department.

There is no doubt but that the Federal forces landed at Bruinsburgh, below the mouth of Bayou Pierre, were much larger than had been reported; that they excelled General Bowen's command at least five to one is not doubted. The few prisoners taken from the enemy—only some eight or ten—estimate the force engaged at twenty thousand, and claim that the reserve on the river-bank was equally as great. To oppose these, General Bowen had in the fight two brigades. With such a disparity in numbers, of course a confederate victory was next to an impossibility.

General Bowen's object in leaving his position at Grand Gulf, on the south side of the Big Black, and crossing Bayou Pierre, was, we presume, to hold the enemy in check, and prevent their advance into the country and upon Port Gibson, until reënforcements, then known to be on the way, could arrive. The movements of the Federals, however, were rapidly made, and in great force. The forces met about midnight on Thursday, some two or three miles from Port Gibson, and the fight raged almost uninterruptedly until toward evening on Friday, when General Bowen gave the order to fall back across Bayou Pierre, which movement was effected, and the bridges behind the retreating forces destroyed. Of course, this step involved the loss of Port Gibson, which was occupied by the Federals the same night. Such of our sick and wounded in the hospitals as were able to walk had timely warning, and crossed the bridges before they were fired. The remainder fell into the hands of the enemy, who, we are informed, found extensive hospital arrangements ready prepared.

On Saturday the enemy continued to advance in such numbers that it was deemed best to retire across the Big Black. Saturday night the works at Grand Gulf were abandoned, after dismounting and destroying the guns, and on Sunday the army crossed the Big Black, at Hankinson's Ferry, where it was met by reinforcements strong enough to make further retreat unnecessary, and prevent a passage being effected by the enemy. This, we believe, is the present position of our forces on the Big Black, and, as any further advance of the enemy against Vicksburgh will be contested by greatly increased forces, derived from no matter where, and aided by all the artificial defences that science can add to a naturally strong position, a delay of active hostilities must ensue that will enable our generals to make such further arrangements as may be required.

We have made every effort to obtain some intelligence of the loss on both sides, but have been unable to do so. Yesterday morning nothing more was known at Vicksburgh than here. Both armies suffered severely. The general estimates of the army Sunday noon were that our loss was one thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners; that of the enemy about four thousand. Our killed and severely wounded were left upon the field. On Saturday the enemy refused to allow a party sent out under a flag of truce to bury the dead to cross their lines for the purpose, saying that their own details were attending to that duty, and that the wounded were cared for. They secured some hundreds of prisoners, most of whom were sick or disabled.

The engagement was a long and bloody one, and gallantly did our boys for hours repel the hordes concentrated against them. Whatever of advantage the enemy gained was dearly bought. It was only when our little band was worn out by fatigue, and their ammunition exhausted, that they fell back, which was done in comparatively good order, and the army saved to win honors elsewhere, which they are now prepared to do whenever the enemy see fit to advance against the stronghold at Vicksburgh.

On Sunday morning, a bridge having been thrown across Bayou Pierre, a Federal cavalry force crossed, and gave some little annoyance to the rear of our column moving across Big Black. Nothing serious, however, occurred, as the enemy generally kept at a respectful distance.

As we look upon it, the position at Grand Gulf was only of strategic importance so long as the Big Black was navigable. The defences, such as they were, were only constructed after the enemy had succeeded in getting some of his craft between Port Hudson and Vicksburgh, when it was apprehended they might possibly get transports through the canal. At that time the Black was navigable as high up as the railroad bridge, and to obstruct the passage of a force to the rear of Vicksburgh by that route the place was occupied. The river has now fallen, and a division of our forces for holding Grand Gulf is no longer necessary. Its abandonment will enable our generals to concentrate their strength, whenever neces-

sary, to repel the invaders. Whether the latter will advance against Vicksburgh, or attempt to move inland to some point, where they imagine communication can be cut off, remains to be seen. Military opinions differ as to what may be reasonably expected, but watchful eyes are upon them. Our opinion is, a great battle will yet be fought in open field, upon which the fate of Vicksburgh may, to some extent, depend. When it does occur, we shall entertain no fears as to the result.*

Doc. 181.

FIGHT AT MONTICELLO, KENTUCKY.

MONTICELLO, KENTUCKY, Friday night, May 1.

A PART of the division of General Carter crossed the Cumberland on Thursday. The day before, a boat had been brought down from above, and, early in the day, one that lay in a leaky condition on the opposite bank, was repaired and shoved out into the stream. At half-past eight o'clock the infantry began to cross at Stigold's Ferry. First came the One Hundred and Third Ohio, next the Second East-Tennessee, followed by the Wilder battery and the Twenty-seventh New-Jersey. Captain Alexander, of the First Kentucky, had crossed above, the night before, with three hundred men, while the remainder of the First Kentucky, Second and Seventh Ohio cavalry, and the Forty-fifth Ohio and One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois regiments, mounted, and Law's mountain howitzer battery, were to cross at Mill Springs. The infantry had no trouble in crossing. At Mill Springs they had but one small boat. In this they were compelled to carry men, saddles, and artillery, while the horses were to swim. Only a part of the mounted force reached the infantry that night. The cavalry, under Captain Alexander, encountered about thirty rebel cavalry under Captain Mullen, at Weaver's Store, seven miles south of Stigold's Ferry, and drove them to Captain West's, a distance of four miles. Two rebels were wounded. About a hundred and fifty rebel cavalry now presented themselves, charging upon our pickets, who fell back upon the main body. Considerable firing continued for an hour, when the rebels, discovering that it would be scarcely safe to press matters, withdrew. Lieutenant Law, of the mountain howitzer battery, no sooner heard of skirmishing in front, than he placed one of his pieces in the boat, and hurrying across, soon had it in position.

Thus a part of the force sent out to relieve this part of Kentucky, was finally placed on this side the river, that seems to have been considered the boundary-line between Secessia and the real Government. After the commander was compelled to battle with the elements he could not control, a passage was finally effected, and the troops, in high glee, marched out at three o'clock, to find the enemy. Eleven miles were made in

* Further accounts of this battle will be found in the Supplement.

four hours. A somewhat amusing incident occurred this morning this side the ferry. Captain Alexander, with a squad of men, having crossed the night before, came suddenly from the south upon Mr. Stigold, a man of rebel proclivities, who supposed that the rebel pickets had returned again to the river, and gave what he considered "his friends" a very warm reception. The old man was somewhat taken aback when he was walked off to Somerset under a guard. About eleven o'clock in the morning, Captain Mullen, of the rebel army, who afterward attacked our advance, came to Captain West to engage boarding for thirty rebel pickets for a few days, to begin the same evening, clearly indicating that they were not looking for us so soon. In the mean time "Uncle Abe's" boys dropped in and had the impudence to eat the supper the rebels had themselves expected to partake of. The infantry did not reach Captain West's till after dark. It was necessary to reach this point in order to cover both the road from the ferry and from Mill Springs. The night was a scene of bustle and activity incident to the arriving and disposing of troops.

At three o'clock this morning Colonel Wolford was to have moved with the entire cavalry force upon Monticello. At that hour he came to the General to tell him that the First Kentucky had been struggling all night to get over the river, and had lost a number of horses, that the Second and Seventh Ohio cavalry were yet on the other side at Mill Springs, and that a deep fog had settled down upon the ford. Next, word came that the one small boat that had been used had sunk. Plan after plan seemed to be overthrown, but not on account of the brave men, for they labored with a constancy that challenged the admiration of all. The danger of sending out a general with a body of men to cross an unfordable stream, upon the banks of which the rebel pickets watched for thirty miles, without providing it a pontoon-bridge upon which to effect a safe and speedy passage, now impressed every one with redoubled force.

General Carter received these unfavorable reports without a word of complaint against any one. Finally, said he: "Well, no doubt it is all for the best." Thus the Christian soldier, after having done all that he can, calmly relies upon Him "who doeth all things well."

At an early hour, Colonel Carter was sent to Mill Springs, to superintend the crossing of the remainder of the cavalry, and rendered valuable assistance to those who were still on the other side of the river. At six o'clock a detachment of calvary, under command of Captain Carter, was ordered to advance cautiously in the direction of Monticello. This consisted of part of the First Kentucky, and Second and Seventh Ohio cavalry. Our advance came upon the rebels at Steubenville, five miles north of the town. From there till the rebels passed through Monticello and over the creek, there was constant skirmishing. For a distance of two miles north of this place, the rebels went as fast as their horses could take them, pursued by our cavalry, that

dashed through the farms which spread from hill to hill. Just outside the town, one hundred and fifty rebels drew up in line, and charged upon our advance, but all to no purpose, for they were driven back, and passed through at full speed. Just at this time, James Smith, a bugler, of company G, Seventh Ohio cavalry, was killed. As the enemy rushed through town, Lieutenant Law hurried up with a section of his howitzer battery, and getting the pieces in position in a very short time, soon drove them from the position they had taken on the hill to the left of the Jamestown road. The force consisted of Chenault's regiment. They had passed through town going north, the morning before, and now made their way back on double-quick, leaving coats, haversacks, and arms on the way.

The Second East-Tennessee, One Hundred and Third Ohio, and Twenty-seventh New-Jersey reached town about eleven o'clock, having made a splendid march, and in high spirits for a fight. The Wilder battery immediately followed them, and took position to watch the approach from the main road to Albany.

On our way we came to a family standing near their dwelling. The man was dressed in a suit of butternut, decorated with military buttons. Answering the General's questions unsatisfactorily, he was ordered under arrest. Then such a wail as went up from the unhappy wife and daughters. Following him, as he left his home, they would not allow their grief to be assuaged by the assurances that he would not be hurt.

Such is war! Who can tell of the broken hearts, the wails of sorrow, the tears, the widows' and orphans' cries, that have to be answered for by the authors of this unholy rebellion!

There are two roads leading to Albany, in Clinton County, one turning to the right, as we leave Monticello, and going direct; the other leading out, in the direction of Jamestown, four and a half miles, and then turning sharply to the right, by which the former would be reached about eight miles from this place; the latter, three miles from Monticello, winds around through a deep, wild gorge, at the bottom of which Beaver Creek rushes along over the rough rocks that form its bed. A few men here could hold an army at bay as long as they desired. The enemy, whether from choice or necessity, I do not know, took the Jamestown road—our troops skirmishing with them as they retired. Upon arriving at the pass to which I have alluded, they became more obstinate, but finally gave back, making a poor resistance, compared with their opportunities. Upon reaching the forks of the road at the top of the hill, they seemed not to know exactly what to do. If they turned off on the Albany road, they would run the risk of being caught between two fires. If they kept on to Jamestown, they would deprive themselves of the reinforcements they had sent for to Albany the night before. Instead of making off as rapidly as they might have done, they, from the considerations alluded to, fell back into the woods that lie off beyond the cleared land that is between the two

roads. We supposed, as the army halted at the top of the hill to rest the men and horses, that the rebels were making off as fast as their stolen steeds could take them. Directly the words, "They are coming back!" passed along the column, and every man was in his saddle and pressing forward. Sure enough, on the Albany road here they came in force. This proved to be reinforcements sent from Albany. Having failed to reach Chenault at Monticello, they took the other road, in hopes of rendering assistance on the Jamestown road. No one estimates them at less than one thousand five hundred, some as high as two thousand five hundred. They were mounted, and had one rifled gun and one or two small howitzers. They had not yet reached the Jamestown road, but were rapidly approaching, with an audacity that looked like superior numbers. General Carter riding forward, ordered Colonel Wolford, with the First Kentucky cavalry, two companies of the Second Ohio, and the same number of the Seventh Ohio cavalry, to engage them.

Passing through the woods, they came at once upon the advancing columns of the enemy. A brisk musketry fire was opened immediately by both parties. Soon a section of Law's mountain howitzers, which had been sent forward under the gallant and efficient Lieutenant Law, made themselves heard. The enemy fell back across the open fields and again formed, our troops pressing them as much as their inferior numbers would render safe. Colonel Wolford having sent forward for support, the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, Colonel Henderson, was at once despatched to his assistance. The enemy were pressed back still further, and now retired a mile and a half. Thus matters stood on the right at four o'clock. A half-hour earlier, the enemy in considerable numbers had threatened our centre and left, evidently with the intention of rushing in and cutting off our communication with the reserve; but General Carter had already anticipated their intention, and had a section of Law's mountain howitzer battery placed in position on our centre. They now drew up in line of battle, when the Second Ohio cavalry, Colonel Kautz, was ordered to attack them. Major Gratz, Gen. Carter's Adjutant-General, begged permission to accompany them, when he, with Captain Pike, of company D, Second Ohio cavalry, followed by his splendid command, (the escort of the General,) and the remainder of the regiment, dashed off in splendid style. But the rebels would not stand. Our Colt's revolving rifles sent their little messengers whizzing about their ears, and away they went. The chase was kept up for five miles, the enemy carrying off their dead and wounded. The rebels, in this pursuit, disrobed themselves of their lousy overcoats, haversacks, canteens, etc., leaving their track marked by a shower of greasy butternut garments. The Second East-Tennessee, Colonel Carter, arriving, with a section of the Wilder battery, under Lieut. Ricketts, the Forty-fifth Ohio, Colonel Runkle, with one of the guns, was ordered to the support of Col.

Wolford, who, with his short-range guns, had been unable to dislodge the enemy. They were hurried forward and the rifled gun placed in position. A few rounds from this caused the rebels to fall entirely away.

Evening was now drawing its shades over the scene of strife, and our forces having driven the enemy two miles, it was deemed proper to recall them and concentrate for the night, for they were already much separated and not in a condition to rest securely while threatened by an enemy of unknown strength. Our forces accordingly fell back to Monticello, where our reserve, under Col. Casement, of the One Hundred and Third Ohio, had been left to guard the other approach from Albany. It was nine o'clock when our men got into camp, where, after a day of rare excitement, of arduous duties, of noble stands, of gallant charges, they could prepare a hasty supper and throw themselves down upon the ground, under a moonlit sky, to rest their tired limbs and dream of an enemy baffled, driven, defeated, of a country disenthralled, and of the loved ones away, who, probably, little knew of the dangers to which their friends that day had been exposed.

I have heard of but one man killed. None were wounded seriously enough to mention. The enemy left nine dead upon the field; no doubt they carried as many off as they could get away, for they were seen to gather up bodies and throw them across horses in front of their men, to be borne away. How many were wounded we have no means of knowing, as they were nearly all removed.

We captured one Major, Lieutenant Terrell, of Chenault's cavalry, and made about twenty other prisoners, that we know of. This, no doubt, will be increased, as they are coming in every hour. It was rather a singular spectacle to see an East-Tennessee prisoner having numerous friends come up to give him a hearty shake of the hand. Poor fellow! he no doubt was an unwilling subject of Jeff Davis, for he was a conscript, and had been in the service but two months. Beside the prisoners, several horses, muskets, and carbines were taken.

I am satisfied that there is much destitution among Southern troops; for, having the curiosity to look into the haversack of a dead rebel, I found a piece of hard, musty bread, that looked as if it had been baked for months, and handled with dirty hands as long. I am sure a hog would have to be hungry to eat it.

I cannot speak too well of the behavior of our troops. During their tiresome march, and their almost superhuman efforts at the river, they bore all with patience; and when a day of continued fighting came, those who were engaged threw themselves against the enemy with a force that was resistless, while those left in reserve fretted for a chance to be led against the foe. General Carter managed his forces skilfully, penetrated the enemy's designs, and made his dispositions in such a way as to defeat the enemy at every point. The force of the enemy is variously estimated. None place it less than two thousand,

while many believe it to have been considerably more. The enemy pursued by the Second Ohio cavalry was composed of Chenault's, Cluke's, and Scott's cavalry. Some say, too, that Phipps's battalion was also there. All commanded by Colonel Chenault.

The force upon the right was evidently the command of Pegram, numbering one thousand eight hundred men.

SIDNEY.

—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

Early on the morning of the first instant, Colonel Morrison, then commanding our brigade at Albany, Kentucky, received despatches from Colonel Chenault, at Monticello, to the effect that he was holding the enemy in check, that their force consisted of only three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, including four pieces of artillery, and if he, Colonel Morrison, would come to their assistance, they could capture the entire command, or run them into the river. Colonel Morrison immediately ordered the brigade in the direction of Monticello in quick-time. Though Chenault had long since retreated from every position he held, from Monticello back to where the Albany road leaves the Jamestown road, had fallen back nine miles, thus cutting off all communication with Colonel Morrison and the force on the Jamestown road. Captain Day's battalion was the advance. He, true to the instincts of a cautious commander, ordered two advance-guards. Lieutenant Gibson, commanding the first, was cut off and made his way to Chenault. The second was fired into, when the battalion was about-faced, and, whilst forming in a field adjacent that one in which they were marching, the Yankees made an attempt to charge their line, which was responded to by a volley of Minie-balls, when the order was given by the vallant and chivalrous Day to charge their advancing column, which they did in magnificent style. If ever blue-bellies took to their heels, they did. They never stopped until they got to a woodland one mile distant.

Colonel Morrison ordered back to the left Day's battalion and moved forward the artillery, Hincel's battery. The lines of the enemy were then within four hundred yards of our lines. Lieutenant Ramsey opened on them with deadly effect—every shot penetrated their lines. They soon left the field, followed by bombs of cool and intrepid Ramsey.

The artillery in connection with Day's battalion forced the enemy back on their right and from our left, when they attempted to turn our right flank. Major Cobb had been sent to protect our right, but found the enemy occupying the hills commanding the road, and was forced to take position some distance from the road. The enemy coming up on our centre, Major Cobb was ordered to hold his position, as that was considered the only safe way to take out our artillery. But before the despatch was received by the Major, he was forced from his position with the enemy following him. Colonel Morrison was then

completely flanked, though he was prepared to drive back the enemy on the centre, should they continue to advance. The battery occupied an eminence commanding the road for some distance. The First Georgia, Major Davis, was in front; Colonel Carter was ordered up, but did not have time to take his position; Day's battalion was on the extreme left. Colonel Morrison, under the circumstances, was ordered to fall back in the direction of Travisville, as the enemy were crossing the river at Greary Creek, only a few miles below, with two regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and a heavy battery of artillery.

During the evening, Chenault sent a despatch to Colonel Morrison, requesting reënforcements, as the enemy were pressing him. Colonel Carter was detached and ordered to his relief. He came to Travisville, and lo! Chenault had sent Major Coff's command and the First Louisiana to that point, whilst he and Cluke struck a "bee line" in the direction of Middle Tennessee—without notifying Colonel Morrison or the reënforcements of his having left the position he had been holding that evening.

Our brigade came through from the Albany road to Travisville unmolested but not whipped, for we had maintained our position and forced the enemy from theirs. Stragglers who were prejudiced against Colonel Morrison, and were too cowardly to remain in the field, skulked off to East-Tennessee to tell the talcs of disaster and scandal.

Our loss was two killed, nine wounded, and three prisoners. The loss of the enemy must have been from fifteen to twenty killed, aside from many wounded. Though the enemy shelled the brigade with four pieces of artillery for near an hour, they never forced back the brigade. Their entire force must have consisted of six or seven thousand, mostly mounted infantry, as there was a heavy force on both roads.

At Hernden's we met the long looked for Pegram, who would have been greeted with many cheers but for the timidity of the men. All hearts seemed buoyed up by his arrival.

He carries with him confidence wherever he goes. His appearance inspires his command with a feeling of confidence and success. He don't aspire for a commander of superior skill and ability. He has just returned from an arduous trip to Richmond, where he has been procuring arms and ammunition for his brigade. He will soon have his command the best armed of any in the confederate army.

—*Memphis Appeal*.

Doc. 182.

REBEL RETALIATORY ACT.

Resolved, by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, in response to the message of the President, transmitted to Congress at the commencement of the present session, that in the opinion of Congress the commissioned officers of the enemy ought not to be delivered to the authorities of the respective States, as suggested

in the said message; but all captives taken by the confederate forces ought to be dealt with and disposed of by the confederate government.

SEC. 2. That, in the judgment of Congress, the Proclamations of the President of the United States, dated respectively September twenty-second, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, and January first, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, and the other measures of the Government of the United States and of its authorities, commanders and forces, designed or tending to emancipate slaves in the confederate States, or to abduct such slaves, or to incite them to insurrection, or to employ negroes in war against the confederate States, or to overthrow the institution of African slavery and bring on a servile war in these States, would, if successful, produce atrocious consequences, and they are inconsistent with the spirit of those usages which in modern warfare prevail among civilized nations; they may, therefore, be properly and lawfully repressed by retaliation.

SEC. 3. That in every case wherein, during the present war, any violation of the laws or usages of war among civilized nations shall be, or has been, done and perpetrated by those acting under the authority of the Government of the United States, on the persons or property of citizens of the confederate States, or of those under the protection or in the land or naval service of the confederate States, or of any State of the Confederacy, the President of the confederate States is hereby authorized to cause full and complete retaliation to be made for every such violation, in such manner and to such extent as he may think proper.

SEC. 4. That every white person, being a commissioned officer, or acting as such, who, during the present war, shall command negroes or mulattoes in arms against the confederate States, or who shall arm, train, organize, or prepare negroes or mulattoes for military service against the confederate States, or who shall voluntarily aid negroes or mulattoes in any military enterprise, attack, or conflict in such service, shall be deemed as inciting servile insurrection, and shall, if captured, be put to death, or be otherwise punished at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 5. Every person, being a commissioned officer, or acting as such in the service of the enemy, who shall, during the present war, excite, attempt to excite or cause to be excited servile insurrection, or who shall incite or cause to be incited a slave to rebel, shall, if captured, be put to death, or be otherwise punished at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 6. Every person charged with an offence punishable under the preceding resolutions shall, during the present war, be tried before the military court attached to the army or corps by the troops of which he shall have been captured, or by such other military court as the President may direct, and in such manner and under such regulations as the President shall prescribe, and, after conviction, the President may commute the punishment in such manner and on such terms as he may deem proper.

SEC. 7. All negroes and mulattoes who shall be engaged in war or taken in arms against the confederate States, or shall give aid or comfort to the enemies of the confederate States, shall, when captured in the confederate States, be delivered to the authorities of the State or States in which they shall be captured, to be dealt with according to the present or future laws of such State or States.

Approved May 1, 1863.

Doc. 183.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

REPORT OF BRIG.-GEN. STEINWEHR.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, ELEVENTH CORPS, }
STEVENS'S FARM, VA., May 8, 1863.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Meurenburg, Assistant Adjutant-General, Eleventh Corps:

COLONEL: I have the honor to forward the following report of the part taken by my division in the action on the evening of the second of May:

On the thirtieth ultimo we arrived near Dowdell's tavern, about two miles west of Chancellorsville. This tavern is situated on the plank-road, which runs in an easterly direction toward Chancellorsville and Fredericksburgh. It is surrounded by undulating fields, which are seamed on three sides by heavy timber, but slope down at the west side toward open ground traversed by a small brook. Upon these fields you ordered me to take position.

I directed the First brigade, Col. Buschbeck, to occupy the fields south of the road, and the Second brigade, Gen. Francis Barlow, those north of it. My division was to be considered as a reserve for the First and Third divisions, which were placed in position west of us. At about four o'clock P.M., on the second instant, you ordered me to send the Second brigade, General F. Barlow commanding, to support the right wing of General Sickles's corps, then engaged with the enemy. The brigade immediately started, and, accompanied by yourself and myself, reached the right wing of General Birney's division (of General Sickles's corps) in about an hour's time. We found General Birney's sharpshooters skirmishing with the enemy; and as no engagement was imminent, I returned to the First brigade, near Dowdell's.

Soon I heard heavy firing in that direction, which showed that a strong attack was made upon our corps. When I arrived upon the field I found Colonel Buschbeck, with three regiments of his brigade, (the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania, Seventy-third Pennsylvania, and One Hundred and Fifty-fourth New-York volunteers,) still occupying the same ground, near the tavern, and defending this position with great firmness and gallantry; the fourth regiment (the Twenty-ninth regiment New-York volunteers) he had sent to the north side of the road, to fill the place lately occupied by the Second brigade, before its detachment. The attack of the enemy was very powerful. They emerged in close columns from

the woods, and had thrown the First and Second divisions, who retired toward Chancellorsville, in great confusion. Col. A. Buschbeck succeeded to check the progress of the enemy, and I directed him to hold his position as long as possible. The men fought with great determination and courage.

Soon, however, the enemy gained both wings of the brigade, and the enfilading fire which was now opened upon this small force, and which killed and wounded nearly one third of its whole strength, soon forced them to retire. Colonel A. Buschbeck then withdrew his small brigade in perfect order toward the woods, the enemy closely pressing on. Twice he halted, fired a round, and at last reached the rear of General Sickles's corps, which had been drawn up in position near Chancellorsville. Here he formed his regiment in close column, and you will recollect, offered to advance again to a bayonet-charge. The Second brigade, Gen. F. Barlow commanding, had, during this time, advanced in a southerly direction. Gen. F. Barlow soon also heard the heavy firing. He received from Gen. Birney a communication advising him to close up to the Third corps, which he joined about nine o'clock P.M. near Chancellorsville. On the morning of May third General F. Barlow reviewed the corps.

Both brigades were placed, on the third of May, behind the rifle-pits toward the left of the army, which position they occupied until the army was withdrawn, on May sixth. From this short relation, you will see that my Second brigade was not engaged, owing to its being detached, and that the First brigade displayed the greatest bravery under very trying circumstances. It numbered about one thousand five hundred muskets, and held a position which was originally designed to be held by my whole division. It stood undismayed by the furious attack of an enemy flushed with victory over the two other divisions, and was ready again to advance as soon as it was re-formed. Our loss is heavy. The First brigade lost in killed and wounded four hundred and ninety-four men and two officers; among the latter, three regimental commanders, Col. Jones, One Hundred and Fifty-fourth regiment New-York volunteers; Lieut.-Col. Hartmann, Twenty-ninth regiment New-York volunteers; and Lieut.-Col. Moore, of Third Pennsylvania volunteers.

Col. Buschbeck lost two aids, Capt. Bode, seriously wounded, and Lieut. Grimm, both probably in the hands of the enemy. I must speak in high terms of Col. Adolph Buschbeck for his gallantry and determination, and for the complete control he retained over his command during the whole time of the engagement; also, of his Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Capt. Alexander, who was constantly in the lines, and cheered the men by his courageous bearing. The conduct of the officers of my own staff also merits praise. They were much exposed. Major McAloon, Assistant Inspector-General, particularly distinguished himself. I annex a sketch of the ground,

showing the first position of this division. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

A. VON STEINWEHR,
Brigadier-General Commanding Second Division.

GENERAL CARROLL'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, }
ARMY CORPS, May 10, 1863. }

Major John M. Norvell, Assistant Adjutant-General Third Division, Second Army Corps:

SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the late expedition across the Rappahannock, and in the action at Chancellorsville.

I moved from my present camp at six A.M. of the twenty-ninth ultimo, arrived in the vicinity of the United States Ford about eleven A.M., picketed the river from about a mile below the Ford, up to and including Richardson's Ferry. On the thirtieth ultimo, at half-past three P.M., the pontoon-bridges having been laid, this brigade was the first to cross, forming a line of battle on the hills opposite and skirmishing through the woods, finding no enemy. A short time before dusk were put *en route* and marched to the White House, near Chancellorsville, where we bivouacked for the night.

On May first, at one o'clock P.M., was ordered to move the brigade on the road to Chancellorsville. The column had not cleared camp before the action was commenced by the forces in our front. We remained in this position for an hour, and then was ordered to mass my brigade in the woods on the right of the road, which was done. After retaining this position for some two hours, was ordered to occupy the same ground I did the night before. About dusk was ordered to form in line of battle on the edge of the wood to the right of the road, which position we occupied during the night.

Between seven and eight o'clock A.M., on the second, was ordered by the Major-General commanding division to occupy the edge of the wood on the left of the wood, the line of battle being nearly perpendicular to the line occupied the night before, joining with Major-Gen. Hancock's division my right, and Major-Gen. Sykes's division on my left, and to throw out skirmishers on the same line with theirs. Between ten and eleven A.M. was ordered by the Major-General commanding the corps to dig rifle-pits and fell an abattis in my front, which were completed by sunset. I retained my position during the night.

At seven A.M., on the third, received orders from the Major-General commanding division to take four regiments and form line of battle facing the woods, parallel to the plank-road, which I did, taking the Eighth Ohio, Fourteenth Indiana, Fourth Ohio, and Seventh Virginia, leaving the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth New-Jersey to occupy the rifle-pits we had dug; then received orders from the same source to have the right wing of the right regiment from behind the houses and out-buildings occupied by the division commander as his headquarters. In about half an

hour received orders from the division commander to move forward through the woods and attack the enemy, that had just driven the force in front of us from those woods. I did so, leaving, by some misapprehension of the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, for which no blame can be attached to him, the Eighth Ohio, which remained supporting the battery on our right. We engaged the enemy, consisting of about eight battalions, some thirty yards in the woods, received one volley from them, fired at random, and drove them at a quick pace through the woods over the plank-road and out of their rifle-pits. Some thirty yards beyond their pits they had a column of at least a division massed, who also started in retreat when the first line reached them, but, perceiving our small number, they turned and drove us back, at the same time opening a battery on the plank-road, enflading us with grape and canister.

In their rifle-pits we captured two stand of colors, had possession of a large quantity of small arms and ammunition, lying in boxes in front of their works, and captured one major, five captains, seven lieutenants, and two hundred and seventy enlisted men, and released a regiment of Zouaves belonging to the Third corps,* that were held as prisoners behind those pits.

In my opinion, had we been supported by a division, we could have retained possession of the plank-road. In retiring through the woods they followed us slowly and at long-range, doing but little damage with small arms, but playing upon us heavily with shell. We met Caldwell's brigade going to the front as we were emerging from the wood retiring.

The Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth New-Jersey afterward moved in on our right, separated from us by the First Delaware, One Hundred and Thirty-second Pennsylvania, of another brigade, and consequently not knowing of their movement, or being able to see them, on account of the thick underbrush, I could not supervise them. They joined me after I came out of the woods retiring. It was about three hours and a half from the time I formed in line to move forward until I returned. My men behaved in the most gallant style, and I had much more trouble to make them retire when it was found useless to advance than to move forward. The pioneer corps, under the command of Capt. N. Willard, was formed across the road to stop flying stragglers. They took possession of our prisoners as they were brought out of the woods and turned them over to an aid of Gen. Patrick, and rejoined me at the same time with the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth New-Jersey.

We then reoccupied our rifle-pits for about an hour, when I was ordered to move to the left and occupy the position at right angles to our rifle-pits, which General Sykes's division had formerly occupied. In moving to this position we were heavily shelled by the enemy and met with some loss. The rest of the day was occupied by us in constructing rifle-pits along his line. Skirmishers

were placed about six hundred yards in front of my works, connecting with Gen. Hancock on the right and the Eleventh corps on my left.

At five p.m., on the fourth, the enemy shelled our rifle-pits for about half an hour, doing no damage. About twelve o'clock midnight there was an alarm caused by a portion of the Eleventh corps firing at an unseen and unheard of enemy.

Between nine and ten o'clock a.m., the fifth, a reconnoissance of the enemy in our front drove our pickets some three hundred yards, but sending out a reënforcement forced them to retire. At eight p.m. received orders to be ready to move back toward United States Ford. At three o'clock a.m. of the sixth, was put *en route* for the rear, crossing United States Ford about five a.m., marching to our old camp, which we reached between eleven and twelve.

Where all, both officers and men, behaved so gallantly, it would seem invidious to particularize, and as it would require too much space to record the personal gallantry of even the commissioned officers, I will confine myself to the mention of the cool judgment and indomitable courage of Colonel Corns, Lieut.-Colonel Cavins, and Major Houghton, Fourteenth Indiana, Lieut.-Colonel Carpenter, (commanding,) Captain Jones, (acting Major,) and Capt. Grubb, Fourth Ohio; Colonel Snider, Lieut.-Col. Lockwood, Seventh Virginia. The preceding are the only regiments that went into action with me on the third.

My thanks are due to Capt. Fiske, A.A.A.G., (who was either killed or wounded and taken prisoner while carrying an order from me to the Seventh Virginia, on the plank-road,) Lieut. J. G. Reed, Eighth Ohio, A.A.A. General, Lieutenant Joe Carr, Fourth Ohio, and Lieutenant A. M. Van Dyke, Fourteenth Indiana, volunteers A.D.C., for their promptitude, gallantry, and valuable assistance in a trying emergency.

I would also state that no surgeon, or their assistants, except Assistant-Surgeon W. F. Hicks, Seventh Virginia, and no ambulance men or stretchers were furnished me from the time I formed the line to move forward until we came out of action. Surgeon McAbee, Brigade Surgeon, was detailed on the operating board at division hospital.

I found that a Sharp's rifle, furnished one of my men by the division commander, reached the enemy's sharpshooters when none of our other guns seemed to have any effect on them. I would respectfully recommend that two companies of my brigade be armed with them.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. S. CARROLL, U.S.A.,
Commanding Brigade.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL O. H. MORRIS.

HEADQUARTERS SIXTY-SIXTH REGIMENT N.Y.V., }
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., May, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this command in the recent movements of the army on the Rappahannock.

April twenty-eighth, at about seven o'clock

* General Sickles's corps.—Ed.

A.M., the regiment broke camp and marched with the brigade, Gen. Zook commanding, about four miles to the right of Falmouth, where the brigade bivouacked for the night. This regiment was ordered on picket near Banks's Ford—the line connecting on the left with the pickets of the Eleventh Massachusetts volunteers, extending along the bank of the Rappahannock about two miles, and uniting with the pickets of the Eighty-eighth New-York volunteers, Irish brigade, near Banks's Ford.

In compliance with orders, immediately on arriving upon the picket-ground, I placed a strong guard upon two houses known as the "England" and "Rawdon" houses, with orders to allow no person to enter or leave either. The regiment picketed this line until about twelve o'clock, midnight, of the twenty-ninth, when, pursuant to orders, the pickets and the guards on the Rawdon house were drawn in, the guard at the England house being left. The regiment then marched about seven miles, and joined the brigade about ten o'clock on the morning of the thirtieth, near United States Ford. About twelve o'clock M. of the same day, the brigade crossed the ford on pontoons, this regiment having been assigned the right of the line. This regiment then moved forward with the brigade about six miles the other side of the river, and about seven o'clock in the evening came up with the Fifth army corps, where it bivouacked for the night. About noon the next day, May first, heavy firing being heard in front, the regiment moved forward with the division about four miles, to a point near Chancellorsville, where the regiment advanced through the woods, having thrown out the right flank company, Capt. Bartholf, as skirmishers, formed line of battle, and moved forward to a clearing on the crest of a hill behind a dense woods. Here the regiment took up position, and the left flank company, Capt. Davis, were sent out as skirmishers, with instructions to connect with the left of Capt. Bartholf's company, for the purpose of covering our front; the line skirmishers of the Sixty-fourth New-York volunteers on our left, and of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania on our right, having subsequently connected with our own line, the entire line of skirmishers was moved forward to the edge of the woods at the front of the hill, and to the brow of another hill immediately in front of the woods. Here the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery upon our skirmishers, when, in compliance with orders from Gen. Zook, they fell back to the edge of the woods, where they remained for about half an hour, when the enemy advanced upon them in line of battle, with a heavy line of skirmishers in front; our line of skirmishers, according to orders, slowly retired in good order, firing as they withdrew. The line of skirmishers having been withdrawn, I brought off my command in good order by the right of companies to the rear, and rejoined the brigade, which formed line of battle, supporting a battery in front of the Chancellor House. The enemy being driven back by the fire of our artillery, we were moved with the bri-

gade to a woods on the left of the Chancellor House, where we formed line of battle, under a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery, in which position we remained until about three the next morning, (May second,) when, pursuant to orders, we were moved with the brigade to our former position in front of the Chancellor House. About daylight we were ordered with the rest of the brigade to the left, where we took up position in the woods in the first line of battle, and company D, Captain McNeil, was thrown forward as skirmishers. About ten o'clock A.M. of the same day, this command was detached to take up position on the Fredericksburgh road, and throw up intrenchments connecting the line of works on the left of the Chancellor House, having the Eighty-eighth New-York on our right, and the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania on our left; our position here was protected in front by a slight skirting of woods, and intended to secure a flank fire upon the enemy in case of an attack. The intrenchments were completed in the face of a severe artillery fire from the enemy on our left flank. About nine o'clock the same evening, General Hancock ordered me to report with my command to Col. Miles, in charge of the picket-line, which I immediately did, marching the regiment outside of the intrenchments, down the Fredericksburgh road to the picket-line, where we relieved the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-second New-York volunteers. I established my line parallel with and a few paces beyond the road, fronting a wood occupied by the enemy's pickets, my left connecting and forming right angles with the Sixty-fourth; my right extending in conjunction with two companies of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, placed under my command, to the open field in front of the breastworks, where it connected at right angles with the Fifth New-Hampshire. The men, under my directions, threw up temporary intrenchments during the night. At daybreak the next morning (May third) the enemy opened a brisk fire of musketry along the whole line in front and on the flank. The firing was maintained for upward of four hours, during which the enemy made repeated and determined assaults upon our lines, and was each time gallantly repulsed by our men, with severe loss. At nine o'clock A.M., all his efforts to break our lines with infantry alone having proved futile, the enemy opened upon them with a terrific fire of artillery, but with no better result. Every volley from the enemy's musketry, and every discharge from his cannon, seeming to give renewed energy to our brave men, and to increase their determination to maintain their position at all hazards, and against any assault the enemy might be capable of making against them. There was no wasting of ammunition here; every man fired with the utmost coolness and deliberation, taking careful and steady aim at his object, as if firing at a target for a prize; not a man flinched under the terrible fire to which he was now subjected; every one of them felt the high and enviable reputation of the gallant old Third brigade was in his special

keeping, and was determined that it should not be tarnished by any act of his.

About ten o'clock, the gallant Col. Miles, commanding the pickets, was shot in the breast by one of the enemy's sharp-shooters, and was removed from the field. About this time, learning that the left of my line was being pressed, I sent one company of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania (three companies of which regiment had been sent to reinforce my line) to that point, and subsequently sent another of these companies to the same point.

I was then informed that the Sixty-fourth, joining my left, had exhausted all their ammunition, and would be compelled to fall back unless immediately supported, whereupon I sent to their assistance the remaining company of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, and then communicated to General Hancock the state of affairs on the left, and requested that a regiment might be sent to relieve the Sixty-fourth New-York volunteers. Shortly afterward the Twenty-seventh Connecticut arrived on the ground, and I conducted them down to the left, and relieved the Sixty-fourth New-York volunteers, who withdrew from the line, and went to the rear. I now assumed command of the entire picket line; shortly after I was directed by Lieutenant Miller, aid to Gen. Hancock, to be in readiness to fall back from the picket-line upon receiving orders to do so. I then had an interview with Col. Bostwick, commanding Twenty-seventh Connecticut, whom I informed that I expected soon to receive orders to fall back, and instructed him as to the course he should pursue when the movement should commence. In a short time after this, Lieutenant Miller directed me to retire the moment the forces on my right were seen to fall back. The forces indicated soon after fell back, and I immediately took the necessary steps to bring off my line of pickets, which was accomplished under a most terrific artillery fire from the right, left and front. The regiment here suffered a heavy loss, Captains Strickland and Feder, Lieut. King, and thirty-seven enlisted men being found missing when the regiment rejoined the brigade within the breastworks on the left of the White House. Most of this number, I regret to say, must have been killed or wounded by the artillery fire while falling back through the woods, as they were known to have left the intrenchments with the regiment. The regiment having rejoined the brigade, took up position in line of battle on the left of the White House, where they remained Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, subjected several times to the artillery fire of the enemy. Tuesday afternoon a detail of ninety-two enlisted men, under command of Capt. Munn, were sent on picket. The next morning, about half-past two o'clock, the regiment fell back with the brigade, and recrossed the river at United States Ford, and after a continued march of about twelve hours, returned to its old camp near Falmouth, Va.

A report of the loss of the regiment, from the time of leaving camp until its return, has been al-

ready forwarded, showing a total of seventy-one killed, wounded, and missing.

Of the conduct in action, of both officers and men, I cannot speak in terms of too high commendation. It was all that could be asked of the bravest. Cool, steady, and unflinching, even when knowing that fearful odds were against them, they showed a determination to hold their position to the last man. Where all did so well it would be unjust to select any for special encomium.

From Lieut.-Col. Hammell and Major Nelson I received valuable assistance on every occasion. Their courage and services deserve my special acknowledgments. Very respectfully,

ORLANDO H. MORRIS,

Colonel Commanding Sixty-sixth New-York State Volunteers.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BROADY'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SIXTY-FIRST REGIMENT, N. Y. VOLS., }
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., May 7, 1863. }

To Captain G. H. Caldwell, Assistant Adjutant-General, Caldwell's Brigade:

CAPTAIN: I have the honor of transmitting to you the part this regiment took on the day of the first inst., until eleven o'clock P.M. the same day, when I was ordered to take command of the regiment, Col. N. A. Miles being detailed as general officer of the day, and in command of the line of pickets in front of the division. The regiment was then drawn up in line of battle in the woods, with the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers on its right, and the Twenty-second Massachusetts volunteers on its left. While here it had been exposed in the fore part of the evening to a short but sharp fire of the enemy. A little before daylight on the second I received orders of General Caldwell to march my regiment out by the left flank from the position it had occupied in the woods during the night. I was followed by the One Hundred and Forty-eighth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers. After leaving the woods we marched down the road and to the rear about two hundred yards, and a new position was given us by Lieut. D. K. Cross, aid-de-camp to General Caldwell, in the woods to the left and nearly parallel to the one we had previously occupied. Here we threw up breastworks all day along our front. In the afternoon the pickets in our front were suddenly and vigorously attacked by a heavy column of the enemy's infantry, but were soon repulsed by the skill and tact of our Colonel, N. A. Miles, who was in command of said pickets. In the afternoon, while an engagement was going on at our right, we were also exposed to a cross-fire from the enemy's artillery, but without any damage to our number. About six o'clock P.M., I was requested by Col. Miles to throw out a line of pickets from my regiment long enough to cover its entire front, and to have it connect right and left with the rest of the line. I sent two companies out, under the command of Capt. P. C. Bain. The whole detachment consisted of six commissioned officers and forty-three enlisted men. This force remained out until noon of the following

day, when most of it rejoined the regiment after the latter had fallen back. No orders or warning having been given to these pickets to withdraw when the rest of the troops were falling back, and their connection with the right of the picket-line being suddenly lost, they did not move until they found that the enemy was in their rear, and had occupied the breastworks behind which the regiment had previously been lying. In making their way out of the woods nine enlisted men and one commissioned officer—Second Lieut. Buckley—were lost, and probably taken prisoners. From all accounts I have received, First Lieut. Gordon has merited much credit as being the principal one in saving this force, together with six companies of the One Hundred and Eighty-eighth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, who had also been out on picket, by adroitly conducting them out from off the enemy, who were in their rear, until the whole safely reached their respective regiments. Of these pickets two got wounded by the enemy's artillery. On the morning of the third our Colonel, N. A. Miles, was severely wounded by a sharp-shooter of the enemy while in command of the division picket-line in front. At about eight o'clock A.M. I received orders from General Caldwell to follow the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers, and marched off in double-quick until the brigade halted on the left of the main road that leads from Chancellorsville to the White House, toward United States Ford. The brigade formed in line of battle facing the woods to the left. A few minutes later the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers formed on our right, and the Fifty-second New-York volunteers on our left, and the line advanced into the woods until we came to the opening beyond, where we saw a heavy column of the enemy marching by the right flank and toward our left at quick-step. One of their batteries was planted right before our centre. There was also moving a squadron of their cavalry, and another heavy column marching by the left flank toward our right. Seeing the enemy was trying to outflank us on the left, Gen. Caldwell ordered the line to fall back about twelve yards, moving it at the same time a little further to the right. Soon the enemy poured a severe and sudden fire upon our line, which was vigorously responded to. The enemy was soon repulsed. My command behaved well. After about two hours' fighting we were ordered to march off by the right flank until we reached the opening where our batteries were planted. Here we formed into line, faced to the rear, and halted facing the woods, one of which we had entered. Shortly afterward we were marched with the rest of the brigade across the opening to the woods on the left of the White House, where we were ordered to halt and throw up breastworks. We lay under these breastworks, occasionally shelled by the enemy, though without any damage to us, till the night, between the fifth and sixth, when we received orders to fall back. Crossed the Rappahannock, with the rest of the Second corps, at United States Ford, and arrived at the old camp

of the brigade in the afternoon of the sixth of May. During the engagement on the third our loss was two killed and thirteen wounded, all enlisted men.

I would especially recommend, for their excellent brave conduct and good soldierly qualities, Capt. Willard Kcech, and Capt. T. G. Morrison.

Lieut F. W. Grannis, Adjutant, deserves much praise for the energy, bravery, and usefulness he everywhere and on all occasions manifested.

The rank and file of my command have maintained faithfully their well-earned and well-known reputation, always doing, and always ready to do, their duty to the last.

We all—officers and men—feel the loss and deplore deeply the sad fate of our beloved and highly esteemed Colonel, N. A. Miles, who was severely wounded on the morning of the third. But our hope and our prayer is, that he soon may be returned to us again, and to usefulness in the service of his country. Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

K. O. BROADY,

Lieut.-Col. Commanding Sixty-first New-York Volunteers.

COLONEL FRICK'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH
REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, }
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., May 8, 1863. }

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report in compliance with Special Orders, No. 77, issued from Brigade Headquarters of May seventh, 1863, that my command, the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania volunteers, with the other regiments of the brigade, was ordered to the support of the Third corps about five o'clock A.M., Sunday, May third. At nine A.M., the brigade at a "double-quick" entered the works in front of our batteries and rifle-pits in the centre, at Chancellorsville, Virginia, left in front, which threw my regiment in the advance. Line of battle was formed, under a severe and damaging fire, about fifty yards in advance of the Twenty-eighth New-Jersey, attached to the division of General French, and in an undergrowth that from its density made the movement peculiarly difficult. In the engagement, that lasted until eleven A.M., officers and men behaved with the same coolness and gallantry that characterized their conduct in other fields since they have been in the service of their country. The fire was delivered with steadiness and precision. Not hearing the order to retire, the regiment remained in line after the regiments upon its right had given way. Seeing that there was imminent danger of being cut off by a large force of the enemy moving upon our right flank, the regiment under my orders faced by the rear rank, retiring in good order under a heavy fire and re-formed in the rear of the batteries. While retiring a severe struggle took place for the regimental colors. The bearers, Sergeants Boner, company E, and Miller of company F, clung to them as manfully, however, as they had borne them during the fight. One of the rebels who had seized them was killed, another captured, and the rest driven back. The rebels advanced in force to the edge of the woods, and so closely upon the flank of the regiment that the retreat of

some upon its right was intercepted by their advancing ranks, and they escaped capture by the confusion into which the rebels were thrown from the active fire of the batteries.

To Lieut.-Col. Armstrong, Major Anthony, who I regret to say was seriously wounded, and Adjutant Green, I must again tender my thanks for valuable assistance in the field. They performed their several duties with the utmost coolness and determination, evincing a steadiness of purpose worthy of emulation.

The regiment sustained a loss of four (4) killed, thirty-one (31) wounded, and six (6) missing, enlisted men, and one officer, Major Anthony, seriously wounded. I am, Captain, very respectfully your obedient servant,

JACOB G. FRICK,

Col. One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

To H. C. RANNEY, A. A. G.,

Tyler's Brigade, Third Division, Fifth Corps.

MAJOR DAWSON'S REPORT.

CAMP OF THE SIXTY-FIRST PENNSYLVANIA VOLS., }
May 10, 1863. }

SIR: I have the honor to report in relation to the part taken by the Sixty-first regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, in the late battle, that, agreeably to orders, the regiment broke camp at ten o'clock A.M., of the twenty-eighth day of April, and, with the brigade, marched to near Dr. Pollock's house, on the Rappahannock, where it remained bivouacked until about ten o'clock P.M., and was then detailed to carry pontoon-boats to the place designated for crossing; the regiment carried down five boats, and it was done in perfect silence and order. After launching the boats, the regiment marched to where their arms had been left, and was then ordered to the banks of the river, where it remained until the bridge was finished; it then marched to a hill a short distance from the river, and remained there bivouacked until about four o'clock P.M. of the first of May, and relieved a regiment of Brooks's division doing picket-duty, being under artillery and musketry fire several times during the day, until about six o'clock P.M., when two companies were deployed, in addition to the picket force, and the rebels were driven by them from their lines, back, and into their intrenchments on the hills. The regiment was relieved during the evening and bivouacked about half-past ten P.M., and was, by orders, "falled in" and ready for the march in one hour and a half afterwards. At twelve midnight, the march was taken up for Fredericksburgh, arriving there about four o'clock A.M., of the morning of the third. At about ten A.M., the regiment was moved to Princess Anne street, and left there their knapsacks and haversacks, preparatory to heading a column to storm the heights in the rear of the town. About eleven o'clock the column was put in motion, the regiment leading. Arriving at near the rifle-pits of the enemy, a heavy fire from musketry and artillery was received. The regiment being in column, the proper time for deploying not yet arriving, the loss was heavy; and the fire, one of the heaviest that could be given, caused the regi-

ment to waver for a few moments, when it rallied and successfully gained the crest of the hill, capturing one of the pieces of artillery belonging to the famous Washington battery, of Louisiana. In this charge, Colonel George C. Spear was instantly killed, Captains Crosby and Ellis, and Lieutenants Koerner and Harper wounded, and ten enlisted men killed, and fifty-four wounded.

The regiment then under my command assisted the troops, under the command of Col. Shaler, in driving the enemy some three miles along the plank-road, and in the direction of Chancellorsville, capturing numbers of prisoners. As no account of them was taken, they being immediately sent to the rear, the precise number cannot be given. The regiment was relieved about four o'clock P.M., and was a short distance to the rear of the second line of battle during the heavy fight that took place about five o'clock. The regiment was moved up; until about dark it was in the first line, and was placed in support to Butler's Second United States battery, where it remained until nine o'clock A.M., of the fourth, when, with other regiments of the Light brigade, it was moved to the right, and in the direction of Banks's Ford, to feel for the enemy and keep open the communication with the ford. At about dusk the regiment, with another, was sent to support Howe's division, which was being heavily attacked. The regiment was under a heavy fire from musketry; fortunately, with little loss, Captain Crepps and five enlisted men being wounded. The design of the enemy, to cut our communication, being foiled, and he being instead driven back, the regiment took up its line of march toward the ford, and safely recrossed the Rappahannock at about one o'clock of the morning of the fifth. On the eighth the regiment was detailed to assist in hauling the pontoons from the banks of the river to a short distance back, which was done without molestation from the enemy. On the morning of the ninth the regiment was marched to its present camp. Before closing this report I would state that I am indebted to all my line-officers for the hearty, united, and determined support given me during all this time. Where all did their duty so well and nobly, it would not be correct to particularize. All deserve honorable mention. It gives me great pleasure, however, to call attention to the daring conduct of private Robert Brown, of company K, who shot the lead-horse of the cannon captured by the regiment, thereby preventing its escape, and private James Robb, of company H, who seized the colors when the sergeant was wounded, and bore them until relieved by color-corporal William Taylor.

GEO. W. DAWSON,

Major Commanding Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Licut.-Col. HIRAM BURNHAM,

Commanding Light Division Sixth Corps.

CASUALTIES IN THE SIXTY-FIRST PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, MAY THIRD AND FOURTH, 1863.

KILLED.—George C. Spear, Colonel; Henry Sylvus, A; Jackson Stuchel, A; George B. Mott, A; Edward Schumacker, Corporal, B; Leopold

Betz, Corporal, B; David Kimble, B; H. M. Shaw, Corporal, C; Rudolph Michols, C; Casey Atherton, Sergeant, D; George F. Harper, Second Lieutenant, E; Perry Kinney, E; William P. Riley, E; William J. Fleming, G; Michael Osler, Corporal, K.

WOUNDED.—Jacob Creps, Captain, A; L. Brady, Sergeant, A; Israel Grey, Corporal, A; James S. Neill, A; J. H. Brown, A; J. A. Stewart, A; Eugene Koerner, First Lieutenant, B; Philip Voelp, Sergeant, B; Joseph Hough, Sergeant, B; John W. Rowe, Corporal, B; James Baker, B; Hiram Kelly, B; John Shultz, B; Alexander Thompson, B; John Beck, Corporal, C; George F. Harbaugh, Corporal, C; John Heninger, C; William W. Ellis, Captain, D; J. J. Shaffer, Corporal, D; William Beels, D; John Benning, D; William Lippincott, D; Rufus McGuire, D; Theodore L. Stout, D; George C. Saul, Sergeant, E; Henry Furake, Corporal, E; J. F. Shanafelt, Corporal, E; William Wilson, Corporal, E; Levi Thorpe, E; William Chelfant, F; L. Vosler, F; John W. Crosby, Captain, G; M. Crowthers, G; C. Luther, G; James P. Donnelly, G; M. Storm, G; C. F. Kennedy, Sergeant, H; James M. Craig, H; William H. Fisher, H; Alexander Jameson, H; William Gleason, I; William Farrell, I; A. Faust, Corporal, I; J. Benedict, Sergeant, K; D. H. Ford, color-sergeant, K; William Holzeheimer, Corporal, K; C. Shultz, K; J. Ritz, K; J. Kelsh, K; John Kraieling, K.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND }
DIVISION SIXTH CORPS, }
CAMP IN THE FIELD, MAY 14, 1863. }

Peter T. Washburn, Adjutant and Inspector-General:

SIR: In my account of the part taken by the Vermont troops of the storming of the heights of Fredericksburgh, I promised to furnish further particulars. The rush of events that followed, and a constant employment of time since, must be my excuse for the delay.

The brigade crossed the river on the evening of the second instant, and rested on its arms for a few hours. Long before light on the morning of the third instant, the head of the column was moving up the Bowling Green road into Fredericksburgh. Then the action commenced. Newton's division and the Light brigade occupied the streets of Fredericksburgh. This division, General Howe commanding, occupied the Bowling Green road, just outside and on the left of Fredericksburgh, its right resting on a creek which flows into the Rappahannock immediately on the left of Fredericksburgh.

Commanding Fredericksburgh are two ranges of hills. The lower range, or Marye's Hill, is on the right of the creek and just in the rear of Fredericksburgh. The higher or principal range of hills is to the left of the creek and immediately in front of the position occupied by this brigade. Between the Bowling Green road and the base of the principal hills is an open plain nearly a mile in extent, through which passes a railroad.

Nearly parallel with the railroad were rifle-pits; in these rifle-pits and behind the railroad were posted rebel infantry. The entire plain was commanded by the enemy's guns upon the principal range of hills. It was determined that Newton's division and the Light brigade should storm the lower range, or Marye's Hill, from the streets of Fredericksburgh. An attack in our immediate front was also planned, which was to be made at the same time of Newton's attack on the right. It was designed to drive the enemy from the railroad and rifle-pits, to assist Newton's attack on the right, and if possible to take the principal heights. The plan of our attack was in two lines of battle, of three regiments each. The Thirty-third New-York, Seventh Maine, and Twenty-first New-Jersey regiment, from Niell's brigade, constituted the first line. The Sixth Vermont, Twenty-sixth New Jersey, and Second Vermont, from this brigade, constituted the second line, and they were arranged from right to left in the order above named, the right of the Sixth Vermont resting on the creek. The attack of Newton on the right was the signal for our attack. It commenced about eleven A.M. The lines started over the plain at a double-quick in splendid style, the rebels at the same time opening all their batteries on the principal heights, pouring a terrible fire upon the advancing lines; but on they went, driving the rebels before them. Having gained possession of the railroad and rifle-pits, the Thirty-third New-York and Seventh Maine bore to the right, crossed the creek and gained the extreme left of the lower range. The Sixth Vermont followed the Thirty-third New-York, and was the second regiment that gained the heights of Marye's Hill. What became of the Twenty-first New-Jersey regiment at this juncture I am unable to say. The Twenty-sixth New-Jersey and Second Vermont now constituted the principal line advancing across the plain directly toward the principal heights. The enemy's batteries concentrated their fire full upon us. The Twenty-sixth broke and in some confusion bore to the left, getting partially in front of the Second Vermont. I immediately ordered the Second by the right flank, and led it to the right and front near the creek, gaining a steep bank where the regiment was protected from the shower of shell and canister thrown from the hill. Here we halted, and the men took breath. At the command, the regiment moved forward again, up the bank and hill, gaining a deep ditch or rifle-pit. Here we halted again, and sent forward two companies as skirmishers. Seeing a regiment down the creek, near Marye's Hill, I despatched an aid to urge it forward. It proved to be the Thirty-third New-York, Colonel Taylor, who came forward at the word. As soon as the Thirty-third had arrived within supporting distance, I ordered the Second Vermont forward. The regiment bounded forward, charged up the hill, and drove the rebels from their works in great confusion. We were now in possession of the works on the right of the principal heights.

The rebels rallied on a swell of ground a short distance beyond, and opened fire on the Second,

which was returned in earnest. Colonel Taylor now came up, and taking a position on the right of the Second, went into the engagement.

The Seventh Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel Connor, came gallantly to our support. I at once assumed command of the regiment, and threw it into the engagement. The rebels were completely routed and driven from this portion of the heights.

While this was going on, the Third Vermont, Colonel Seaver, the Fourth Vermont, Colonel Stoughton, the Fifth Vermont, Colonel Lewis, advanced across the plain and scaled the heights further to the left. As soon as the Third Vermont had gained the heights, an infantry force beyond opened upon them. Colonel Seaver immediately returned the fire. The Fourth and Fifth Vermont, and Twenty-first New-Jersey soon came up and the rebels were driven from that portion of the heights. The Sixth Vermont, Colonel Barney, was retained on Marye's Hill, by order of the General from Newton's division, who had gained that range, and sent to the front as skirmishers.

This was the way the heights of Fredericksburgh were carried, and this was the part taken by Vermont troops in that brilliant achievement.

I remain, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. A. GRANT,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SALOMON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTY-SECOND REGIMENT ILL. VOLTS.,
CAMP NEAR BROOKE'S STATION, VA. }
May —, 1863. }

To Brigadier-General A. Schimmelfennig, Commanding First Brigade Third Division, Eleventh Army Corps :

SIR: In regard to the part my regiment took in the action on Saturday, May second, I beg leave to report :

The regiment arrived with the brigade, at a place near Hoskins's Farm, on the thirtieth of April between six and seven o'clock P.M. On the first of May at ten P.M., a working party, consisting of two hundred men, with a guard of one hundred men, for protection, under command of Major Rolshausen, were ordered out to blockade the road in our front and south of the plank-road. This work was completed about one o'clock A.M. of the second of May, when the Major, with his command, returned to the regiment. In the forenoon of the same day the regiment was ordered out on a reconnoissance. It marched under command of Colonel Hecker, and after it had proceeded in a southerly direction as far as Carpenter's farm, we received your order to join the brigade, which order was immediately complied with. We arrived there between twelve and one o'clock P.M., and took position in the rear of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New-York volunteers, in column. Between five and six o'clock P.M., the Colonel received the order that his men should make themselves comfortable; but soon afterward we heard a heavy fire on our right. The brigade signal to assemble was immediately sounded, and our regiment fell in. At the same time, horses, mules and ambulances of

the First division came running in the greatest confusion and disorder from the right, and passed in the rear of the regiment. We immediately formed line of battle, facing to the west, during the formation of which two of our men fell.

We then marched in line of battle and in good order, to the top of a little hill in our rear, and there faced the enemy. During these movements men of the First division continued to run in the greatest confusion on our right. We commenced firing, and the regiment fired at least six rounds from this position. The enemy advanced with a steady and heavy fire, in compact masses. Through his advance from the right he drove the troops on the right of the regiment to our rear, exposing us to a heavy front and flank fire. You then personally ordered the Colonel to fall back a little from the top of the hill. The regiment fell back fifteen yards in good order, leaving about seventy killed and wounded on the ground it had occupied.

Colonel Hecker then took the flag in his hand, cheering his men to make a charge as soon as the enemy should arrive at the proper distance; but observing that the right of the regiment, which had been exposed to a heavy flank fire, gave way, he returned the flag to the color-bearer and hastened to the right, but, before he arrived there, received a shot through the left thigh. He rode behind the centre of the regiment, where he fell from his horse.

The Major, who went to his assistance, was wounded in the leg immediately afterward. The regiment fell back to the woods in its rear, having received your orders to do so.

The officers rallied as many men as possible around the colors and retired in good order, keeping up a steady fire, which considerably checked the advance of the enemy, to the edge of the woods. The men which they gathered here, formed in line on the right of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New-York. The enemy had followed them very close, and when he arrived at about forty or fifty yards' distance, they fired a round and retreated in good order about one hundred yards. There they stopped again and fired two more rounds, which were very effective, and after which the enemy did not follow them. The march to the rear was then continued, until we arrived on the ground where the brigade was forming. At the different halts we lost the balance of our killed and wounded, making in all a loss of one hundred and fifty-six killed, wounded and missing, which included seven commissioned officers. After the regiment had joined the brigade, we marched with the brigade under your command, to the Chancellor House. I don't think it necessary to say any thing about the further movements of the regiment, as they have been made under your personal command and observations, the regiment not leaving the brigade on any detached duty.

I only beg leave to say, as I personally have not been in action, being at the time sick at Chicago, Illinois, I had to make this report according to the statements I solicited from the officers of

my regiment. Their statements varied in several points, but I have endeavored to make the report as correct as possible.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

EDWARD SALOMON,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding
Eighty-Second Illinois Volunteers.

COLONEL CRAIG'S REPORT.

CAMP NEAR POTOMAC CREEK, VA., }
May 9, 1863. }

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit the following report of the movements of my command since the twenty-eighth day of April, 1863, until our return to this camp:

Having complied with all preparatory orders, this regiment moved with the brigade on the afternoon of Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of April, with twenty-seven officers and three hundred and twenty men, and reached a point below Fredericksburgh, on the Rappahannock, where we bivouacked for the night. The next day, twenty-ninth of April, we moved to the woods skirting the river, where we camped for two nights, Colonel McKnight holding an informal regimental muster on the thirtieth day of April. May first we took up the line of march about two o'clock p.m. for the right, and halted within a short distance of United States Ford at twelve, midnight. Soon after daylight, May second, we moved forward and crossed the Rappahannock at United States Ford about noon, when we received orders for picket-duty, and moved to a field near Chancellorsville tavern, on the plank-road to Orange Court-House. At five o'clock, our orders being countermanded, we moved forward in line of battle near the Chancellorsville brick mansion, our batteries at that point having been attacked, where we received a heavy artillery fire, and remained there until daylight, the brigade at that time being moved to the centre, where we were deployed as skirmishers, and remained until after noon, when we were ordered to join the reconnaissance; this we did and returned about nine p.m., and lay down that night, Saturday, to the rear of the batteries, about one mile south of the Orange road, whilst the other brigades of the division were employed with the night attack.

At daylight on the morning of Sunday we moved a short distance for the purpose of making an artillery road across a swampy piece of ground. As we finished this, we received a sweeping fire of musketry from the enemy, which wounded several men. We then moved to the rear of the batteries at the brick mansion. From this point we moved forward to the One Hundred and Fourteenth Pennsylvania volunteers, on our right, we being the extreme left of the brigade, and charged the woods immediately in front of the batteries, where we were engaged for nearly two hours. At the entrance to these woods, at the time we were gaining position, Colonel McKnight was shot through the head and instantly killed. The command of the regiment then devolved upon me. It was at this time my regiment suffered its severe loss in killed and wounded. Discovering a movement by the enemy to outflank

our left, I ordered Lieutenant Nisbit, of company B, to take his men beyond the breastworks. This he did, occupying a position where he killed and wounded many of the enemy, thus assisting to drive them from their position, and for the time checking the movement; the enemy, however, were reinforced, and the brigade was then outflanked upon the right, when we retired from the woods to the rear of the batteries, forming line of battle immediately in the rear of the brick mansion. From this position we next reached the woods, near the Orange Railroad, where we remained alternately doing duty in the intrenchments and to the rear of the abattis of fallen timber, the right wing being placed upon the front line of battle, it being relieved in the morning. Our regiment took position upon the third line, where several unimportant movements took place, but nothing of note until orders were received to march. We were ready in line from eight p.m. until twelve midnight of Tuesday, when we lay down and rested for an hour. At three a.m., Wednesday, we started for the ford, which we crossed about seven a.m., and returned without particular event to our camp, where we arrived in order about five p.m., with sixteen officers and two hundred and twenty men, our loss during the entire operations being five killed, sixty-five wounded, seven missing. Straggling did not occur at any time; a few men being cut off from the regiment during the retiring, rejoined us about four p.m. All men and officers, seemed to vie with each other in doing their duty, no instance of cowardice having occurred during the different engagements; all having done so well, I cannot, with justice, make particular mention of individual bravery. Very respectfully,

C. A. CRAIG,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding
One Hundred and Fifth Regiment.

To Captain F. KINNY,
A. A. G. First Brigade, First Division, Third Corps.

LETTER FROM GENERAL SCHIMMELFENNIG.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, }
THIRD DIVISION, ELEVENTH CORPS, }
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 10, 1863. }

To Major-General Schurz:

GENERAL: The officers and men of this brigade indignantly seek my tent with newspapers in their hands, and ask whether this is the return they are to expect for the toils they have endured, and the bravery they have displayed? The most infamous falsehoods have been circulated by the press in reference to the conduct of the troops in your division. It would seem as if a nest of vipers had lain in wait for a favorable moment to spit their venom upon this corps, heretofore so highly respected. These reports would attract less attention, if they emanated merely from the prurient fancy of those who live by dipping their pens in the blood of the slain, instead of shouldering a musket in defence of the country; but they are dated from the "Headquarters of Gen. Hooker," and signed by responsible names.

The reports of the officers commanding the regiments of the brigade will be sent in to-

morrow, and I shall soon have the honor of submitting my own; but you will allow me to state a few facts here, and to ask satisfaction for my brigade.

It has become known by this time, I hope, that the First division, which gave way on the second of May, (because assailed in front, in rear, and in flank,) was that of General Devens, of which Colonel Gilsa's brigade fired a round per man, while General McLean's brigade did not fire at all; that it was the second line of your division which, although run down by the First division, changed front from south to west in less than two minutes' time; that it was the brigade battery, commanded by Captain Dilger, on the left, which checked the heavy column of the enemy pouring into us from the front, and from both flanks; and that the first line of your division, in connection with Colonel Buschbeck's brigade of General Steinwehr's division, formed behind two of my regiments—the Eighty-second Illinois, Colonel Hecker, and the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New-York, Colonel Brown—and occupied the rifle-pits, the Second brigade of the Second division having been detached from the corps at this critical moment by command of Major-General Hooker.

Your two brigades, and those of Colonel Buschbeck, together comprising not quite four thousand muskets, alone received the entire shock of the battle, and held the enemy in check for at least an hour. Colonel Gilsa's and General McLean's brigades could not be re-formed. Captain Chas. W. Dietrich, my Assistant Adjutant-General, seized the colors of one of the regiments of Gen. McLean, and endeavored in vain to rally the battalion.

The three brigades above named, although both their flanks were turned, stood their ground until a sufficient time had elapsed for the corps behind them to come to their assistance, and take a position in their rear.

Your command did every thing that could have been expected under the circumstances. For the surprise on the flanks and the rear, in broad daylight, by a force outnumbering us four to one, the responsibility falls not on the Third division, holding the centre, but upon the First division, which held the right wing, and upon those whose duty it was to anticipate such a contingency, and to prepare for it.

My report will prove to demonstration that my brigade and the Third division did all that was possible to avert the catastrophe which ensued. The only reconnoissances undertaken were made by my brigade, and the hostile movements were reported by me full two hours before the opening of the engagement.

General, I am an old soldier. Up to this hour I have been proud of commanding the brave men of this brigade; but I am convinced that if the infamous lies uttered about us are not retracted, and satisfaction given, their good-will and soldierly spirit will be broken, and I shall no longer see myself at the head of the same brave men whom I have heretofore had the honor to lead.

In the name of the good cause of the country, therefore, I demand satisfaction. If our superior officers are not in possession of all the facts, I ask for an inquiry; if they are, I demand that those who have maligned the division be excluded from our lines by a general order, and the names of the authors of the calumny made known to me and my brigade, to enable us to call them to account for their false representations.

Very respectfully,

A. SCHIMMELFENNIG,

Brig.-General, Commanding First Brigade, Third Division.

LETTER FROM MAJOR FRUEAUFF.

HEADQUARTERS OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD }
REGIMENT, P.A. VOLS., CAMP NEAR BROOK }
STATION, VIRGINIA, May 16, 1863. }

Colonel Samuel Yohe, Provost-Marshal of Twenty-third Congressional District, Easton, Pa. :

COLONEL: Inasmuch as you are the power appointed to watch over the interests of the Government at home, and to sustain the army in the field, both by sending men forward, and by protecting those in the same from the slanders of traitors and the lying tongues of misnamed friends, I take the liberty of sending you a truthful account of the doings of the One Hundred and Fifty-third regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, during the unsuccessful reconnoissance across the Rappahanock.

It, with the other regiments of the Eleventh corps, broke camp on Monday, April twenty-seventh, and marched to the neighborhood of Hartwood Church. On Tuesday morning at four o'clock, after a short night's rest, moved on to Kelly's Ford, arriving there at noon. On this second day of the march, which you, as an old soldier, well know is always the most trying, the regiment did well, and the stragglers from it formed a very small number of those brought up in the rear by the provost-guard. On the same evening at eleven o'clock, camp was broken, and in silence, our corps was the first to cross the pontoons, and penetrate the darkness and swamps of the southern side of the Rappahannock, where but a few hours' rest were given, when we moved on, proceeding, during Wednesday, to the Rapidan River, near Germania Mills. Again, in the night, between one and four, amidst a heavy rain, did the corps cross upon a narrow and dangerous bridge, momentarily expecting an attack, having, during the day, had our rear harassed by some of the rebel artillery. Thursday, we advanced along the plank-road to its junction with the turnpike at Peck's farm, about two miles west of Chancellorsville. During Thursday night full rest was given, and on Friday, General Howard made the disposition of our corps in three lines of battle. To the First brigade, First division, Colonel L. Gilsa commanding, was given the extreme right, and was posted as follows: On the left, in line of battle behind some brush-heaps on the far side of the turnpike road, the Forty-first New-York volunteers in line of battle. Then the Forty-fifth New-York volunteers in the same line, and supporting a section of artillery commanding the road. From the cannon and the

right of the Forty-fifth New-York, at right angles to the turnpike, through the woods and across a road leading into the turnpike, supported on the right by the Fifty-fourth New-York volunteers, stood the One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers, more as a close line of skirmishers, than a regular line of battle, being ordered to stand three feet apart. In this position Saturday noon found them. Information was brought that an attack was expected on the right flank, and skirmishers were thrown forward into the woods, who, about five o'clock in the afternoon, reported that the rebels were massing and approaching. Hardly had the information been brought in, and the line called into readiness, when the tooting of numberless small bugles was heard, the whizzing of balls began, and the explosion of shells over and alongside of every body clearly demonstrated that "the rebels were in force," a fact which the thirty-five men of cavalry allowed for the protection of the extreme right of the whole army of the Potomac had heretofore not been able to discover. The rebels advanced, closed in mass on the three sides of the right with their whole force concentrated on the one point of our long line, enfiling the brush breastworks behind which the brigade was placed, and rushing over the cleared space in front of the lines. After the first volley, the Forty-fifth New-York, accompanied by the two pieces of artillery, sought refuge in a very rapid change of base, and soon after, the Fifty-fourth New-York also retired. After both supports had withdrawn in mass, the One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers still stood and gave, as a regiment, a parting volley, which rebel prisoners report to have fearfully mowed down the ranks of the advancing First Virginia brigade. Then the order to retreat was given, and the One Hundred and Fifty-third certainly withdrew for the purpose of having men left to fight again. Several vain attempts were made to rally the retiring forces of the Eleventh corps; but preceded on the retreat by the brigades and divisions farthest from the enemy, it was impossible to find the requisite cover behind a line of our own forces, before arriving within the lines of the Twelfth and Fifth corps. As soon as any, the First brigade, and with it the One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers, was rallied, and spent the greater part of the night in throwing up rifle-pits, and on Sunday morning were moved again into the front line of intrenchments opposite the centre of General Hooker's line of battle, where they remained until Wednesday morning, when our corps covered the withdrawal of his army to the other side. On Wednesday, in the midst of a terrible rain and natural condition of Virginia mud, we returned to our former camp near Brook Station, where we are rapidly recuperating our much tired bodies.

From the time we left Brook Station until I rejoined the regiment, I was Acting Assistant Inspector-General on the staff of Gen. Devens, commanding the First division. In my capacity of aid, I had very frequent opportunities by day and by

night of seeing every one of the regiments in this division. At all times and under all circumstances, I found both the officers and men of my regiment in the best of spirits, and no regiment in the corps went more gladly to battle, or more cheerfully submitted to privations. During the engagement itself, I had but one distant glimpse of the regiment, as I ordered up the Seventy-fifth Ohio to the support of Colonel Gilsa, my position keeping me near General Devens. Colonel Gilsa, however, himself every inch a soldier and brave man, although early wounded and bruised by the fall of his horse, was, during the greater part of the fight, immediately behind the regiment, and to myself, as well as to General Howard, in my presence, expressed the greatest satisfaction with the behavior of his "new regiment," as in every way brave and soldierly, and his only sorrow is so soon to lose us by the expiration of our time of service. On Sunday morning, hearing that Colonel Glanz was missing, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dachradt wounded so as to be unable to take the command, I asked leave to return to the regiment and share with it all further exposures and perils, and have since then been in command of the same. During Monday morning we had a very lively brush with a line of rebel skirmishers on an opposite hill, and I had every opportunity of seeing the coolness and determination nearly unanimously evinced, and feeling proud of the spirit animating our Northampton County boys. At such times to particularize would be improper; suffice it to say that no "officer was shot by a private, and no private cut down by an officer." Those who have fallen—and, alas! we mourn a number of such—have fallen in the noble discharge of their duties, slain by the hands of traitors; those who have been wounded, have received honorable wounds by the shots of rebels; and those who are prisoners are now in the hands of "our Southern brethren," not in consequence of their own faults, but by the fortunes of war.

Hoping this exposition may set to rest all slanders, and assure every true and loyal patriot that he need not in nowise be ashamed or should sneer at "Colonel Glanz's regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers," and desiring you, for the sake of justice to your fellow-citizens now in the front rank of the army, bravely battling for all they hold dear at home, to publish this letter in all the newspapers of Northampton County.

Very respectfully,
J. F. FRUEAUFF,
Major Commanding One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers.

CONGRATULATORY ORDER OF GENERAL HOOKER.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
May 6, 1863.

The following order has been issued by Major-General Hooker :

GENERAL ORDERS No. 49.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
May 6, 1863.

The Major-General Commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days.

If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army.

It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources.

In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries, the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents.

In fighting at a disadvantage we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, our cause, and our country. Profoundly loyal, and conscious of its strength, the army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand.

It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own honor.

By our celerity and secrecy of movement our advance and passage of the rivers were undisputed, and on our withdrawal not a rebel ventured to follow.

The events of the last week may swell with pride the hearts of every officer and soldier of this army.

We have added new laurels to its former renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his intrenchments, and wherever we have fought we have inflicted heavier blows than we have received.

We have taken from the enemy five thousand prisoners and fifteen colors, captured and brought off seven pieces of artillery, and placed *hors de combat* eighteen thousand of his chosen troops. We have destroyed his depots filled with vast amounts of stores, damaged his communications, captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation.

We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave companions, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitrament of battle.

By command of Major-General HOOKER.

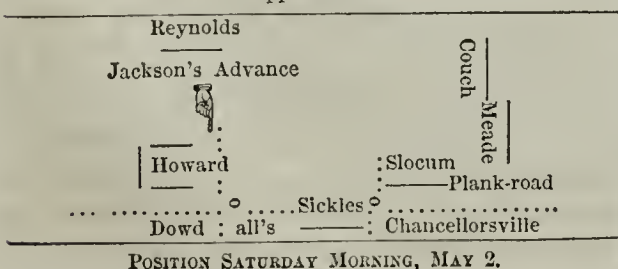
S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

PORTLAND "DAILY PRESS" ACCOUNT.

ELEVENTH CORPS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
May 3, 1863.

To the Editor of the Press:

On Saturday, May second, General Hooker's headquarters were at Chancellorsville. The Eleventh corps was in position on the right of the army, and two miles toward Gordonsville on the plank-road, at a place called Dowdall's Tavern, Rappahannock.



POSITION SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2.

where the old turnpike joins the plank-road at little less than a right angle. There had been some apprehension that the enemy would attempt to turn the right flank of our army. The Eleventh Corps was therefore so disposed as to front in three directions—one third facing like the rest of the army, one third having its line nearly perpendicular to this and to the plank-road, and the remainder of the line, situated on the extreme right, being almost perpendicular to that portion upon its immediate left, and intended to meet the enemy should he succeed in marching entirely around the army, and make the attack from the old turnpike, or still further to our right by coming through the woods. The first front was tried on Friday evening; but then General Howard had a strong position for artillery, and very little impression was made. Rifle-pits had been extended along our entire front, and every eligible position for artillery was occupied. There was a moderate elevation in the centre of the opening and in the vicinity of Dowdall's Tavern, (General Howard's headquarters,) where a second line of rifle-pits was made to be held by the reserve brigade, and here the reserve artillery was located. General Hooker often expressed his confidence that he could hold this position, even if driven from his front lines. The great extent of the front allowed only one brigade to be held in reserve.

In the afternoon our scouts reported that the rebels were marching toward the right across the plank-road at right angles. Word also came from headquarters of the army, that the enemy was moving towards Gordonsville. Slocum and Sickles thereupon moved upon their rear and right flank, and met with considerable resistance. Sickles lay next to the Eleventh corps on its left; but when he advanced, bore to the left, leaving a gap. He sent to General Howard, asking for support, saying he had found a portion of the enemy intrenched, and was going to attack them. General Howard sent him word that he would support him, and sent a staff-officer to ascertain the exact locality of General Sickles's line of battle, in order to join it upon the right. At this time he received an order from General Hooker to send a brigade to General Sickles. He had only the reserve, Bolan's brigade, and that the best of his corps, consisting partly of Ohio and Massachusetts troops, under a most brave and thorough officer.

There was no alternative, and General Howard conducted the brigade to its position in person, taking some prisoners on the way.

General Howard galloped back to his headquarters with the greatest speed; and it was fortunate that he made no delay, for within five minutes after his return a couple of shots from two of our rifled cannon located on the right, upon the old turnpike, announced the enemy in that vicinity. Soon a terrific storm of musketry confirmed the belief that the rebels had attacked our right flank. The General and staff were in the saddle and galloping to the point of attack without a moment's delay; but before the General got there the right

brigade (German) had given way and was pouring back in utter rout. As he went along General Howard changed the direction of a brigade, so that it would face the enemy coming from the right. He also sent directions to the artillery, which now opened a most destructive fire upon the impetuous foe. But now he found it necessary to use every effort, both in person and by employing staff-officers, to rally the broken regiments. A panic had seized the brigade second from the right, (McLean's American.) A few shells striking among them, the overwhelming charge of the rebels, accompanied by their triumphant yells, the rushing back of the routed troops, all so sudden and bewildering, seemed to turn the heads of many of the officers as well as men.

General Devens, who commanded the division first attacked, was badly wounded while endeavoring to rally his command. The panic was communicated to the division of Major-General Schurz—the two rifled cannon contributing to the same end, as the shot came tearing through one of his regiments in retreat. General Schurz had received his instructions how and where to form in case of an attack upon the right. Only two of his regiments, however, fell back fighting and in order.

Three regiments under Colonel Buschbeck, and located on the left of the line, held their position bravely, and fought till they were completely outflanked. They held their ground so well, although compelled to take the outside of their defenses, (the enemy coming opposite to their proper front,) that some of our artillery was enabled to bring a most destructive fire upon the rebels as they came tumbling and rushing furiously on.

The artillery held to the last, and indeed some pieces were lost by the killing of the horses.

Every effort was made to rally the troops all the way along, and especially when any possible position presented itself, such as a fence or thick woods. All was in vain, and when Colonel Buschbeck had been forced to retire, General Howard then passed to the rear of Berry's division, and there first succeeded in halting and rallying the corps. General Hooker had located General Berry in the rear in order to prevent the further advance of the enemy. His veteran troops stood firmly.

About the time the retreating and compound masses of the Eleventh corps passed the line of General Berry, the other two divisions of Sickles's corps, which had been pushed far out on the left, finding themselves outflanked, marched back and changing front met the pursuing rebels at the left. It was now eight o'clock in the evening. The enemy met everywhere a stable line of battle; several full batteries opened from a hill in rear of Berry's line; they were checked at every point. General Howard lost no time in rallying and collecting the troops of his command, and when the furious attack was made upon Berry about midnight he marched them forward to the support. At that time the fire from all the batteries was a splendid spectacle, and must have been terrific to

a foe attempting to approach in the face of it. They were soon driven back, as they were in every similar attempt, and there were several during the night.

Before leaving that day's account I cannot fail to mention the death of Captain Dessous, one of General Howard's aids-de-camp. He fell, shot through the body, while bravely halting and rallying one of the fleeing regiments. He showed no regard for personal safety in his zeal for the cause and was indefatigable in his efforts to execute the orders and fulfil the desires of his General.

Between two and three in the morning, General Hooker settled upon a re-arrangement of his lines, and the Eleventh corps took the extreme left resting on the river. The First corps which had crossed last, formed the right and also rested on the river at United States Ford. Then came the Fifth, then the Third, the Twelfth, and the Second, which touched the right of the Eleventh and was mostly in reserve. The right of the Eleventh was now about three fourths of a mile from Chancellorsville, near the Ely's Ford road. On Sunday morning the battle opened in front of Meade, (Fifth corps;) one of his brigades went into the woods and fought desperately. Artillery coöperated from a good position on the right, and for a while the roar of battle was truly deafening. Much of the Second corps supported Meade on his left, and in his entire division. They drove the rebels at every point, and Carroll's brigade went through the woods in the pursuit till they reached the rifle-pits which had been abandoned by the Eleventh corps the evening before. They could not retain so advanced a position, however, especially as the rebels had made meanwhile an overwhelming onset upon what was now our centre, in front of Chancellorsville. The Third corps was driven from its position. Even the line of General Berry was compelled to yield, and the brave and gallant General here gave up his life for his country. The Twelfth corps also gave way, and Chancellorsville was given up—the Third and Twelfth retiring under cover of Sumner's old division of the Second corps, now commanded by Hancock.

General Hooker kept his headquarters at Chancellorsville, until the shot and shells flew about him like a storm of enormous hail-stones. These projectiles, unlike hail-stones, however, had fearful explosive quality, and all carried a destruction in their path which comparisons fail to convey to the mind. There were ladies at the Chancellor House. They were taken away by Lieutenant-Colonel Dickenson of Hooker's staff, after the firing became very hot. One of the ladies fainted. It was a forlorn sight, to see that troupe passing through our lines at such a time. Soon after they left, the house, which was a large and elegant mansion, took fire and burned to the ground.

Again our lines were reconstructed. The fierceness of the fight was over before noon. The Twelfth was put upon the left of the Eleventh corps, sharing its line all the way. These two corps now formed one side of a triangle resting

upon the Rappahannock on the left. The river was the base of the triangle—the foot between Slocum and United States Ford, about a mile and a half. The other side of the triangle was formed by the First and Fifth corps. The Second and Third were accumulated at the angle, which was cleared ground about a two-storied white house near which were Hooker's headquarters, upon the Ely's Ford road not far from where the United States Ford road (along which lay the First corps) forms a junction with it. Here was a strong position for artillery, and it was undoubtedly the key to the position of the army as now located. This was the position Monday and Tuesday.

On Monday night a council of war was held at General Hooker's headquarters. It was decided to withdraw the army Tuesday night. I shall be allowed to say that this decision was certainly not unanimous. On Monday and Tuesday the line of the Eleventh corps was several times tried, but they held their position behind the strong defences which had been constructed of logs and earth, and easily repelled every attempt of the enemy in that quarter. General Howard was several times a target for rebel sharpshooters, as he would not go out of sight of his front line. The horse of his Adjutant-General was shot under him as he rode by the side of the General on Tuesday.

On taking this line on the left General Howard obtained by request of General Couch the Sixty-fourth New-York regiment—one of those which followed him at Fair Oaks—and posted it in the rear of Gilsa's brigade, which was the first to break the Saturday before, with instructions to shoot every man who ran back. The Sixty-fourth greeted the General with a cheer, and he knew that they would not only obey orders, but would never leave their position.

On Tuesday evening at eight o'clock the army was to begin the crossing; but the storm carried away the bridges, and it was three A.M. before the Eleventh corps started. The Eleventh was the last to leave its position. The Fifth was drawn up at the bridge-head, to repel any attack while the other troops were crossing. A kind Providence prevented any disaster. In fact, it is thought that the rebels retreated the same night. I will not here discuss the wisdom of these proceedings. I trust we shall soon be in motion again, and toward the rebel army, and that the Eleventh corps will have an early opportunity to win a more desirable reputation than it now has—and this I confidently expect.

WEIR.*

BOSTON "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

WASHINGTON, May 7, 1863.

Elated and depressed. Cheered and chagrined. Exultant and desponding. The rebels were between two fires. Hooker had them just where he wanted them. They could not retreat. They would be annihilated. The Rebellion was nearly at an end. Such was the talk—the feeling. All

* One of General Howard's Staff.

is now changed. The army is back in its camp. The victory that was to be is not.

It will be my endeavor to present a condensed review of the two armies, commencing with last Saturday, sifting, with what ability I may have, the true from the false, using official information.

Saturday Morning.—The single house which makes Chancellorsville is at a crossing of roads at the intersection of the Gordonsville plank-road and the old Orange county turnpike. Standing on the piazza and looking south, you look directly down the old turnpike road to Scott's Run. As you face south, the Rappahannock is at your back. It is five miles to United States Ford. In front of the house and west of it, along the plank-road, is a small field; all the rest is woods. In this field is an immense train of artillery, ammunition-wagons, cavalry, ambulances, supplies, hospitals, and troops. Here are General Hooker's headquarters—the grand centre of a hundred thousand men—the brain which thinks for them all.

Go out two miles west on the plank-road, past Dowdall's tavern, and you come to the Eleventh army corps, commanded by Howard, mostly German troops. Howard has had them but a few days—knows but little of them, and they but little of him—but there is sterling merit in both troops and commander.

His position is intrenched toward the south. It is in the woods, and the great trees are felled, rolled up as a backwoodsman builds a log-fence. Nearer to the house, on the morning of Saturday, stood the Third corps, General Sickles; but in the afternoon a portion of it advanced, directly south, nearly five miles. Berry and Whipple, with their divisions of this corps, remain. Birney, with Berdan's sharpshooters from Whipple's division, also go south.

Right at the house, and east of it, is the Twelfth corps, Slocum's. Williams's division of this corps joins Birney and Berdan, the whole under Sickles.

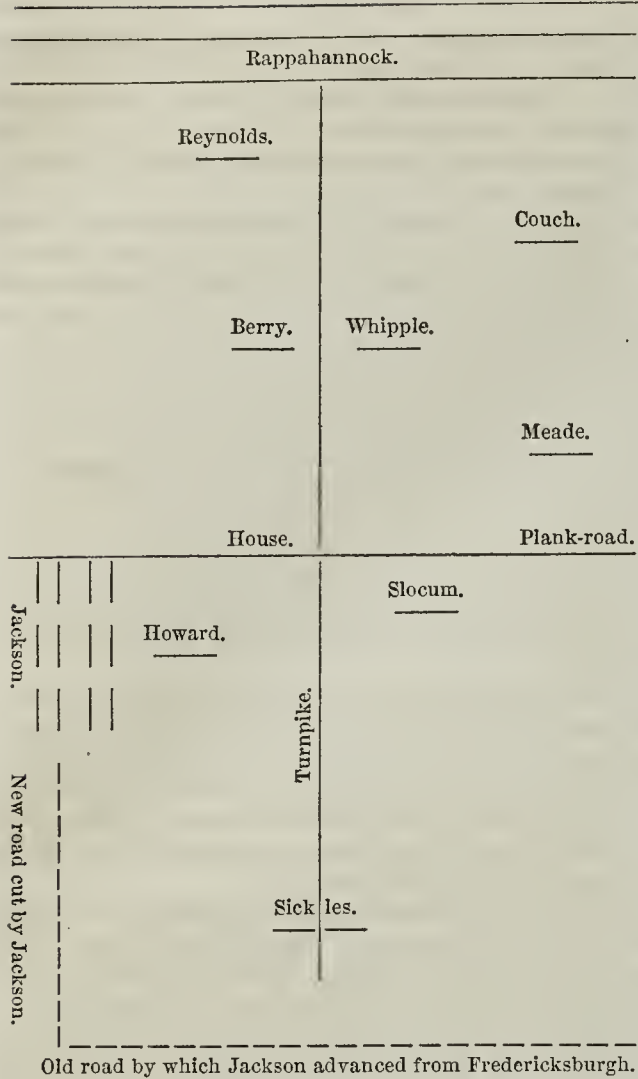
East of Slocum's is the Fifth corps, Meade's. Behind Slocum and Meade is the Second corps, Couch, holding the left, that the enemy may not make a grand rush and secure the pontoons at United States Ford.

The hour is Saturday afternoon—almost night. The First corps, Reynolds, is just crossing the river at the ford. He turns his column west, and is four miles in rear of Howard. A diagram will present the position thus to the eye: [For diagram, see page 594.—Ed.]

Howard has advanced from his morning position, and is pretty well out toward Sickles. Instead of being two miles west of the Chancellor House, he is three miles south-west.

All through Friday night Howard has heard a confused sound south and west of him, in the woods; the rattle of wagons, the clatter of axes, men's voices, the low words of a multitude. Two days ago the entire rebel army was ten miles east, but now it is passing west. There are guesses that Lee is retreating to Gordonsville.

It is like breaking a walking-stick by striking



it on end with a sledge-hammer. Not that, either, but the crumbling and flying of a stick of brittle candy. The division melted away like a straw in a candle flame. Howard was on the left, with General Devens. He rallied the two remaining divisions. For a few moments they resisted the shock, but, like the falling of a shattered wall when the masonry is loosened, like the washing away of a dam where the water has swept out the first grain of sand, the line dissolved.

General Howard was left almost alone. He begged, threatened, strove with all his might, did all that man could do, but the panic was on the men. Away they went toward Chancellorsville, through Berry and Whipple, through the mixed crowd on the fifty-acre lot of cleared land, imparting the panic to teamsters, to artillerymen, and ambulance-drivers. They have left eight pieces of artillery behind. The remainder of their guns are coming down the narrow roadway as fast as the drivers can hurry their horses with lash and spur.

It is sundown. A critical moment in the history of this nation. It is not a Bull Run stampede, with no enemy in pursuit; not the close of a hard-fought battle, but the beginning of one, with a fierce, exultant, determined host advancing. The river roaring in its might, just bursting through the breach, must be dammed in an instant. The flood must be stopped at once or all

is lost. There has been no moment like it during the war. It was a critical hour—that sunset hour on Sunday at Pittsburgh Landing, but there the torrent had been stemmed all through the day. It was an eventful moment at Malvern Hills, when Magruder led up his whisky-maddened men to that terrible artillery fire of our forces; but that was the last spasm of a foe exhausted by seven days' fighting. But here, at this moment, in this wood, this clearing, may have been the turning-point of the destiny of this nation, the welfare of the human race for all coming time. Now is the hour for the stringing of the nerves, the bracing of hearts, the clenching of teeth! Flesh and blood must become adamant.

Sickles, looking down the turnpike, discovers the moving column of ammunition wagons and ambulances. He wants to cut it. Obtains permission, moves out, opens with a battery, explodes a shell, sends in Berdan with his sharpshooters, and cuts the train in two. He brings in a fine lot of prisoners. It is excellent. He wants to move on. Asks for reinforcements. Hooker objects, for it is not yet known what the confused hum means out west on the plank-roads. He moves Berry and Whipple up a little nearer to Chancellorsville. Sickles moves on. Suddenly he comes upon the rebels in two lines, of Longstreet's force.

Nearly all of the rebel army has been massed south and west of Chancellorsville, with remarkable celerity.

Sickles has crossed Scott's River and is ascending the hill beyond, when he receives from the thick underbrush the fire of the enemy. A severe contest ensues, and he is obliged to fall back before the tremendous force.

Howard, in the woods, has heard the enemy. The pickets have been exchanging shots, and that is all. Suddenly, away out on his right, where General Carl Schurz's division is in line, there is a rattle of musketry, mingled with the demoniac yells of fifty thousand men in mass. They pour through the woods, down the hill, like a stream of lava. Jackson has determined to crush Hooker with one grand, staggering blow; to fall like a thunderbolt upon his extreme right. He commences with Schurz, who is in flank to the advancing force, thus:



General Sickles, seeing the disaster, hastened to avert it. The fleeing artillery was thundering down the narrow road. Half-way back to Chancellorsville, at the entrance to the cleared field, was a stone-wall, extending from Scott's Creek up to the woods. There was the place to stop the stampede. He reached the gateway. With pistol and sword he stopped the foremost piece of artillery. The others came crowding on, the drivers in a fever-heat of panic; but they were blocked. Officers rallied them, and their courage

began to return, and notwithstanding the infantry was tumbling headlong over the wall, and fleeing through the woods, the artillery recovered its senses.

Pleasanton, with his cavalry, was in the field. Leaving the cavalry, he took charge of the artillery, turned it up on the ridge, manned it in battery, brought up his cavalry to support it—a feature novel and laughable—and in five minutes had the foundation of a dam. Captain Best, chief of artillery to Sickles's corps, with marvellous energy brought his pieces into position, all pointing toward the approaching avalanche—forty pieces ready to open their thunders. General Hooker was at Chancellorsville. In an instant he was in the saddle. There was no force at hand but Berry that could be thrown instantly into the break. It was his old command, hardened, indurated, made perfect through suffering in all the hard-fought contests of the Peninsula. With a heroism unsurpassed, equal to the Imperial Guard at Waterloo, amid all the disaster, rout, panic, and commotion, they moved into position—one single block to resist the moving mass, to stop it square till Birney, Berdan, and Williams could be recalled; till Slocum could change front; till the dam could be thrown across the stream!

With yells and cheers the enemy advanced and met the canister and shells of thirty pieces of artillery. It was a terrible fire. There stood Berry's division, as firm as a rock. Again and again the rebels dashed against those veterans, only to be hurled back, dashed in pieces, to reform and roll up again like the waves upon the rocks of Nahant. A hundred shots a minute were thundered from those thirty cannon—one unbroken roll of thunder, sweeping away the rebels as a housewife an army of emmets into the fire!

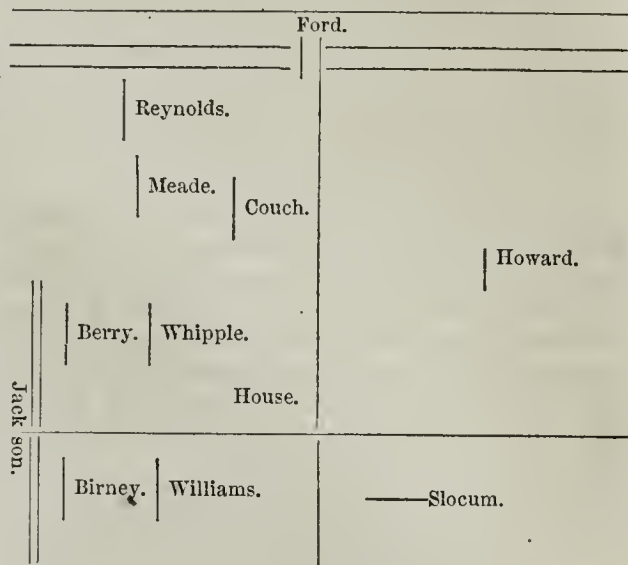
They quailed, halted, fell back. The torrent was stemmed. The grand *coup d'état* of Jackson had been checked. Coolness, nerve, pluck, endurance, had won the day—seemingly had turned the tide of destiny.

In the night, Whipple, and Berry, and Birney advanced. It was not enough to stem the tide, it must be moved back. It was a fierce and successful assault. They recovered a portion of the lost ground, and gave Hooker time to re-form his line for the great contest of Sunday.

The line was nearly in the form of the letter V. There was but little danger of an attack from the east, and Howard, who, with almost superhuman exertion, had reorganized his corps, was placed on the left, while Meade was sent over to the right. Couch was also moved toward the west, but kept in position to strike in either direction.

Hooker's plan was, to fight a defensive battle. He knew that the enemy must attack him or retreat. It was his intention to receive the attack, let Jackson do his utmost till exhausted, and then he would begin the advance, bring in his fresh divisions, and cut the retiring force to pieces. All of his movements, from the moment of leaving Falmouth, had been with this object in view.

Reynolds was on the extreme right, at the upper end of the left leg of the V. Meade came next, then Sickles, then Slocum, in the vicinity of the Chancellor House, holding the point of the V. Howard was on the right leg, and Couch in the centre.



It was not exactly a V, but a triangle, with the left leg longer than the right, with nearly all the troops on that leg.

The rebel advance was from the west, directly along the turnpike. Reynolds and Meade were north of the turnpike, Sickles on it, and Slocum extending one division south of it.

Hooker selected his old case-hardened corps to meet the coming shock. Berry, of Sickles's corps, was on the north side of the turnpike, Birney south of it—both divisions advanced from the general line; Whipple, of Sickles's corps, was behind Berry, and Williams, of Slocum's corps, behind Birney. The other division of Slocum (Geary's) formed the southern half of the other leg, joining on Howard.

The artillery under Best was massed to command the approaches by the turnpike. Randolph's, Seeley's, Smith's, Osband's, and two sections of Dimmick's batteries were placed in line, all pointing west, on the ridge in the centre of the fifty-acre lot. Birney and Berry were at the western edge of the lot, with two pieces of Dimmick's battery in the road.

It was early Sunday morning when Jackson advanced—about half-past five. The force of his stroke was intended to break the left leg of the V close to the joint, thus—V.

In the annals of this war there has been no greater manifestation of desperation than that shown by the rebels this Sunday morning. They came through the woods in solid mass, receiving in their faces the terrible hail-storm which burst like the fury of a tornado from Berry's and Birney's lines, from Whipple's and Williams's, which were at once advanced to the front.

The batteries—the forty pieces of artillery under Best—hurled in the grape and canister. The advancing column was cut up and gashed as if pierced, seamed, and ploughed by invincible

lightning. Companies and regiments melted away, yet still they came. Berry and Birney advanced to meet them. They were terrible shocks. The living waves rolled against each other as you have seen the billows on a stormy sea. The enemy, as if maddened by the obstinacy of these handfuls of men, rushed up to the muzzles of the cannon only to be swept back, leaving long lines of dead where the grape swept through. The rebel commanders pushed on their men to the sacrifice, carrying out the one all-animating idea of this rebellion, to win at whatever cost.

Sickles sent for reënforcements. Hooker, instead of sending them down the road, ordered French and Hancock, of Couch's corps, to advance past Meade and attack the enemy in flank. Couch was in the centre of the V. Instead of going down to the point they marched through into the west, came with great force upon the divisions which Jackson had thrown down toward Meade. It was about seven o'clock, and in a half-hour's time they put the enemy to flight.

But Sickles could not hold out against the tremendous odds. Gradually he was driven in.

Up to this time Hooker had remained at the Chancellor House, directing the movements. The left leg of the V was breaking. Should he order up Couch? Would it be safe to bring Geary across from the other leg of the V, and leave only Howard to hold that line toward Fredericksburgh? But Howard's men had recovered from their fright. Now they burned to be in the thickest of the fight—to wipe out the stain upon their honor. They were heroes now, every one of them. Ought he not to bring Meade and Reynolds up, to swing them round upon Jackson's flank, as if the V were hinged at the Chancellor House? Decisions must be made at once. He preferred, instead, to make the V smaller and thicker, to make it compact enough to resist the blow. Keeping Reynolds and Meade in their positions, he took Sickles and Slocum back toward Couch and formed a new line, still in the form of a V—shorter, blunter, thicker, stouter; such as a job printer might select from fancy type.

The fight of the morning ended at eleven. Jackson in the afternoon came on to make a second attack, still at the apex. The attack now instead of being against the side of the ridge was upon its point. Again, as in the morning, the artillery was massed. Exultingly the foe came on, yet not so determinedly as in the morning. He had lost life, blood, and energy. Yet it was a vigorous attack. Again the artillery did its fearful work.

Every attempt to move this second line failed. That apex of men and artillery was immovable. Long before night the enemy retired, foiled in all his efforts to break the line. He had pushed back the pyramid, had gained ground, and that was all. At Fredericksburgh he had lost ground. Sedgwick had carried the heights and was well advanced toward Hooker. In men he was twenty thousand poorer. His whole army had suffered.

How was it with Hooker? Reynold's, Meade's, Howard's, nearly all of Couch's, and half of Slocum's corps were fresh. The enemy had gained

ground because Hooker had planned and had fought a defensive battle, but the enemy on Sunday night had the worst of it. Virtually he was defeated. Hooker's loss was but five thousand, not including Sedgwick's.

The time had arrived, as we look at it now, for carrying out of the second part of the plan—the advance upon the enemy. Having received the blow, having exhausted the foe, it was time to hurl a thunderbolt, to fall upon Jackson with a fury of a tornado—on Sunday night or on Monday morning. Up to this moment I see but one impolitic movement—Sedgwick's attack. The heights of Fredericksburgh were of no account to Hooker. Sedgwick had twenty thousand men to carry them. It was bravely, gallantly done. He captured guns and prisoners, but lost five thousand men. A demonstration with a portion of the force would have given Hooker additional power to crush Jackson. I have no information as to whether Sedgwick acted strictly according to orders or not.

Monday came. Lee sent an overwhelming force against Sedgwick while Jackson rested, and all that had been gained, save cannon and prisoners, was lost.

Stoneman had been heard from, and Hooker delayed to strike. To annihilate the rebel army, it was of the utmost importance that Stoneman should do his part of the work. Wanting that information, he waited. Candid minds will duly consider the circumstances before condemning the delay.

Sedgwick driven back, Lee was emboldened and strengthened. There was rain up in the mountains. The Rappahannock began to rise. The rain was falling fast; could he maintain his position? Would it be safe to stay? Had he a right to imperil the army? Tuesday, and still no certain news from Stoneman. Averill, who had dashed toward Gordonsville, was in with intelligence of the destruction of the Virginia Central road in that direction; but that was of no consequence if the Fredericksburgh road was intact. The rain was pouring. He counselled with his officers, and the decision was to recross the Rappahannock. Had Hooker known on Monday what the Richmond papers had of Stoneman's operations, not thus would the affairs have ended. It was not so to be. He who guides the stars controlled also this event.

Another such success to the rebels would be a terrible disaster. They cannot long stand such an expenditure of blood. When the history of the war is written it would not be strange if the battle of Chancellorsville was reckoned about the most damaging blow thus far given to the Confederacy.

Hooker recrossed the Rappahannock noiselessly, bringing back one more cannon than was taken over. The *morale* of his army is excellent. The fact that five divisions withstood the onset of all Jackson's forces and two divisions of Longstreet's, as we are informed by Richmond papers, has inspired the men. Perhaps the question may be asked, why Hooker did not bring in more troops—why he did not bring up Meade, Reynolds,

or Couch on Sunday? He did not do it for two reasons: The ground was not adapted to the employment of such a body of troops, and it would be a departure from his well-considered plan to endure pounding till the enemy was exhausted, then to rise in his might and with sixty thousand fresh troops crumble up the foe.

It may seem that he ought to have moved on, notwithstanding he had no information from Stoneman; but that would also have been a departure from his plan, thought over and over, and decided upon before he left Falmouth.

There will be universal regret that he recrossed the river, but none will regret it more deeply than General Hooker. It was not the foe in front, not the lines of bayonets, the masses of men, which sent him back, but the rising flood threatening his supplies.

But the country is not lost, or endangered, even, by this failure. There is no reason why men should lose heart, or allow their hopes to go down. The struggle will not probably be decided by a great single victory, one grand triumph of arms, the annihilation of an army, but by powers of endurance. The party which can stand the pounding longest will win. Jackson and Lee will not desire to see many more such achievements, when the victory is barren of fruit, when the blow received is in untold measure heavier than that given.

In this account I have given only the salient points of the fight on the left, saying nothing of Sedgwick's operations, and leaving out details, that you may grasp the main features connectedly. Although not present during the engagement, I am somewhat familiar with the country along the Rappahannock, and by information from official sources am enabled to sift out the prominent and important facts thus imperfectly presented.*

CARLETON.

RICHMOND "ENQUIRER" ACCOUNT.

FREDERICKSBURGH, May 6.

It cannot be denied that we allowed the enemy to get off too easily. His whole force ought to have been captured, or rather that which crossed at Banks's Ford. Why the failure to cut off and capture a larger number than were brought in, it is not in my power to decide. I believe General Lee expected a more brilliant result. It was no fault of his that there was a failure at any point; and whilst the credit belongs in common to Lee and Jackson, up to the ill-fated hour when Jackson received his wound, it is but just to say that after that period the whole credit belonged to General Lee, not only for planning, but for being in convenient distance, and watching with his own eye to the execution, in so far as he could make it successful. The enemy ought to have been attacked at two o'clock on Monday evening, May fourth. The reason, however, which deferred it until six is not proper in the judgment of your correspondent to be communicated. When in an after day, history

writes the reason, its sufficiency will be readily acknowledged.

Just here let me urge upon the newspapers, as the organs of public opinion, to insist that General Lee shall never hereafter again expose his valuable life to the missiles of death. It is unnecessary; and now that Jackson has fallen, this, our great hero and chieftain, owes it to us, if not to himself, to be where the shock of battle cannot reach. Ten thousand, or even one hundred thousand men slain in battle might be replaced, but if General Lee should fall, who could take his place? Echo answers who!

I have passed over the whole battle-ground since the fight. It reached from Deep Run—indeed, it may be said to extend from Hamilton's Crossing, five miles below Fredericksburgh, where the artillery duelling between our batteries and those of the enemy first occurred—up to Fredericksburgh, and from the town up as far as Wilderness, fifteen miles above. The country above where the main fighting took place, has been aptly described by General Lee as "a tangled wilderness," and yet this section of densely wooded land, covered with the closest undergrowth ever seen, has been literally cleared by the grape, canister, shrapnel, and solid shot which for so many days rained through it. Every thing betokens the severity of the fight, and attests the courage and invincibility of the victors.

The fortifications are on the most extensive scale, and fronted in every direction. Hooker's plan seems to have been to ditch to Richmond. His idea was to fortify himself in a position somewhat in the form of a square at Chancellorsville, whilst Sedgwick crossed below at Fredericksburgh, turned our right wing and seized the railway at Hamilton's Crossing. Stoneman's part in the programme meantime, was evidently to create a panic, if possible, in our rear, cut the railway communication, and so cripple Lee for supplies as to secure for Hooker a bloodless victory. This a Yankee surgeon narrated to me as the "plan." He frankly confessed, however, that Hooker had been out-generalled and whipped by the "first captain of the age"—General Lee.

The evidences of panic which are everywhere to be seen, I have previously mentioned from report. To all that has been said, and to much more, my own observation can truthfully bear witness. I passed over the field near Chancellorsville as late as Saturday last, and even then, though every class of soldier and civilian plunderer had gone over it again and again, and though government wagons had been and were still engaged in carrying away the blankets, overcoats, canteens, cartridge-boxes, and every variety of article suitable to the soldier, the ground was still literally strewn with these articles, which seemed to lie as much unnoticed and as little valued as the pebbles by the sea-shore, whilst small arms of all kinds were stacked like cordwood in every part of the field, and they were still being brought in. Here and there, too, could be seen caissons, which we had captured from the

* Further reports and accounts of this battle will be found in the Supplementary volume.

enemy, and at least four or five pieces of artillery, which we had captured, but which up to that time had not been taken from the field. I also saw in its slaughtered state some of the fine cattle which he brought along in droves to feed his men upon, after the cooked meats had given out. Some of these, freshly slaughtered, fell into our hands.

Chancellorsville, a single house ten miles above or rather south-west of Fredericksburgh, where the plank and turnpike roads come together, and from which a road leads off in the direction of Ely's, and thence branches to the United States Ford, is the central point of this great transaction. It was here that Hooker had his headquarters, and it is here that he was wounded slightly. The house was destroyed by our men by means of an incendiary shell thrown from a battery under the supervision of Major Carter M. Braxton. It was done pursuant to orders, and for the reason that the Yankees used it as a cover for a battery which was playing upon our men. Not more than one or two soldiers were burnt up in the building, though a number of wounded, principally of the enemy, were consumed by the burning of the woods, which were fired in the rear of Chancellorsville by the explosion of shells.

The enemy's wounded were strewn along the roadside from Salem Church to Wilderness Meeting-House, some twelve miles above town. The number, I ascertained from the surgeons of the enemy, some twelve in number, who remained, amount to about one thousand two hundred, and as late as Saturday were still being brought in.

The retreat to the United States Ford from Chancellorsville, bears evidence of the defeat which the enemy had sustained. There were no less than seven lines of breastworks, reaching from a half-mile beyond Chancellorsville back to the ford. These breastworks, or trenches, were on the most extensive scale, and were constructed of dirt and logs, with dead horses worked in and the approaches protected by felled trees.

There is every reason for believing that the loss of the enemy was very severe in this quarter. The best proof is the large number of dead horses which were everywhere to be seen, and their ungrateful smell made it almost impossible to pass over the field. Added to this, the prisoners informed me that their ambulances were busily engaged every day, and until late in the night of each day up to Tuesday morning, in the removal of the dead and wounded from the field.

Leaving the battle of Chancellorsville and coming back to this point, it may not be out of place to mention, what I have from unquestionable sources, that the Yankees were dealt rations of whisky in order to get them up to Marye's Heights, and that each hindmost man was ordered to strike down with the drawn bayonet the man in his front who faltered; that the rear-guard, with charged bayonets, urged on the whole column, ten lines deep, and that the men thus charged because the Yankee officers could not rely upon their men to use the bayonet, if once the pressure of the bayonet was withdrawn from

their rear. This was the second charge. In the first charge even this precaution did not hinder a precipitate retreat, some of the men falling back as far as the other side of the river. Thus the enemy, throwing ten regiments against one, carried the "crest." But the difference between this time and December was that two brigades then held the stone wall; now its defence was intrusted to a single brigade, and the point where the enemy forced our lines was guarded by a single regiment.

General A. P. Hill assumed command on Saturday night at Chancellorsville as soon as General Jackson was wounded, but he, in turn, being compelled to quit the field from a flesh-wound, the command devolved upon General Rhodes for a time. General Stuart was, however, at once sent for, and on his arrival upon the field, assumed control of the movements of Jackson's corps—General A. P. Hill still, however, remaining near the field, and advising in all the important operations of the corps.

The wounding of General Jackson has been minutely detailed to me by Captain Wilbourne, of his staff. The facts, in substance, are these: General Jackson, in company with a number of his own and a part of the staff of General A. P. Hill, had ridden beyond the front line of skirmishers, after the close of the fighting on Saturday night, as was often the habit of the General. When he had finished his observations, and as he was returning, he was fired upon through mistake by some of his own men, and was wounded in the right hand and on the left arm. At the same time all the rest of the party were either killed or wounded—including Captain Boswell, his engineer—excepting Captain Wilbourne, and perhaps one other person. The General at once said he was wounded, and as soon as possible was conveyed to the rear and his arm bandaged. Just then the enemy began an attack, and it was with difficulty that General Jackson was not injured in being borne from the field, as the firing both of small arms and artillery was very rapid, and the rain of shell and balls fell thick and fast about him.

The messenger who carried General Lee the intelligence of this severe misfortune, tells me that he found the General on a bed of straw, about four o'clock in the morning, and that when told of what had occurred, his words were these: "Thank God it is no worse; God be praised that he is still alive;" and that he further said, "Any victory is a dear one that deprives us of the services of Jackson, even for a short time." Upon the informant mentioning that he believed that it was General Jackson's intention to have pressed them on Sunday, had he not have fallen, General Lee quietly said, "These people shall be pressed to-day," and at the same time rising, about four A.M. Hastily dressing, and partaking of his simple fare of ham and cracker, he sallied forth, I hear unattended, and made such dispositions as rendered that Sabbath a blessed day for our cause, even though a Jackson had fallen among its leaders.

As every incident connected with these two great men must interest the reader, I will mention, as quite current, that when General Jackson received the letter which General Lee sent him on Sunday morning, bursting into tears he said: "Far better for the Confederacy that ten Jacksons should have fallen than one Lee."

General Jackson, after receiving his wound, was conveyed to the house of Mr. Thos. Chandler, in Caroline, where all that skilful attention and attendance could afford to heal his wounds was done, but all in vain; his mission was fulfilled, his work was done; and the hero of the Valley campaign and the Stonewall of the South had passed from earth away.

Of Jackson it may be said what can be affirmed of but few men that have lived in this great struggle, that he has fulfilled a great purpose in history, wrought out the mission for which he was ordered of Providence, and that, "dying, he has left no stain which, living, he would wish to blot." His example, let us hope and believe, will survive him, and in the coming fight let Jackson's men show to the world that "a dead Jackson shall win the field."

Who his successor will be, time alone can develop. It may not be out of place to indulge a hope that Jackson's wishes in regard to his successor shall be respected, if, indeed, it be true that he expressed a preference.

To make a recapitulation of the following events, we would say there were the following battles and participants: Wilderness, fifteen miles above Fredericksburgh, where Jackson succeeded in turning the enemy's flank. This may be called, for a proper understanding of the matter, the battle of the Wilderness. It was here that Jackson turned the enemy's flank on Saturday evening, with D. H. Hill's and Trimble's divisions. The next was the fight of Chancellorsville, to which point the enemy fell back on Saturday evening, and around which they centred and made their best fight, lasting from dawn until midday of Sunday. In this fight, D. H. Hill and Trimble pressed them from above, whilst A. P. Hill, McLaws, and Anderson not only held them in check in attempting to force our lower lines, but aided in driving them from their breastworks, and accomplished the great victory of Sunday, which, indeed, was the turning-point in the whole affair. The taking of the heights on Sunday morning may properly be called the battle of Fredericksburgh. There were at this point Barksdale's brigade of McLaws's division, and a part, I think, of Hayes's Louisiana brigade, though of this I am not positive.

The next engagement was on Sunday evening. The troops here engaged consisted of Anderson's and McLaws's. This occurred near Salem Church, about four miles south-west of Fredericksburgh, and may, we suppose, be regarded as the battle of Salem Church. The result of this fight was, that our men drove the enemy back fully a mile in the direction of Fredericksburgh. The closing engagements occurred along the line of the plank-road and toward Banks's Ford, by

which route the enemy succeeded in recrossing the river. The troops engaged on our side were the divisions of Anderson and McLaws, who held the positions nearest the river, on the upper line, and the brigades of Hays, Hoke, and Lawton on the lower line; whilst the Mississippians, under Barksdale, and Smith's brigade of Early's division, guarded the rear from an attack outward from Fredericksburgh—the heights having been previously taken, without the firing of a gun, on Monday morning by Gordon's brigade, with charged bayonets. This was a glorious achievement, the crowning act of the great drama. It may be fitly called, we think, the "rout at Banks's Ford."

In order to give some idea of this great occasion in our history, I have thus endeavored to outline what will hereafter be written in detail and with accuracy by abler pens. It would afford me unalloyed satisfaction, not only to speak of the regiments and brigades which especially deserve mention, but, going a step further, I would wish to be possessed of information sufficient to enable me to set forth the many acts of daring bravery and gallantry of our officers, but of the private soldiers as well. This, however, is impossible. It may, however, be some satisfaction to those who cannot be specially remembered, for me to say that I have from the highest authority that no battle-fields of this war are more prolific in the gallant deeds of brave men than those through which our armies have just passed. Yet, where so many brave feats have been accomplished, the statement ought, in some measure, to relieve the ignorance and inability of correspondents to do justice; and where those are omitted, of whom mention ought to be made, let such remember that the general rule is, that all deserve well of their country in the army of Northern Virginia, and if there be any exceptions to it, the exceptions are as the motes upon the sunbeams, which are obscured and lost in the brilliancy of that luminary.

I have well-nigh finished my story. All that is necessary to complete it will be the mention of the arrests of nearly all males whom the enemy found in their lines on this side of the river outside of the town. Inside of town none were disturbed. Some dozen or more were thus spirited away. So it goes, fire and sword, and an abrogation of personal liberty follow in the march of these cruel people. The rich and fertile valley of the Rappahannock, once at this season so resplendent with its fields of waving grain, the abundant rewards of an honest husbandry, no longer greet the eye. But the sight is saluted in the stead with an uncultivated tract of fertile land, with here and there the charred ruins of some fine house of colonial style and construction. This poor old town, too, battered, and, in some instances, demolished, is just now smiling in the gay robes of rich, ripe verdure with which spring has bedecked her. She is far from finished, and will yet live in history, an undying memorial of the brutality of our foe, and an imperishable monument of sacrificing patriotism.

Doc. 184.

CAPTURE OF GRAND GULF, MISSISSIPPI.

ADMIRAL D. D. PORTER'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP BENTON, GRAND GULF, MISS., May 3, 1863.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: I have the honor to report, that I got under way this morning with the Lafayette, Carondelet, Mound City, and Pittsburgh, and proceeded up to the forts at Grand Gulf for the purpose of attacking them again, if they had not been abandoned. The enemy had left before we got up, blowing up their ammunition, spiking their large guns, and burying or taking away the lighter ones. The armament consisted of thirteen guns in all. The works are of the most extensive kind, and would seem to defy the efforts of a much heavier fleet than the one which silenced them. The forts were literally torn to pieces by the accuracy of our fire. Colonel Wade, the commanding of the batteries, was killed, also his chief of staff. Eleven men were killed that we know of, and our informant says that many were wounded, and that no one was permitted to go inside the forts after the action, except those belonging there.

We had a hard fight for these forts, and it is with real pleasure that I report that the navy holds the door to Vicksburg. Grand Gulf is the strongest place on the Mississippi. Had the enemy succeeded in finishing the fortifications, no fleet could have taken them.

I have been all over the works and found them as follows: One fort on a point of rocks, seventy-five feet high, calculated for six or seven guns, mounting two seven-inch rifles and one eight-inch and one Parrott gun on wheels, which was carried off. On the left of this work is a triangular work calculated to mount one heavy gun. These works are connected with another fort by a covered way and double rifle-pits extending one quarter of a mile, constructed with much labor and showing great skill on the part of the constructor. The third fort commands the river in all directions. It mounted one splendid Blakeley one hundred pounder, one eight-inch and two thirty pounders. The latter were lying bursted or broken on the ground.

The gunboats had so covered up every thing with earth that it was impossible to see at first what was there, with the exception of the guns that were dismounted or broken.

Every gun that fell into our hands was in good condition, and we found a large quantity of ammunition.

These are by far the most extensively built works, with the exception of those at Vicksburg, I have seen yet, and I am happy to say that we hold them.

I am dismounting the guns and getting on board the ammunition.

Since making the above examination new forts have been passed nearly finished. They had no guns, but were complete of the kind as regards position, and had heavy field-pieces in them.

DAVID D. PORTER,

Acting Rear Admiral, Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

Doc. 185.

FIGHT AT WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA.

FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, May 4, 1863.

THE telegraph last evening conveyed the intelligence of a fight at Warrenton Junction between a portion of Stahel's cavalry, under command of Colonel De Forrest, and Moseby's guerrillas. The rebels, numbering about three hundred, succeeded in passing the outposts between eight and nine o'clock yesterday morning. They then made a dash upon some eighty men of the First Virginia, who were dismounted, feeding their horses. These men finding that they could not mount in time to resist the attack, prepared to defend themselves on foot. As the rebels came up, they gave them a volley which emptied a number of saddles and checked the onset. A desperate fight now occurred, and for a short time the First Virginia succeeded in keeping them at bay. But numbers told, and the rebels captured about half the force, the others fighting gallantly. One of our men was shot after he had given up his arms, and this cowardly act aroused his comrades for revenge.

Meanwhile a force of the Fifth New-York, led by Major Hammond, had come up, and they gallantly charged the rebels with the sabre, completely routing them and recapturing all our men. Major Hammond continued in pursuit beyond Warrenton. The rebels fought desperately, but only succeeded in killing one of the First Virginia and wounding sixteen, five of whom were officers. The rebel loss was very heavy, their dead being left upon the field and scattered by the roadside. Twenty-three prisoners were taken, fifteen of whom were wounded. Among the prisoners is the notorious bushwhacker, Dick Moran. Moran has been Moseby's right bower for a long time. He says he told Moseby not to make this attack, that our force was too large, and that they would be whipped. He thinks Moseby threw the command into a fight which he had no business to undertake, and so sacrificed his men. Moran is badly wounded.

Templeton, a rebel spy, who has been in Washington within a week, and who was supplied with all kinds of papers, was killed. The prisoners belong to Stuart's Black Horse cavalry, Hampton's legion, Richardson's battalion, and Moseby's battalion. One of them, formerly a Major in the Quartermaster's Department of the C.S.A., resigned his position for the purpose of joining Moseby. His name is S. P. Lushane, and he hails from Washington, Pa. The man who shot one of our men who was made prisoner is also wounded and with the prisoners. Our officers and men behaved with great gallantry. Mention is to be made of Major Hammond, Captains Krom, Penfield, and McMasters, of the Fifth New-York, Captain Harris, of the First Virginia, and Captain Bean, of the First Vermont. Moseby begins to understand by this time that guerrilla fighting has its reverses as well as successes. He has now lost within a week, by capture and death, over one hundred and fifty men, and Gen-

eral Stabel does not intend he shall have much peace until all are captured or dispersed.

CASUALTIES.

KILLED: Private Nichols, company C, First Virginia.

WOUNDED: Major Josiah Steele, First Virginia, mortally; Captain Wm. A. McCoy, company C, First Virginia, slightly; Captain A. H. Krom, company G, Fifth New-York, dangerously; First Lieutenant Frank Munson, company L, Fifth New-York, slightly; Second Lieutenant Samuel McBride, company B, Fifth New-York, slightly; Levi Lowe, company C, First Virginia, slightly; James Swihart, company N, First Virginia, dangerously; Isaac Shaw, company H, First Virginia, dangerously; William McDade, company B, First Virginia, slightly; Michael Murphy, company C, First Virginia, dangerously; Franklin Doak, company B, First Virginia, slightly; Thos. P. Hatfield, company C, First Virginia, dangerously; David Stuller, company F, First Virginia, slightly; Bartholomew Grimer, company M, First Virginia, mortally; Jeremiah Riggs, company B, First Virginia, slightly; — Bowman, company B, First Virginia, mortally, (since died.)

—*New-York Tribune.*

Doc. 186.

CLAYTON'S RAID IN ARKANSAS.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

HELENA, ARKANSAS, May 15, 1863.

HAVING been along with the expedition that has just returned from White River, Bayou de Vieu, and Saint Francis, I will endeavor to give you a slight sketch of the most important incidents, and of the battle at Mount Vernon, Saint Francis County, between Colonel Carter's Texas Rangers and the Fifth Kansas cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jenkins.

On the morning of the sixth ultimo, an expedition left this point, having for its object the thorough scouring of the country lying west, to the White River, north to Bayou de Vieu, and east to the Saint Francis, the destruction of all forage likely to subsist the enemy, and ascertaining the whereabouts of General Price's forces, who were reported as marching upon this place from Little Rock.

The troops comprising this expedition were the Fifth Illinois cavalry, four hundred men; the Fifth Kansas cavalry, three hundred and twenty-five men; First Indiana cavalry, two hundred and fifty men, and one section of the Dubuque battery; all under command of Colonel Powell Clayton, Fifth Kansas cavalry, at present commanding the Second brigade, Second cavalry division, army of Tennessee.

They all left on the Little Rock road; but about six miles out, the infantry took the Moreau and Cotton Plant road, expecting to meet Coleman at Switzer's, on the prairie, seven miles from Cotton Plant. The cavalry marched to the crossing of Big Creek the first day, and proceeded to build a pontoon-bridge, the rebels having

burned the old bridge early last fall. That night, by midnight, the bridge was completed, and by noon the next day the whole command was safely over. We then marched to within eight miles of Clarendon, and encamped upon a plantation where the rebels kept a picket-post. Our men fired upon their pickets, killing one and taking one prisoner. They also got a fine Sharpe's target rifle and uniform coat—confederate, of course.

On the morning of the eighth the Colonel sent Lieutenant-Colonel Jenkins, with the Fifth Kansas, off the road about eight miles, for the purpose of getting a camp of negroes, who were sent there by their masters to keep them out of our way.

Taking a guide, they made their way through almost impassable "bayous" and "soughs" until they reached the island. Here they met the "darkies," men, women, and children, mounted on mules, ponies, and horses. They immediately turned and fled; and now commenced a scene which baffles description. The boys after them, and the Colonel foremost, shouting at the top of their voices for them to stop, that no harm was meant them. After an exciting chase of half an hour, they were all overtaken except three. They gave as their reason for running that they had been told we would take and put them in our front in battle, and thus they would all be killed. We found at a house on this island, canister shot for six-pounder guns, and a large amount of powder and lead, all of which we destroyed. We reached Switzer's that night, and found infantry and all there. We had met no enemy so far, except an occasional guerrilla squad. After grazing our jaded horses, (for there was no corn,) we started next morning for Madison, on the Saint Francis, and Wittsburgh, fifteen or twenty miles above, while the infantry returned to Helena by way of Moreau, Marianna, and Lagrange.

The road from Switzer's to the l'Anguille River is known as the Military road, and goes to Memphis. For about six miles it leads through a level prairie, and then striking the timber, it is a corduroy or causeway, not wide enough to turn a wagon on, and a deep ditch on either side, until it strikes the l'Anguille at a point known as the Bridge, some twenty or twenty-five miles from Switzer's, and twenty miles west and north of Madison.

About one mile west of the bridge is where the Fourth Iowa cavalry was surprised and defeated last fall by the Texans. Colonel Clayton stopped here with the First Indiana and the artillery, sending Colonel Jenkins forward to Taylor's Creek, five miles distant, with the Fifth Kansas and Fifth Illinois.

We camped that night (the tenth) at Dr. Cobb's, one of the murderers of Lipps, a Union man. This Cobb, with his brother and twenty-five other miscreants, went to Lipp's house, knocked his wife down with a revolver, and murdered Lipps in cold blood, and all this for his outspoken and determined Unionism. Dozens of persons will testify to this to the very letter.

Cobb had taken the precaution to leave, and is safe at Little Rock. Let him beware, should ever the Fifth Kansas get him; a short shrift and a long rope will be his reward.

The next morning, about two P.M., a despatch came, ordering the Colonel (as we understood) to proceed to Hugh's Ferry, via Mount Vernon, and ascertain the whereabouts of Dobbins's regiment of guerrillas, as well as the practicability of crossing the whole command at that place, and report to Colonel Clayton by message that afternoon. At six A.M. of the eleventh we started, and after going over the hills of Crowley's ridge, about fifteen miles, we came down into the l'Anguille bottom. We followed the base of the ridge down to McDaniel's Mills, seven miles from the ferry, taking its owner prisoner. We burned the mill, which had been grinding for the rebels all winter, and in this bottom alone we destroyed by fire about fifty thousand or sixty thousand bushels of corn.

A negro here came into camp, stating that General Marmaduke had six thousand men up at Wittsburgh, and that there was a plan laid out us off, as follows: Dobbins was to be at the ferry with five hundred men, while a column was to attack us from above. A consultation was held, and then the Fifth Illinois started for the Widow Hinton's, four miles above, at the foot of the ridge, to feed; and as soon as our regiment had fed, the bugle sounded to horse, and we started for Taylor's Creek, where Colonel Clayton was to meet us, or remain to hear from us. Passing the Fifth Illinois about four P.M., we proceeded to a point about five miles beyond; and when nearing Mount Vernon, the quick, sharp report of the rifles of the advanced guard notified us of the proximity of the enemy; a loud and more sonorous volley informed us that they had replied with their double-barrelled shot-guns.

Colonel Jenkins immediately rode to the front, and the regiment came up at a sharp gallop. They found the enemy drawn up in a line across the ridge, about one hundred yards in advance. The Colonel now ordered the regiment to dismount, keeping about eight or ten men to hold every forty horses; and company A was deployed to the right, and another company to the left, and ordered to move forward as skirmishers, other companies covering the centre.

And now commenced an engagement, lasting about three quarters of an hour, our men driving the rebels before them with loud cheers; breaking their line three different times, and punishing them severely.

At length they appeared in such force that it was deemed advisable to choose a favorable position and make a stand. We were on a wide oak ridge, and had forced the enemy back about one third of a mile.

A large oak tree had been thrown nearly across the road by a storm, and the road had to bend a little to get around it; having no branches, it afforded an excellent cover for about forty men. Here we were ordered to halt. The cen-

tre was now strengthened, the flanks and rear well guarded; and though the rebels kept up an almost continuous volley, it seemed to be felt by both officers and men that their real force was yet to come.

The rebels were about eighty yards from us, in line across the road, when they poured in a heavy volley, and parted to the right and left, making way for those from behind.

And now a sight met our eyes well calculated to make the sternest heart quail. A regiment or column of cavalry was seen coming down upon us at full speed—the officers waving their sabres, encouraging their men. When within sixty yards, the whole column broke out into a mad yell, such as might have come from ten thousand Comanche Indians.

Then it was that our Lieutenant-Colonel showed of what stuff he was made. Sitting calmly and bravely on his horse, right amidst his men, he encouraged them both by orders and example. "Reserve your fire, men, until they are close on you, and then let every shot tell." And how they obeyed, the sequel but too well showed. When within thirty or forty yards, they were met by such a storm of balls as made many a gallant rider bite the dust; and though the weight and impetus of the column carried them almost to us, the fire was so severe and concentrated they broke right and left and retreated, leaving several dead and wounded behind. In the course of fifteen minutes, or perhaps thirty, during which time they kept up a constant firing, the same thing was repeated again.

This time a large and fine-looking officer was at their very head, while a little on one side rode a richly dressed field-officer, whom our men recognized immediately as Colonel Carter, he having been in our camp three days last fall when here with a flag of truce.

On they came, with that same wild yell, more desperate from their first repulse; and now their confederate flag was seen waving close to the front. When they are close up, "Give it to them, boys, and fire low!" was the Colonel's orders, as he sat watching the coming shock, while the lead was whistling all around him; and well they obeyed the order. The Captain leading the column fell, shot through and through, within striking distance of our men. Colonel Carter here went down, whilst the color-sergeant tumbled headlong from his saddle close to us. And here a piece of bravery and gallantry was performed, worthy of the far-famed ranger. After a more terrible punishment than before, they broke in the same way, and just as the last of the column wheeled off to the right, a ranger noticed his colors, and swinging himself clear over to one side, gathered them up and rode off.

And now a piteous scene presented itself—the ground was strewn with dead and wounded rebels, the wounding asking beseechingly for water. "For God's sake, water!" and though the fight was not over, our men procured a little in a ravine near by, and gave it to them.

The Captain proved to be Captain McKee, com-

pany B, Twenty-first Texas, a large man weighing about two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He informed us it was Colonel Carter's brigade, and that his regiment had never before been repulsed in a charge. Upon questioning him, we also learned that Colonel Clayton had fell back west of the bridge, and that there were two brigades between us; also that they intended to cut us off from the crossing at Hugh's Ferry. In a few minutes they attempted a third charge, but only came part way, gave a faint cheer and fell back once more.

They now opened on us with artillery, and it was deemed prudent to withdraw. Their loss in killed was nearly thirty, and wounded about three times as many. Our own loss was only one killed and fourteen wounded. We attribute the large disproportion of wounded to their shot-guns.

Our men took from the dead several trophies in the way of revolvers, shot-guns, etc.

The Fifth Illinois now came up, the recall was sounded, and we retired in perfect order.

We reached the ferry about midnight. At daylight on the morning of the twelfth, we commenced crossing our horses, and by noon we had swam seven hundred and twenty-five horses over a deep river one hundred yards wide, and crossed all the men without a single accident. The infantry returning to Marianna, caused Dobbins to change camp.

The Fifth Kansas will now bet their bottom dollar on their Lieutenant-Colonel, as well as their Majors, Sam Walker and T. W. Scudder.

Col. Clayton arrived at Helena on the morning of the thirteenth, and the Fifth came in that night.

Colonel Clayton drove the rebels back at Taylor's Creek and made good his retreat to Helena.

Altogether this is the most important scout ever made from Helena—so says General Prentiss. Marmaduke has been again repulsed with loss, and General Prentiss has received certain information of his whereabouts. He destroyed over one hundred thousand bushels of corn for the enemy, and brought a good many negroes out of slavery. Excuse the length of this letter; but as this has made quite a stir, I thought you would like some items.

ORDERLY SERGEANT.

P. S.—Our surgeon, who was left with two wounded men, we having no ambulances, has just returned, and reports that he saw two captains and two lieutenants who were killed, and two lieutenants severely wounded. Also, eighteen privates so severely wounded as to have beds; they admit they were beaten. Colonel Clayton defeated them at Taylor's Creek, with the First Indiana, and Colonel Jenkins at Mt. Vernon with the Fifth Kansas—a punishment they will not soon forget.

O. S.

Doc. 187.

CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA, MISS.

DESPATCH OF ADMIRAL PORTER.

MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG-SHIP GEN. PRICE, }
GRAND GULF, MISS., May 12. }

SIR: I have the honor to inform you, from Alexandria, of the capture of that place and the

forts defending the approaches to the city, by the naval force under my command. Twenty-four hours after we arrived the advance-guard of United States troops came into the city, and General Banks arriving soon after, I turned the place over to his keeping. The water beginning to fall, I deemed it prudent to return with the largest vessels to the mouth of the Red River. I dropped down to Forts De Russy in the Benton, and undertook to destroy these works. I only succeeded, however, in effectually destroying the three heavy casemates commanding the channel, and a small water-battery for two guns. About six hundred yards below it I also destroyed by bursting one heavy thirty-two pounder and some gun-carriages left in their hurry by the enemy. The main fort, on a hill some nine hundred yards from the water, I was unable to attend to. It is quite an extensive work, quite new and incomplete, but built with much labor and pains. It will take two or three vessels to pull it to pieces: I have not the powder to spare to blow it up. The vessels will be ordered to work at it occasionally, and it will be soon destroyed.

In this last-mentioned fort was mounted the eleven-inch gun, which, I am led to believe, lies in the middle of the river, near the fort, the rebels throwing it overboard in their panic at the approach of our gunboats. The raft which closed the entrance I have blown up, sawed in two, and presented to the poor of the neighborhood.

I sent Commander Woodworth in the Price, with the Switzerland, Pittsburgh, and Arizona, up Black River to make a reconnoissance, and he destroyed a large amount of stores valued at three hundred thousand dollars, consisting of salt, sugar, rum, molasses, tobacco, and bacon.

DAVID D. PORTER,

Acting Rear-Admiral, Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy.

Doc. 188.

GENERAL STONEMAN'S RAID

THROUGH VIRGINIA, APRIL 29 TO MAY 7.

YORKTOWN, May 7, 1863.

To Major-General Halleck:

COLONEL Kilpatrick, with his regiment, the Harris Light cavalry, and the rest of the Illinois Twelfth regiment, have just arrived at Gloucester Point, opposite the fort. They burned the bridges over the Chickahominy, destroyed three large trains of provisions in the rear of Lee's army, drove in the rebel pickets to within two miles of Richmond, and have lost only one lieutenant and thirty men, having captured and paroled three hundred prisoners. Among the prisoners was an aid to General Winder, who was captured, with his escort, far within the intrenchments outside of Richmond. This cavalry have marched nearly two hundred miles since the third of May. They were inside of the fortifications of Richmond on the fourth, and burned all the stores at Ayle's Station, on the Mattapony. On the fifth they destroyed all the bridges over the Pamunkey and

Mattapony, and a large depot of corn and stores near and above the Rappahannock, and came in here in good condition. They deserve great credit for what they have done. It is one of the finest feats of the war.

RUFUS KING,
Brigadier-General Commanding Post.

COLONEL KILPATRICK'S REPORT.

YORKTOWN, VA., May 8.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief, United States Army.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, by direction of Major-General Stoneman, I left Louisa Court-House on the morning of the third inst., with one regiment (the Harris Light cavalry) of my brigade; reached Hungary, on the Fredericksburgh Railroad, at daylight on the morning of the fourth, destroyed the depot, telegraph wires, and railroad for several miles, passed over to the Brook turnpike; drove in the rebel pickets down the pike across the Brook; charged a battery and forced it to retire to within two miles of the city of Richmond; captured Lieutenant Brown, aide-camp to General Winder, and eleven men within the fortification; passed down to the left to the Meadow Bridge, on the Chickahominy, which I burned; ran a train of cars into the river; retired to Hanover town, on the Peninsula; crossed and destroyed the ferry just in time to check the advance of a pursuing cavalry force; burned a train of thirty wagons, loaded with bacon; captured thirteen prisoners, and encamped for the night five miles from the river. I resumed my march at one A.M. of the fifth; surprised a force of three hundred cavalry at Aylett's, captured two officers and thirty-three men; burned fifty-six wagons and the depot, containing upward of twenty thousand barrels of corn and wheat, quantities of clothing and commissary stores, and safely crossed the Mattapony and destroyed the ferry again, just in time to escape the advance of the rebel cavalry pursuit. Late in the evening I destroyed a third wagon-train and depot, a few miles above and west of Tappahannock, on the Rappahannock, and from that point made a forced march of twenty miles, being closely followed by a superior force of cavalry, supposed to be a portion of Stuart's, from the fact that we captured prisoners from the First, Fifth, and Tenth Virginia cavalry. At sundown I discovered a force of cavalry drawn up in line of battle above King and Queen Court-House. The strength was unknown, but I at once advanced to the attack, only, however, to discover that they were friends, a portion of the Twelfth Illinois cavalry, who had become separated from the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, of the same regiment. At ten A.M., on the seventh, I found safety and rest under our brave old flag, within our lines at Gloucester Point.

The raid and march about the entire rebel army, a march of nearly two hundred miles, has been made in less than five days, with a loss of one officer and thirty-seven men, having captured and paroled upward of eight hundred men.

I take great pleasure in bringing to your notice

the officers of my staff, Captain P. Owen Jones, Captain Armstrong, and Captain McIrvin, Doctor Hackley and Lieutenant Estis, especially the latter, who volunteered to carry a despatch to Major-General Hooker. He failed in the attempt, but with his escort of ten men he captured and paroled one major, two captains, a lieutenant, and fifteen men. He was afterward himself captured, with his escort, and was afterward recaptured by our own forces. He arrived this morning. I cannot praise too highly the bravery, fortitude, and untiring energy displayed throughout the march by Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, and the officers and men of Ira Harris's Light cavalry, not one of whom but was willing to lose his liberty or his life, if he could but aid in the great battle now going on, and win for himself the approbation of his chiefs. Respectfully submitted,

J. KILPATRICK,
Colonel Comd'g First Brigade, Third Division Cavalry.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DAVIS'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWELFTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY, }
GLOUCESTER POINT, VA., May 10, 1863. }

To Brigadier-General Rufus King, Commanding at Yorktown:

GENERAL: In compliance with your request, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Twelfth Illinois cavalry since leaving the main body of the cavalry corps, on the South-Anna, on the morning of Sunday last.

My orders were to penetrate to the Fredericksburgh Railroad, and, if possible, to the Virginia Central, and destroy communications. Should we cross the Virginia Central, I was to make for Williamsburgh, said to be in possession of our forces.

We marched before daybreak, passing down the bank of the South-Anna, through a region never before occupied by our forces. We burned one bridge, and dispersed a party of mounted guerrillas, who made a poor attempt to oppose us. We struck the first railway line at Ashland. Lieutenant Mitchell, with about a dozen men, was sent ahead to occupy the place. We dashed into the village, and took it without loss. There were but few of the enemy there, and they escaped us. We captured their arms, however, and destroyed them. Words cannot describe the astonishment of the inhabitants at our appearance.

I assured them that no harm would be done their persons or property, and were soon better acquainted. We cut the telegraph wire and tore up a half-dozen rails, and piling a quantity of boards in some trestle-work south of the town, made an immense fire which soon consumed the entire structure. While at this work, a train of cars, approaching the town, was captured and brought in for inspection. It proved to be an ambulance train from Fredericksburgh of seven cars filled with two hundred and fifty sick and wounded, officers and soldiers, with a guard. Among them was an aid of General Letcher, and several officers of considerable rank. We received their version of the late fight, and paroled

them, and let them go, leaving the cars for the benefit of the poor fellows who were more seriously injured. The engine and tender of the train, together with another found in the town, were rendered completely useless by a mechanic from the ranks.

We found here a large stable filled with rebel horses and mules. Some of them we took with us, but were obliged to leave the most of them. We destroyed twenty wagons, with harness, etc.

We left Ashland at six o'clock P.M. A few miles from the town word was brought us that eighteen wagons was camped in the woods near by. I sent Captain Roder, with companies B and C, to destroy them, which he did. We struck the Central Railroad at Hanover Station, about eight o'clock P.M. Although wearied and exhausted by our day's labor, I thought it best to complete the duty assigned us, and break all the enemy's connections before resting. Not an enemy opposed us. We captured and paroled about thirty officers and men at the station; they made no resistance. Captain Shears was ordered to destroy the trestle-work, which reached about ten rods to the south side of the depot. The work was effectually done by the same process as at Ashland, and by its blaze we could clearly discern the confederate guards passively standing at the other end. We also burned a culvert, and cut the telegraph wires, and burned the depot buildings, store-houses, stables, and a train of cars, all belonging to the confederate government, and filled with property.

It would be impossible to give a precise statement of the damage here inflicted upon the enemy. It must have been great. There were more than a hundred wagons burned, a thousand sacks of flour and corn, and a large quantity of clothing and horse equipments. The buildings and cars were full of property, collected for the use of the Southern army. All private property we respected, and I believe that none whatever was destroyed.

By the light of the burning buildings we left the station and marched for the court-house, which had been previously occupied by Captain Fisher with companies A and G, who had placed pickets there and taken a captain and four men prisoners. We passed through the court-house and marched down to within seven miles of Richmond, where we bivouacked till eight o'clock the next morning, when we marched for Williamsburgh. At Tunstall Station (near the White House and the Richmond and Yorktown Railroad) a train of cars filled with infantry and a battery of three guns, was run out to oppose us.

I thought it best to make an effort to break through before the men could be got out of the cars, or the battery in position. I therefore brought up my two foremost squadrons, and ordered a charge, which was executed by them, Charles Reanes, with companies D and F, taking the lead, and followed by Captain Shears, with companies H and I. This charge was made most gallantly. The infantry filled the embankment of the railway, and poured upon us a se-

vere fire, but my men dashed up to the embankments in splendid style, and, with carbines and pistols, responded to the fire with equal effect. It was, however, impossible to break through. There were formidable rifle-pits to the left of the road, and the enemy soon filled them, and we were forced to retire, with a loss of two killed and several wounded; among the latter, Lieutenant Marsh, who was among the foremost in the charge, and who received so severe a wound in the right arm, that we were obliged to leave him in one of the neighboring houses.

Failing to penetrate the enemy's lines at this point, I determined to cross the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers, and make for Gloucester Point. In this movement I had nothing to guide me but a common map of the State of Virginia, and I was in entire ignorance of the position of the enemy's force, except that the line before me was closed. My information was of that poor sort derived from contrabands. I selected Plunkett's Ferry, over the Pamunkey, and occupied it, after driving away a picket on the other side, with whom we exchanged shots. We crossed in a boat holding fifteen or eighteen men and horses, which was poled over the river. Our passage was not disputed. In the same manner we crossed the Mattaponi, at Walkertown, after driving away a picket, two of whom we captured. Between these two ferries a portion of the command under Major Bronson, became detached, and did not join us until the seventh instant. They captured fifteen rebels and destroyed a quantity of saddles at King and Queen Court-House.

From Walkertown we marched to Gloucester Point, having travelled a distance of over two hundred miles, much of it through Southern homes, never disturbed by the presence of the enemy. Not far from Saluda we captured and destroyed a train of eighteen wagons, loaded with corn and provisions.

Our total loss in the expedition has been two commissioned officers and thirty-three enlisted men. We brought with us one hundred mules and seventy-five horses, captured from the enemy. We captured, in the course of our march, a much larger number, which we could not bring on. The amount of property destroyed is estimated at over one million of dollars.

Respectfully submitted. H. DAVIS,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

ACCOUNT BY A PARTICIPANT.

HEADQUARTERS STONEMAN'S CAVALRY CORPS, }
Friday, May 8, 1863. }

I will commence the narrative at the time when it may be said the command first entered the enemy's lines by crossing Kelly's Ford. This was effected, without damage, on the morning of Wednesday, April twenty-ninth, the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifth army corps crossing on the same day. One division, however, of General Stoneman's command, that commanded by Gen. Averill, forded the river near the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and soon after crossing encountered a small force of the enemy's cavalry,

and a fight, in which artillery was employed for a short time, ensued—the enemy retiring after a brief contest. The loss on either side was small. General Averill's orders were understood to be to proceed along the road toward Culpeper and Gordonsville, and by a dashing flank movement to keep the enemy's troops, known to be located in that vicinity, employed, while detachments from the main column were engaged in the most important duty of cutting off the rebel army of the Rappahannock from its base of operations. Unfortunately, Gen. Averill's command did not protect the right of the main body, and, as a consequence, the operations at different points were materially interfered with. His guns were heard on Thursday, and from prisoners subsequently captured, we learned that a large force had been encountered at Rapidan Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and after a short fight, General Averill retired. At all events he was not seen, nor his anxiously listened for guns were not heard again.

General Buford went to the left after crossing Kelly's Ford, and had a skirmish with the enemy. The enemy charged and were repulsed; before they advanced again an abatis was constructed out of trees; the enemy charged, received a volley and retired, leaving one dead man on the field.

General Stoneman, with the bulk of his command, remained near Kelly's Ford until nightfall, when the order to march was given, and the whole force crossed and bivouacked a short distance beyond a little rivulet—now much swollen by the recent rains—known as Fleshman's River. Here, in an open ploughed field, the troops slept soundly, without other protection from a cold, pitiless rain-storm that prevailed all night, than that afforded by their blankets and rubber cloths. The night was dreary in the extreme. All fires were prohibited, all bugle calls were suspended, and orders were delivered *sotto voce*, so that the enemy should have no opportunity whatever of judging of the number or position of the force. These precautions were carefully observed during the nine days' campaign, and to this may be attributed in part the success of the enterprise with so little loss.

Thursday morning, (April thirtieth,) the whole command was aroused from slumber before daylight; after a little shaking and wringing, "boots and saddle" was whispered to the different commanders, and we were soon upon the road again. The facility with which man adapts himself to any circumstances—particularly if a little disagreeable in point of fact—was exemplified this morning. The night had been cold and wet, just about as disagreeable weather as one meets during a lifetime, and nearly every body was drenched to the skin, and yet not a man could have been found willing to own that he was in any way uncomfortable. In fact, the comfortable night's rest obtained in three inches of mud and water, was the boast of every one. "Never slept better in my life," said a gentleman of the medical persuasion, who had just wrung the

water out of his blankets and seated himself in a soaked saddle, and who the day before was suffering the torment of rheumatic pains from head to foot. What the worthy doctor expressed, all experienced. Our pickets were charged upon during the night by strolling rebel cavalry, but the camp was not alarmed; in fact, the affair was not generally known in camp. The same movement was repeated at early dawn, without damage. Our troops are quite conscious of their strength, and will not easily be scared from their purpose. The command, which had before been culled of all sick men and doubtful horses, was culled again to-day, and all pack animals save about twenty, all weak horses, and all sick or weak-kneed troops were sent back across the river.

The command was at last in light marching order. To-day, being well within the enemy's lines, great caution was exercised; proceeding a few miles through a piece of woods in parallel columns, a large open space of rolling ground was reached, when a halt was made in the woods, and the whole district was patrolled for an enemy. These precautionary plans were carried out during the whole expedition. The exercise of caution was particularly necessary to-day, because cannonading could be heard on the right—supposed to be in General Averill's command. The advance of General Buford's column arrived near Minot's Ford, on the Rapidan, at one o'clock P.M. Lieutenant Penn Gaskell, Aid-de-Camp, with a squadron of the Fifth cavalry, crossed, and dashing up the river, caused some one thousand six hundred rebel infantry—assembled to protect the crossing at Raccoon Ford, two miles above—to leave in great haste. They succeeded in escaping with a piece of artillery which they had intended to use upon the head of General Gregg's column. Lieutenant Penn Gaskell followed the flying fugitives for five miles on the road toward Orange Court-House, (capturing a lieutenant and nine men—mostly artillerymen,) and General Gregg crossed the river at Raccoon Ford without difficulty. At night the whole force encamped on a hill commanding the ford, with orders to be in the saddle at two A.M.

Friday, May first, another cold, wet night, was passed in the open air, and all pretended to enjoy it hugely, and the men were standing to horse at the hour indicated, but the march was not commenced till after daylight—a guide was wanted. Major Falls, of General Gregg's staff, foraged to supply the deficiency, and soon after caused much amusement by dashing along the line at the head of the column with a reliable contraband astride his horse behind. To-day, at Orange Spring, a lieutenant on Jackson's staff, named Mount, was captured while returning from Fauquier County, where he had been on a short leave of absence. He alleges he was captured only when his horse became unmanageable. The approach to Orange Spring was very quiet, and so close upon a column of rebel cavalry that they were forced to throw away several wagon-loads of provisions, and abandon their jaded

horses and accoutrements. A few stragglers were captured. Among the captures to-day was a rebel engineer and team filled with the implements employed in his department. At two o'clock P.M., scouts reported that several hundred of the enemy's cavalry, with a train, were escaping by a side-road on our right. Colonel Wyndham was sent in pursuit, and went to the vicinity of Madison, without overhauling the force, however. There was some straggling to-day, owing to the desire of a few of the rear-guard to obtain peach brandy, which the inhabitants deal out liberally, with a view, no doubt, to making captures. The day and night being pleasant, the command marched until half-past three o'clock Saturday morning, May second, when a halt was made at Greenwood, one mile west of Louisa Court-House.

Here was reached the Central Virginia Railroad. Detachments were sent up and down the road for miles to destroy the track, culverts, and bridges, and also to act as pickets to prevent surprise. The work was well done. Just at dawn, Colonel Kilpatrick charged into Louisa Court-House. The visit of Yankees was entirely unexpected, and the people were caught napping, just as they had rolled over for a morning snooze.

The possibility of the invading troops being Yankees was not dreamed of until several straggling rebel soldiers had been arrested. They supposed it to be Stuart's cavalry. When the scales had fallen from their eyes with the rising of the sun, the whole town was panic-stricken. Fully believing the villainous falsehoods so industriously and pertinaciously circulated by the Jeff Davis despotism at Richmond, as to the treatment the people had everywhere received at the hands of our soldiers, they were much relieved when assured that their lives would be spared, and that private property would not be interfered with, except in such cases as all civilized nations consider legitimate—supplying the actual necessities of the troops. After this assurance, the people talked freely and unreservedly with officers and men. A breakfast—consisting of corn, hog, hominy, and rye coffee—was obtained at the hotel for two dollars. For shilling calico, two dollars and fifty cents per yard was asked at the stores; very poor whisky, thirty-two dollars per gallon, and every thing else was proportionately high. The people of this town, like those of many others I have visited in rebeldom, occupy a humiliating position. They are not innate secessionists; in fact, but few of the people think for themselves at all. That labor is performed for them at Richmond, and all they have to do is to pay. Jeff Davis has full control over their minds; they are passive instruments in his hands, and, as a rule, but few have any excuse for opposing the Government of the Union, except that they are told to do so by the master demons of the rebellion. To-day the people of Louisa saw for the first time Uncle Samuel's postal currency, and offered any number of confederate paper dollars for Uncle Sam's paper representative of twenty-five cents. Greenbacks are held in high estimation. A pair

of shoes, for which a store-keeper demanded twenty-eight dollars, were offered for seven dollars, if paid in greenbacks. The reader should bear in mind that this was in a place where the rebel government has heretofore held undisputed sway.

While halting in Louisa, a squadron of the First Maine cavalry, picketing the Culpeper road, was attacked by a superior force, and, after a most gallant resistance, fell back, leaving two dead. The First Maine and Second New-York were sent to their support, when the enemy fled. The ladies, yesterday, along the road, assured us that we should have "plenty of fight" at Louisa Court-House. But like many other rebel boasts, the wish was father to the thought.

At four o'clock P.M. Saturday, May second, the railroad having been destroyed for miles, and a number of cars and bridges—over Greenwood and Hickory Rivers—burned, horses and troopers well supplied with rations, the command was moved upon a hill to the east of the town, and there for an hour awaited the threatened attack by troops known to be approaching from Gordonsville. But the two regiments at the west of the town were quite sufficient to induce a retrograde movement of both infantry and cavalry. At five o'clock the command started for Thompson's Cross-Roads, (or Four Corners,) which point was reached at about half past eleven o'clock P.M. From here the different expeditions started to cut the enemy's lines. At twelve o'clock midnight, General Stoneman called all of the principal officers together, and explained his general plan of operations. The commander of each detachment was directed to specify points to be destroyed—the special object of his mission accomplished, he was allowed the widest latitude for any further operations.

By half-past two o'clock Sunday morning, May third, the several expeditions had started. The moon was shining brightly, the roads were comparatively good, and for once in the history of the war, every thing was in harmony. Colonel Wyndham, of the First New-Jersey cavalry, with his own and the First Maine regiments—in all about five hundred men, took a southerly direction, and crossing Owen's Creek, Licking Hole Creek, Little Licking Hole Creek, Little Byrd Creek, and several other creeks, reached Columbia, on the James River, at about eight o'clock A.M. The approach of the force had been heralded, but no one believed it. The man who went to the trouble of riding ten miles to give the inhabitants notice, was almost mobbed by the people—they doubted his sanity. "What! Yankees near Columbia?" said one citizen. "It is impossible; Jeff Davis would not permit such an invasion" of the sacred soil. The furnisher of the unwelcome news had dirt thrown at him, was hooted at, and followed by a crowd of excited people, who were threatening him with all sorts of vengeance, just as the advance-guard of Colonel Wyndham's force, under Major Beaumont, dashed into town. There were no soldiers there. A dozen or more citizens succeeded in

escaping across the river, and spreading the astounding intelligence, and soon after a squad of troopers appeared in the distance on the opposite bank. The people south of the river did not believe the story told by the fugitives. One man rode with his servant down to the river-bank to see for himself. The servant seized upon the opportunity to ride into our lines. He was not pursued. A planter sent a son mounted on a valuable horse to ascertain the news—believing the force to be Stuart's cavalry. The boy asked an officer if the Yankees had been whipped, and was told that they had. He expressed his satisfaction and was about leaving, when the officer told him he wanted a horse, his own was jaded. An exchange was speedily made. The boy was evidently somewhat puzzled at this summary proceeding, but thought it all right no doubt, as it was Stuart's cavalry, and he rode off to tell his father the news. A negro who manifested some joyful emotion upon hearing that the Yankees were coming, was severely whipped by his master just below Columbia, a few hours before we reached the spot. The negro, upon being released, reiterated his former expression, and an attempt was made to whip him again. But he escaped, jumped into the river and was drowned. The old negro preacher on the plantation where the above occurred, told me that his master "cursed de Yankees cause dey made 'im loss a fifteen-hundred-dollar nigger."

In the canal at Columbia were found several boats loaded for Richmond with baled hay and commissary stores, all bearing the stencil mark of C. S. A. Another boat from Lynchburgh arrived during the day. The torch was applied to the boats; bridges across the canal—of which there were several—and a large quantity of medical and commissary goods found in a warehouse, were either burned or thrown into the river. The bank of the canal was cut at several points within five miles, and the locks destroyed. At Columbia the canal crosses the James River in a massive stone aqueduct. No one seems to have known of this structure; at all events nothing was brought along to secure its destruction.

The engineer of the command, and Major Beaumont and Captain Thomas, of the First New-Jersey cavalry, each made special effort to destroy this structure. There was no blasting tools to be had; several kegs of blasting powder, however, were found in a store-house, and three of the kegs were confined in a cask, and the cask filled with pressed earth. The water in the aqueduct being eight feet deep, it was designed to sink this machine over one of the piers and destroy the same upon the Maillefort plan of blasting rocks under water. Every thing was arranged and the cask was being lowered into the canal by means of a rope, when, unfortunately, the rope broke, and the cask could not be recovered again within the time prudence dictated that absence from the place would be desirable. Several negroes, who followed that night, allege that two rebel regiments, with eight pieces of artillery, entered the place within two hours after Colonel

Wyndham evacuated it. At about four o'clock p.m., the detachment marched down the canal bank for about five miles, forded Byrd Creek, and taking the Fredricksburgh pike so far as it went in the right direction, arrived at Thompson's Four Corners at ten o'clock the same night. This command during the day captured several hundred horses, and was followed into camp by a drove of negroes.

The movements of General Gregg's command upon the Fredericksburgh and Richmond Railroad at Ashland and vicinity; that of Colonel Kilpatrick and Colonel Davis, upon the Virginia Central road, between the South-Anna and Richmond, and the destruction of all the pike bridges on the South-Anna, of trains of cars, of commissary stores and depots, have been referred to in a previous letter. Each of these detachments captured a large number of horses, and destroyed immense amounts of property in use by or ready for the agents of the rebellion.

Sunday and nearly all day Monday, General Buford's command was stationed near Shannon Hill, and a detachment under Captain Drummond was sent to destroy the canal and bridge near Cedar Point, which work was most effectually accomplished. Sunday night, the third, it is believed both Hampton and Lee's brigades were encamped within two miles of General Buford.

On the morning of the fourth, a picket, consisting of sixty men, commanded by Lieut. Stoddard, of the Fifth cavalry, was attacked. Fifteen of our men were captured. Among the number missing are two officers, supposed to have been captured.

Tuesday the fifth, the whole of the command concentrated near Yanceyville, and during the day divine service was held in the St. James's church at that place. The Rev. O. A. Brickman, Chaplain First Maryland cavalry, officiated, and a patriotic and fervent prayer was offered by Major C. H. Russell, of the same regiment. In the afternoon the retrograde movement was commenced. General Buford's division made a circuit, passing near Gordonsville. General Gregg's division crossed the South-Anna at Yanceyville, and on Friday morning, May eighth, the whole force reached Kelly's Ford in safety.

On Thursday, just after crossing Raccoon Ford, General Stoneman sent Lieutenant Sumner, of his staff, as bearer of despatches to Gen. Hooker, with whom he had not communicated since the twenty-ninth ultimo. Taking with him an escort of sixteen men, Lieutenant Sumner went to the Germanna bridge, with a view to reaching, if possible, United States Ford. The result of the battle near Fredericksburgh was not then known. Information obtained from residents near Germanna bridge satisfied Lieutenant Sumner that it would not be prudent to go further in that direction. He accordingly proceeded to Richards's Ford, and with great difficulty succeeded in crossing in safety. The escort being unable to ford the river, moved back five miles to a farm-house, where they stopped for the night, and next morning overtook General Stoneman at Kelly's Ford. Not an armed rebel was seen by this party.

To sum up—General Stoneman moved about within the enemy's lines at will for nine days, with a force not exceeding five thousand men; disabled every line of communication between the army of the Rappahannock and the rebel capital, and the canal through which more than one half of their supplies are received—so that, in the opinion of competent judges, neither line, provided the rebels have every facility for the work, can be repaired in less than four weeks; destroyed millions of dollars' worth of commissary stores, and other supplies; obstructed travel upon the main pikes, by destroying all bridges over large streams; gave the citizens of ten counties, namely, Culpeper, Spottsylvania, Orange, Hanover, Henrico, Louisa, Goochland, Fluvanna, King William, and New-Kent, an opportunity to see for themselves that not only are the Yankee soldiers confident and in good spirits, but are really human beings and not inhuman savages, as represented by the Richmond chivalry; captured hundreds of horses, and above all met the one great objection made to the Emancipation Proclamation, so far as the counties visited are concerned, by letting the colored population know that they are free, and weakening the producing class in rebeldom by the removal of hundreds of able-bodied men, and sowing the seed of demoralization among the rest, so that the laboring class, in fact as well as theory, becomes a dangerous element. All this has been accomplished by the raid of General Stoneman, with the loss, probably, of less than one hundred men, all told—only two of whom were killed. As an offset to this loss, our troops killed a number of rebels, and captured between one and two hundred prisoners.

In the counties visited there were but few rebels found at home, except the very old and the very young. In nine days' travel I did not see fifty able-bodied men who were not in some way connected with the army. Nearly every branch of business is at a standstill. The shelves in stores are almost everywhere empty; the shop of the artisan is abandoned and in ruins. The people who are to be seen passively submit to all that emanates from Richmond without a murmur; they are for the most part simple-minded, and ignorant of all that is transpiring in the great theatre about them. An intelligent-looking man in Columbia laughed heartily when told that Union troops occupied New-Orleans—Jeff Davis would let them know it were such the fact; and I could not find a man who would admit that the confederates had ever been beaten in a single engagement. These people do not even read the Richmond papers, and about all the information they do obtain is what is passed about in the primitive style, from mouth to mouth. Before this raid they believed that the Union soldiers were any thing but civilized beings, and were stricken with terror when their approach was heralded. Of six churches seen in one day, in only one had there been religious services held within six months. One half at least of the dwelling-houses are unoccupied, and fast going to decay.

The fear of famine was everywhere expressed; the government seizes upon every thing that can go to sustain the army, leaving those who are not in the army to shift as best they can. Many have provisions concealed to avoid the searching eyes of the government agents. Through the agency of negroes, large quantities of provisions thus hid away were brought to light for the benefit of Union soldiers. The farmer's fold is regularly culled of all marketable sheep, swine, and beeves, and what is left behind is not fit for the butcher's stall. The larder of the largest planters contains little else than bacon and corn-meal. The wheat crop, now coming forward, is immense—in fact, little else has been put in the ground. The rich valleys of the James and Rapidan Rivers are vast wheat-fields—more, in fact, than can be gathered, unless the army is turned to this work. The negroes are not numerous enough for the task, even were they not in a fair way of being so thoroughly demoralized as to refuse to work unless paid in "greenbacks."

The negroes everywhere have an idea—how it got into their heads they cannot exactly tell, but it is there—that the Yankee troops were their friends, notwithstanding the contrary assertion of their masters, whom from infancy they have been taught to obey. They everywhere crowded upon our columns and begged to be permitted to go along, and not unfrequently brought one or more horses with them as a sort of bribe. They pointed out where valuable horses were concealed, gave information as to the movements of confederate troops, and at several places sat up all night to bake corn cakes for the Yankees, and for which they asked no remuneration. Some of them were so overjoyed at the sight of our soldiers that they gave vent to their feelings in prayer, thanking Jesus fervently for sending us.

E. A. PAUL.
—*New-York Times*.

The following is a summary of the work accomplished by General Stoneman's expedition:

Bridges destroyed,	22
Culverts destroyed,	7
Ferries destroyed,	5
Railroads broken, places,	7
Supply trains burned,	4
Wagons destroyed,	122
Horses captured,	200
Mules captured,	104
Canals broken,	3
Canal boats burned,	5
Trains of cars destroyed,	3
Storhouses burned,	2
Telegraph stations burned,	4
Wires cut, places,	5
Depots burned,	3
Towns visited,	25
Contrabands liberated,	150

RICHMOND "EXAMINER" ACCOUNT.

RICHMOND, May 5, 1863.

At an early hour yesterday morning several persons reached the city who were on the ambulance train at the time of its capture by the Yan-

kees on Sunday evening. From one of them we obtained some particulars of the affair. As the train neared the hotel at Ashland, a couple of shots were fired at the engine, which was at once stopped. The Yankees were the Twelfth Illinois regiment, five hundred strong, and commanded by a Colonel Davis, who said he was originally from King George County, Virginia, and claimed kin with President Davis. By order of the Colonel the engine was uncoupled and burned. All the sick and wounded and passengers were then paroled.

No interference was made with private property. Just as the train was first hailed by the Yankee cavalry, several persons who were in the back car, among them a bearer of despatches from General Lee, jumped off and succeeded in escaping, and are supposed to have made their way to our forces at the South-Anna, or to Hanover Junction. The Yankee Colonel was disposed to be very chatty. He said he knew the country around about Ashland like a book, that he had fox-hunted over it many a time. The privates were not so complacent; they seemed rather uneasy, fearing surprise. One of them was heard to ask another how he liked the country. The fellow said he didn't like it altogether: he feared it was unhealthy to people from so far north. The Yankee horses were first-rate, and all in good order. The sick and wounded on the train were immediately taken into the houses of the residents of Ashland and the vicinity, and attended by the ladies. The only property destroyed by the raid-makers was the engine of the ambulance train, an old engine lying at Ashland, and some two hundred yards of the railroad track.

At eight o'clock A.M., a courier reported at headquarters that the Yankee cavalry, to the number of five thousand, were at Warwick's farm, five miles from that city. About the same time another courier brought information that the enemy had appeared at Hungary Station, a station ten miles up the Fredericksburgh Railroad. These announcements, of course, produced some excitement, though persons who had had any experience of couriers' stories received the accounts with many grains of allowance. All, however, believed that the Yankees, a part or a whole of the same who had been at Ashland on the day before, were in the vicinity of the city, with the design, not of attacking the capital, but of inflicting still further damage upon our railway communication with the army of Northern Virginia.

At seven o'clock A.M. a telegraphist had been sent, with an engine and tender, up the Central road to repair the wires. Upon the receipt of the above news, much uneasiness was felt for the safety of the above party. About eleven o'clock, a youth who had ridden in from Atice's, brought information that the engine had been captured by the Yankees at the railroad bridge over the Chickahominy, five miles north of this city, a locality made memorable by the fact that near here, on the twenty-sixth of June, 1862, General A. P. Hill begun the great battle of Richmond.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock yesterday morning, Major John F. Wrenn, with about eighty

men of his cavalry battalion, who on Sunday started to Hanover Junction, returned to this city by the Mechanicsville turnpike. From one of the men we learned the adventures of the company during their brief absence from the city. On their way to the Junction, when three miles on this side of Ashland, they met on the mountain road a considerable body of Yankee cavalry. Major Wrenn at once drew up his men in line of battle, but the enemy showing no disposition to make an attack, he advanced upon him. A skirmish at long-range ensued, in which forty or fifty shots were fired on each side. One Yankee was seen to fall from the saddle. No one was struck on our side. Major Wrenn, finding the enemy's force superior to his own, fell back slowly toward Richmond. During the night, General Pryor rode out from the city alone, and joined Major Wrenn. The men remained in the saddle all night, falling back slowly, and watching the enemy. At five o'clock this morning the retreating party came in sight of the Brooke bridge, on the Brooke turnpike, three miles from the city, when, to their surprise, they found it occupied by a detachment of several hundred Yankees. Seeing his retreat in that direction cut off, and the Yankees pressing on his rear, Major Wrenn wheeled his column to the left, and made across the country for the Meadow Bridges, which, on nearing, he discovered to be also in the possession of the enemy. Without loss of time he bore still further east, and by dint of urging his jaded horses to their utmost, was enabled to reach and cross in safety the Mechanicsville bridge, from which point access to the city was unobstructed. General Pryor and Major Wrenn at once repaired to the camp of the battalion at the old fair grounds, and set about collecting fresh horses with which to resume the field.

Between one and two o'clock P.M., John L. Phillips and James Crone, the telegraph operator and engineer, who had started out in the morning to repair the wires on the Central Railroad, returned to this city on foot. They give the following account of their expedition: They left the city at seven o'clock A.M., with an engine and tender, having with them two negro firemen. They proceeded as far as Peake's, eighteen miles from Richmond, without seeing any signs of the enemy. At this place they were met by a section master of the road, who informed them that the Yankees were at Hanover Court-House, where they had staid all night. Upon the receipt of this information they immediately reversed the engine and started to return. On nearing the bridge over the Chickahominy the engineer discovered the Yankees employed in burning that structure. Leaving the free negroes to shift for themselves, Crone and Phillips leaped from the engine and plunged into the dense under-growth of Chickahominy swamp. The Yankees pursued them a short distance, and gave up the chase. They then made the negroes put a full head of steam on the engine, and run it into the stream over the broken span of the bridge. Having done all the damage they conveniently could to the bridge and railroad, they robbed one of negroes of his hat

and silver watch, and, leaving behind them a couple of horses that were too much jaded to keep up with their hasty movements, took up their departure in an easterly direction. The negroes jumped upon the horses and rode into town.

The nearest approach to this city ever made by hostile Yankee was accomplished on yesterday morning. When McClellan beleaguered the capital of the Confederacy twelve months ago, and "On to Richmond!" was the watchword of his numberless legions, five miles was the least distance ever between him and the object of his hopes and ambition. But on yesterday morning, at nine o'clock, three hundred Yankee cavalry visited the farm of Mr. John B. Young, on the Brooke turnpike, two miles from the corporate limits. Their stay, it is true, was brief, but they enjoyed one of the finest views of the spires and house-tops of the city, and were rewarded by the acquisition of three fine horses, which they stole from Mr. Young. One of the horses they took from a buggy standing before the door. The first intimation Mr. Young had of the proximity of an enemy, three blue-coats galloped up to his house from the rear and began to put a halter on his buggy-horse. He stepped out of the house and asked the man what he was doing. The fellow replied that he was about to take that horse by "orders from headquarters." Then the truth that the individual before him was a live Yankee, for the first time flashed across his mind. He at once concluded that General Lee must have been defeated, and that Hooker was marching on Richmond. Having secured the horses, the Yankees rejoined the main body, who were drawn up in line on the pike in front of the house. The Yankees were in much terror, evidently expecting every moment to be pounced upon by the rebel forces. The first explanation Mr. Young received of this sudden apparition of Yankees upon his peaceful premises was from a regiment of our troops sent in pursuit of the enemy.

General Winder, attended by one of his aids, was out on the Brooke pike yesterday morning making a reconnoissance, when he narrowly escaped capture by the Yankee freebooters. He saw approaching him a body of cavalry; mistaking them for Wrenn's battalion, he was on the point of riding up to them, when his aid discovered their nationality. The General and his aid galloped on leisurely, soon leaving the jaded cattle of the Yankees out of sight. This was the same party who visited Mr. Young's farm. A lieutenant, James Brown, who had been on a visit to Mr. Paleskes, a few miles up the pike, had a short time before been arrested and paroled by them after being robbed of his horse.

Doc. 189.

CONSCRIPTION PROCLAMATION.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:
A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The Congress of the United States at its last session enacted a law entitled, "An act

for enrolling and calling out the national forces and for other purposes," which was approved on the third day of March last, and

Whereas, It is recited in the said act that there now exists in the United States an insurrection and rebellion against the authority thereof, and it is, under the Constitution of the United States, the duty of the Government to suppress insurrection and rebellion, to guarantee to each State a republican form of government, and to preserve the public tranquillity, and

Whereas, For these high purposes a military force is indispensable, to raise and support which all persons ought willingly to contribute; and

Whereas, No service can be more praiseworthy and honorable than that which is rendered for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union, and the consequent preservation of the Government; and

Whereas, For the reasons thus recited, it was enacted by the said statute that all able-bodied male citizens of the United States and persons of foreign birth, who shall have declared on oath their intentions to become citizens, under and in pursuance of the laws thereof, between the ages of twenty and forty-five years, with certain exceptions not necessary to be here mentioned, are declared to constitute the national forces, and shall be liable to perform military duty in the service of the United States, when called out by the President for that purpose; and

Whereas, It is claimed, and in behalf of persons of foreign birth within the ages specified in said act who have heretofore declared on oath their intentions to become citizens under and in pursuance of the laws of the United States, and who have not exercised the right of suffrage or any other political franchise under the laws of the United States, or of any of the States thereof, are not absolutely precluded by their aforesaid declaration of intention from renouncing their purpose to become citizens, and that, on the contrary, such persons under treaties or the law of nations, retain a right to renounce that purpose and to forego the privilege of citizenship and residence within the United States under the obligations imposed by the aforesaid act of Congress.

Now, therefore, to avoid all misapprehensions concerning the liability of persons concerned to perform the service required by such enactment, and to give it full effect, I do hereby order and proclaim that no plea of alienage will be received or allowed to exempt from the obligations imposed by the aforesaid act of Congress, any person of foreign birth who shall have declared, on oath, his intention to become a citizen of the United States under the laws thereof, and who shall be found within the United States at any time during the continuance of the present insurrection and rebellion, at or after the expiration of the sixty-five days from the date of this proclamation, nor shall any such plea of alienage be allowed in favor of any such person who has so as aforesaid declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and shall have exercised at any time the right of suffrage or any other political

franchise within the United States, under the laws thereof, or under the laws of any of the several States.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my seal and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this eighth day of May, in the year of our Lord 1863, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,

WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

Doc. 190.

THE BATTLE AT RAYMOND, MISS.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

RAYMOND, MISS., May 13, 1863.

THE battle fought yesterday within three miles of the town of Raymond, Mississippi, ought to be called the battle of Farnden's Creek, from the stream near which it commenced, and whose banks last evening bore witness to the dreadful struggle, by the number of dead and wounded that lay strewn along them.

As a battle, the engagement of yesterday is, of course, not entitled to rank with such bloody contests as Shiloh and Donelson, but many who participated in it, and some who witnessed it, agree in pronouncing it, what an officer called it this morning, "one of the heaviest small battles of the war." I was attempting to narrate the leading events of the day this morning, but had made only a very little progress when the special messenger, on whom I relied for the transmission of my letter to Milliken's Bend, compelled me to close, as he was about to start for the river, and could not wait on me even half an hour.

Skirmishing commenced early in the morning. Our cavalry advance exchanged shots with the enemy soon after daylight. The rebels had their cavalry thrown out several miles from their main body, as is their invariable custom in the South-West, and one which we might imitate with great advantage to ourselves.

At about nine o'clock, Captain Foster, in command of our advance cavalry, came back from the front to meet General McPherson, to whom he communicated the condition of affairs, giving it as his opinion that there was a body of rebel infantry ahead, which it would be dangerous for cavalry to attempt to penetrate. After pretty heavy firing by the cavalry, in which the Second Illinois lost two killed and several wounded, the Twentieth Ohio, Colonel Force commanding, was ordered to advance in line of battle across a couple of fields toward some heavy timber, where it was supposed the rebels had their infantry force. Shortly afterward the Seventy-eighth and Sixty-eighth Ohio and Thirtieth Illinois were ordered forward in a similar manner. These regiments constituted the Second brigade of General Logan's division.

The Twentieth Ohio kept steadily on its way

forward, followed by the other regiments of the Second brigade. As they approached the woods the rebels sought to check their advance by a heavy fire from the timber, but our men stood their ground nobly, contending against the almost concealed foe at great disadvantage, never yielding an inch, but pressing steadily forward. General Logan, on ascertaining the condition of affairs in his front, sent word to the First and Third brigades of his division to close up their ranks and push forward as rapidly as possible. Meantime the Second brigade was holding its own against a vastly superior force. It was soon reinforced by the brigades under Generals John E. Smith and John D. Stevenson.

Shortly after the opening of the fight, Captain De Golyer's battery, Eighth Michigan, was ordered to the front, and took a commanding position for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from the woods, the infantry having proven itself inadequate to the task. The James rifled guns of De Golyer's battery opened and commenced pouring a heavy fire of shell into the rebel column. The enemy now, for the first time, opened artillery upon us. His aim was good, succeeding in making our infantry change position. But his purpose was to silence the Eighth Michigan battery, and he failed in that. Finding it impossible to silence the guns with artillery, the rebels attempted a charge upon the battery. A regiment of men essayed the hazardous undertaking. While they were removing a fence, preparatory to making the decisive dash, the battery opened on them. Our men fired two shells into their midst, both of which burst among them, killing and wounding a large number, and causing the entire column to fall back in disorder. At their inglorious withdrawal, our infantry sent up a few rousing cheers, which had the effect of accelerating the speed of the fugitives, and inspiring our whole command with a new zeal and determination to press forward to a victory of which they felt certain, even when the fortunes of the day seemed to turn against them.

The rebels, defeated in their attempt to capture our battery, found themselves compelled to fall back to a position immediately in the rear of Farnden's Creek. There was but a few inches depth of water in the creek, and its very abrupt, deep banks rendered it more favorable to them than the best rifle-pits they could have dug. General McPherson had no sooner ascertained their new position than he ordered an advance upon it. General Dennis's brigade had the lead, and his brave men went forward with a will. General Smith's brigade supported them. A large open field lay between them and the enemy, and to march across it, exposed to the fire of an ambushed foe, was their dreadful task assigned. Not a man flinched, not a soldier evinced a spirit of fear or reluctance. Forward they went, unmindful of the galling fire in their front. When within good range, they opened on the rebels, and a more terrible conflict than that which followed, for more than five minutes, has seldom occurred between two opposing forces of

equal size. The Twentieth Ohio, Twentieth Illinois, and Twenty-third Indiana lost heavily, but the rebels were forced from their ground.

During the desperate struggle above alluded to, the rebels attempted to turn our left flank, and very nearly succeeded in doing so. The Twentieth Ohio and Twenty-third Indiana had advanced too far from their support, and were in great danger of being cut off. A regiment of rebels suddenly emerged from a thick undergrowth, and marched daringly forward toward the left of the Twentieth. Colonel Force saw the danger he was in, and gave the order to fall back upon the main body. In the execution of this order, the regiment suffered greatly, as its mortality list will show. Among the commissioned officers wounded at this time, was the acting Major, Captain Kaga, from Sidney, Ohio. Two balls struck him near the shoulder, breaking the collar-bone, and inflicting such injuries as, it is feared, will prove fatal. The Twenty-third Indiana, when ordered to fall back to the main column, found itself on an elevation between two ravines. Their commander, Colonel Davis, extricated them from this position in an admirable manner. Any but veterans would have scattered in confusion, on finding themselves so totally at the mercy of an enemy three times their numerical strength, but the Twenty-third were undismayed, and retreated without showing their backs to the enemy. The casualty list of the Indiana boys in this battle is very great.

The fight on the left was growing desperate. The Twentieth Illinois had fired forty rounds of cartridges, and still the enemy held them at bay. Colonel Richards, of the Twentieth, had been mortally wounded while urging his willing heroes forward. At this critical period General Stevenson's brigade came to the rescue. The Eighth Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Sturgis commanding, came up, with fixed bayonets, and with a wild yell, which the rebels wisely interpreted as a premonition of death to the foe, drove them from the creek in wild disorder. This was one of the most brilliant feats of the day. It made the assurance of our victory doubly sure.

The rebels were by this time thoroughly defeated, though they still kept up an outward show of willingness to continue the battle. Nothing occurred after the charge by the Eighth Illinois that deserves especial mention. The rebels retreated gradually toward Raymond. General Logan advanced cautiously, until receiving no reply to his fire, he became convinced that the enemy was "on the wing." We were in the town of Raymond about an hour after the departure of the routed rebels.

The most reliable estimate we can make places the rebel strength at six thousand men. Citizens tell us they had but three thousand, but there were prisoners captured from ten different regiments—Tennessee, Alabama, Texas and Mississippi. They were under command of General Gregg, of Texas. We fought them with General Logan's division, of McPherson's army corps, between five and six thousand strong. General

Crocker's division came up in the afternoon, but not in time to participate in the fight. It is fair to say the forces were very nearly equal—the rebels having the great advantage of position and topographical knowledge, however.

The official list of killed and wounded on our side has not yet been made up. Officers disagree in their estimate of casualties. Our loss in killed and wounded will not exceed two hundred and fifty, I think. The burial party report having buried forty of our men on the field; to these may be added ten who died on the evening of the engagement. There were one hundred and sixty wounded Union soldiers carried to hospitals. A number were slightly wounded, and either did not enter the hospitals at all, or were cared for in their own regiments. The rebel loss was much heavier than ours. We buried sixty-one confederates on the field, and twelve died at our hospitals before the morning of the thirteenth. We picked up nearly a hundred of their wounded on the field, and found nearly fifty in the hospitals at Raymond. All their slightly wounded were carried off; of those left behind by them, more than one half will die. On their side, Colonel McGiffick, from Nashville, of the Tenth Tennessee, was killed; also several captains and lieutenants. We lost but one field-officer killed, Lieutenant-Colonel Richards, of the Twentieth Illinois. Colonel McCook (brother of Major-General McCook) was wounded in the foot. We lost a number of line-officers. I sent a partial list of our casualties by a special messenger yesterday. If he is not captured on the road, it will reach the North in good season.

We took between two and three hundred prisoners during the day.

During the engagement yesterday, General McPherson rode along our lines in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his men, and directing their movements. He behaved with remarkable coolness all day. He had several narrow escapes from cannon-shots.

General Logan was, as usual, full of zeal, and intoxicated with enthusiasm. His horse was shot twice. If you ever hear that Logan has been defeated, make up your mind that he and most of his men have been sacrificed. He has stricken the word "retreat" from his military lexicon.

The Seventh Texas met the Eighth Illinois on the field, and was repulsed by them. The same regiments faced each other at Donelson. The Seventh Missouri (Union) and Tenth Tennessee, (confederate,) both Irish regiments, had a close-range contest, in which they exchanged compliments with genuine Hibernian accent. The Missouri boys were victorious.

We arrived here last evening. Raymond is a small town—an exact copy of all Southern burgs of its size. It is the county-seat of Hinds County, and contains a population (in peace times) of about one thousand five hundred. It is distant eighteen miles from Jackson, and eight from the Jackson and Vicksburgh Railroad, with which it is connected by a branch road. Of course we did not expect to find Unionists in a Mississippi vil-

lage, and were, therefore, not disappointed at the coolness of our reception in Raymond.

We obtained Jackson papers of the eleventh (the day previous) in the town, and were a little amused and a good deal instructed, to learn by them that the Yankees had been whipped at Grand Gulf and Port Gibson, and were falling back to seek protection from their gunboats.

We were told by the citizens that the confederates had fallen back only a couple of miles, and would give us a big battle when we advanced upon them; that Gregg had been strongly reënforced, and would prevent us from reaching the railroad at all hazards.

Doc. 191.

CAPTURE OF JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

JACKSON, MISS., May 14, 1863.

THE Union army have undisturbed possession of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, and the headquarters of the department of Mississippi and Eastern Louisiana. The Federal flag floats gracefully from the dome of the State House, Yankee soldiers are patrolling the streets, prisoners are gathering at the guard-house, the sick in the hospitals are being paroled, negroes are grinning horribly from the sidewalks, citizens look silently and sullenly at us from behind screens and closed window-blinds, and all the details of military government are in full operation.

My last was written at Raymond, on the evening after the battle. We encamped there Tuesday night, and early Wednesday morning started for Clinton, a small town on the Vicksburgh and Jackson Railroad. It was considered indispensably necessary for the success of our movement upon Vicksburgh that we should have possession of the railroad and the city of Jackson. We reached Clinton at nightfall and went into camp.

During the night the Seventh Missouri regiment, under Captain Tresilian, of General Logan's staff, moved out on the railroad east and west of Clinton and destroyed it, tearing up the rails and burning every bridge and the timbers across every cattle-guard for four miles each side of the village. The telegraph office and the post-office were seized and rifled of their precious contents. From this source most valuable information of the enemy's future movements was obtained. In the express packages left by the train of cars which steamed out of town just as our advance came in sight, several orders from General Johnston were found, and a package of confederate scrip.

At Clinton a hundred prisoners were found, occupants of rebel hospitals. These were paroled and taken in charge by the citizens.

At daylight Thursday morning the army was on the road to Jackson, moving in line of battle. General Crocker's division, formerly Quinby's, had the advance. He threw out a strong advance-guard and a heavy line of skirmishers on his right

and left flank, and moved in the direction of Jackson.

All was quiet for the first five or six miles, until we reached a hill overlooking a broad open field, through the centre of which, and over the crest of the hill beyond which, the road to Jackson passes. On the left of this hill the enemy had posted his artillery, and along the crest his line of battle. From the foot of the acclivity, and not a mile removed, we could see the long line of rebel infantry awaiting in silence our onset. Slowly and cautiously we moved up the hill until we came within range, when all at once, upon the heights to the right, we discovered a puff of white smoke and heard the report of booming cannon, followed by the shrill scream of an exploding shell. The first Missouri battery was moved to the left of a cotton-gin in the open field, midway between the enemy's line of battle and the foot of the hill, and played upon the rebel battery with telling effect. The duel was kept up with great spirit on both sides for nearly an hour, when all at once it ceased by the withdrawal of the enemy's guns. Meantime General Crocker had thrown out two brigades to the right and left of his battery—Colonel Saubon's and Colonel Holmes's—supported by Colonel Boomer's brigade at proper distance. He had pushed forward a strong line of skirmishers, and posted them in a ravine just in front, which protected them from rebel fire. After a little delay they were again advanced out of cover, and for several minutes a desultory fire was kept up between both lines of skirmishers, in which, owing to the topographical nature of the ground, the enemy had the advantage.

At last General Crocker, who was on the ground and personally inspected the position, saw that, unless the enemy could be driven from his occupation of the crest of the hill, he would be forced to retire. He therefore ordered a charge along the line. With colors flying, and with a step as measured and unbroken as if on dress-parade, the movement was executed. Slowly they advanced, crossed the narrow ravine, and, with fixed bayonet, rose the crest of the hill in easy range of the rebel line. Here they received a tremendous volley, which caused painful gaps in their ranks. They held their fire until they were within a distance of thirty paces, when they delivered the returning volley with fearful effect, and, without waiting to reload their muskets, with a terrific yell they rushed upon the staggered foe.

Over the fences, through the brushwood, into the inclosure, they worked their way, and slaughtered right and left without mercy. The enemy, astonished at their impetuosity, wavered and fell back, rallied again, and finally broke in wild confusion. The brave Union soldiers gained the crest of the hill, and the rebels fled in utter terror. Our boys reloaded their muskets and sent the terrible missiles after the fleeing rebels, adding haste to their terrified flight. They cast muskets and blankets to the ground, unslung their knapsacks and ran like greyhounds, nor

stopped to look back until they reached the intrenchments, just within the city.

Meantime General Sherman, who had left Raymond the day before and taken the road to the right just beyond the town, came up with the left wing of the enemy's forces and engaged them with artillery. They made a feeble resistance, and they, too, broke and ran, taking the road leading south from Jackson.

After a delay of half an hour, to enable our wearied soldiers to take breath, our column moved forward again.

We reached the fort, and found a magnificent battery of six pieces, which the enemy had left behind him, and a hundred new tents, awaiting appropriation.

The hospital flag was flying from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and this was crowded with sick and wounded soldiers, who, of course, fell into our hands as prisoners of war. Opposite and all around this building were tents enough to encamp an entire division, and just in front of it, hauled out by the roadside, two small breech-loading two-pounder rifles, used to pick off officers.

Further down the street we found a pile of burning caissons, and on the opposite side of the street, directly in front of the Confederate House, the stores, filled with commissary and quartermaster's stores, were briskly consuming.

Directly in front of us the State House loomed up in ample proportions. Two officers of the Seventh division took the flag of the Fourth Minnesota infantry, and galloping rapidly forward, hoisted it from the flag-staff surmounting its broad dome. The beautiful flag was seen in the distance by the advancing column, and with cheers and congratulations it was greeted.

We had captured Jackson, the hotbed of the rebellion. Guards were established, a provost-marshal appointed, and the city placed under martial law. The citizens, particularly those who sustained official relations to the State and rebel governments, had left the city the evening before; but there were many soldiers left behind, and a large number in hospital who fell into our hands.

The State Treasurer and the Governor were gone, taking the funds and State papers with them. A large amount of government and military property fell into our hands; but private property was altogether unmolested. The offices of the *Memphis Appeal* and *Jackson Mississippian* were removed the preceding night—the former to Brandon and the latter to Mobile.

We now have quiet and undisturbed possession of Jackson.

One portion of the rebel force has moved out on the Canton road, and the other on the road south of the city, whence they will both doubtless make a detour around Jackson, outside of our lines, and unite at Edwards's Station, on the Vicksburgh and Jackson Railroad, where the citizens say they will give us battle.

Our loss in the gallant charge by General Crocker's division this morning will reach fifty killed and

two hundred wounded. This is, of course, mere estimate, as no reports are yet handed in. For the same reason I am unable to give you the names of the sufferers. Several days must necessarily elapse before this information can be made public. This division will return to Clinton to-morrow, leaving General Tuttle to occupy the city.

Doc. 192.

BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILL, MISS.

COLONEL SPICELY'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FOURTH INDIANA VOLS., }
CHAMPION HILL, MISS., May 17, 1863. }

Captain Jos. H. Linsey, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, First Brigade.

SIR: In pursuance to orders, I have the honor to report the part taken by the Twenty-fourth regiment Indiana volunteers, in the battle of Champion Hill, Mississippi, on the sixteenth day of May, 1863.

On the sixteenth instant, at six o'clock A.M., we moved from our camp near Bolton's Depot, four miles from the distant battle-ground, in the direction of Edwards's Depot, at which point the enemy were reported to be in force.

My command being in advance, I was ordered by General McGinnis, commanding brigade, to move three companies of my command to the front. I immediately sent companies C, F, and I to the advance, and again resumed the line of march.

At about ten o'clock in the morning, as we approached the hills, we were apprised by our cavalry advance that the enemy were posted in force in front, on Champion Hill. General McGinnis then ordered me to form my line of battle on the right of the road leading to Edwards's Depot. At half-past ten A.M. our line of battle as a brigade was formed, and ready for action. A few minutes after I was informed by a signal-officer that there was a force of the enemy manœuvring to the right. I immediately sent companies A and K to the right, and company G in support of the skirmishers in front. They had hardly deployed in line before firing commenced on our right, the enemy making an effort to turn it. At half-past eleven A.M. I was ordered to advance in line of battle, and by two o'clock my command was in close contest with the enemy, whose force exceeded ours by more than five times our numbers. Our line advanced from where it was first formed near sixty rods, across the timber, when I discovered the enemy in large force, moving to my right, and making an effort, as I supposed, to capture our batteries, stationed in the field to the right. I at once halted my command, and poured a galling oblique fire into his flank. This, with the destructive fire of the artillery, checked for a time their advance.

By this time the action became general along the whole line, and very severe. From the edge of the timber we drove the enemy, step by step, for near eight hundred yards, over deep ravines

and abrupt hills. At this time the rebels were heavily reënforced, and again the struggle commenced, the most desperate and destructive of the day. While engaged actively with the enemy, I received notice through Captain Cavin to come to the support of the centre of our line, which was sorely pressed by the left flank, and in a few minutes became again engaged with the enemy in strong force. This point I contested against superior numbers for near an hour, under the most galling fire I ever witnessed. Again the enemy massed their forces, and threw their whole weight upon the right and centre of our line, and here my men fell by scores, but yet with determined bravery held the enemy in check, and again it became necessary for me to change my position, as the enemy's fire was converging upon my lines. I moved to the rear about seventy-five yards, and again opened fire upon the rebels, who were still pressing forward.

Here we stood before a destructive fire fifteen minutes, when I was compelled to change my position, and again for twenty minutes we fought ten times our number. At this time word came to me that the left of the division was giving way, and that our troops to the right were overwhelmed, or nearly so. I again fell back and formed a line, returning the enemy's fire, which was kept up for a considerable time. Here it was that our colors fell. The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Barter, believing that the bearer was wounded, rushed forward, seized them, and waved them with cheers in the very face of the enemy. The flag-staff was shattered, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barter severely wounded. Being entirely out of ammunition, and overwhelmed in front, my command fell back near three hundred yards, and here the Eleventh and Twenty-fourth formed a new line, replenished their cartridge-boxes, and again advanced to the field. By this time we were sufficiently reënforced, and in less than an hour the enemy gave way, leaving our gallant troops in full possession of Champion Hill.

But amid our rejoicing over this great victory, we are called upon to mourn the gallant dead.

Captain Felix G. Wellman, of company B, Second Lieutenant Jesse G. Cain, of company A, and twenty-seven others of my command fell at their post, nobly and gallantly performing their whole duty. Let their names be inscribed in the hearts of our people, and their memories revered as noble patriots and gallant soldiers.

I shall feel the loss of these men, together with the loss to the service of the gallant Lieut.-Colonel Barter and Lieut. J. H. Baldwin, who are so severely wounded as to leave me without the benefit of their valuable assistance for a considerable time. I desire also to make mention of Capt. N. J. Bolton; Lieut. Daniel Smith; Lieut. Fred. T. Butler, and Assistant-Surgeon T. C. Williams, who were severely wounded while engaged in the gallant performance of their duty. Adjutant S. R. Henderson, and Capt. Hugh Irwin; Lieut. Smith, company C; Capt. F. M. Downey; Lieut. Frank Robbins, commanding company F, after Lieut. Baldwin fell; Capt. Chas.

Jenkins; Capt. John B. Hutchens; Capt. Benj. F. Summers and Capt. Redburn, with their subordinate officers, are deserving special notice for the ability and zeal with which they performed their duty.

The men, without exception, did gallant service, and stood up to the galling fire of an overwhelming force for three hours and twenty minutes, like veterans, and Indiana and the country generally may well feel proud of the gallant men engaged in the greatest battle of the war.

My loss in killed and wounded was two hundred and seven out of a force less than five hundred men.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

W. T. SPICELY,
Colonel Commanding Twenty-fourth Indiana Volunteers.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

IN CAMP, ON THE BATTLE-FIELD,
NEAR EDWARDS'S STATION, MISS., }
May 16, 1863.

Four engagements in sixteen days show that the campaign in Mississippi is progressing in terrible earnestness; but their results indicate that it will soon close in triumphal success. We have defeated the rebels in four successive battles on fields of their own choosing, and before to-morrow night we will probably increase the number to five. At Thompson's Hills, at Raymond, and at Jackson, they met us, and essayed to stop our progress, but signally failed. To-day they again gave us battle, and victory.

I am at a loss to know by what name to designate the battle-field of to-day. The engagement may be known, officially, hereafter as the battle of Baker's Creek, as that stream runs within a very short distance of our first line of battle; or it may take its name from Edwards's Station, on the Vicksburgh and Jackson Railroad, within a few miles of which the scene of conflict was.

The casualty list of to-day's battle shows an engagement much more severe than any one of the previous three fought since our debarkation at Bruinsburgh. As yet, I have no data from which to form a just estimate of the number of killed and wounded on our side. From the verbal statement of officers who were in the fight, and from my own observation on the field, I think it likely that our entire loss will reach three thousand.

The situation last night was about as follows: General Hovey's division held the advance on the main Vicksburgh road, the same road that leads to Edwards's Station; behind them were General Logan's and General Quinby's divisions. General Sherman, with two divisions of his corps, was at Jackson, but was understood to have marching orders for this morning; Generals McArthur, Osterhaus, and Blair, with their respective divisions, were in the vicinity of Raymond, or to the left of Hovey. The rebels, in heavy force, variously estimated at from fifteen to fifty thousand, were near Edwards's Depot, which is within a couple of miles of Big Black bridge, and said to be strongly fortified. We

have not fought our way to their fortifications yet, and I can only say of them what I hear from others. Wirt Adams's rebel cavalry had been watching our movements since the fall of Jackson, and had probably formed a very correct opinion as to the point at which we were about to strike. I do not think General Grant anticipated a very formidable stand at this place. Black River bridge is only important to the rebels as being necessary to hold their communication between Jackson and Vicksburgh. With Jackson in our possession, and the railroad destroyed at several points, it was thought they could gain nothing by fighting for the bridge, which is the only object of the battle commenced to-day. I say commenced to-day, because I believe it will be continued to-morrow, and may last still longer.

General Hovey's division of McClelland's corps held the advance on the night of the fifteenth. The rebels were known to be awaiting our approach, in the vicinity of Edwards's Station. This morning, at about seven o'clock, General Hovey commenced moving toward Big Black River. A company of cavalry was thrown out as an advance-guard. They had proceeded but a short distance, when they were met by the enemy's cavalry, supposed to be a part of Wirt Adams's regiment. After a little skirmishing, the rebels fell back. Our cavalry did not follow them up. At about nine o'clock, the ground chosen by the rebels was reached. General Hovey's division was halted and formed into line of battle. Skirmishers were thrown out and advanced toward heavy timber, where the rebels were drawn up to check us. They soon commenced exchanging shots, and kept up a fire, light and heavy, at intervals, for two hours.

The rebels having the choice of position, selected for their battle-field the most advantageous ground within several miles of Edwards's Station. They made a good selection, as they always do. To reach their lines from the road on which we were travelling, our men had to cross two open fields and ascend a steep slope, exposed to their fire from the woods, and unable to return it so as to do execution. It was the best position for defence that they have selected in Mississippi as yet.

General Hovey's division having thrown out a strong skirmish line, advanced over the open space that lay between them and the enemy. The first brigade under General McGuinness, consisting of the Eleventh, Thirty-fourth, Twenty-fourth, and Forty-sixth Indiana and Twentyninth Wisconsin, took the right, and the Second brigade, under Colonel Slack, composed of the Forty-seventh Indiana, Fifty-sixth Ohio, Twenty-fourth Iowa, and two other regiments that I cannot name just now, were on the left. Advancing halfway to the woods, the lines halted, while the skirmishers kept up a brisk fire. The rebel skirmishers were well posted under good cover, and were not easily compelled to fall back upon their main body; and not until our skir-

mish lines had been strongly reënforced, did they yield sufficiently to show us the situation of their lines.

Thinking the rebels would emerge from the woods to drive our men from the crest of a hill upon which they had to advance, General McGuinness gave orders to his brigade commanders: "If they come out to keep you from that hill, fix bayonets and send them back with a charge." The soldiers expressed great satisfaction in hearing this. The Eleventh Indiana, especially, wanted to fix bayonets and go at them with cold steel; they were anxious to go into the woods after the rebels in case the rebels failed to come out of the woods after them. If the mountain wouldn't come to Mohammed, Mohammed proposed to go to the mountain. I do not believe any bayonet-charge was made during the day, except by the Thirty-second Ohio, on the right.

The ground upon which General Hovey had to operate was such that he had to keep his lines contracted and receive the full fire of the enemy, who was pouring in reënforcements and concentrating them upon his exposed ranks from a heavy timber cover. Hovey had not yet been reënforced, though he had seen the impossibility of holding his position, and had sent for support. The firing became terrible. Such an awful rattle of musketry as was kept up between Hovey's division and the almost concealed foe, was not heard upon the bloody fields of Shiloh or Donelson.

Hovey held his ground with heroic tenacity for an hour and a half. Had he given way at first, the rebels would have turned our left, and the consequences could not have been other than disastrous. After a long and desperate struggle with an enemy of more than twice his numerical strength, and at every disadvantage of position, he was compelled to give way. He was forced back half a mile—retreating in excellent order, expecting every moment to meet reënforcements, and quickly regain his lost ground. He retreated about half a mile, until, reaching a favorable point, he re-formed, obtained support from General Quinby's division, and commenced another forward movement.

The Third division of the Seventeenth army corps arrived at the scene of action while Hovey was skirmishing with the enemy. General McPherson rode over the ground in the vicinity of the rebel lines, and saw an excellent chance for Logan to operate on the right. The rebels observed this movement on their left, and formed a line behind a fence in the woods. The Second brigade of Logan's division, under General M. D. Leggett, was thrown upon the right of Hovey, the Twentieth Ohio regiment in the advance. As General Leggett advanced with his command, the rebels opened a heavy fire, but failed to make him give way a single inch. The Twentieth, Seventy-eighth, and Sixty-eighth Ohio and the Thirtieth Illinois, composing his command, stood their ground like veterans. General Leggett wished to move forward, but was not permitted to do so, lest he should expose Hovey's right, which he

was intended to cover. The rebels came out of the woods at one time, and were forming for a charge, but were prevented from executing it by the Thirtieth Illinois, every man of whom dashed at them, and drove them back in confusion.

In the afternoon, on the extreme right, the Eighth Illinois and Thirty-second Ohio charged upon a battery and captured every gun. The Thirty-second will be remembered as one of the regiments surrendered by Colonel Tom Ford, at Harper's Ferry. They displayed great bravery during the engagement, and acted well every part assigned to them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Snook, of the Sixty-eighth Ohio, was killed after the formation of his command into line of battle, and before his regiment had fired a single volley. One of his men had called his attention to a rebel flag, at the edge of the woods, about three hundred yards in front. He walked to the crest of a hill, at the foot of which his command was resting, and, while looking at the flag, was shot in the side. He staggered down the hill and expired in about half an hour.

The result of Logan's fighting was the capture of two batteries of artillery, and the utter rout of the enemy's right. The three brigades of the Third division, commanded by Generals John E. Smith, M. D. Leggett, and John D. Stevenson, nobly sustained the reputation they have long held as true soldiers and brave men. The Ohio brigade was skilfully handled by General Leggett, who is one of the most efficient brigadiers in the Western army. De Golyer's Eighth Michigan battery did splendid execution, driving back the rebel column several times. Captain De Golyer is spoken of in the highest terms by his superior officers.

While Logan and Hovey were busy on the right and centre, Osterhaus and Carr were doing their work finely on the left. They took a full share in the engagement. Osterhaus opened the fight early in the morning. He could not get a very good position for his battery, while the enemy were so situated that they could bring their guns to bear directly upon his advancing columns.

These two divisions were held at bay during a portion of the day, but finally forced their way forward and drove the rebels back. The casualties in the commands of Generals Osterhaus and Carr were much smaller than in Hovey's and Logan's divisions.

General A. J. Smith occupied a position on the extreme left. There was a gap of two miles between him and General Carr. He was not engaged until late in the day, when Logan began to press the rebels on our right, compelling them to move toward him. He sent for reinforcements several times, but did not receive them, and was thrown almost entirely on the defensive. His men acted bravely, however, succeeding, during the day, in capturing two thousand prisoners and twelve pieces of artillery. The rebels, severely punished on our right, fled to the left, only to fall into the net which General Smith's division

acted as. Smith's command consists of two brigades—the First under General Burbridge, composed of the Twenty-third Wisconsin, Eighty-third Ohio, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Indiana, and Seventeenth Ohio battery; and the Second under Colonel Landrum, embracing the Nineteenth Kentucky, Forty-eighth Ohio, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-ninth, and One Hundred and Thirtieth Illinois, and the Chicago Mercantile battery. The Mercantile claims to have killed General Lloyd Tilghman, with a shell from one of their guns. They say rebel prisoners inform them of the fact.

General Quinby's division of McPherson's corps came up in the rear of Logan's command, and was immediately ordered to the position which Hovey, with Spartan zeal, was endeavoring to hold against an immensely superior force. His support was needed and timely, and soon turned the tide in our favor. Quinby's men were resolutely resisted, but pressed the enemy steadily from the moment of their entrance on the field of action until victory crowned their labors in the evening. Their loss was very heavy.

During the desperate struggle on the left, in which Hovey's division fought against double their numbers, at great disadvantage, the rebels made an attempt to charge the Sixteenth Ohio battery, and would have succeeded in capturing it but for the alacrity with which the pieces were limbered and run to the rear. Our infantry had been driven back, and the battery was left without support. The rebels started for it on the double-quick, and got within a hundred yards of it, when it started at full speed to join our retreating column. A volley of musketry from the enemy mortally wounded Captain Mitchell, commander of the battery. It was thought at first that he was taken prisoner, as his horse came into our lines riderless. He has since been found, however.

Early in the afternoon, a section of company D, Second Illinois artillery, under Captain Rogers, advanced to dangerously close proximity to the rebel lines, and opened two twenty-four pound howitzers, to drive the rebels from a position from which they were about to advance upon our men. They filed out of the woods in excellent order, and formed in front of the battery and within three hundred yards of it. They then marched steadily forward toward the guns, and were about to give their first volley to our battery men, when a double load of canister scattered among them, causing at least fifty to fall. Captain De Golyer's Eighth Michigan battery opened on them also, and gave them several loads of James's rifled shells. The effect of our artillery fire was all that could have been desired for us. It broke the ranks of the rebels, and compelled them to fall back in great disorder. They ran into the woods like a flock of frightened sheep, as load after load of grape and canister burst among them. I have never witnessed a more thorough rout than that which the rebels met with in their attempt to get possession of Captain Rogers's guns.

Shortly after the commencement of the general engagement, the rebels brought a battery of four to bear upon the First brigade of General Hovey's division, and were inflicting serious punishment with it. Having stationed it upon a very formidable point on a commanding ridge, General McGuinness ordered it charged. The Eleventh Indiana and Twenty-ninth Wisconsin being in front, had the hazardous task assigned them. They marched cautiously up a high slope to within seventy-five yards of the guns, and then made a dash at the pieces. The rebel gunners performed their duty manfully, standing by their guns till they were driven away with bayonets or clubbed with muskets. The Eleventh and Twenty-ninth were not to be driven back, however, or denied the object for which they started. As one of the men said afterward: "They were told to take the guns and they were bound to do it, or lose every man among them." About two minutes after this, the Forty-sixth Indiana made a charge upon a battery of four guns, a short distance from the scene of the first capture, and in one gallant dash took it, and every man belonging to it. The rebels made a desperate effort to recapture those batteries, but did not succeed. Our men, when subsequently compelled to fall back on the left, spiked all the guns which they could not get away.

From statements made by prisoners and citizens, I think a just estimate of the rebel force will place the figures at thirty thousand. Pemberton was in the field in person. The confederate troops were from Georgia, South-Carolina, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Missouri. Bowen's command, which we whipped at Port Gibson, was there. A large portion of it was captured, among them fifty men and a captain from Gates's regiment of dismounted cavalry. The rebels concentrated three fourths of their men upon three divisions of our army, those of Logan, Hovey, and Quinby, so that they had really about seven thousand men more than we had in the engagement.

The result of to-day's fight was a complete victory for General Grant's forces, and the total rout and demoralization of the rebel army. Our loss will reach three thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners. During the early part of the engagement the rebels carried off all their wounded. From the number of their dead found upon the field, and of wounded who fell into our hands while they were falling back, it is fair to say that they lost three thousand in killed and wounded. We took about two thousand prisoners and upward of twenty pieces of artillery during the day.

There were many instances of heroism in the battle to-day, which ought to entitle the actors to the admiration of the country, and embalm their memories in the hearts of every patriot. Lieutenant Perry, of the Forty-seventh Indiana, was with his company under the hottest fire of the engagement. His regiment occupied such a position that his command was very much exposed and was suffering dreadfully. One of his

comrades suggested to him that he ought to avail himself of a little cover immediately in his rear. Perry looked at him calmly but resolutely, and said: "No, sir. The Forty-seventh never gives back an inch." A moment afterward he was shot through the heart and expired without a groan. Two of his men, on seeing him fall, wept like children.

The Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tenth Missouri was shot through the heart while waving his sword to urge his men forward to a charge, which they executed with splendid success.

An officer was sent to General Logan to inquire how the contest was going in his front. Logan sent back word: "Tell General Grant that my division cannot be whipped by all the rebels this side of hell. We are going ahead, and won't stop till we get orders."

When our left was giving way before the overwhelming force of the enemy a few men became panic-stricken, and it was feared the contagion would spread. The Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Indiana rode to the rear, having received a wound in the hip. He rallied the terror-stricken by a few words of encouragement: "Don't be discouraged, men. They are driving us now, but we'll have them whipped in an hour. We are taking Vicksburgh to-day, boys, and if you all do your duty it's bound to fall."

On the rebel side an instance of valor occurred, in the conduct of Captain Riddle, of a Mississippi battery, who remained by the side of his guns after all his horses had been shot, and his comrades killed, wounded, or routed. He staid at his post, fighting against an infantry charge with a revolver, until pierced by half a dozen bullets.

In the battle of to-day the rebels did not depart from their uniform practice of barbarity to our wounded. In more than twenty instances they bayoneted, clubbed, or shot our wounded who had fallen into their hands. I saw two or three men dead upon the field, who had been shot in the ranks and afterward run through the breast or abdomen with a bayonet, while found lying upon the ground or leaning against a tree. Several of our officers and men were witnesses to these inhuman acts. They saw their comrades butchered, but dare not remonstrate lest they themselves should share the same fate. On one occasion a regiment of rebels ran their bayonets through six of our wounded, after an unsuccessful charge on one of our batteries.

The Twenty-fourth Iowa is called a Methodist regiment. The colonel and several of the captains are Methodist preachers, and a majority of the soldiers are members of the Methodist Church. They did some of the best fighting of the day, yesterday. They went into the battle full of enthusiasm, and not one of them flinched during the engagement. Their major was wounded late in the day. He walked from the field, and, on his way to the hospital, captured a stalwart confederate, and compelled him to carry him on his back to the Provost-Marshal's headquarters. It was a laughable sight to see Major Wright riding

his captive into camp. The casualty list of the Methodists is very large, and shows that they stood up to their work like true soldiers. On returning from the battle-field in the evening they held a religious meeting, at which the exercises were very impressive. As I write they are filling the woods with "Old Hundred."

Indiana was more largely represented in the fight to-day than any other State. The troops that were exposed to the heaviest fire were from the Hoosier State. Among them were the famous Zouaves formerly commanded by Lew Wallace. Just before Hovey was driven back the Forty-sixth Indiana advanced, with the Eleventh, far beyond other troops, with no supporting force on either flank, and took six pieces of artillery, driving the rebels from their guns by a hand-to-hand fight. The rebels immediately inclosed them on three sides in overwhelming numbers. They had two lines, and our wounded, when they passed over, say this column was eight deep. There was nothing left for our men, of course, but to fall back, which they did in excellent order. After retreating a short distance they rallied and held the enemy in check till reënforcements came up, when they in turn drove the enemy along their whole line. Indiana has just cause to feel proud of the deeds of her sons in the hard-fought battle of the sixteenth.

Doc. 193.

BATTLE OF BLACK RIVER, MISS.

BRIDGE ACROSS BIG BLACK, May 17, 1863.

THE battle of Big Black bridge was fought on Sunday, the seventeenth, the day after the battle of Champion's Hill. In this spirited engagement only the Thirteenth army corps was engaged. It is superfluous to add that the troops comprising this corps fought as they always do, excellently well. In the morning, after a night's bivouac on the hill overlooking the village of Edwards's Station, the column, with McClelland at its head, moved toward Black River bridge. The citizens who were questioned on the subject said the position was most strongly fortified at the crossing, and we naturally thought the enemy would make stubborn resistance there. We were not surprised, therefore, to learn that our advance-guard was fired upon by the rebel pickets as the column moved toward the river.

The country between Edwards's Station and the bridge loses that hilly and broken character which distinguishes the region further east, and spreads out into a broad and fertile plain, over which we moved rapidly. There were no commanding hills whence they could pour a deadly fire into our ranks; but there were numerous patches of forest, under the cover and from the edge of which they could easily enfilade the open fields by the road-side. There was such a one a mile east of the intrenchments where the main picket-guard was stationed. Here determined resistance was first made.

General Carr's division had the extreme advance of the column, and opened and ended the engagement. Hastily deploying a heavy line of skirmishers to the right of the road, backed up by the two brigades of Carr's division in line of battle behind it, with General Osterhaus's division on the left of the road similarly disposed, General McClelland gave the order to advance. Soon in the depths of the thick forest the skirmishers of both armies were hotly engaged, while batteries of artillery, planted on the right and left of the road, poured shot and shell into the fort most furiously. The guns in the intrenchments replied with vigor and spirit. Almost the first shot dropped in the caisson belonging to Foster's Wisconsin battery and exploded its contents, slightly wounding General Osterhaus and Captain Foster, of the battery, and very seriously injuring two gunners. General Osterhaus being thus disabled, the command of his division was temporarily given to Brigadier-General A. L. Lee.

After skirmishing had continued for an hour, during which the enemy gave way and sought the cover of his intrenchments, the order was given to the several brigade commanders on the right to advance and charge the enemy's works. The order was received with cheers and shouts, and the Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-third Iowa, and Eleventh Wisconsin, General Lawler's brigade, were the first to announce themselves in readiness. The order "forward" was given, and steadily and splendidly the brave boys moved up to the assault. The enemy crouched down behind the breastworks. A portion of them, stationed in a curtain on the right of the fort, whence they were able to get a cross-fire upon the column, reserved their volley until we were within easy musket-range of the intrenchments, when they swept the advancing line with their terrible fire. The brave boys lost in that fearful volley one hundred and fifty men; yet they faltered not, nor turned their steps backward. They waded the bayou, delivering their fire as they reached the other bank, and rushed upon the enemy with fixed bayonets. So quickly was all this accomplished, that the enemy had not time to reload their guns, and was forced to surrender.

The battle was ended, and the fort, with three thousand prisoners, eighteen pieces of artillery—some of them captured from ourselves, and bearing appropriate inscriptions—several thousand stand of arms, and a large supply of corn and commissary stores, fell into our hands.

The enemy had, earlier in the day, out of the hulls of three steamboats, constructed a bridge, over which he had passed the main body of his army. As the charge was made, and it became evident that we should capture the position, they burned this bridge and also the railroad bridge across the river just above.

In the afternoon several attempts were made to cross the river, but the sharpshooters lined the bluffs beyond and entirely prevented it. Later, the main body of sharpshooters were dispersed by our artillery. It was not, however, safe to

stand upon the bank, or cross the open field east of the bridge, until after dark, when the enemy withdrew altogether.

Doc. 194.

CAPTURE OF HAINES'S BLUFF.

ACTING ADMIRAL PORTER'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP BLACK HAWK, HAINES'S BLUFF, }
YAZOO RIVER, Wednesday, May 20, 1863. }

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, Washington:

ON the morning of the fifteenth I came over to the Yazoo to be ready to coöperate with General Grant. Leaving two of the iron-clads at Red River, one at Grand Gulf, one at Carthage, three at Warrenton, and two on the Yazoo, left me a small force; still I disposed of them to the best advantage.

On the eighteenth, at Meridian, firing was heard in the rear of Vicksburgh, which assured me that General Grant was approaching the city. The cannonading was kept up furiously for some time, when, by the aid of glasses, I discerned a company of our artillery advancing, taking position, and driving the rebels before them.

I immediately saw that General Sherman's division had come on to the left of Snyder's Bluff, and that the rebels at that place had been cut off from joining the forces in the city. I despatched the De Kalb, Lieutenant Commander Walker, Choctaw, Lieutenant Commander Rainsay, Romeo, Petrel, and Forest Rose, all under command of Lieut. Commander Breese, up the Yazoo, to open communication in that way with Generals Grant and Sherman.

This I succeeded in doing, and in three hours received letters from Generals Grant, Sherman, and Steele, informing me of this vast success, and asking me to send up provisions, which was at once done.

In the mean time, Lieut. Commander Walker, in the De Kalb, pushed on to Haines's Bluff, which the enemy had commenced evacuating a day before, and a party remained behind in the hopes of destroying or taking away a large amount of ammunition on hand.

When they saw the gunboats, they came out and left every thing in good order—guns, fort, tents, and equipage of all kinds, which fell into our hands.

As soon as the capture of Haines's Bluff and fourteen guns was reported to me, I shoved up the gunboats from below Vicksburgh to fire at the hill batteries, which fire was kept up for two or three hours. At midnight they moved up to the town and opened on it for about an hour, and continued at intervals during the night to annoy the garrison.

On the nineteenth I placed six mortars in position, with orders to fire night and day as rapidly as they could.

The works at Haines's Bluff are very formidable. There are fourteen of the heaviest kind of mounted eight and ten-inch and seven and a half-

inch rifled guns, with ammunition enough to last a long siege.

As the gun-carriages might again fall into the hands of the enemy, I had them burnt, blew up the magazine, and destroyed the works generally. I also burnt up the encampments, which were permanently and remarkably well constructed, looking as if the rebels intended to stay for some time.

These works and encampments covered many acres of ground, and the fortifications and the rifle-pits proper of Haines's Bluff extended about a mile and a quarter.

Such a net-work of defences I never saw. The rebels were a year constructing them, and all were rendered useless in an hour. As soon as I got through with the destruction of the magazines and other works, I started Lieutenant Commander Walker up the Yazoo River with a sufficient force to destroy all the enemy's property in that direction, with orders to return with all despatch, and only to proceed as far as Yazoo City, where the rebels have a navy, yard, and store-houses.

In the mean time, General Grant has closely invested Vicksburgh, and has possession of the best commanding points. In a very short time a general assault will take place, when I hope to announce that Vicksburgh has fallen, after a series of the most brilliant successes that ever attended an army.

There has never been a case during the war where the rebels have been so successfully beaten at all points, and the patience and endurance shown by our army and navy for so many months is about being rewarded.

It is a mere question of a few hours, and then, with the exception of Port Hudson, which will follow Vicksburgh, the Mississippi will be open its entire length.

D. D. PORTER,

A. R. A. Commanding the Mississippi Squadron.

Doc. 195.

SKIRMISH NEAR FAYETTEVILLE, VA.

FAYETTEVILLE, VIRGINIA, May 27, 1863.

WE have perfect quiet here now, though but a few days ago matters were lively.

On Sunday, the seventeenth of May, our cavalry outpost on the Raleigh road, distant from Fayette Court-House something like eight miles, were informed of the presence of the enemy in their front; and one company of the Second Virginia cavalry was sent to their assistance. About fifty men of the Twelfth regiment had been stationed on Blake's farm, one mile and a half inside of the cavalry outpost. Saturday morning the infantry force was drawn in, and arrived at camp about dark.

Some time during the night the cavalry were attacked, and the pickets driven into our outside camp-guard, where they remained until the morning of the eighteenth, when Captain Robert Wilson arrived with companies A, F, K, and E, of the Twelfth, from this point; and proceeded with

his whole force, consisting of one company of the Second Virginia cavalry and the four companies of the Twelfth, toward Blake's Farm, which they reached without molestation.

Here the infantry was halted, and Captain Wilson took the cavalry and moved out on the Raleigh road four or five miles beyond the point from which they had been driven the night before; and there encountered the enemy in considerable numbers. After exchanging a few shots, he fell back to Blake's farm; and then sent Lieutenant Ankrom and twelve men up the Raleigh road the second time, with orders to ascertain, if possible, the strength of the enemy. Lieutenant Medlicott, with twelve men, was also sent out on the old mountain road that intersects the main road near Blake's farm.

Lieutenant Ankrom advanced on the Raleigh road a short distance beyond where we first saw the enemy. After firing a few shots, he fell back to the main body, and reported that he had seen about one hundred men.

A courier was then sent to Lieutenant Medlicott, ordering him to fall back for fear of an ambuscade. It being late when he arrived, the whole party bivouacked for the night.

About seven o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth, twenty men, under command of Lieutenant Glotfeldter, of the Twelfth, were sent to the front to reconnoitre. Just as they were starting, one of the advanced pickets came in and reported that a squad of fifteen men had made their appearance, but, upon discovering our pickets, had fallen back. The two lieutenants of cavalry were then ordered to take twelve men each—one squad to follow, and, if possible, overtake the fifteen men; the other to proceed to McCoy's bridge. Neither squad had got out of sight before the pickets on the Raleigh road commenced firing. The lieutenants were immediately ordered to return, and the whole force drawn up to receive the enemy.

Company K, of the Twelfth, were sent back to the cross-roads, two miles in our rear, with orders to hold the road; but before he got his position the enemy appeared in sight on the front and on our left flank, and attacked our pickets, who fell back, disputing the ground all the way, until they reached the main body.

In a few minutes information was received that company K had been attacked in their rear, at Huddleston's Bridge. Captain Wilson gave Lieutenant Glotfeldter command of the three remaining companies of infantry, with orders to fall back into the woods and make their way to camp. About the time the infantry had gained the cover of the woods, the rebel cavalry appeared in force. The cavalry under Captain Wilson fell back for the purpose of reënforcing company K, of the Twelfth. The Captain's horse not being as fast as the others, he could not keep the lead, but the company charged down the road toward the bridge at Huddleston, under a heavy fire. The rebels had torn the bridge up, and some ten or twelve of the foremost horses went through into the run, carrying their riders with them. The

balance of the company were led by First Lieutenant Joseph Ankrom, who rescued some of the men who had fallen through the bridge, and making their way around the bridge succeeded in getting into position. They then commenced firing, and thus enabled company K, of the Twelfth, and some of the cavalry, to gain the woods. The cavalry skirmished all the way back until they reached the outside picket-fort. While running the road, Captain Wilson had his horse shot from under him, but escaped unhurt, and soon after his arrival at the outside picket, had the pleasure of meeting the other companies of his command, who had been brought in safely by Lieutenant Glotfeldter. They then proceeded to camp. In a few minutes the enemy got their artillery into position, and began shelling the woods, but without doing any damage.

When the detachment under Captain Wilson reached camp, the works were all filled with troops, and every thing prepared to receive our visitors, who soon made their appearance. They fired the first shot at two A.M., and as soon as our guns could be brought to bear, we replied. The second shell fired by the rebels killed the only man killed during the engagement. His name was Owen McGinnis, a sergeant of company A, of the Twelfth, Captain Wilson. He was struck on the head with a ball from a twelve pound spherical case-shot, killing him almost immediately. The firing of the rebels was rapid, and, as a general thing, wild. One section of Captain McMullen's battery, which was stationed in the outside redan, compelled the rebels to move their artillery nine times during the afternoon, and disabled one piece. The firing was kept up until night, when both sides ceased, and the troops rested on the ground all night.

About five A.M., on the nineteenth, company K arrived in camp, they having gone entirely around the right flank of the rebels. They were hailed with a hearty greeting by the rest of the boys. During the operations of Captain Wilson and his command, three men were wounded and six missing. One of the wounded—George Bahan, company K, Twelfth O. V. I.—has since died. The others are doing well.

Early on the morning of the twentieth our battery opened on the rebels and elicited a reply. The firing was kept up until two P.M., when it was ascertained the enemy was retreating. Colonel White, of the Twelfth, who has command here, asked for permission to follow, which was granted, but not until late in the evening, when the enemy had got a good start; but, thinking that he might overtake them, he started, after dark, with about two thousand men and part of McMullen's battery, and after pursuing them a distance of twenty-five miles, gave up the chase as hopeless, and returned to his camp with as dusty a crowd of boys as ever any one witnessed.

Our total loss was fourteen killed, wounded, and missing, in the Twelfth Ohio; three men and six horses missing in the Second Virginia cavalry, and three horses wounded.

Among the men who went through the bridge

at Huddleston, was Lieutenant J. J. Medlicott, of the Second Virginia cavalry. He was fortunate enough to escape, and, two days after, made his appearance in camp. The coolness and daring of Lieutenant Ankrom, of the same regiment, is deserving of notice; and owing to his exertions at the bridge, Lieutenant Atkinson of company K, Twelfth Regiment, was enabled to get a good position for his command, and then he handsomely returned the compliment by pouring into the rebels a hot fire, which aided the cavalry in getting out. In the attack on our works here, no anxiety was felt as to the result.

Since the fight several of the enemy have come in and given themselves up. They report that they are most all willing to lay down their arms and take the oath, but are watched too closely. They say that it was the expectation that a large body of mounted men, under Imboden and Jones, would attack Gauley Bridge at the same time that McCausland would attack us here; but it is the opinion that the movement of some of our forces from the direction of Clarksburgh, changed the notion of the rebels, and, therefore, the column operating on this road was left to take care of itself.

TWELFTH O. V. I.

Doc. 196.

FIGHT NEAR FORT GIBSON, ARK.

COLONEL PHILIPS'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, INDIAN TERRITORY
AND WESTERN ARKANSAS,
FORT BLUNT, CHEROKEE NATION, May 22. }

Major-General James G. Blunt:

SIR: I have the honor to report to you a somewhat severe engagement with the enemy on the twentieth instant.

I had eight hundred (800) mounted men guarding my supply line, to cover approaching trains, when the enemy, in the night, crossed the Arkansas River with five regiments, going a mountain road. A scout I had sent, failing to do his duty, left that road unwatched, and they approached within five miles of me, getting me on the left flank. They were, however, afraid to attack me in the works, and taking a strong position on the mountains on the south, five miles distant, and close to the Arkansas River, tried to cut off the stock. As all had been reported quiet for twenty (20) miles in all directions this side of the river, the stock was, therefore, being sent out to graze, when the enemy pounced upon it. Sending all the mounted men I could raise, the larger portion of the stock was taken from them. The Creek regiment refused to charge, or it could all have been saved.

I sent forward Majors Foreman, Wright, and Pomeroy, with all the present available force, and as rapidly as possible moved every thing within the works. The enemy being strongly posted five miles distant, drove back Major Foreman and the others for some distance, although the ground was hotly contested. Captain Lucas, of the Sixth

Kansas, was nearly surrounded, as was Captain Anderson, of the Third Indiana, but they gallantly cut their way through.

Leaving Colonel Dole, with a strong command, and most of my artillery behind the works, I moved rapidly forward with two battalions of Indian infantry and a section of Hopkins's battery, under Lieutenant Bassett. Leaving one battalion as reserve, I supported the forces already in front, and soon drove the enemy into the woods. Here they contested the ground for a short time, but they were pushed over the mountain, and rapidly driven in complete rout to Webber's Falls, where they crossed the Arkansas River.

As we were following the enemy up the mountain, I learned that the enemy, with two six-pound field-pieces and one twelve-pound howitzer, were trying to cross Arkansas River, two miles from Gibson. Leaving the mounted men to follow the retreating enemy, I took my infantry and two guns down to the river, and found that the enemy, although in considerable numbers on the opposite bank, were only making a feint. Desiring to dismount their artillery, I immediately opened on them, but they rapidly withdrew their guns and fell back.

The battle was a very severe one while it lasted, as I could only bring a portion of my forces to bear. My loss in killed is upwards of twenty—probably twenty-five or twenty-six—as some are missing, and about half that number wounded. I understand that the enemy's loss is much more severe. We lost no officers. The rebels had one major killed.

On the field there were Colonel Coffey, (with Missouri and Arkansas troops,) Major Bryant, Colonels Levi and Chili McIntosh, each with a regiment; Colonel Adair's regiment and a Choctaw regiment. Only one battalion of Texans came over, as the remainder (infantry) staid with the artillery across the river, with the design of crossing the short way if we were pressed back.

Yesterday the enemy kept up a heavy cannonade until dark, over the river at my picket stations. This morning, at daylight, it had been renewed. Lieutenant-Colonel Schurate got in yesterday with the first part of the train, and the paymaster. The refugee train, which I reënforced—sixty miles off—is also in safety.

The enemy have left Van Buren and taken all but a handful of men from Fort Smith. They are massed south of the river in front of me, and give their forces at eleven thousand, but their real force is between four and five thousand men. They are nervously determined that I shall not recruit in the country south of the river, and tell the Indians that the United States forces are whipped in Virginia, and will be obliged to evacuate the Indian country, and that their only safety is with the Confederacy.

Three of my Indian picket stations behaved very badly, having deserted their posts without giving me notice, and allowed the enemy to get on my flank in the morning. I feel it due to the majority of the men and officers to compliment

their gallantry and heroism, by which we, without risking our position, achieved a decided victory over greatly superior numbers.

Respectfully,
WILLIAM A. PHILIPS,
Colonel Commanding.

Doc. 197.

COLONEL CHICKERING'S EXPEDITION.

ON BOARD STEAMER CAHAWBA, OFF GEORGIA COAST, }
June 5, 1863. }

No full account has yet found its way into print respecting the recent exploit of Colonel Thomas E. Chickering, of Boston, and having received the particulars from the Colonel, I am enabled to give the interesting details of this hazardous, but successful expedition.

On Thursday, May twenty-first, at daybreak, Colonel T. E. Chickering, of the Forty-first Massachusetts cavalry, (extemporized for this particular service,) the Fifty-second Massachusetts, One Hundred and Tenth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, and Ninetieth New-York, with one company each of the Thirteenth Connecticut, Twenty-second and Twenty-sixth Maine, and one section of Nim's Massachusetts battery, under command of Lieutenant Snow, the whole division under the immediate command of Colonel Chickering, proceeded, with three hundred army wagons, from Berrie's Landing, laden with cotton, sugar, molasses, and other valuable products, toward Berwick City. The ponderous train once in motion, soon began to wind itself along the easterly bank of the Teche, the white canvas covering to the wagons giving the train, at a distance, when viewed from a slight elevation, the appearance of a monster white bo-constrictor, which crawled slowly but surely along.

Upon arriving at St. Martinsville, Colonel Chickering learned from his spies, and from those worthless negroes that Copperheads talk so much about, that the enemy were in ambush just beyond his advancing scouts. He at once crossed the Teche, and marched rapidly to New-Iberia, where he found the steamer J. M. Brown, laden with supplies for his troops. Unloading the supplies, they were soon distributed among the various regiments. The steamer was at once laden with cotton, sugar, corn, and molasses, and with one thousand contrabands on board, sailed for Brashear City.

From New-Iberia the march was resumed toward Franklin, and the warlike caravan entered this pretty little seesh town amid the reverberation of the different bands, and the choruses of the regiments, swelling with the notes of the various camp songs, our glorious colors proudly fluttering their silken folds over the serried ranks—all tended to form a thrilling and beautiful picture. Perhaps you can form some sort of an idea of the gigantic proportions of one of these wagon trains, when I state that the one under command of Colonel Chickering was five miles long.

The noise of such a train in Virginia could be

heard for miles, owing to the rocky soil and the iron axles; but in Louisiana one must hunt very assiduously in order to discover a pebble, so that a train can move with but little noise—an advantage of great importance to an army on the move.

On the evening of the twenty-second the advance had bivouacked at Centreville, and the weary sentinels paced up and down their posts, anxiously listening for the welcome footsteps of the relief-guard, when mounted messengers dashed into camp with news of an attack on our rear. Three squadrons of the Forty-first Massachusetts cavalry were at once ordered to the rear to prevent any surprise in large numbers, and to disperse the eowardly guerrillas that followed in the track of the train, annoying us constantly, evidently with the intention of harassing us to such an extent that a rapid advance would be impossible.

In the mean time other messengers came in reporting that General Mouton, son of the ex-Governor of Louisiana, with Brigadier-General Greene, were but a short distance in our rear, with five thousand men, including a large number of "Texicans." It was very plain that Mouton's object was to engage our rear, and then, by a *coup-de-main*, endeavor to flank the entire division.

Upon discovering this scheme, Colonel Chickering had three regiments of infantry drawn up in line of battle, directly in front of the wagon-train, and orders were then given for the train to move on. Colonel Morgan, of the Ninetieth New-York, whose regiment formed the rear-guard, was instructed to retreat, giving battle, and at the same time protect the rear of the train. Colonel Morgan indulged in a few lively skirmishes with the scattered forces of the enemy, chiefly guerrillas. The train was pushed on with all possible speed during the night, followed closely by the most daring guerrillas, and on the morning of the twenty-sixth reached Berwick City, after a forced march of one hundred and ten miles in four days. The last forty miles was accomplished in the almost unprecedented short time of twenty-four hours, the enemy following close upon our heels.

The rebels were exceedingly vigilant, and we were continually reminded that they were on the *qui vive* at all points. Colonel Chickering received information through reliable sources that the main body, numbering five thousand men, were at Calcosien, or Lake Charles Court-House, forty miles south-west of Opelousas, near the Texas boundary line, and from which State the troops were being drawn.

The rebels were expecting Colonel Chickering and his train of booty on the Grand Coteau, and the shrewdness of the Colonel in command alone prevented the rebels from gaining a rich prize. The enemy's spies, who pretended, of course, to be the strongest kind of Union men, were permitted to hold converse with Colonel Chickering, and he very adroitly made use of them, by pretending to divulge to them the plans of the retreat; and he succeeded most admirably in "Yan-

keeping" the sincere Union men. They were told *confidentially* that our forces were going to stop at Vermilion Bayou and construct the bridge over that stream, and the *Union* men, of course, had a strong force there, as we afterward learned from a trusty negro. Colonel Chickering is wholly responsible for their *great victory* at this point, and it is high time such *irritating* conduct toward our deluded Southern brethren was stopped. It was agreed between the rebel officers that we should be flanked at St. Martinsville, but the rapidity of the Colonel's movements thwarted them, when Franklin was decided upon as the spot where this immense "Yankee" potent corn-hopping nigger train was to be engulfed in the mighty jaws of the rebel army; but lo, presto, change! they passed through and beyond Franklin. Considerable powder and lead was wasted for the so-called Confederacy, and the chagrin of the baulked rebels was so bitter, that, for sixteen miles, from Franklin to Centreville, they fought us in their brave guerrilla style.

The rebels fired from the windows of the house at which Colonel Chickering took dinner on the same day. At Franklin their programme was all laid out, but owing to some slight disarrangement of the machinery, the performances at the confederate theatre did not satisfy the eager audience. They had been told that the retreat of "the d—d Yankees" was to be cut off, as well as all their heads; but suddenly their boasted tragedy became, if possible, worse than a farce.

Colonel Chickering arrested a believer in the Jeff Davis doctrine, and a faithful supporter of the "divine" or "peculiar" institution, by the name of Alfred Lastrappe, a wealthy planter, owning a sugar and cotton plantation at Breaux Bridge, on the banks of the Teche. Mr. Lastrappe is only suspected, with some pretty strong evidence to sustain the suspicion, of having murdered four of his best negroes who were preparing to join our army as soon as it passed the plantation. The four new-made graves were found, but the innocent says they died very suddenly, and no doubt they did. He is now under close arrest, and an examination is shortly to be made into the case.

The principal evidence is from negroes who tell their simple stories of the great affection of the master for the "Yankees;" so great was it, that Mr. Lastrappe had only to hear that one of his negroes had dared to speak to a "Yankee," and on goes the lash, and prostrate was the impudent Ethiopian in the embraces of the stocks.

The women and children were very bitter all along the line of march, and Colonel Chickering arrested several insolent male rebels, who professed neutrality when arrested.

Nim's battery fired several shots into a sugar-house, where upward of one hundred and fifty rebels were concealed. A number of them fled to the woods. We cannot state the casualties of this little artillery episode. The contrabands who were in the train were terribly alarmed at the guerrillas, and the scene beggars description. It required the greatest exertion and vigilance on

the part of Colonel Chickering to keep the road open.

Lieutenant Woods of the One Hundred and Tenth New-York regiment was killed, and a major and several commissioned officers were captured by these guerrillas. Colonel Chickering has heard since that they hung two of our officers, but he had not at last accounts received any thing authentic in relation to the matter.

General Banks was very solicitous for the safety of this immense train, and a disaster to it would have sadly injured our cause. Now, as for the success, the following figures will show plainly. Six thousand negroes came into our hands, five hundred plantation wagons, three thousand mules and horses, besides a fabulous number of cattle. While the Forty-first Massachusetts were stationed at Berrie's Landing, five thousand bales of cotton were sent from that point, besides immense quantities of sugar and molasses, and it is estimated that upward of ten thousand negroes have been sent from Berrie's Landing to Brashear City and Algiers. It is superfluous business for me to attempt to praise the skill and energy of Colonel Chickering for the determination he evinced and the great success which has crowned his efforts. Let the record be his garland of laurel. All of these negroes are exceedingly eager to fight for their freedom, and I have often seen the tears rolling silently down their sable cheeks when the examining surgeon, after inspecting them, pronounced them physically worthless for active service in the field. Nothing is more false and ridiculously absurd than the statements of Northern Copperheads that the negro will not fight, will not labor without the cruel lash—is of too indolent a nature naturally to support himself.

No honest man who has travelled in the revolted States can assert this. Many men come to Louisiana with these impressions upon their minds. The negroes will fight, and desperately too, as the bitter conflict at Port Hudson attests. They do labor, where remunerated faithfully. The negroes of Louisiana are the only friends we have in that State, and one single instance has yet to be named wherein they have proved faithless.

CICERONE.

—*Boston Traveller.*

Doc. 198.

AFFAIR NEAR MIDDLETON, TENNESSEE.

LOUISVILLE "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

MURFREESBORO, May 25, 1863.

I GAVE you by telegraph a short account of the night attack made by our cavalry on the enemy's camp near Middleton, on the morning of the twenty-first. Through the kindness of Colonel Stanley and General Minty, the latter commanding the First brigade, which sustained the brunt of the fight, I am enabled to glean from official reports, the following details: On the night of the twenty-first, at eight o'clock, General Stanley started out on the Salem pike, in the direction of Middleton, a small village about three miles west of Fos-

terville, on the old stage route leading from Murfreesboro to Shelbyville. The forces composing the expedition were the First and Second brigades of General Turchin's cavalry division, the former consisting of the Fourth Michigan, Third Indiana, Seventh Pennsylvania, and Fourth regular regiments, under the command of Colonel R. H. G. Minty; and the latter composed of the Third and Fourth Ohio cavalry and the Thirty-ninth Indiana mounted infantry, and commanded by Colonel Long. Leaving the pike to avoid the enemy's pickets, posted on the road, the column picked its way cautiously through an unfrequented region, broken by gullies and ravines, obstructed by bluffs, and traversed by serpentine water-courses. The natural barriers intervening, impeded the progress of the column; but the night, its darkness deepened by the forest that overhung, rendered the path almost impassable. After a march of over twenty miles over this rugged country, the horses jaded and the men fatigued, the force was halted within three miles of Middleton, and the preparations made for surrounding, surprising, and capturing the enemy. General Stanley, with his escort and two companies (D and I) from the Fourth regulars, ordered forward to act as advance-guard, under the command of Lieutenant O'Connell, took the road leading from the old Salem pike in the direction of the rebel camp. General Turchin was ordered to follow, in supporting distance, with the First brigade. Reaching a point where the road forked with another leading to the right, General Turchin sent the balance of the Fourth regulars and the Seventh Pennsylvania to the left, and the Fourth Michigan, followed by the Third Indiana, took the road to the right, leading to Middleton. General Stanley, in the mean time, with the advance-guard, had held steadily toward the point designated by the guides as the camping ground of the enemy. The camp was situated about a mile from Middleton, in a dense cedar glade, and the forces were so disposed that it was necessary to pass through the grounds occupied by the First Alabama to reach the camp of the Eighth confederate. Having alarmed the sentries, and anxious to surprise the enemy asleep, General Stanley ordered the Anderson Guard forward. No time was lost. In a twinkling Lieutenant O'Connell was at their head, and the two companies, with drawn sabres, were dashing forward with a yell, that was alone sufficient to strike terror into a drowsy man, and sabring the frightened Alabamians. The alarms given by the sentries had aroused the Eighth confederate, who, rallying in sufficient numbers, beat back the advance-guard, who retired with a large number of prisoners. The Fourth Michigan, on the alert, attracted by the tumult, dashed forward at a furious gallop, charged through the town and a mile beyond into the camp of the enemy. The rebels by this time had formed in line of battle on the opposite side of an open field and in the edge of the forest skirting it. Discovering them, the Michiganders fired a few volleys at them, which emptied several saddles, and pre-

pared to charge. The confederates, more confident in the mettle of their horses than in their own ability to sustain a charge, wheeled about and took to the woods and glades. The Third Indiana, in the mean time, had charged in the direction of Fosterville. The few rebels they found only tarried to exchange shots, and retreated. The Second brigade, moved forward when the action begun, found the enemy gone, and was now occupying his camp. General Stanley burned the tents, wagons, clothing, guns, ordnance stores, and every thing left on the grounds, and, with over two hundred serviceable horses and seventy-three prisoners, took up a line of march for Murfreesboro. The rebels, collecting in considerable force, followed us for several miles, firing on our rear-guard and severely wounding quite a number of our men. Colonel Long, with the Second brigade, brought up the rear, and sustained a loss of eight wounded by shots from the enemy following. Reporting to General Stanley that our rear was being continually annoyed, the Fourth Michigan was placed in ambush. The column passed, and the enemy unsuspectingly followed close behind, firing at us. When within easy musket-range the Fourth Michigan rose and poured in a volley that played sad havoc in the rebel ranks, and they withdrew to trouble us no more.

The charge of the advance-guard was a brilliant affair, and reflects great credit on Lieutenant O'Connell, who led the van, and only retired when the enemy in superior force moved forward to oppose him. In this action we lost the daring and gallant Lieutenant Wood.

Doc. 199.

EXPEDITION TO GUM SWAMP, N. C.

GENERAL FOSTER'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TENTH ARMY CORPS,
NEWBERN, N. C., June 2, 1863. }

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief United States Army, Washington, D. C.:

GENERAL: Referring to my brief report of May twenty-second, I have the honor to report that, learning from Colonel J. Richter Jones, commanding outposts, that he deemed it possible to capture the enemy's outpost regiments at Gum Swamps, eight miles from Kinston, I ordered Colonel Lee's brigade, consisting of the Fifth, Twenty-fifth, and Forty-sixth Massachusetts regiments, three pieces of Boggs's battery, and a battalion of cavalry, to report to him.

Colonel Jones ordered the Fifth, Twenty-fifth, and Forty-sixth, with the artillery and cavalry, under the command of Colonel Pierson, Fifth Massachusetts, to advance up the railroad and Dover road, to attack the enemy's work in front, while the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers, and the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts volunteers, under the immediate command of Colonel Jones, took a path through the swamp, to reach the rear of the enemy's position.

The main column, under Colonel Pierson, met

the enemy's pickets at daylight of the twenty-second, and driving them in, commenced an attack on the front. Colonel Jones with his command, owing to the character of the road they had taken, and the men having to go by single file, did not arrive at the desired place until nine A.M. On arriving in the rear of the enemy's position, Colonel Jones deployed such batteries of his command as could be used to advantage, opened fire and advanced. The enemy fired a few desultory volleys, then broke and fled in great confusion, taking to the swamps, and escaping by paths known only to themselves. On hearing the firing of Colonel Jones's command, Colonel Pierson advanced his command and entered the work in front. After securing the prisoners (one hundred and sixty-five) and spoils, demolishing the enemy's works, and resting his men, Colonel Jones made a demonstration and show of advance on Kinston. At dusk the same evening his pickets were driven in, and he found himself attacked by the enemy in force, and with artillery. He, in obedience to orders, at once returned, followed by the enemy, and reached our outpost line without loss.

Colonel Lee's brigade were put on cars in waiting, and returned to their camps.

The enemy, mortified at the success of Colonel Jones, and being strongly reinforced from Goldsboro, reattacked our outpost line on the afternoon of the twenty-third. I sent out a supporting force to Colonel Jones, and the enemy were repulsed at every point, but with a great loss to us and the service, in the death of Colonel Jones, who was shot through the heart as he was leading on two companies of his regiment to dislodge the enemy from a position he had taken up.

By the death of Colonel Jones, a most brave, zealous, and able officer has been lost to the service and this department.

I have the honor to inclose a list of casualties, and a list of prisoners and articles captured.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,
Major-General Commanding.

Doc. 200.

THE CHARGE AT VICKSBURGH, MISS.

GENERAL MCCLERNAND'S LETTER.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
IN THE FIELD NEAR VICKSBURGH, MISS., }
May 23, 1863.

DEAR GOVERNOR: I snatch a moment, amid pressing and responsible duties, to address you a few lines on the subject of our recent operations.

The rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon ring at short intervals in my ears, and carnage is all around. All the corps of the army of the Tennessee were ordered by its commander to make a simultaneous assault upon the enemy's works at ten A.M. of the twenty-second instant. The advance was ordered to be made in quick-time, with bayonets fixed, and without firing a gun, until the outer works were carried.

A very rough, rugged and broken space was in

our front, and had to be overcome under the enemy's fire. Our line was some six or eight miles long, and was therefore necessarily weakened by attenuation. At five minutes before ten o'clock I ordered that the bugle sound the charge, and within fifteen minutes Lawler's and Landrum's brigades, of the Fourteenth and Tenth divisions of this corps, had stormed a strong lunette work in their front, making lodgment, and planting our colors upon it.

Twelve men went into it, eleven were killed, and the twelfth, aided by our sharpshooters on the top of the parapet, captured and brought out twelve rebels. A feat more daring and successful is hardly recorded. Its achiever was Sergeant Joseph E. Griffith, company I, Twenty-second Iowa V. I., who deserves equal admiration and praise.

Within thirty minutes after ten o'clock, Benton's and Burbridge's brigades, fired with noble emulation, rushed forward; made a lodgment on a similar work in their front, and in like manner planted our flag upon it. This cost a sanguinary struggle. The enemy was driven away from a loaded gun before he had time to fire it; while Lieutenant White, of the Chicago Mercantile battery, brought up one of his pieces by hand close to the enemy's works, and double-shotting it, poured a deadly discharge into the enemy's ranks. This feat was a worthy parallel to Sergeant Griffith.

All this was on my right. On my left Osterhaus's division formed the advance, supported by one brigade of General Hovey's—the other brigade having been left behind, under General Grant's order at Big Black. The movement of these forces was obliquely toward the point of attack, in front of Lawler, which they neared in the course of a struggle which brought most, if not all of them into action. The fury of our assault was such as to alarm the enemy and to cause him to mass his troops from both right and left, in my front. The movements by which this was effected, were plainly seen by officers and men of my command, and greatly increased the obstacles to the advance of my corps, whose strength had been much curtailed by different detachments which had been ordered to be left behind.

Passing to matters of a more personal character, I am loth to inform you of rumors which would fix upon me the responsibility of the failure of the assault on the twenty-third. These rumors are as contradictory as they are senseless and mendacious. They must be spawn of petty prejudiced partisans. It would be unjust to impute them to any men of rank and character.

One rumor charges me with not attacking promptly, yet it is notorious, I was the first to attack, and the first to make a lodgment in the enemy's works; moreover, I continued unremittingly the conflict until after night, and for a longer time than any other corps. My success was also as great as that of any other corps.

I planted my flag upon two of the enemy's works, where they waved for some eight hours—

taking a number of prisoners, and forcing the enemy, through his fears, to mass his forces to stop my progress.

Another rumor charges me with the responsibility of the loss sustained by the other army corps. And wherefore, do you imagine? Simply, because I urged that other parts of the line should continue the attack as well as mine, or that I should be reënforced—one or the other.

In asking the former, I but asked what General Grant had expressly and peremptorily ordered. The fault, therefore, if any, was not with me. In asking, alternatively, the latter, I only asked what, in massing our forces on a single and shaking point, would have materially conduced to the success of the attack.

Perhaps our endeavors would have been crowned with success if the latter plan of attack had been originally adopted. In short, it was but fair for all to coöperate under an order from a common superior, alike binding on all, for the attainment of a common object. And if loss was sustained by others, it was also sustained by me, probably in still greater proportion; but not as a consequence of any thing that I said or did, but as a consequence of the order alluded to, and the effort to carry it into successful effect.

Coming as it did, from competent authority, it is not my province, nor is this the proper occasion to impugn that order. Without intending injustice to any one, I may be permitted to say that my corps led the advance from Milliken's Bend to Bruin's Landing, and to the field at Port Gibson. At the latter place it was the first to attack the enemy and break his force. This battle was determinate of all our following successes. Pursuing the enemy next day, it captured the town of Port Gibson, and drove the enemy from the north bank of Bayou Pierre; thence marching toward Edward's Station, on the Vicksburgh and Jackson Railroad, it encountered and drove back the enemy from one of the crossings of Fourteen Mile Creek, on the same day that General Sherman drove him back from the crossing at Turkey Creek, and McPherson beat him near Raymond. Soon after it led the advance to Bolton on the railroad, and again against the enemy at Champion Hill, first attacking him and achieving a signal victory, with the assistance of McPherson's corps. That my corps bore the brunt here is attested by the conspicuous part borne by General Hovey, and the greater loss sustained by his division. Rapidly pursuing the routed enemy, we captured many prisoners, together with Edwards's Station, and all of the enemy's stores there, during the evening and night of the same day. By eight o'clock the next morning we overtook the enemy in considerable force on the Big Black River, and immediately engaged him, drove him from his skilfully constructed works at the point of the bayonet, taking many prisoners and eighteen pieces of cannon. Thence we marched upon Vicksburgh, and have done what has already been recounted.

The odds were now largely against me, yet for some eight hours I held my ground, baffling

every attempt to dislodge me, and in the mean time repeatedly asked for a diversion of the enemy on my right, or to be reënforced. Reënforcements finally came up, but too late; night cut short the engagement. With timely reënforcements, I doubt not, what a number of my officers affirmed, that we could have gone through the enemy's works. Indeed, I have learned since that the enemy was about to yield.

With what justice it has been imputed to us that we have brought up the rear, you will decide. Others, doubtless, have done their duty as well—it may be, better than we. It is foreign to my purpose to complain of any one, to make invidious comparisons; but let justice be done. If need be, let there be an investigation by competent authority of the whole campaign, in all its parts and policy, and in regard to all its officials, from Milliken's Bend to this place, and the truth declared.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN A. McCLERNAND.

To His Excellency, Richard Yates, Governor of Illinois.

INDIANAPOLIS "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

CAMP IN REAR OF VICKSBURGH.

On Friday, the twenty-second, while accompanying General Smith's aid, I again had an opportunity of witnessing some of the operations.

Brilliantly streamed the sunlight on that May morning over the fort-crowned hills around Vicksburgh. Traces of serious thought were upon the countenances of the men, for they well knew that to many that gladdening sunlight was their last. The order was to open with all our guns, and at ten o'clock to charge. From the hills where the siege-guns were planted, manned by the First regulars, the wreathing smoke of our batteries in active operation, could be seen around the whole line, while to the ear, came the sudden roar of the gunboats on the river. The rebel hospital and court-house were in sight, but for miles along their rifle-pits and forts, not a man was visible. About four hundred yards in front of their works, was a ridge, on the top of which the rebels had burnt a house. Three pieces of the First Indiana battery were in the rear of the chimney, and two of Blunt's cannon were in the road, to the left of which Generals Carr and Smith made their headquarters.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, the rattle of musketry and a shower of bullets announced that Benton's brigade was advancing. General Carr, followed by his staff, rode up to the ravine from the railroad, stopping just below the crest of the hill, and sat like a statue while around him passed the hissing hail of lead.

Lawler's brigade, on the left, advanced nearly to the works, and while Osterhaus's division was falling back, Landrum's brigade rushed down the hill through the ravine and commenced ascending the hill on which that fort was situated, amid the concentrated fire of a half-dozen forts. The Twenty-second Iowa had planted their flag on the outer edge. Some of the Pioneer corps, with picks, were trying to dig into the works. A

few reached the inside and were fighting hand to hand. While this was transpiring on the left of the railroad, equally heroic actions were being performed on the right.

Burbridge's brigade had been ordered to the support of Benton. Colonel Washburn, of the Eighteenth, shouted to his men: "The Hoosiers are coming." Colonel Lucas answered, as with gun on his shoulder he led up his men: "Here's your mule." Some of the Eighteenth had jumped into the ditch and could not get out. Smith ordered Burbridge to send two regiments from his right to the left, to which the answer was: "I cannot move; they are rolling down cotton-bales and trying to flank us." Major Montgomery and Captain De Grasse, of the Eighth Missouri cavalry, went over the hill by the burnt chimney shouting like Indians. Captain De Grasse had a ball in his foot, and the staff-officer who attempted to follow their example received two bullets in his horse. Colonel Wright, too sick to fight, had crawled up to see it. The Sixteenth Indiana moved by the flank up to where the Eighteenth was lying close by the fort. These two regiments who have seen service in States widely separated, now mingled their ranks and planted their flags side by side on the crest of a rebel fort in Mississippi.

The rebels scarcely daring to show a head under the constant stream of bullets, lit the fuses of shells and threw them by hand among our men, who showed them a Yankee trick by coolly picking them up and throwing them back, where they exploded among the traitors.

The exaggerated pictures of illustrated papers usually provoke our merriment, but this scene far surpassed any description words could give of it. Not a man in the two divisions believed they could enter the fort, but here they stood thickly crowded before the fort they could not storm; on the edge of the ditch they could not cross; under an enfilading fire that diminished their numbers, coolly throwing back the lighted shells that fell among them.

Slowly the hours dragged by. Messengers came from each brigade, asking reinforcements. Word was sent to the Eighth Indiana to advance to the left of the fort. Colonel Shunk answered: "Half of my men are killed and wounded, but I will go with the rest." McPherson's attack had been repulsed, and the rebels had concentrated in our front. All hearts felt glad when, coming up the road, appeared the head of column of Quinby's old division, now commanded, I believe, by Crocker. General Carr took Colonel Boorman, commanding the brigade, and showed him the position he wished him to occupy. The brigade was formed, and moved over the hill, and now fiercely rose the storm of musket-balls, canister and shell. The living passed on, trembling, over the dead and wounded of their own ranks, over the broken ground, through bushes and abattises, where no line could be kept. All had noticed the gallant bearing of Colonel Boorman as he formed and led his brigade over the hill. In a

few minutes I saw two men bringing back his corse, his clothes torn and dirty, blood running from his mouth and ears; he died as a hero should. Without presuming to criticise those who ordered the movement, I think an error was committed in the way and manner in which the last brigade advanced. If they intended the rebels should only feel its force, it might have moved around the ravine as the other troops did, concealed as long as possible. If it was intended to show reinforcements coming, they could not expect a single brigade to overawe the rebels, who, for a whole day, had kept back two divisions, even though that brigade advanced so boldly under the murderous fire.

At last night came and orders were given to withdraw. The men came back with clothes torn and dusty, and faces blackened with powder. They had lived years in those few hours. General Burbridge, the man to whom honor is dearer than life, came back with his brigade, his eyes glaring, and the perspiration standing thick upon his haggard face. General McClelland, of a nervous, sensitive temperament, seemed much depressed at the slaughter of his men. Carr, the hero of Pea Ridge, who had freely exposed himself all day, seemed the most cool and business-like man on the field. In the morning a soldier had cried out, "Look at the men falling;" he broke fiercely out: "Who talks of dead men here? Think of the enemy, and of killing them. It is no time to speak of dead men now." General Smith is the oldest among the generals in years, and one of the most fiery and impetuous in disposition. In the bewildering chaos of battle men tell the incidents which strike them most forcibly. Mistakes cannot be avoided in such rapidity of action. The men came back singly or in groups. Some regiments formed a line on the top of the ridge. General McClelland, in a low tone, called his division commanders around him, and while the big drops of rain commenced falling, soldiers were calling on comrades' names and carrying by the wounded, these men sat on the hillside and held a consultation near the body of Colonel Boorman. A dreary ending of a fearful day.

I do not believe greater bravery was ever displayed than by the men of these two divisions, who, without hope, had boldly assaulted the works, and for eight hours maintained the unequal contest. The Eighth Indiana had lost nearly one hundred men killed and wounded. Among the killed were three captains. Lieutenant-Colonel Jenks, of the Eighteenth, was mortally wounded. Colonel Lucas, of the Sixteenth, was hit twice, but not seriously. I have spoken only of the bravery of Indiana regiments, but from no disparagement to the soldiers of other States. In the divisions of Smith and Carr, not a regiment faltered or fell back. History alone will reward the actions of those who gave their lives here to-day, and in other years men will read with thrilling interest of that "wild charge they made."

J. R. S. C.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S REPORT.

MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG-SHIP }
BLACK HAWK, May 23. }

SIR: On the evening of the twenty-first I received a communication from General Grant, informing me that he intended to attack the whole of the rebel works at ten o'clock A.M. on the next day, and asking me to shell the batteries from half-past nine until half-past ten, to annoy the garrison. I kept six mortars playing rapidly on the works and town all night, and sent the Benton, and Mound City, and Carondelet, up to shell the water-batteries, and other places where troops might be resting during the night.

At seven o'clock in the morning the Mound City proceeded across the river and made an attack on the hill batteries opposite the canal. At eight o'clock I joined her with the Benton, Tuscumbia, and Carondelet. All these vessels opened on the hill batteries, and finally silenced them, though the main work on the battery containing the heavy rifled gun was done by the Mound City, Lieutenant Commanding Byron Wilson.

I then pushed the Benton, Mound City, and Carondelet up to the water-batteries, leaving the Tuscumbia (which is still out of repair) to keep the hill batteries from firing on our vessels after they had passed by.

The three gunboats passed up slowly, owing to the strong current, the Mound City leading, the Benton following, and the Carondelet astern. The water-batteries opened furiously, supported by a hill battery on the starboard. The vessels advanced to within four hundred and fifty yards, by our marks, and returned the fire for two hours, without cessation, the enemy's fire being very accurate and incessant.

Finding that the hill batteries behind us were silenced, I ordered up the Tuscumbia to within eight hundred yards of the batteries; but her turret was soon made untenable, not being able to stand the enemy's shot, and I made her drop down.

I had been engaged with the forts an hour longer than General Grant asked. The vessels had all received severe shots under water, which we could not stop up while in motion, and not knowing what might have delayed the movement of the army, I ordered the vessels to drop out of fire, which they did in a cool and handsome manner.

This was the hottest fire the gunboats have ever been under, but owing to the water-batteries being more on a level with them than usual, the gunboats threw in their shell so fast that the aim of the enemy was not very good. The enemy hit the vessels a number of times, but the shot did but little damage. Not a man was killed, and only a few wounded.

I had only enough ammunition for a few moments longer, and set all hands to work to fill up from our depot below. After dropping back I found that the enemy had taken possession again of one of the lower hill batteries, and was endeavoring to remount his guns, and had mounted a twelve-pounder field-piece to fire on General

McArthur's troops, which had landed a short time before at Warrenton. I sent the Mound City and Carondelet to drive him off, which they did in a few moments.

I beg leave to inclose a letter from General McArthur, explaining why he did (to use his own expression) take advantage of the results gained by the gunboats. I have since learned from General Grant that the army did assault at the right time vigorously. In the noise and smoke we could not see or hear it. The gunboats were, therefore, still fighting when the assault had proved unsuccessful.

The army have terrible work before them, and are fighting as well as soldiers ever fought before. But the works are stronger than any of us dreamed of.

General Grant and his soldiers are confident that the brave and energetic Generals in the army will soon overcome all obstacles and carry the works.

DAVID D. PORTER,
Acting Rear Admiral.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

Doc. 201.

OPERATIONS AT PORT HUDSON.

REPORT OF GENERAL BANKS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS, BEFORE }
PORT HUDSON, May 30, 1863. }

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

GENERAL: Leaving Semmesport, on the Atchafalaya, where my command was at the date of my last despatch, I landed at Bayou Sara at two o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first. A portion of the infantry were transported in steamers, and the residue of the infantry, artillery, cavalry, and wagon-train moved down on the west bank of the river, and from this to Bayou Sara.

On the twenty-third a junction was effected with the advance of Major-General Augur and Brigadier-General Sherman, our line occupying the Bayou Sara road at a distance of five miles from Port Hudson. Major-General Augur had an encounter with a portion of the enemy on the Bayou Sara road, in the direction of Baton Rouge, which resulted in the repulse of the enemy with heavy loss.

On the twenty-fifth the enemy was compelled to abandon his first line of works. General Weitzel's brigade, which had covered our rear in the march from Alexandria, joined us on the twenty-sixth, and on the morning of the twenty-seventh a general assault was made upon the fortifications. The artillery opened fire between five and six o'clock, which was continued with animation during the day.

At ten o'clock Weitzel's brigade, with the division of General Grover, reduced to about two brigades, and the division of General Emory, temporarily reduced by detachments to about a brigade, under command of Colonel Paine, with

two regiments of colored troops, made an assault upon the right of the enemy's works, crossing Sandy Creek, and driving them through the woods into his fortifications. The fight lasted on this line until four o'clock, and was very severely contested.

On the left the infantry did not come up until later in the day; but at two o'clock an assault was opened on the works on the centre and left of centre by the divisions under Major-General Augur and Brigadier-General Sherman. The enemy was driven into his works, and our troops moved up to the fortifications, holding the opposite sides of the parapet with the enemy.

On the right our troops still hold this position. On the left, after dark, the main body being exposed to a flank fire, withdrew to a belt of woods, the skirmishers remaining close upon the fortifications.

In the assault of the twenty-seventh, the behaviour of the officers and men was most gallant, and left nothing to be desired. Our limited acquaintance with the ground, and the character of the works, which were almost hidden from our observation until the moment of approach, alone prevented the capture of the post.

On the extreme right of our line I posted the first and third regiments of negro troops. The First regiment of Louisiana engineers, composed exclusively of colored men, excepting the officers, was also engaged in the operations of the day. The position occupied by these troops was one of importance, and called for the utmost steadiness and bravery in those to whom it was confided. It gives me pleasure to report that they answered every expectation. In many respects their conduct was heroic. No troops could be more determined or more daring. They made during the day three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their position at nightfall with the other troops on the right of our line. The highest commendation is bestowed upon them by all the officers in command on the right. Whatever doubt may have existed heretofore as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of this day proves conclusively to those who were in condition to observe the conduct of these regiments that the Government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders. The severe test to which they were subjected, and the determined manner in which they encountered the enemy, leaves upon my mind no doubt of their ultimate success. They require only good officers, commands of limited numbers, and careful discipline, to make them excellent soldiers.

Our losses from the twenty-third to this date, in killed, wounded, and missing, are nearly one thousand, including, I deeply regret to say, some of the ablest officers of the corps. I am unable as yet to report them in detail.

I have the honor to be, with much respect,
your obedient servant,

N. P. BANKS,
Major-General Commanding.

NEW-ORLEANS "ERA" ACCOUNT.

NEW-ORLEANS, May 23.

The long-expected attack upon Port Hudson commenced yesterday, and last night and this morning it was continued, the advantage being with us, although it has been one of, if not the bloodiest battle that has yet been fought on this continent. As I have before stated, the position was closely invested some days since, our right resting on Thompson's Bayou, and the left on Springfield's Landing.

Our line of investment was as follows: The extreme right was commanded by General Weitzel, with his own and the division of General Emory; the right centre by General Grover; the left centre by General Augur, and the extreme left by General T. W. Sherman—our artillery brigade being under command of General Arnold. The defences of Port Hudson, on the land face, consist of several lines of intrenchments and rifle-pits, with an abattis of heavy trees felled in every direction.

It is one of the strongest positions in the world, and to assault it in the face of the terrible fire of artillery and musketry to which an attacking force would be exposed, seemed almost impossible, with any hope of success. It has been commenced, however, and carried on thus far with success, but with terrible slaughter. We are expecting momentarily to hear that it has fallen, for if it cost ten thousand men, General Banks and the gallant officers and men under his command, will never rest, now that they have commenced, until the Stars and Stripes wave over the stronghold of the rebels. The assault has been made with unparalleled fury; no men in the world ever fought with more bravery or determination than our glorious volunteers; but the defence has been excellent, as the result of the first day's fighting will show.

The number and calibre of the guns in the rebel batteries facing the river is yet to be determined, and also their force inside of the works, but we have good reason for saying to-day that they have at least twelve thousand men. The artillery force of our army is very large, and many of the guns are of very heavy calibre, and, under the able direction of General Arnold, they have done most efficient service.

All the Commanding General's plans having been perfected, it was determined to feel the enemy at once. Accordingly the attack was ordered for yesterday morning. It was arranged with Admiral Farragut that the attack should be general, by land and water at the same time, and signals were established between the army and navy, in order to prevent the shot and shell from our ships being thrown over the enemy and into the lines of our attacking force.

Although our men had endured the fatigues of battle and hard marching, in the recent campaign in the Teche, they forgot it all when they found themselves in front of Port Hudson, and knew it was to be attacked. They were in high spirits as the time drew nigh, and became impatient for the moment to arrive when the order "forward!"

should be given. All thought of the uncertainty of battle seemed to have vanished; every one seemed to think he would prove a hero, and felt certain that promotion would follow the battle of to-morrow.

Those who witnessed the enthusiasm of our men said it was wonderful; their bearing was more like that of veterans than men who less than a year ago knew nothing of war and its horrors. They appeared determined to know no such word as fail, and felt satisfied that by their exertions a great point was to be gained in bringing this war to a successful termination.

The line of battle was formed at daybreak yesterday morning, and no better men can be found in any army than they who formed it. I refer to the division commanders—Weitzel, the young man, but old soldier; Grover, the well-known commander of a brigade in Hooker's division on the Peninsula; Augur, who commanded a brigade and was wounded at Cedar Mountain; and last, though not least, Sherman, better known in the army as Tim Sherman, one of the best soldiers in the service.

The plan appears to have been to carry the enemy's positions on the right and left first, and this work consequently devolved upon the divisions of Generals Weitzel and Sherman. It was not long after the advance was sounded that our troops met those of the enemy, and it soon became evident that every foot of ground we gained was to be fought for with determination. The fight soon commenced along the entire line. On the right the sharp rattle of musketry and roar of artillery gave notice that Weitzel was at work, and as it increased in intensity it became evident that he was having no boy's play; and he had not. Every inch was disputed; the enemy fought with the ferocity of demons; but it was to no purpose; our boys drove them slowly but steadily, using clubbed muskets and bayonets when they could not load. It was soon apparent that whatever else would be done by the army, Weitzel was bound to win; his column could not be checked, although suffering greatly; the enemy went down before them as grass before the scythe of the mower; and, although the work was tedious and bloody, no one faltered. General Weitzel, keeping his men well in hand for the last rush, put them at the enemy's works on the river side, and they went on with a will, making the air resound with their shouts. Here the fight became murderous; it was hand to hand and breast to breast, the bayonet doing the main part of the work. The rebels could not stand it, however, and were compelled to fall back.

Our people pressed them close, allowing no space to be created between the attacked and the attacker, and finally drove them into, and then out of the celebrated six-gun battery that did such terrible execution upon the steamer Mississippi the night she was destroyed. Here was a great point gained—a point that we could use to advantage against the other works of the enemy. And it did not take long for the quick eye of Weitzel to see all this and profit by it. As soon as practi-

ble, the guns were shifted and put to work, and were busy at last accounts in throwing shot and shell into and against the position of their late owners. This was decidedly the most brilliant and successful part of the day's work—not that the men fought any better, or showed more determination than those on other parts of the field, but it was the greatest point gained, and proved what we could do when resolved to accomplish certain ends. By this operation the enemy's left was turned, and in a manner to prevent the lost ground being recovered. The battery captured was the most annoying of any of the line, for it raked completely the channel-way of the river.

No more desperate fighting has ever taken place than that of the division of General Sherman, yesterday, in the attack upon the right of the enemy's position. Our men faced the storm of iron and lead that was hurled against them as if it had always been their business to do so. They moved steadily forward under the most murderous fire of shot, shell, grape, canister, and musketry, with a steadiness that was surprising. When Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed, the flower of the English army was selected for the "forlorn hope;" but they, veterans as they were, never moved with firmer step or more solid column than did the Second division of the Nineteenth army corps in the attack of yesterday upon the right of the enemy's position with an impetuous charge. The Sixth Michigan and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New-York carried the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet; but they were compelled to give way, as the enemy had massed its troops here, and it became necessary for our glorious fellows to fall back before overwhelming numbers. Not much ground was lost, however; we only failed to maintain our position within the main works.

The Second regiment, Louisiana Native Guard, Colonel Neilson, were in this charge; they went on in the advance, and when they came out six out of the nine hundred men could not be accounted for. It is said on every side that they fought with the desperation of tigers. After firing one volley they did not deign to load again, but went in with bayonets, and wherever they had a chance it was all up with the rebels. Although we gained much ground, and held it, still the principal object of this attack was not accomplished—namely, getting possession of and holding the batteries on the enemy's right. It was owing to some misunderstanding. The charge cost us heavily in killed and wounded. General Sherman led the attack in person, and fell severely wounded in the leg. General Neal Dow was also wounded. Colonel Clarke, of the Sixth Michigan, was killed. Colonel Cowles, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New-York, also, by a bayonet thrust; Lieutenant-Colonel Smith of the Zouaves, severely wounded. The Sixth Michigan and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New-York have each lost about half their effective men, and the other regiments have suffered severely.

The attack on the centre of the enemy's position by the columns of Generals Augur and Gro-

ver, also exhibited the most terrible fighting and the same obstinate resistance. Our troops here, as well as on the right and left, did all that men could do, and held every inch of ground they gained. The enemy were driven, foot by foot, out of their rifle-pits and intrenchments, into their main works, from whence they will never come out, except as prisoners of war. As I before stated, every obstacle that could be placed in the way of our advance, and every art that could render our columns subject to slaughter, was used by the enemy, and with terrible effect. The Allies at Sebastopol bombarded for months and months, from batteries constructed by all the science that military engineering could bring to bear, and with guns of the heaviest calibre, before the assault was attempted; but here we have a case of line after line of intrenchments being carried by troops that have not, in a majority of cases, been one year in the field. The old soldiers in the army of the Potomac cannot do better than we have done here with nine months' men.

The lower battery at Port Hudson had been abandoned some days since and the heavy guns spiked, as the position was too much exposed to the fire of our mortars and the broadsides of the heavy ships. Between it and the other works there is a ravine, which also helped to necessitate the abandonment of that work on account of their concentrating all their available force in the main position. When we consider what was accomplished in a few hours, the result may be called a victory of no small proportions. It has never been done before in this war. But the end is not yet; we are to witness fighting at Port Hudson before which that of yesterday will sink into insignificance. It may have occurred to day, and probably did, and I am confident that we are to-night much nearer the accomplishment of our task than we were this time yesterday. The details of this first day's work will be interesting, but no more than I have given has yet reached us. Every day now will bring exciting intelligence until the finale comes and the announcement reaches us that Port Hudson has fallen. What I have related is from an eye-witness who was fortunate enough to get a passage down in the only vessel that left there last evening. He also saw much of the operations of the fleet, which I will give hereafter.

As I predicted would be the case in my letter to you of yesterday, if it was attempted to carry Port Hudson by storm, our loss in killed and wounded is very heavy. The least estimate I have heard is between two and three thousand, which I am led to believe is about correct. When all is taken into consideration, it is not larger, however, than we should expect, and it falls below what I supposed we would sustain. When masses of troops march up to an enemy's works like those of the rebels at Port Hudson, subjected as our men were to a concentrated fire from weapons of all descriptions, the field becomes a slaughter-pen. It is a one-sided affair, until we come to close quarters inside the works, when the chances are equal. Very few names have yet been

received of the killed and wounded, although a despatch that I saw says that our loss in officers has been very heavy. It will be many days before any reliable information is received as to the names of those who have suffered. We may have none until the entire affair is over, and perhaps it is better that we should not. The following are those we have heard from:

KILLED.—General Chapin, no confirmation as yet; General Nickerson, no confirmation as yet; Colonel Clarke, Sixth Michigan; Colonel Cowles, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New-York, by a bayonet wound; Colonel Payne, Second Louisiana, white regiment; Colonel —, Thirtieth Massachusetts; Captain Hubbard, on General Weitzel's staff.

WOUNDED.—General T. W. Sherman, severely, in the leg—amputation probable; General Neal Dow, slightly, in leg; Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, Second Zouaves, severely, in body.

I am informed that General Banks is determined to carry the position by storm, if he loses ten thousand men in doing so. He will have Port Hudson if it can be had, and he will not sit down and wait for it to come to him, but he will go to it. His army are in the highest spirits; the loss sustained has had no other effect upon their condition than to encourage them to new exertions. They will support the flag and the Commander-in-Chief to the extent of their power, and he knows now the men he has to depend upon, and with them he will add new laurels to the already fine reputation of the Nineteenth army corps.

Heavy reinforcements are being sent up the river to-night, which will greatly add to the strength of the army before Port Hudson, and much more than cover the loss sustained yesterday. Among them is the Ninetieth regiment New-York volunteers, Colonel Morgan, of Key West notoriety, commanding. He is, I understand, by reason of seniority, to have command of a brigade.

The fight commenced as early as seven o'clock yesterday morning, or rather became general about that time. It continued during the greater part of the day, excepting about an hour near noon. At seven o'clock last evening it was raging along the entire line with intense fury, and was going on this morning. Despatches received this afternoon at four o'clock, say that our position was still improving, with every prospect of success.

Our artillery, of which we have a very large and effective force, was splendidly served and did most terrible execution. General Arnold is deserving of the highest praise for the admirable condition of this arm of the service in this department. Our shot and shell fell in a continuous stream upon the enemy; they were compelled to take shelter from our deluge of ten, twenty, and thirty-pounder projectiles and the shrapnel and canister.

We have no means of ascertaining the loss of the enemy; it has no doubt, however, been frightful. Massed as they were to resist our advance, they were mowed down in heaps. The ground was literally covered with their dying and

dead. I do not think they have lost as many as ourselves, but it has been greater in proportion, considering how they were covered from the severity of our fire.

We have no definite information regarding today's operations. The news has been held back until the field is won or lost. The fighting has, no doubt, been as severe as yesterday, but we are entirely without details. I am inclined to think the enemy are almost driven to the wall, and must surrender or go into the river very soon. We may be in Port Hudson to-night, but if we are, the authorities keep the information wonderfully quiet. They tell nothing, and will permit nothing to go to Northern papers in advance of information sent to the War Department.

I could and would have sent all this information by telegraph to the South-West Pass this morning in time for the Columbia before she crossed the bar, but the obliging superintendent of the military telegraph, Captain Buckley, would not allow the Northern people to receive any information ahead of the War Department.

It must not be supposed that while the army was doing all this desperate fighting on shore, the navy was idle. On the contrary, the gallant Admiral was at work with the entire squadron, both above and below. The bukmers moved their position much nearer the enemy's works, and kept up a continuous fire of thirteen-inch shell. The Hartford and Albatross engaged the upper batteries, and when General Weitzel captured the six-gun battery before referred to, they moved further down and supported him by attacking the next below. Admiral Farragut, in the Monongahela, followed by the Richmond, Genesee, and Essex, engaged the lower works, and in a most effective manner. The Monongahela was worked to the admiration of every one. The fire of the enemy upon the ships was comparatively light—they directed it principally at the Monongahela, but failed to hit her. The Richmond was equally fortunate, and there was not a casualty to record in the fleet up to six o'clock last evening. The fleet was engaged in the morning, and again in the afternoon, and succeeded in dismounting five of the enemy's heaviest guns. The firing was, for accuracy, never excelled, the Genesee especially doing some very tall work with her one hundred-pounder rifle. The squadron manoeuvred in front of the enemy's works, and fired with the greatest deliberation, doing an immense amount of damage, and continuing the work until by signal, they ceased firing on account of our shells going over among our own people. Admiral Farragut, with his squadron, will render General Banks important assistance in the work yet to be done; he will continue to rain shot and shell upon the enemy in such a manner as must distract him in a great measure from the land attack, and compel him to abandon one line or the other. They cannot stand for many hours the assault they are now subjected to; it is more than human nature can endure—this constant wear and tear of both body and mind.

Doc. 202.

THE FIGHT NEAR AUSTIN, MISS.

M. M. BRIGADE, OFF HELENA, ARK., May 25, 1863.

Editors Missouri Democrat:

I SEND you an account of an engagement which was had by us with the rebels near Austin, Mississippi, thirty-five miles above this place.

On the evening of the twenty-third the commissary and quartermaster boat, Fairchild, which happened to be at the time some distance in rear of the fleet, was fired into by a party from shore, who had one field-piece, and were armed with rifles, etc. Fortunately no damage was done. On her arrival and reporting the facts, General Ellet determined to return and punish the "rebs" for their temerity in thus wantonly attack a transport-boat. The fleet had come to anchor at dark, at this place on its way below, and now orders were immediately signalled to the boats carrying troops to be prepared to leave at two o'clock next morning. Accordingly at that hour we quietly raised our anchors and ran up, reaching the town of Austin, which is just above the foot of Grand Cut Off, at sunrise. The only road from the river back near that place is one running some four miles due east from Austin, where it forks, one road then running southward along a lake known as Beaver Dam, and the other continuing eastward to the Coldwater. Our cavalry force under the old rebel-hunter of Missouri, Major Hubbard, at once pushed out on this road, turning downward along the lake.

The infantry followed about a half-hour later. When some two miles out, the General and staff were riding along some distance ahead of the infantry, and intending to overtake the cavalry, when suddenly they were opened upon by a party of rebels not fifty yards distant, drawn up by the roadside, and till that moment concealed by a slight bend in the road. Wonderful to say, not a man was touched. The infantry was at once disposed for a cavalry charge, but none was made. We now became aware of the rather unpleasant fact that the rebels, eight hundred strong, had been encamped four miles above, and on the arrival of the fleet at Austin, had come down and taken the road for the interior, just behind our cavalry, and so near before us, that we had stumbled upon their rear-guard, posted at the intersection of the roads, to notice our approach. Could Major Hubbard but become aware of the number and immediate presence of the enemy in his rear, and give them battle, while the infantry were in supporting distance, the enemy's chances of escape would be small, and the capture of his two pieces of artillery almost certain; but should they delay their attack upon him till he was beyond our help, his little battalion, only numbering some one hundred and seventy-five men, would be almost sure to be overwhelmed and cut to pieces or captured. The chances for a successful retreat, except directly out on the road, were indeed few. On one hand was an impassable bayou, and on the other an interminable canebrake. With great difficulty, we ascertained

at the forks of the road I have mentioned, that both forces had taken the Beaver Dam road. It was then evident that the rebels intended not only to avoid our main force, but if possible, to attack and annihilate our little cavalry force, which, as their numbers were four to one, and the knowledge of the roads, swamps, etc., almost wholly theirs, seemed quite probable, indeed almost certain. Our skirmishers were constantly driving their rear-guard, which was kept purposely close upon our front to delay our advance.

I have forgotten to mention that on our arrival in the morning, we had learned that a trading boat had been taken and burned the night previous by the gang stationed in the town, and that her crew were prisoners with the rebel force. The road over which we were now passing was crooked and almost impassable, filled with deep ruts and miry places. Presently the skirmishers overtook an ox-team loaded with the plunder of the trading boat, and drove off its guard. As the darkey teamsters had fled, and an attempt to extricate the mired conveyance became impracticable, as the main force was halted for a rest two and a half miles in rear, a picket was posted over it. Presently a party of rebels dashed back and drove our men away, and started the team ahead again. As soon as this was known, a company of infantry was despatched ahead to press the retreat, and the body again put in motion. A woman who was taken from the burned boat with the prisoners, was on the wagon, and when first retaken by us made good her escape to the rear. Soon the exciting pursuit was greeted by the exchange of shots ahead again, and the discomfited rebs were again obliged to abandon the wagon, which was soon sent to the rear.

We pushed on, warned by the sound of artillery far ahead, that our little force was contending with the enemy.

An hour's quick march brought us suddenly upon our friends, snugly ensconced just over the slope at the edge of the bayou, in a deep bend.

They greeted us with three hearty cheers, and our joy at finding them escaped from the hands of an overwhelming enemy, was only turned to sadness by the sight of dead and wounded men and horses.

Two brave boys had fallen, killed instantly. One was lying mortally wounded, and about twenty more or less wounded by buckshot, as well as rifle and pistol-balls. This band of heroes had here for nearly two hours, bravely fought those yelling demons, who ever and anon, retiring to the cover of the cane-brake, would concert an attack upon all sides but the immediate rear, and come out like grasshoppers from the forest in the front and on both flanks, shouting, and cursing, and threatening with instant butchery, if not at once surrendered; but with the brave Major Hubbard our gallant boys felt confident, and at his command rushed to the brow of the slope, and crouched beneath its shelter, and poured upon their foes such terrific showers of carbine and pistol shots as to throw

them into confusion, and force them to retire again.

Once a large body rushed down the slope on the left, and had almost succeeded in dislodging our men there, but a lucky shot from a sergeant's pistol killed the rebel lieutenant who was leading them, and they fell back also. Their wounded must have been numerous.

The rebels, in their charge, came on foot. Our horses being much exposed, were badly cut up.

Finally, our approach had made it prudent for them to retire, and Hubbard's battalion was saved. Five dead and dying rebels were found lingering on the field. How many were carried off, or how many were wounded, we have no means of knowing. They must have been considerable, as the supply of ammunition of our men was nearly exhausted, and much of the fighting was within close pistol-range.

The prompt services of the surgeon were rendered the suffering, and our dead and wounded were taken to the fleet. The enemy were in full retreat several miles away, mounted; so further pursuit was impossible, and we returned.

It was next determined to destroy the town, which has long been known as a bitter rebel place.

The following order was issued and executed:

HEADQUARTERS M. M. BRIGADE, }
FLAG-SHIP AUTOCRAT, }
AUSTIN, MISS., May 24, 1863. }

SPECIAL ORDER No. 52.

Whereas, The citizens of the town of Austin, Mississippi, did permit and sanction the attack upon one transport vessel yesterday, and the capturing of one trading vessel last night by a band of men acting against the authority of the United States, both these acts at or near this place, and did not only fail to give voluntarily any information concerning the whereabouts of said party, on the arrival of the United States forces here, but are known to have conveyed instant information of said arrival to the enemies of the United States, therefore, in just retaliation for this open aid and counsel afforded the enemies of the United States, be it ordered, as a warning to all citizens of other towns that may hereafter by armed bodies of men, hostile to the United States, be placed in similar circumstances, that every dwelling, outhouse or other structure in the said town of Austin (save three to be left as a protection to the women and children) be burned to the ground.

Provost-Marshal will take possession of the town and see to the prompt execution of this order, and that no marauding be permitted nor personal injury be sustained by any citizen of said town. Personal effects he will allow owners to remove.

By command of Brigadier-General A. W. ELLET.
W. D. CRANDALL, A. A. G.

Though the place was thoroughly searched for arms or other articles contraband of war, while the place was burning, the rapid and frequent discharge of secreted arms in two buildings took place, and at length an explosion of powder in the basement of the jail "shook the firm earth"

and made the distant hills resound. Surely this is a dire punishment, but such is the result of war. This people must be made to feel that to harbor and encourage the enemies of the Government is a terrible crime, and if their pseudo government is to afford them protection against such a punishment, it must control and prevent such outrages as are constantly committed by bands of men said to be acting under its authority.

From three prisoners who fell into our hands we learned that the force we were fighting were part of the command of Brigadier-General Chalmers, (who with the remainder of the command of Colonel McCullough's Second Missouri cavalry, were back on the Coldwater,) consisting of Colonel Blye's Second Mississippi cavalry and Colonel Slemmer's Second Arkansas cavalry. (One informant says they were all present.) From a source we consider reliable, we learn that this force was to effect a passage of the Mississippi by means of captured transports and join Price in an attack on New-Madrid. This design has been most effectually thwarted. General Chalmers has for some time had this force down near the Coldwater, at a place called Panola. An expedition from Memphis has, no doubt, ere this, satisfied his desire for active service at that place. When occasion offers, you shall hear again from your correspondent. W.

Doc. 203.

THE FIGHT NEAR GREENWICH, VA.

FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, May 31, 1863.

YESTERDAY morning, between seven and eight o'clock, a portion of the brigade of Acting General De Forest, stationed at Kettle Run, were startled by the report of artillery firing somewhere in close proximity. The train from Alexandria, consisting of ten cars loaded with forage, had passed about half an hour prior, and the idea was immediately suggested that the rebels were firing on the train, which was a correct impression, the whole train being entirely destroyed.

Colonel Mann ordered detachments of the First Vermont and Fifth New-York cavalry to proceed in the direction of the firing, each taking a separate route. The force combined numbered in the neighborhood of one hundred and sixty men. The detachment of the Fifth New-York, after proceeding two miles, and on approaching a hill, were fired upon by the enemy's artillery. One shell exploded in the solid column, but fortunately doing no further damage than killing the horse of Lieutenant Boutelle. The order was then given to fall into line and charge; but owing to the nature of the situation it was impossible to execute the manœuvre, and they accordingly retired to a piece of woods, where line was formed.

The enemy now showed by their movements that they had no disposition to fight, making a retrograde movement toward Warrenton, and while rapidly retiring fired a shot or so, without, however, inflicting any injury. After a close and eager pursuit, the Fifth New-York came up with

the enemy's rear-guard and immediately commenced skirmishing, keeping up quite a brisk firing with their pistols. At this juncture the First Vermont, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Preston, came up and joined the Fifth, and immediately the whole body charged through the woods, the rebels being in rapid flight, and were pursued about two miles and a half, until the enemy, turning a lane, brought their artillery into position and commenced firing.

Seeing the necessity for silencing the battery, Lieutenant Barker, of the Fifth New-York, asked for volunteers to follow him in an effort to take the guns. About thirty men promptly responded, and, placing himself at their head, he charged furiously, and was met when a short distance from the guns with a murderous discharge of grape and canister, which mowed down a great number of the men. Lieutenant Barker himself was wounded in two places by grape-shot, but still went onward until he crossed sabres with the enemy over their guns. In the mean time, Lieutenant Dimick, of the Fifth New-York, was despatched to order up the Vermont troops, and the whole command again charged, Lieutenant Hazleton, of the First Vermont, leading the charge, and captured one of the enemy's guns. The enemy were still going as rapidly as their horses would bear them. A desultory fire was kept up with small arms, inflicting some damage on the enemy; but they succeeded in carrying off their wounded in major part.

By this time our horses gave evident symptoms of exhaustion, having traversed at full speed a large extent of territory, and being never of superior endurance, (a living thesis on the value of serviceable horses for cavalry,) and, it being useless to attempt to overtake, the pursuit was relinquished. There is no doubt had the troops been provided with horses such as are adapted to the use of cavalry—not such scrubs as the Government furnish—few, if any, of the rebels would have escaped.

Mosby was in command in person, his force about one hundred strong, inclusive of the artillery. The object of his errand was to destroy the train, for which he paid a heavy penalty in the loss of his artillery (twelve-pound howitzer taken from the Federals at the battle of Ball's Bluff) and in the loss of his men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Fifth New-York ably sustained its claim to the title of the "fighting Fifth;" nor were the First Vermonters behind-hand; and if all was not accomplished that was expected, the responsibility rests on the shoulders of the negligent officials, to call them by no more severe term, who permit such horses to be palmed off by dishonest contractors on the Government. The secret of Mosby's plan of recuperating his band after being once destroyed, is explained. Picked men from different regiments are sent to him, and thus the vacancies occasioned by the casualties of battle are filled. Lieutenant Hazleton, of the First Vermont, who led the charge which captured the gun, deserves a particular mention.

Doc. 204.

SIEGE OF VICKSBURGH, MISSISSIPPI.

CONGRATULATORY ORDER OF GEN. MCCLERNAND.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
 BATTLE-FIELD IN REAR OF VICKSBURGH, }
 May 31, 1863. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 72.

COMRADES: As your commander, I am proud to congratulate you upon your constancy, valor, and success. History affords no more brilliant example of soldierly qualities. Your victories have followed in such rapid succession that their echoes have not yet reached the country. They will challenge its grateful and enthusiastic applause. Yourselves striking out a new path, your comrades of the army of Tennessee followed, and a way was thus opened for them to redeem previous disappointments. Your march through Louisiana, from Milliken's Bend to New-Carthage and Perkins's plantation, on the Mississippi River, is one of the most remarkable on record. Bayous and miry roads, threatened with momentary inundations, obstructed your progress. All these were overcome by unceasing labor and unflagging energy. The two thousand feet of bridging which was hastily improvised out of materials created on the spot, and over which you passed, must long be remembered as a marvel.

Descending the Mississippi still lower, you were the first to cross the river at Bruin's Landing, and to plant our colors in the State of Mississippi below Warrenton. Resuming the advance the same day, you pushed on until Pyou came up to the enemy near Port Gibson. Only restrained by the darkness of the night, you hastened to attack him on the morning of the first of May, and by vigorously pressing him at all points, drove him from his position, taking a large number of prisoners and small arms, and five pieces of cannon. General Logan's division came up in time to gallantly share in consummating the most valuable victory won since the capture of Fort Donelson.

Taking the lead on the morning of the second, you were the first to enter Port Gibson, and to hasten the retreat of the enemy from the vicinity of that place. During the ensuing night, as a consequence of the victory at Port Gibson, the enemy spiked his guns at Grand Gulf, and evacuated that place, retiring upon Vicksburgh and Edwards's Station. The fall of Grand Gulf was solely the result of the victory achieved by the land forces at Port Gibson. The armament and public stores captured there, are but just trophies of that victory.

Hastening to bridge the south branch of the Bayou Pierre, at Port Gibson, you crossed on the morning of the third, and pushed on to Willow Springs, Big Sandy, and the main crossing of Fourteen Mile Creek, four miles from Edwards's Station. A detachment of the enemy was immediately driven away from the crossing, and you advanced, passed over, and rested during

the night of the twelfth within three miles of the enemy, in large force at the Station.

On the morning of the thirteenth, the objective point of the army's movements having been changed from Edwards's Station to Jackson, in pursuance of an order from the commander of the department, you moved on the north side of Fourteen Mile Creek toward Raymond.

This delicate and hazardous movement was executed by a portion of your number, under cover of Hovey's division, which made a feint of attack in line of battle upon Edwards's Station. Too late to harm you, the enemy attacked the rear of that division, but was promptly and decisively repulsed.

Resting near Raymond that night, on the morning of the fourteenth, you entered that place, one division moving on to Mississippi Springs, near Jackson, in support of General Sherman, another to Clinton, in support of General McPherson, a third remaining at Raymond, and a fourth at Old Auburn, to bring up the army trains.

On the fifteenth you again led the advance toward Edwards's Station, which once more became the objective point. Expelling the enemy's picket from Bolton the same day, you seized and held that important position.

On the sixteenth you led the advance, in three columns, upon three roads against Edwards's Station. Meeting the enemy on the way in strong force, you heavily engaged him near Champion Hill, and after a sanguinary and obstinate battle, with the assistance of General McPherson's corps, beat and routed him, taking many prisoners and small arms, and several pieces of cannon.

Continuing to lead the advance, you rapidly pursued the enemy to Edwards's Station, capturing that place, a large quantity of public stores, and many prisoners and small arms. Night only stopped you.

At day-dawn, on the seventeenth, you resumed the advance, and early coming upon the enemy strongly intrenched in elaborate works, both before and behind Big Black River, immediately opened with artillery upon him, followed by a daring and heroic charge at the point of the bayonet, which put him to rout, leaving eighteen pieces of cannon and more than a thousand prisoners in your hands.

By an early hour on the morning of the eighteenth, you had constructed a bridge across the Big Black, and had commenced the attack upon Vicksburgh.

On the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first, you continued to reconnoitre and skirmish, until you had gained a near approach to the enemy's works.

On the twenty-second, in pursuance of an order from the commander of the department, you assaulted the enemy's defences in front at ten o'clock A.M., and within thirty minutes had made a lodgment and planted your colors on two of his bastions. This partial success called into exercise the highest heroism, and was only gained

by a bloody and protracted struggle. Yet it was gained, and was the first and largest success gained anywhere along the whole line of our army.

For nearly eight hours, under a scorching sun and destructive fire, you firmly held your footing, and only withdrew when the enemy had largely massed their forces and concentrated their attack upon you.

How and why the general assault failed, it would be useless now to explain. The Thirteenth army corps, acknowledging the good intentions of all, would scorn indulgence in weak regrets and idle criminations. According justice to all, it would only defend itself. If, while the enemy was massing to crush it, assistance was asked for by a diversion at other points, or by reëforcement, it only asked what, in one case, Major-General Grant had specifically and peremptorily ordered—namely, simultaneous and persistent attack all along our lines, until the enemy's outer works should be carried; and what, in the other, by massing a strong force in time upon a weakened point, would have probably insured success.

Comrades: You have done much, yet something more remains to be done. The enemy's odious defences still block your access to Vicksburgh. Treason still rules that rebellious city, and closes the Mississippi River against rightful use by the millions who inhabit its sources and the great North-West. Shall not the flag float over Vicksburgh? Shall not the great Father of Waters be opened to lawful commerce? Methinks the emphatic response of one and all of you is: "It shall be so!" Then let us rise to the level of a crowning trial! Let our common sufferings and glories, while uniting as a band of brothers, rouse us to new and surpassing efforts! Let us resolve upon success, God helping us.

I join with you, comrades, in your sympathy for the wounded and sorrow for the dead. May we not trust—nay, is it not so, that history will associate the martyrs of this sacred struggle for law and order, liberty and justice, with the honored martyrs of Monmouth and Bunker Hill?

JOHN A. McCLERNAND,
Major-General Commanding.

POETRY, RUMORS AND INCIDENTS.

POETRY AND INCIDENTS.

MITCHEL.

BY W. FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

“Hung be the heavens with black.”

His mighty life was burned away
By Carolina's fiery sun;
The pestilence that walks by day
Smote him before his course seemed run.

The constellations of the sky,
The Pleiades, the Southern Cross,
Looked sadly down to see him die,
To see a nation weep his loss.

“Send him to us,” the stars might cry;
“You do not feel his worth below;
Your petty great men do not try
The measure of his mind to know.

“Send him to us—this is his place,
Not 'mid your puny jealousies;
You sacrificed him in your race
Of envies, strifes and policies.

“His eye could pierce our vast expanse,
His ear could hear our morning songs,
His mind, amid our mystic dance,
Could follow all our myriad throngs.

“Send him to us! no martyr's soul,
No hero slain in righteous wars,
No raptured saint could e'er control
A holier welcome from the stars.”

Take him, ye stars! take him on high,
To your vast realms of boundless space;
But once he turned from you to try
His name on martial scrolls to trace.

That once was when his country's call
Said danger to her flag was nigh,
And then that banner's stars dimmed all
The radiant lights which gemmed the sky.

Take him, loved orbs! His country's life,
Freedom for all—for these he wars;
For these he welcomed bloody strife,
And followed in the wake of Mars.

VICTORY.

BY LIZZIE E. H. BATES.

All the day the stormy clouds
Have been drifting overhead
In the wind, like misty shrouds
For the brave and noble dead;
But the sun with genial glow
Breaks the sombre veil at last,
Like to the exultant show.
Victors make when battle's past.

Listen! Hear the deepening roar
Shaking earth, and air, and sky,
From the distant river shore—
How its echoes thunder by!
Does an earthquake stalk abroad
O'er Missouri's fated soil,
Making one vast grave her sod
While her rivers seethe and boil?

Listen! No! It is the boom
Of the cannon's fearful notes,
While the wreaths of battle bloom
All around their bellowing throats!
Listen! No! It *cannot* be!
Pride is still in full retreat,
And our troops in Tennessee
Rebel arms shall ne'er defeat!

Listen! Still the ceaseless roar
Peals along the quivering air,
From the city on the shore
News of victory it must bear!
Listen! Hear the loud hurrahs
In the quiet village streets,
While the distant thunder jars—
Echo still with echo meets.

Listen! Loudly peal the bells!
Listen! Guns are thundering here!
Every thing of victory tells,
Hearts of millions yearn to hear.
Pride is taken, now, at last!
Donelson has fallen low!
God be praised! the die is cast!
Vengeance falleth on the foe!

God be praised! His arm of wrath
Strikes for us this mighty blow—
Leads us on the battle-path—
Stanches, guides its crimson flow.
God be praised! for soon our land,
Groaning and convulsed so long,
As in olden time shall stand,
Union—Freedom blend their song!

Listen! Hear the sighing gale
Coming up from South to North,
While a lengthened answering wail
Comes from every quarter forth!
Is it widows' hopeless sighs
That create the wailing wind?
Is it orphan children's cries
For the prisoners Death doth bind?

That we conquer cannot bring
Loved and lost ones back to life—
That Right conquers, Glory sings
O'er the field of deadly strife;

That Right conquers still, shall be
 Balm for hearts with deepest wound,
 And this thought eternally
 Sanctifies the battle-ground!

BUNKER HILL, ILL., Feb. 17, 1862.

“BUT GOD IS OVER ALL.”

BY M. H. COBB.

Night closes in with threat'ning skies,
 And hoarsely moans the gale;
 Without, the trees like spectres rise,
 Eneased in wintry mail;
 From glowing grates we turn, to think
 On whom these rigors fall,
 And who their deathly eup shall drink—
 But God is over all!

How fare they in the distant camp—
 The father, brother, son?
 Oh! many brows with death are damp,
 With many life is done!
 O mothers, wives! distraught with fears,
 Lest your beloved should fall,
 Remember, in this rain of tears,
 That God is over all!

No base ambitions quickened these;
 They saw but Freedom's need;
 No dreams of flow'ry paths of ease,
 No bribe but valor's meed;
 And some shall win the hero's grave,
 The battle-smoke their pall;
 But honor dwells where fall the brave,
 And God is over all!

How nobler these than they who fought
 And fell in ancient time!
 For in this strife shall be outwrought
 A purpose void of crime;
 Base men have filled, and bid us drink,
 A eup o'erbrimmed with gall,
 And forge new fetters, link by link—
 But God is over all!

Where thickest falls war's leaden rain,
 And on its crimson sea,
 They closely press, and fight again
 The battles of the free;
 And many are the deaths they dare,
 From hurtling shell and ball,
 Which make their awful music there—
 But God is over all!

Remember, ye who watch the night
 With dimming eyes and pain,
*That he who gives his life for Right,
 His death shall not be vain;*
 Him shall men know as Freedom's son,
 When they his deeds recall,
 Who had unfaltering trust in One
 Whose care is over all.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

BY WILLIAM DENSMORE, U.S.N.

Come, all you Union-loving men, wherever you may be,
 I hope you'll pay attention now, and listen unto me,
 Concerning of a gallant ship, the Brooklyn is her name,
 Which name deserves to be engraved upon the list of
 fame.

'Twas in December, sixty-one, as you shall understand,
 Secession's gloom had overcast Columbia's happy
 land;
 The Brooklyn left the Delaware, her mettle for to try,
 With Louisiana's rebel fleet, whose boast was very
 high.

Tom Craven was our captain's name, as you shall un-
 derstand,
 As brave a naval officer as any in the land;
 With Lowry for our first luff, the Brooklyn she did
 steer
 Down through the Gulf of Mexico for every privateer.

It was in the month of April, the fleet being all com-
 plete
 That was to capture New-Orleans, the rebels to defeat;
 From Pilotstown the fleet steamed up, resolved not to
 return
 Until the Louisiana fleet we'd sink, destroy, and burn.

The rebels they were well prepared their city to de-
 fend;
 From bank to bank, between two forts, a chain they
 did extend;
 Fort Philip with its eighty guns, well countersearped
 all round,
 While Jackson with one hundred more upon the left-
 hand frowned.

With battering-rams, and fire-rafts, and all the gun-
 boat fleet,
 The rebels they were well prepared the Union tars to
 meet;
 With sand and floating batteries, upon the river-side,
 Bold Dunean in Fort Jackson brave Farragut defied.

On the twenty-fourth of April, before the break of
 day,
 The Hartford, being flag-ship, then a red light did dis-
 play;
 The light was seen throughout the fleet, then up went
 cheer on cheer,
 The Union fleet got under weigh, and for the Forts did
 steer.

As we went round the point of land that brought the
 Forts in sight,
 From rifled guns, with shot and shell, they soon com-
 menced the fight;
 The Hartford she stood boldly up—the Brooklyn,
 where was she?
 But look right under Jackson's guns, its Black Jack
 there you'll see!

The rebel shot flew thick and hot, the Brooklyn she
 was there;
 Tom Craven, he is on the poop—she's in his special
 care;
 Bold Lowry says, “We'll beat our foes and then
 we'll give three cheers;”
 Our first broadside like thunder roared, which banished
 all our fears.

Courage! undaunted Brooklyn's crew, your hour is
 nigh at hand,
 Brave Lowry on the quarter-deck says by you he will
 stand,
 And if by chanee the Brooklyn sinks between those
 Forts to-night,
 Our Flag shall be the last thing seen when she goes
 out of sight.

The rebels well supplied their guns, and Duncan he
did say:
"There is the Brooklyn close to us, so at her fire
away,
And if you sink that ship to-night the others all will
run,
And then our Louisiana fleet will capture every one."

What is that dreadful noise we hear? Like thunder
it does roar.
The Hartford has got up in range, and in the grape
does pour;
The Pensacola on the right, the Richmond comes up
too,
And with their nine-inch shot and shell they breach
Fort Philip through.

The gunboats follow quickly up, and send in grape in
turn,
While close on board the Brooklyn a fire-raft does
burn;
The Hartford's now all in a blaze, for joy the rebels
shout,
The Brooklyn drops and covers her—the fire it is put
out.

The chain being cut the night before, the Union fleet
goes through;
The rebel fleet above the Forts then tries to bring
us to;
The battering-ram comes down to us—Old Tom sees
her approach—
The Brooklyn's head sheers off to port, alongside she
does broach.

The Mississippi now comes up, to have a little fun,
The ram declines a butting match, and from her tries
to run;
The good old ship manœuvred round, and, when she
got in reach,
She hits the ram between the eyes and rams her on
the beach.

Full twenty gunboats they did have when first the fight
began,
In less than twenty minutes we sunk them every
one!
The Union fleet now gives three cheers and up the
river steams,
With nothing to oppose them till they get near New-
Orleans.

The Chalmette's batteries next we take—the river now
is clear—
We spike their guns, and give three cheers, and for
the city steer;
From each mast-head throughout the fleet the Stars
and Stripes do fly,
The city's ours, the fleet comes to, and off it we do lie.

So here's success to Farragut and all the Union fleet,
Which by their bold, undaunted pluck the rebels did
defeat;
A grateful country long will mourn the loss of those
who fell
Defending of their country's flag from traitors' shot
and shell.

And here's to brave McClellan, he'll break secession's
coil,
And only one flag soon shall wave upon Columbia's
soil;

He'll beat the rebel forces wherever they may be,
The Union still shall be preserved we'll let all nations
see.

So to conclude, there's one thing more I'd have you
understand,
Our ship, she's always ready with secesh to try her
hand;
And when the war is over we'll all go North once
more,
Having bravely done our duty in the Brooklyn sloop-
of-war.

U. S. S. BROOKLYN.

WHEN THE GREAT REBELLION'S OVER.

Climbed the baby on her knee,
With an airy, childish grace,
Prattled in her lovely face,
"When will papa come to me?"
"Papa?" soft the mother cried—
"Papa! ah! the naughty rover!
Sweet, my pet, he'll come to thee
When the great rebellion's over!"

"Mamma once had rosy cheeks,
Danced and sung a merry tune;
Now she rocks me 'neath the moon,
Sits and sighs, but scarcely speaks."
Sad the smile the mother wore—
"Sweet mamma has lost her lover,
She will blush and sing no more
Till the great rebellion's over!"

"Till the hush of peace shall come,
Like a quiet fall of snow,
And the merry troops shall go
Marching back to hearts at home"—
"Papa—home?" the baby lisped,
Balmy-breathed as summer clover
"Yes, my darling, home at last,
And the sad rebellion over!"

Entered at the open door,
While the mother soothed her child,
One who neither spoke nor smiled,
Standing on the sunny floor.
Wistful eyes met mournful eyes,
Hope took flight, like airy plover;
Ah! poor heart, thou'lt wait in vain
Till the great rebellion's over!

Heart, poor heart! too weak to save,
Vain your tears—your longings vain—
Summer winds and summer rain
Beat already on his grave!
From the flag upon his breast,
(Truer breast it ne'er shall cover!)
From its mouldering colors, wet
With his blood, shall springs beget
Lily, rose, and violet.

And a wreath of purple clover,
With the flag upon his breast,
They have hid away your lover—
Weep not! wail not! let him rest,
Having bravely stood the test,
He shall rank among the blest,
When the great rebellion's over.

—Methodist.

THE MARCH OF THE REGIMENT.

BY "H. H. B."

Here they come!—'tis the Twelfth, you know—

The colonel is just at hand—
The ranks close up, to the measured flow
Of music cheery and grand.

Glitter on glitter, row by row,
The steady bayonets, on they go
For God and the right to stand—

Another thousand to front the foe!
And to die—if it must be even so—
For the dear old fatherland!

O trusty and true! O gay, warm heart!
O manly and earnest brow!

Here, in the hurrying street, we part—
To meet—ah! where and how?

O ready and staunch! who, at war's alarm,
On lonely hill-side and mountain-farm
Have left the axe and the plough!

That every tear were a holy charm,
To guard, with honor, some head from harm,
And to quit some generous vow!

For, of valiant heart and of sturdy arm
Was never more need than now.

Never a nobler morn to the bold
For God and for country's sake!

Lo! a flag, so haughtily unrolled
On a hundred foughten fields of old,
Now flaunts in a pirate's wake!

The lion coys in each blazoned fold,
And leers on the blood-barred snake!

O base and vain! that, for grudge and gain,
Could a century's feud renew—

Could hoard your hate for the eoward ehancee
When a nation reeled in a wilder dancee
Of death, than the Switzer drew!

We have borne and borne—and may bear again
With wrong, but if wrong from *you*.

Welcome, the sulphury eloud in the sky!
Welcome, the erimson rain!

Aet but the dream ye dared to form,
Strike a single spark!—and the storm
Of serried bayonets sweeping by,
Shall swell to a hurricane!

O blind and bitter! that could not know,
Even in fight, a eaitiff-blow,
(Fouly dealt on a hard-set foe,)
Ever is underwise—

Ever is ghosted with after fear—
Ye might lessen it—year by year,
Looking, with fevered eyes,
For sail or smoke from the Breton shore,
Lest a land, so rudely wronged of yore,
In flamy revenge should rise!

Office at outcry!—ah! wretched Flam!

Vile Faree of hammer and prate!
Trade! bids Darby—and blood! smirks Pam—
Little ween they, each courtly Sham,
Of the Terror lying in wait!

Little wot of the web he spins,
Their Tempter in purple, that darkly grins
'Neath his stony visor of state,
O'er Seas, how narrow!—for, whoso wins,
At you base Auction of Outs and Ins,

The rule of his Dearest Hate—

Her point once flashing athwart her Kin's,
And the reekoning, ledgered for long, begins—
The galling Glories and envied Sins
Shall buzz in a mesh-like fate!

Ay, mate your meanest!—ye ean but do
That permitted—when Heaven would view
How Wrong, self-branded, her rage must rue
In wreek and ashes!—(such scene as you,
If wise, shall witness afar)—

How Guilt, o'erblown, her erest heaves high,
And dares the injured, with taunt, to try
Ordeal of Fire in war—

Blindfold and brazen, on God doth call—
Then grasps, in horror, the glaring ball,
Or treads on the eandent bar!

Yet a little!—and men shall mark
This our Moloch, who sate so stark,
(These hundred winters through godless dark
Grinning o'er death and shame)—

Marking for murder each unbowed head,
Throned on his Ghizeh of bones, and fed
Still with hearts of the holy dead—

Naught but a Speetre foul and dread,
Naught but a hideous Name!

At last!—(ungloom, stern eoffined frown!
Rest thee, Gray-Steel!—aye, dead Renown!
In flame and thunder by field and town
The Giant-Horror is going down,
Down to the Home whence it came!)

Deaf to the Doom that waits the Beast,
Still would ye share the Harlot's Feast,
And drink of her blood-grimed Cup!

Pause!—the Accursed, on yon frenzied shore,
Buyeth your merchandise never more!

Mark, 'mid the Fiery Dew that drips,
Redder, faster, through black Eclipse,
How Sodom, to-night, shall sup!

(Thus the Kings, in Apocalypse,
The traders of souls, and erews of ships,
Standing afar, with pallid lips—
While Babylon's Smoke goes up!)

Yet, dree your weird!—though an hour may blight,
In treason, a century's fame—

Trust Greed and Spite!—sith Reason and Right
Lie eold, with Honor and Shame—

And learn anon—as on that dread night
When, the dead around and the deek aflame,
From John Paul's lip the fieree word came—
"We have only *begun* to fight!"

Ay, 'tis at hand!—foul lips, be dumb!
Our Armageddon is yet to eome!

But cheery bugle and angry drum,
With volleyed rattle and roar,
And eannon thunder-throb, shall be drowned,
That day, in a grander, stormier sound—

The Land, from mountain to shore,
Hurling shackle and seourge and stake
Baek to their Lender of pit and lake—
('Twas Tophet leased them of yore)—
Hell, in her murkiest hold, shall quake,
As they ring on the damned floor!

O mighty Heart! thou wast long to wake—
'Tis thine, to-morrow, to win or break

In a deadlier elose once more—
If but for the dear and glorious sake
Of those who have gone before.

O Fair and Faithful! that, sun by sun,
 Slept on the field, or lost or won—
 Children dear of the Holy One!
 Rest in your wintry sod.
 Rest, your noble Devoir is done—
 Done—and forever!—ours, to-day,
 The dreary drift and the frozen clay
 By trampling armies trod—
 The smoky shroud of the War-Simoon,
 The maddened Crime at bay with her Doom,
 And fighting it, clod by clod.
 O Calm and Glory!—beyond the gloom,
 Above the bayonets bend and bloom
 The lilies and palms of God.

—*Hartford Evening Press.*

THE CAPTURE OF SMITHFIELD, VA.

The rebels having retired from Norfolk, Virginia, General Mansfield sent his Aid-de-Camp, Drake De Kay, to reconnoitre the various rivers and creeks setting in from the James River.

Captain De Kay started with a sail-boat and eight men, and examined the Nansemond River and Chuckatuck Creek, and then proceeded to Smithfield Creek. This being narrow and tortuous, with high banks, he hoisted the rebel flag and ran up some five miles to the town of Smithfield. This town is situated on a hill, stretching back from the river, contains some one thousand two hundred inhabitants, is very prettily laid out, has several handsome churches, and fine "old family" homesteads.

The people are all rank seesh—hardly a man, woman, or child to be seen in the streets who does not seowl at the Yankees. The negroes, even, did not speak to us, as their masters had forbidden it, and beaten them severely for doing so. The whole negro population would run away were it not that every boat has been broken up.

Upon arriving at the town the rebel flag was pulled down on board the sail-boat, and the United States ensign run up, to the horror of the citizens who had come down to congratulate the (as they supposed) escaped rebel boat. Captain De Kay proceeded on shore with his body-guard, sent for the Mayor and authorities, who called a meeting of the citizens. At this meeting a resolution was read, setting forth "that the citizens would surrender as the conquered to the conquerors, and that they were and always would remain true and loyal citizens of the confederate States of America."

Thereupon Captain De Kay seized and imprisoned the Mayor, Aldermen and Committee—no resistance being made by their fellow-citizens, from the fear of a supposed gunboat outside the bar of the creek!

The authorities, left to themselves, and wisely removed from all excitement, began now to see the error of their ways. Visions of Fortress Monroe dungeons in the foreground, and handsomely constructed galleys, with patent drops, in the background, worked upon their imaginations, so that, one by one, and stoutly contesting point after point, they came down at last to Captain De Kay's simple propositions, which were:

1. To surrender the town and all public property to the United States forces unconditionally.
2. To hoist the American flag officially over the Town Hall, and protect it there.
3. To each and all take the oath of allegiance to the United States of America.

To this they came at last, and after the oath the Mayor (a bitter seesh) nailed up with his own hand the glorious Stars and Stripes.

Lying opposite the town was a fine schooner, the *Beauregard*, with a full cargo of soft coal for the *Merrimac*. A prize crew (one man) was put on board, and some contrabands to work her, and she was sent to Fortress Monroe—the first prize vessel taken on James River.

Thus Smithfield was captured by eight men. The "supposed gunboat in the offing" never appeared!—*N. Y. Tribune, May 28.*

INCIDENT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—On the occupation of the White House, Va., by the soldiers of Gen. McClellan, May twelfth, 1862, a small piece of paper, bearing the following inscription, was found pinned on the casing of an inner door:

"Northern soldiers, who profess to reverence Washington, forbear to desecrate the house of his first married life, the property of his wife, now owned by her descendants.

A grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington."

Beneath the inscription was written the following:

"LADY: A Northern officer has protected your property in sight of the enemy, and at the request of your overseer."

A BRILLIANT EXPLOIT.—Lieutenant-Colonel Woodson, of the Third Kentucky cavalry, with a detachment of eighty Texas Rangers, attacked the enemy near the point where the Decatur and Nashville Railroad crosses Elk River, on the ninth of May, killing several and capturing two captains, two lieutenants, forty-three non-commissioned officers and privates, and eight negroes. Confederate loss, four killed, including Capt. Harris of the Rangers, and seven wounded.—*Missouri Army Argus, May 13.*

PARTISAN WARRIORS WANTED.—The confederate States government has very recently passed an act legalizing and recommending the organization of Partisan Rangers, and as that character of warfare is doing good service for the country, and the necessity for them is very great at this time, I have, in connection with a number of other gentleman, determined to organize a corps of brave spirits who will go out and harass the enemy, and drive him from our soil.

The Northman has invaded the sacred soil of old Tennessee, and that portion of the country which they have invested is being desolated and destroyed. They insult our women and maltreat our old men—they burn our homes and lay waste our fields—they desecrate the graves of our friends who have gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns—they have set aside the laws of God and man, and it is now high time that we who have not taken part in this struggle should gather ourselves to our tents, and resist these Thugs of the North to the death.

"Let us strike, then, till the last armed foe expires,
 Strike for our altars and our fires—
 Strike for the green graves of our sires,
 God and our native land."

"Oh! who will come and go with us," and fight that we may be free. None are worthy of it unless they fight for it. We propose to fight, and fight on until the struggle is ended, and our country free—

"And when the conflict's over,
In our Southern homes we'll stand,
And sing our leader's praises
In Dixie's happy land!"

And all those who are of the same mind, and are able to furnish themselves with a horse, arms and equipments, can enroll themselves with Lieutenant C. L. Brown, who may be found in the Walker Block, on Main street. Come immediately.—*Memphis Avalanche*, May 15.

PETERSBURGH, May 19.—Eighteen of the Monitor's crew came ashore at three o'clock this afternoon at City Point, and were surprised upon landing by the confederate pickets and ordered to surrender. Nine of them, including four officers, laid down their pistols and outlasses. The others rushed to the small boat and pulled for the Monitor. Eight of them were killed; the remaining one lost an arm. The Monitor opened fire with a heavy gun, and prevented the capture of the boat and the survivor. Nine of the prisoners reached here at half-past six o'clock, and marched through Syeamore street to Gen. Huger's headquarters, surrounded by a great crowd. One of the officers is the paymaster, the others are midshipmen. None of the confederates were hurt.—*Richmond Whig*, May 20.

A SINGULAR armistice was agreed upon with the guerrillas in Western Virginia on May eighteenth. It was arranged between Colonel Rathbone, of the Eleventh Virginia regiment, and Captains Dounes, Hays and Silcot, of the guerrillas, that hostilities should cease for eight days, and in the mean time the rebels should withdraw from without our lines, and in case the city of Richmond was captured they should surrender themselves as prisoners of war. The last heard of the rebels they were up on the west fork of the Little Kanawha River, going southward.—*N. Y. Times*, May 29.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

Adjutant Oliver Edwards returned to his home in this city on Wednesday morning, having been granted a furlough from General Couch's staff on account of ill-health. He has revived rapidly since leaving Virginia, and hopes to return in season for the next battle. Adjutant Edwards left the Federal camp near Fair Oaks early on Monday morning.

The men of the Tenth Massachusetts in camp are generally well, and every one who is able to lift a finger thirsts eagerly for another fight. They are now held as a reserve under Lieutenant-Colonel Decker. Last Sunday afternoon they had a skirmish with the rebels, in which thirty of our men were killed and wounded. They are at the extreme left of our lines, in a very important position, and occupy intrenchments and rifle-pits. Their rations are rather scanty, but growing better, as there is now easy transportation to the White House by water, and from thence by rail to Fair Oaks, seven miles from Richmond. On the Saturday and Sunday of the great battle, the Tenth regiment was wholly without food for thirty-six hours, and it proves their pluck and hardihood to be able to fight unflinchingly so long upon empty stomachs.

The reason given for the surprise of General Casey's division on Saturday is, that it was stationed so near the enemy's main body that our pickets could not be

thrown out far in advance, and the sudden dash of the rebels could not, therefore, be foreseen or fully prepared for. On the first day the entire Union army numbered only thirty thousand men, while the rebels had at least seventy-five thousand; and on the second day, when our reinforcements had come up, we were still inferior in numbers, having only fifty thousand to the enemy's seventy-five thousand. The killed and wounded were far more numerous on the rebel side than ours, and must reach twelve or fifteen thousand, while the Federal loss was not far from six thousand. Our artillery was admirably served, and cut through the rebel ranks like a keen scythe through grass. But they fought well, with dash and determination, and could not have been beaten by any troops upon earth excepting their Northern brethren. During the entire battle no stragglers at all from the Union ranks were to be seen on the field. Every man stood up to his deadly duties as he would to an ordinary day's work. Most of those who fell dead were in some attitude of loading or firing; their brains were so intent on their business that the muscles became rigid in the very posture in which the men were struck down.

Adjutant Edwards witnessed the bloodiest part of the battle. He had a horse shot under him, and his clothes were pierced by rebel bullets, as were those of several other staff-officers. The happiest moment of the whole campaign was when he met Gen. Sumner's division approaching from the Chickahominy, and hurried them to the scene of action upon the double-quick. Adjutant Edwards was within twenty-five feet of the rebel General Pettigrew when he was wounded and fell into our hands as a prisoner.

The following incidents are some of the many striking ones that occurred in this two days' engagement: A member of the Tenth regiment—name unknown—was surrounded by four rebels, who ordered him to surrender. He coolly replied that "He rather guessed not;" and immediately shot one, bayoneted two, and broke the skull of the last one with the butt of his musket. This certainly seems Munchausenish.

Captain McFarland, of the One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania regiment, having been taken prisoner by a party of six rebels who were carrying a wounded officer to the rear, very politely offered to pilot them through the bushes, and carefully brought them round among our own pickets. The summons, "Who comes there?" was answered by the Captain: "A friend, with seven prisoners." Six men belonging to the Sixty-second New-York regiment, (Anderson Zouaves,) several of whom were recruited in this city, hid themselves on Saturday in their own camp, under some bushes, and laid perfectly quiet all night, undiscovered by the rebel troops, who had taken the camp. Next day, when our forces drove the rebels out with great slaughter, the cunning Zouaves turned up all right, and captured seven of the enemy as prisoners.—*Springfield Republican*.

EFFECT OF GENERAL POPE'S ORDERS.—The effect on the Yankee soldiers of General Pope's recent orders to the "Army of the Rappahannock" is already being felt by the citizens of Culpeper. The party who burned the bridge over the Rapidan on the thirteenth took breakfast that morning at the house of Alexander G. Taliaferro, Colonel of the Twenty-first Virginia regiment. On their approach the Colonel was at home, and was very near being captured; but by good management contrived to escape. After they had breakfasted, the Yankee ruffians searched the house,

took possession of the family silver, broke up the tableware and knives and forks, etc., and actually wrenched from Mrs. Taliaferro's finger a diamond ring of great value.—*Richmond Examiner, July 24.*

THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND.

To the Editor of the *London Times*:

SIR: The following is a correct list of military supplies and prisoners taken in the late battles before Richmond: Eighty large guns, two hundred spiked guns, (destroyed,) one thousand seven hundred mules, two thousand five hundred horses, sixty-two thousand stand of arms, six million dollars' worth of various stores, the balloon, with all its tackle; two major-generals, six brigadier-generals, thirteen colonels, one hundred and eighty commissioned officers, eleven thousand prisoners.

This statement is taken from a private letter of a confederate officer, written to a friend in this city.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

PARIS, August 6.

CONFEDERATE.

THE REBEL STEAMER NASHVILLE.—A letter from an officer on board the United States steamer Daylight, dated Beaufort, N. C., May second, says:

"The steamer Nashville ran the blockade on the twenty-fourth of April, and entered the harbor at Wilmington by Cape Fear River, (not by the new inlet, as before stated,) and got aground inside of Fort Caswell, having on board sixty thousand stand of arms, and forty tons of powder. They sent steamers from Wilmington and Smithville to lighten her, and succeeded in getting her off on the twenty-sixth, when she proceeded to Smithville, where she took in two lighter-loads of cotton, and ran the blockade out of the harbor on the thirtieth of April, and went to sea."—*Boston Traveller, May 12.*

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.—The following advertisement appears in the *Richmond Dispatch* of the twenty-first of May:

MARYLAND LINE.—We are anxious to tread once more our native soil. Expectant hearts await our coming. We struggle for freedom and the sacred shades of our sires.

We invite the untiring and undaunting to haste to rejoin the "Maryland Line," which is reënforcing the heroic "Stonewall's" army in the valley, and with them march to the rescue of our kinsmen in oppression and doubt. Soldiers, it is the hour for immortality or obloquy.

The will of the veteran is sustained by Omnipotence, and the blood of the martyr shall nourish the Bay Tree of Liberty. Who falters, sides with the foe—who disdains odds carves his own esutcheon, which fame shall ponder and memory treasure. Soldiers, we challenge you once more to the field. Through the earnest solicitation of many Marylanders, Captain Edmund Barry has accepted an appointment to lead you back to your homes. Marylanders, will you go? Or shall the hollow query be made, Where were they? Sons of Revolutionary sires! the Goddess of History is vigilant, and notes the actions of the solemn hour!

Be men, and abide the issue. Our leader is grown grey in the clatter of arms, and is eager to offer his last, best tribute as a bequest to his posterity. Marylanders, will you stand by him? Soldiers, will you die with us, for our rights, and friends, and homes?

Your response gives to the riches of history the cherished reminiscences of traditional affection, or defames the seions of our honored ancestry.

A STRANGE STORY.—The correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, writing from Fortress Monroe, under date of May twenty-first, tells this singular story:

"For some weeks past, a vessel (bark) has been quietly lying at anchor beyond the fortress, ostensibly for the purpose of communicating with her consignees in New-York, and in the mean time sending to shore daily for a number of contrabands to work in her holds, but, on no condition, were these men allowed to return to this point. This game was played on until, it is said, two hundred and seventy-two contrabands were ferried out to the ship. Deeming this about as far as he could safely go, the 'skipper' 'skipped' out to sea last night, under the cover of darkness. 'Brother' Wilder, superintendent of contrabands here, has thus been foiled in his charitable intentions of reforming the blacks, at least as regards this lot of 'culled pussons,' who are, by this time, far on their way to Cuba or the West-Indies. We learn that the fleet gunboat Wamsutta has been sent after the slaver, and it is hoped that she may be overtaken, and these poor contrabands returned. The cargo is made up of sprightly lads, worth, in Cuba, from one thousand two hundred dollars to one thousand five hundred dollars each.

"We are sorry to observe that, owing to the embargo recently placed upon naval officers, who 'say their mouths are sealed,' we are not able to present the facts of the case well authenticated."

FORTRESS MONROE, June 3.

To the Editor of the *N. Y. Times*:

In your issue of June second, you were perfectly correct in calling the foolish story of the shipment of negroes from Fortress Monroe to Cuba, to be sold as slaves, "a ridiculous invention, well calculated to do mischief." It is unnecessary to assure any man in his senses that such a thing could not possibly be done without the active sympathy and coöperation of the authorities at this post. We have had but one instance of kidnapping since the present superintendent has had charge of the contrabands, and that was on one of the United States ships, and is at the present time undergoing investigation in Washington.

It seems incredible that any well-informed correspondent could be so far imposed upon as to give publicity to a statement so devoid of all elements of probability, and so evidently the offspring of malice and wickedness.

C. B. WILDER.

Superintendent of Contrabands.

BURIAL OF DECEASED SOLDIERS.—The manner in which the interment of deceased soldiers is carried on in the vicinity of Richmond, is a disgrace, not only to those concerned, but those having authority in such matters. We have it on the authority of a gentleman, an officer of the army, who has visited Oakwood Cemetery, that the coffins are often piled in two and three deep, in one excavation and thus covered up, of course, rendering it out of the question for an inquiring relative to recognize and reclaim a corpse.

Recently the gentleman above referred to passed the cemetery, and, seeing the brutal work going on, asked: "Is that the way Virginia disposes of the soldiers of the Confederacy? Has she not got soil enough to furnish them each with separate, distinct burial?" The man in charge replied: "Is it any of your business?"

You attend to your own business, and I will attend to mine." Surely, the man who dies in defence of his country is entitled to an honored grave beneath its soil. If the authorities will not look to the matter the personal friends of the deceased should. We understand that the burial of deceased soldiers is in the hands of a *parcel of German undertakers*, instead of being vouchsafed to *the respectable undertakers of the city*, who, from a regard for the cause, would discharge the duty at least with decency and humanity.—*Richmond Examiner*, July 26.

WHEN Commander Davis took possession of Fort Pillow after its evacuation by the rebel garrison, the following letter was found lying on a table in the officers' quarters:

"FORT PILLOW, TENN.

To the first Yankee who reads this:

I present this table not as a manifestation of friendship, yet I entertain no personal animosity to him, but because I can't transport it. After six weeks' bombardment, without doing us any harm whatever, I know you will exult over the occupation of this place, but our evacuation will hurt you from another point with disastrous effect. Five millions white men fighting to be relieved from oppression will never be conquered by twenty millions actuated by malice and pecuniary gain, mark that. We have the science, energy and vigor, with the help of God, to extricate ourselves from this horrible and unnatural difficulty pressed upon us by the North; the day of retribution is approaching, and will fall upon you deadly as a bolt from heaven; may your sojourn at this place be of few days and full of trouble.

(Signed)

W. J. SCOTT,

Second Lieutenant First Battalion C. S. Infantry, Commanding Detachment.

"Second June, year of our Lord, 1862."

A HEROINE.—A correspondent of the *Altoona (Pa.) Register*, writing from Broadtop City, Huntingdon County, says he had the pleasure of meeting, at a place called Dudley, a woman named Mary Owens, who had just returned from the army in full uniform. This remarkable woman accompanied her husband to the army, and fought by his side until he fell. She was in the service eighteen months, and took part in three battles, and was wounded twice; first in the face above the right eye, and then in her arm, which required her to be taken to the hospital, where she confessed the deception.

She had enlisted in Danville, Montour County, Pennsylvania, under the name of John Evans, and gives as her reason for this romantic undertaking, the fact that her father was uncompromising in his hostility to her marriage with Mr. Owens, threatening violence in case she disobeyed his commands; whereupon, after having been secretly married, she donned the United States uniform, enlisted in the same company with her husband, endured all the hardships of the camp, the dangers of the battle-field, saw her husband fall dead by her side, and is now wounded and a widow. Mrs. Owens looks young, is rather pretty, and is the heroine of the neighborhood. She is of Welsh parentage.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.—The Georgia Salt Manufacturing Company is about to be permanently organized. The *Atlanta Intelligencer* says that the report of the committee on organization, made to a meeting in Augusta two or three days ago, recommends that a capital of two hundred thousand dollars be raised in

shares of twenty-five dollars each; that the books of subscription be closed on the first of June, provided fifty thousand dollars be subscribed prior to that time, and operations to commence when that sum is raised; that no subscription is good till the money is paid in; that a board of directors to consist of twelve shall determine the salaries of the officers, etc. The report was adopted, and the organization will be made permanent.—*Richmond Enquirer*, June 5.

HOW ROGER A. PRYOR WAS CAPTURED AND ESCAPED.—A letter to the *Charleston Courier*, written from the field in Virginia, after the battles with Pope's army, near Manassas, (August, 1862,) says:

"Brig.-Gen. Roger A. Pryor, during the day, had the misfortune to be taken a prisoner, but the corresponding good fortune to escape.

"He had started off on foot to call up two or three regiments for reënforcements, and on his return found his command moved from the position in which he had left it. Thinking it had gone ahead, he too went on, wondering all the time where his men were, until he suddenly encountered two Yankee soldiers, sitting at the foot of a hay-rick. His uniform being covered by a Mexican poncho, they did not observe that he was not one of their own men, nor was there any mark visible upon his person to indicate that he was an officer.

"They accordingly familiarly inquired how every thing was going on in front. He replied very well; and in the conversation which ensued, learned that he was a mile and a half within the Federal lines. They asked him numerous questions, under some of which he began to quake and grow uneasy, fearing his inability, good lawyer though he is, to cope successfully with a cross-examination of such a dangerous character. He accordingly began to look about him to discover some means of escape. There was apparently none. He observed standing near him, however, the two muskets of the men, one of them with a bayonet and the other without.

"The colloquy had not proceeded much further before one of them, looking at him keenly, asked him to what regiment, brigade and division he belonged, and, as Pryor hesitated and stammered out his reply, the Yankee sprang to his feet and exclaimed: 'You are a — rebel, and my prisoner.' In an instant the General, who is a powerful man and as active as a squirrel, seized the gun with the bayonet, and, before his antagonist could turn, ran him through the body twice. The other now jumped to his feet, apparently as if to escape, but he also received from Pryor a lunge that left him helpless on the field. Throwing down the musket, the General moved rapidly away in the direction from whence he came, and after dodging Federal stragglers for an hour or two, had the satisfaction of finally regaining his command.

"Anxious to know the fate of the two men whom he had so summarily disposed of, he sent one of his aids the next day to examine the hospitals in that neighborhood, and ascertain, if possible, whether any men were present wounded with a bayonet. The aid returned with the information that he had found one so injured. Whereupon Pryor mounted his horse and went in person to see him. The man was asleep when he entered the hospital, but the surgeon awoke him, and the General asked if he recognized him. 'Yes, sir, I do,' was the reply. 'You're the man who stuck me.' The wounded man was not less surprised when he learned that the author of his misery was the redoubtable Roger A. Pryor."

July 9.—At a meeting of the Directors of the American Express Company, held at New-York, it was unanimously

Resolved, That any of our present employees, who may promptly enlist under the recent call for troops, shall continue to receive one half of their pay during the term of their service in the war, and their situations restored to them on their return.

Two thousand men are in the regular employ of this company, at an average salary of over six hundred dollars per annum.

CAPTAIN DE KAY'S EXPLOIT.—One of the neatest exploits of the Norfolk campaign was performed by Capt. Drake De Kay, of Gen. Mansfield's staff, while awaiting the General's arrival at a house called Moore's Ranch, a kind of summer hotel kept by a man named Moore, at Ocean View, the place of debarkation. All the white men and most of the women of this vicinity had fled—it was said by those they had left behind, to the woods, to prevent being forced into the rebel service. Captain De Kay, while supper was being prepared, mounted his horse and determined to explore the country, followed only by his negro servant. As he was passing a swamp toward evening, he came suddenly upon seven of the secession troops, who were lurking by the roadside, and were armed with double-barrelled guns. The Captain turned and shouted to his (imaginary) company to prepare to charge, and then riding forward rapidly, revolver in hand, told the men they were his prisoners, as his cavalry would soon be upon them, ordered them to discharge their pieces and deliver them to him, which they did without delay. He then informed them that his only "company" was his negro servant, and directed them to follow him into camp. An hour later, just after Gen. Wool had returned from Norfolk, the Captain rode to the beach and informed Col. Cram, as chief of the General's staff, that the seven prisoners, whom he had marched to the beach, were at his disposal.—*New-York Times*, May 13.

JACKSON, MISS., July 24.—Lieut. Col. Ferguson, of Starke's cavalry, with two companies and a field battery, has captured and destroyed a Federal mail steamer at Skipwith's Landing, eighty miles above Vicksburgh. Col. Ferguson succeeded in obtaining possession of the mail-bag from the ship Richmond, en route for Washington. The contents are highly interesting. Yankee letters admit the impossibility of capturing Vicksburgh without an immense land force, and admit that the Arkansas whipped them. They evince great terror of the Arkansas. Her appearance round the bend this morning was the signal for a general stampede. The bombarding continued slowly to-day.—*Richmond Examiner*, July 26.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., September 18.—Information reached here by the North Missouri train last night that the guerilla chief Poindexter escaped from Hudson yesterday morning. To some it is not a matter of surprise. It was feared that "a way would be made for his escape," and it is now reported that the officers in charge of him took the irons off him, and sent him out on some pretext with two guards, upon whom he played the "played-out" trick of throwing red pepper in their eyes, and ran off. This is the whole story in a few words. Why he has been kept this long at Hudson

without meting out to him his just dues under military orders, deponent saith not.—*St. Louis Republican*, September 18.

KNOXVILLE, July 24.—Col. John H. Morgan sends by special courier to the headquarters of Tennessee, a despatch dated Georgetown, Ky., nineteenth instant.

He states that he had taken eleven cities and towns, with a very heavy amount of army stores, and that he has a force sufficient to hold all the country outside of Lexington and Frankfort, which places are chiefly garrisoned by home guards.—*Petersburgh Express*, July 26.

THE Nashville *Union* says that on Tuesday night, July 22, Col. Haggard's Fifth Kentucky cavalry, who had been in pursuit of the guerillas for several days, came within one mile of Forrest's banditti, on the Murfreesboro road, thirteen miles from that city, when the whole gang of rebel horse-thieves, chicken-stealers, house-breakers, and assassins, cut and run like quarter-horses. The last seen of them, Forrest was leaning over his horse's neck whipping for dear life, while his men were dropping pistols, shot-guns, canteens, green apples and stolen chickens along the road. When last seen they were still running.

RICHMOND, July 26.—A few nights ago, at the great "Union" meeting in New-York, Dr. Francis Lieber, a renegade from his adopted State, South-Carolina, made a flaming speech, calling for the subjugation of the South. Two weeks before, his son, Charles Lieber, a brave confederate soldier, fell by a Yankee bullet, while charging a Yankee battery. His remains were sent to South-Carolina.—*Richmond Dispatch*, July 26.

NEW-ORLEANS, LA.—A Mr. Matthews, who got through the rebel lines into Gen. Banks's department, says that at Shreveport, La., a tavern-keeper's wife assured him that "Mr. Lincoln kept himself shut up in an iron cage, and did not allow any one but Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Seward to see him—because he was afraid of being killed."—*Detroit Advertiser*.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.—Mrs. Sarah Spencer, of Middletown, Ct., has procured two substitutes—one for herself and one for her niece, paying each fifty dollars extra bounty.

NEW-YORK, August 3.—Secretary Stanton is credited with the saying that a draft will be made by way of asserting the national majesty. To draft will be all right, but the best way to assert the national majesty would be to conquer the enemy, to do which twice over the country has furnished government with men and money enough.—*New-York Commercial*.

JAMES LEONARD, of Upper Gilmanton, N. H., who had been rejected as a volunteer on account of his being over forty-five years of age, says: "After accepting several men over forty-five years of age, and several infants, such as a man like me could whip a dozen of, I was rejected because I had the honesty to ac-

knowledge I was more than forty-five years of age. The mustering officer was a very good-looking man, about thirty-five years old, but I guess I can run faster and jump higher than he; also take him down, whip him, endure more hardships, and kill three rebels to his one."—*New-Hampshire Statesman*.

At the battle of Hanover Court-House, Va., two sergeants met in the woods; each drew his knife, and the two bodies were found together, each with a knife buried in it to the hilt. Some men had a cool way of disposing of prisoners. One, an officer of the Massachusetts Ninth, well known in Boston as a professor of muscular Christianity, better known as "the child of the regiment," while rushing through the woods at the head of his company, came upon a rebel. Seizing the "grey buck" by the collar, he threw him over his shoulder, with "Pick him up, somebody." A little Yankee, marching down by the side of a fence which skirted the woods, came upon a strapping secesh, who attempted to seize and pull him over the rails, but the little one had too much science. A blow with the butt of a musket levelled secesh to the ground and made him a prisoner. There were many marvellous escapes.—*Boston Transcript*, June 14.

EPIGRAM.

WHILST Butler plays his silly pranks,
And eloses up New-Orleans banks,
Our Stonewall Jackson, with more cunning,
Kéeeps Yankee Banks forever running.
—*Charleston Mercury*.

DISTURBING AN ORATOR.—The Corinth correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* tells this story:

When our lines advanced toward Corinth on the twenty-eighth, a battery was planted on an eminence commanding a considerable portion of the country, but completely shrouded from view by a dense thicket. Scouts were sent out to discover the exact position of the rebels, and were but a short distance in advance, to give a signal as to the direction to fire, if any were discovered.

One of the rebel commanders, unaware of our presence, called around him a brigade and commenced addressing them in something like the following strain:

"Sons of the South: We are here to defend our homes, our wives and daughters, against the horde of vandals who have come here to possess the first and violate the last. Here upon this sacred soil, we have assembled to drive back the Northern invaders—drive them into the Tennessee. Will you follow me? If we cannot hold this place we can defend no spot of our Confederacy. Shall we drive the invaders back, and strike to death the men who would desecrate our homes? Is there a man so base among those who hear me as to retreat from the contemptible foe before us? I will never blanch before their fire, nor —"

At this interesting period the signal was given, and six shells fell in the vicinity of the gallant officer and his men, who suddenly forgot their fiery resolves, and fled in confusion to their breastworks.

GENERAL ROUSSEAU relates the following incident in a letter from Shiloh:

Two days after the battle of Shiloh I walked into

the hospital tent on the ground where the fiercest contest had taken place, and where many of our men and those of the enemy had fallen. The hospital was exclusively for the wounded rebels, and they were laid thickly around. Many of them were Kentuckians, of Breckinridge's command. As I stepped into the tent, and spoke to some one, I was addressed by a voice, the childish tone of which arrested my attention: "That's General Rousseau! General, I knew your son Dickey. Where is Dick? I knew him very well." Turning to him, I saw stretched on the ground a handsome boy about sixteen years of age. His face was a bright one, but the hectic glow and flush on the cheeks, his restless manner, and his grasping and catching his breath as he spoke, alarmed me. I knelt by his side and pressed his fevered brow with my hand, and would have taken the child into my arms, if I could. "And who are you, my son?" said I. "Why, I am Eddy McFadden, from Louisville," was the reply. "I know you, General, and I know your son Dick. I've played with him. Where is Dick?" I thought of my own dear boy, of what might have befallen him; that he, too, deluded by villains, might, like this poor boy, have been mortally wounded, among strangers, and left to die. My heart bled for the poor child; for he was a child; my manhood gave way, and burning tears attested, in spite of me, my intense suffering. I asked him of his father; he had no father. Your mother? He had no mother. Brothers and sisters? "I have a brother," said he. "I never knew what soldiering was. I was but a boy, and they got me off down here." He was shot through the shoulder and lungs. I asked him what he needed. He said he was cold and the ground was hard. I had no tent nor blankets; our baggage was all in the rear at Savannah. But I sent the poor boy my saddle-blanket, and returned the next morning with lemons for him and the rest; but his brother, in the Second Kentucky regiment, had taken him over to his regiment to nurse him. I never saw the child again. He died in a day or two. Peace to his ashes. I never think of this incident that I do not fill up as if he were my own child.

SKEDADDLE.—The American war has introduced a new and amusing word. A Northerner who retreats "retires upon his supports;" but a Southerner is said to "skedaddle." The *Times* remarked on the word, and Lord Hill wrote a short note to prove that it was excellent Scotch. The Americans only misapply the word, which means, in Dumfries, "to spill"—milkmaids, for example, saying, you are "skedaddling" all that milk. The *Times* and Lord Hill are both wrong, for the word is neither new nor in any way misapplied. The word is very fair Greek, the root being that of "skedannumi," to disperse, to "retire tumultuously," and it was probably set afloat by some professor of Harvard. —*London Spectator*.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR JEFF DAVIS?

Weave him a mantle of burning shame!
Stamp on his forehead that dreadful name
Which deeds like his inscribe in blood;
A *Traitor* to man! a *Traitor* to God!

Plait him a crown, of the flower that comes
In the ashes that lie o'er buried homes!
Let his sceptre be, the smoking brand
Which his fiat sent throughout the land!

Let his pæans be the bitter cries
From millions of anguished hearts that rise,
Both day and night to that listening ear,
Which ever stoops their plaints to hear.

'Mid the ruin dire, his hands have wrought,
Let him find the *throne*, he long has sought;
While starving crowds, in hoarse notes ring,
Not Cotton, but grim old *Death*, is King!

NEW-YORK, May 29, 1862.

M. A.

—*New-York Express*.

CHARLESTON, S. C. *July 15*.—On Wednesday last the pickets of the Eutaw Battalion entered Legare's, the enemy having—to use their own expressive term—"skedaddled" the day previous. The first feature meeting the eyes of the advancing confederates was a number of mock sentinels stationed at intervals along the road. The dummies were neatly manufactured out of old clothes, and, with the addition of damaged gun-stocks, looked quite the martial Yankee. They were doubtless posted on the road with the hope of frightening off the confederate pickets. Of course the countrymen of Barnum did not succeed with their little humbug. Our pickets found the deserted encampment covered with fragments of commissary stores; there were thousands of empty bottles, boxes, tin cans, etc. The rogues had undoubtedly been living luxuriously.

What was more interesting, however, our men captured a large quantity of Yankee letters, documents and newspapers. The walls of the houses at Legare's were variously inscribed, most of the language being too indecent for repetition here. Appeals were frequently made to the victorious confederates thus, "Now, boys, don't give up the Old Flag," or "Boys, we are not fighting about the nigger, but for the Old Flag and the Old Union." Some facetious rogue indulged in the following: We had our whisky on the Fourth of July; say, Secesh, how about your whisky on the Fourth?" Another undaunted individual gave vent to his feeling in this style:

"*Chivalric Southerners*—*Dear Sirs*: As the hot season is at hand, you do not appear to be resorting to the usual fashionable resorts of the summer, we, the army of liberty, have concluded to withdraw from your marshes, and leave you to enjoy, as best you can, until weather sets in next fall, when we shall return and spend the winter season in your noble city near Sumter."

The following lines of doggerel were scribbled on one of the walls. The runaway writer has some fun in him, and we can almost forgive the hasty manner in which he left our shores without visiting Charleston:

TWENTY-EIGHTH OF JUNE—GOOD-BYE.

AIR—*Mary Blane*.

Oh! farewell, Carolinians,
We are going far away;
Don't cry—we'll soon be back,
Another game to play.

CHORUS—Oh! farewell! oh! farewell!
Our parting's full of pain;
But do take care yourselves, my dears,
We are coming back again.

Your swampy land's too hot for us.
We are going off to cool;
But never mind, our Monitor
Will put you all to school.

When last you saw a *silver dime*,
The truth it must be said;
To search your empty pockets, boys,
They'll answer "*nary red*."

We've tried to eat your beef, boys,
It was too tough and dry—
It matchied your biseuits made of corn,
Your *coffee* made of *rye*.

What think you of Jeff Davis now—
Now wasn't he a fool
To stuff his ears with *Cotton*, boys,
And trust to *Johnny Bull*?

You thought the French would help you,
But that, too, was "*no go*;"
"*Nap*" has other fish to fry,
Way down in *Mexico*.

Oh! when we meet again, my boys,
There'll be a pretty *muss*;
Don't cry, you've not seen the last
Of our *green flag* and *us*.

The Yankee newspapers captured are not of very late date, and it would be useless, therefore, to make extracts from them. They are redolent with magnificent Federal victories, in every one of which there are accounts of "splendid bayonet-charges" upon the rebels. The Boston *Herald* of June second announces the capture of Viicksburgh and Little Rock, and the flight of the Governor of Arkansas into Mississippi. A graphic picture in Frank Leslie's represents Beauregard watering his horse in hell. It was engraved after one of the numerous Federal reports of the death of our hero.

—*Charleston Courier*, July 15.

A WAY OF DISGRACING SOLDIERS.—The Nashville *Union* gives an account of a military procession which passed through the streets of Nashville, exciting the pity of some and the derision of others. Some fifty Federal soldiers, who had been captured and paroled by the guerrillas at various times, under circumstances not at all creditable to the prisoners, were collected by order of General Rosecrans, and adorned with *night-caps*, with red tassels in the centre, and in this outre uniform paraded through the streets, to the roll of the drum, "And the shrill squeaking of the wry-necked fife," before the gaze of admiring thousands, who cheered them on their "winding way." No doubt a strict enforcement of military discipline would have condemned many of these soldiers to death for their pusillanimous behavior.

HOW TRAITORS ARE TREATED IN IOWA.—A very ludicrous scene took place last Saturday. It had been arranged that a lodge of the Golden Syrup order should be organized; a house was engaged and speakers from Marion and Otter Creek Townships provided to be on hand to give the faithful a good sermon on the beauties of the peculiar institution. The Marion speakers, however, failed to come to time, but Mr. James Thomas, of Otter Creek, was "thar," and found a much larger crowd than he expected to meet in such a strong Republican precinct, but not doubting they were all of the faithful, he proceeded to make the speech of the occasion. He abused Lincoln, pitched into Congress and the Cabinet, and showed such unmistakable sympathy with treason and rebellion that a cry of "hang him," "bring a rope," etc., was soon

raised. A rope was brought; Mr. Thomas was requested to say his last words. By good management, however, he got near the door, and ejaculating a prayer of "legs do your duty," he broke for the prairie, fifty or more excited men in pursuit. Down the ravine, over the knolls, through sloughs, toward the banks of the Cedar, but Thomas beat them all, and as his pursuers neared the river-banks they heard something go "ker chug" into the water with a grunt like a very large bull-frog when scared off a log. Thomas had escaped, and put the river between himself and danger.—*Linn County Register, July 25.*

AN ELEGY.—The following lines were written by a soldier in the hospital at New-Haven, who lost his leg in the battle of Fair Oaks:

L-E-G ON MY LEG.

Good leg, thou wast a faithful friend,
And truly hast thy duty done;
I thank thee most that to the end
Thou didst not let this body run.

Strange paradox! that in the fight
Where I of thee was thus bereft,
I lost my left leg for "the Right,"
And yet the right's the one that's left!

But while the sturdy stump remains,
I may be able yet to patch it,
For even now I've taken pains
To make an L-E-G to match it.

GENERAL ROUSSEAU AND A REBEL CLERGYMAN.—Rev. Frederick A. Ross had just been examined on a charge of treason, and convicted upon his own showing. Under charge of a guard he was about to leave the General's tent. Putting on a particularly sanctimonious expression of countenance, he took up his hat, turned to the General and said: "Well, General, we must each do as we think best, and I hope we will both meet in heaven." The General replied: "Your getting to heaven, sir, will depend altogether upon your future conduct; before we can reasonably hope to meet in that region, you and I must become better men." The effect of this brief rejoinder was irresistible.

A JOAN D'ARC.—A marauding band of rebels in Kentucky, on their way to Mount Sterling, stopped at the house of a Mr. Oldom, and, he being absent at the time, plundered him of all his horses, and among them a valuable one belonging to his daughter Cornelia. She resisted the outrage as long as she could, but finding all her efforts in vain, she sprang upon another horse and started post haste toward the town to give the alarm. Her first animal gave out, when she seized another, and meeting the messenger from Middleton, she sent him as fast as his horse could carry him to convey the necessary warning to Mount Sterling, where he arrived most opportunely. Miss Oldom then retraced her way toward home, taking with her a double-barrelled shot-gun. She found a pair of saddle-bags on the road, belonging to a rebel officer, which contained a pair of revolvers, and soon she came up with the advancing marauders, and ordered them to halt. Perceiving that one of the thieves rode her horse, she ordered him to surrender her horse; this he refused, and finding that persuasion would not gain her ends,

she levelled the shot-gun at the rider, commanded him, as Damon did the traveller, "down from his horse," and threatened to fire if he did not comply. Her indomitable spirit at last prevailed, and the robbers, seeing something in her eye that spoke a terrible menace, surrendered her favorite steed. When she had regained his back, and patted him on the neck, he gave a neigh of mingled triumph and recognition, and she turned his head homeward and cantered off as leisurely as if she were taking her morning exercise.—*New-York World, August 9.*

A BELLIGERENT SECESSIONIST WOMAN.—Among the documents left by the editors of the *Memphis Appeal*, when they left the city, was the following epistle from a rebel woman, who had sent it to that paper for publication:

A CHALLENGE.

where as the wicked policy of the president— Making war upon the South for refusing to submit to wrong too palpable for Southerners to do. And where as it has become necessary for the young Men of our country, My Brother in the number To enlist to do the dirty work of Driving the Mercenarys from our sunny south, whose soil is too holy for such wretches to tramp And whose atmosphere is too pure for them to breathe

For such an indignity afford to Civilization I Merely Challenge any abolition or Black Republican lady of character if there can be such a one found among the negro equality tribe. To Meet me at Masons & dixon line: With a pair of Colt's repeaters or any other weapon they May Choose. That I may receive satisfaction for the insult. VICTORIA E. GOODWIN,
Springdale Miss April 27, 1861.

A NEW BORDER-STATE SONG.

O KENTUCKY!

BY PAUL SIGVOLK.

AIR—*My Maryland.*

The rebel's heel is on thy shore,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
His torch is at thy neighbor's door,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Avenge thou Massachusetts' gore,
That stains the name of Baltimore,
And be the Neutral State no more,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

Hark to thy blushing sons' appeal,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Proud mother State, to thee they kneel—
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
When foes disturb the common weal,
All slavish love of self conceal,
And gird thy limbs with Union steel,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

Let all thy traitors bite the dust,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Let not thy sword in scabbard rust,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
See Breckinridge's breach of trust;
Remember Morehead's skulking thrust,
And blow a wrathful thunder-gust,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

Come! welcome Freedom's new-born day,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Come! fling thy manacles away,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Call Wickliffe home to fast and pray,
Stop Powell's mouth while yet you may,
Invoke the shade of Henry Clay,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

Thy fame is bright, thy limbs are strong,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Come! for thy lagging does thee wrong,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Join heart and hand the martyr throng,
Whom love of country bears along,
And give new heroes to thy song,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

Prepare to break the negro's chain,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Shall West-Virginia call in vain?
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Her eagles scream from hill to plain—
"LIBERTY" is the fierce refrain,
It baffles traitors back again,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
The Union's wounds shall heal again,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Though thou wast never over-meek;
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Ah! hear! there cometh forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Missouri calls on thee to speak,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

Proud Labor should not pay a toll,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
No slave should erook to thy control,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
Write LINCOLN's fame upon thy scroll,
Better emancipate the whole,
Than erueify one negro's soul!
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

Methinks I hear a distant hum,
Kentucky! Ah! Kentucky!
It is the Union life and drum,
Kentucky! Ah! Kentucky!
She speaks herself, and treason's dumb,
Her brain and heart no longer numb,
She feels at last, and now she'll come!
Kentucky! Our Kentucky!

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., January 1, 1863.

"THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

BY S. B. S., CO. F, ELEVENTH MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

The following lines were suggested by a remark made by a little boy, whose parents reside near Bardstown, Ky., when our troops first made their appearance here. Discovering a beautiful rainbow suspended in the heavens, he ran to his mother, and exclaimed: "Mother, God is a Union man." His mother questioning him for his reason for thinking so, he replied that he had seen his flag, and it was "Red, White, and Blue."

The traitor Archangel dared first to rebel,
And drew around him his traitorous crew;
But the flag of the "Union" was straightway unfurled,
With its glorious old "red, white, and blue;"

When loyalty gathered from heaven's domain,
And brightened their armor anew;
And the armies of heaven then marshalled their train
To fight for the "red, white, and blue."

The order went forth to the white-tented field,
To banish secession away;
And the fate of "Rebellion" was instantly sealed,
And "Union" again held the sway.
The arch-chief of traitors was sentenced to reign
O'er his minions—the misguided few—
And dwell amid darkness, where he never again
Could behold the "red, white, and blue."

The first great rebellion that history records,
Was crushed ere the dawn of its day;
And Satan, its leader, with all of his hordes,
Was banished from heaven away;
As we are assured, that "God speeds the right,"
As long as we're loyal and true
To the cause of our country, we'll never lose sight
Of our banner—"the red, white, and blue."

I herewith petition the "powers that be,"
To give Davis and his followers, all,
A *deep grave* reception—a home quite as free
As Satan had after his fall.
We're ready, all ready, so pilot us on,
We are wearied with "nothing to do;"
We are willing to fight till the last battle's won,
Or die by the "red, white, and blue."

—Louisville Journal.

ONE WORD.

Speak to us, to-day, O Father!
Our hearts are strangely stirred—
A Nation's life is hanging
On a yet unspoken word.

Long, by the hearthstone corner,
May the aged grandame sit,
And toil, with trembling fingers,
That another sock be knit—

Men may march and manoeuvre,
And camp on fields of death—
The iron saurians wheel and dart,
And thunder their fiery breath—

But one brave word is wanting—
The word whose tone should start
The pulses of men to flamelets
Thrilling through every heart!

O Father! trust your children!
If ever you found them fail,
'Twas but for lack of the one true word
That must to the end prevail.

Where funeral willows quiver
On the banks of the Mighty River,
'Twas seen what men may do—
Flame ahead, and flame to larboard!
(Aye, the Pit's Mouth burned blue!)
Not a craven thought was harbored—
'Twas hell to port and starboard,
But the Hearts of Oak went through!

They have shown what men may do,
They have proved how men may die—
Count, who can, the fields they've pressed,
Each face to the solemn sky!

Is it yet forgotten, of Shiloh
And the long outnumbered lines,
How the blue frocks lay in winrows?
How they died at the Seven Pines?

How they sank in the Varuna,
(Seven foes in flame around!)?
How they went down with the Cumberland,
Firing, cheering as they drowned?

Spirits, a hundred of thousands,
Eager, and bold, and true,
Gone to make good one brave, just word—
Father, they died for you!

Died, in tempest of battle,
Died, in the cot's dull pain—
Let their ghosts be glad in heaven,
That they died—and not in vain!

Now, never fear lest the living
Should shrink at the sound, "Be Free!"—
They shall yet make up the million,
And another, if need there be!

But fail not, as thy trust is heaven,
To breathe the word shall wake
The soul and heart of a Nation—
Speak it, for Christ's dear sake!

Speak it, our earthly Father!
In the name of His — and smile
At one more breath of the viper
Whose fangs shall crash on the file!

The Angel-Songs are forever,
The snake can hiss but his day—
Speak, O Shepherd of Peoples!
And fold earth's blessings for aye. H.
—*Hartford Press.*

THE VOLUNTEER'S BURIAL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

'Tis eve; one brightly beaming star
Shines from the eastern heaven afar,
To light the footsteps of the brave,
Slow marching to a comrade's grave.

The northern wind has sunk to sleep;
The sweet South breathes, as, low and deep,
The martial elang is heard, the tread
Of those who bear the silent dead.

And whose the form, all stark and cold,
Thus ready for the loosened mould,
And stretched upon so rude a bier?
Thine, soldier, thine! the Volunteer.

Poor Volunteer! the shot, the blow,
Or swift disease hath laid him low;
And few his early loss deplore—
His battle fought, his journey o'er.

Alas! no wife's fond arms caressed,
His cheek no tender mother pressed,
No pitying soul was by his side,
As lonely in his tent he died.

He died—the Volunteer—at noon;
At evening came the small platoon
That soon will leave him to his rest,
With sods upon his manly breast.

Hark to their fire! his only knell—
More solemn than the passing bell;
For, ah! it tells a spirit frown,
Unshriven, to the dark unknown.

His deeds and fate shall fade away,
Forgotten since his dying day,
And never on the roll of Fame
Shall be inscribed his humble name.

Alas! like him, how many more
Lie cold upon Potomac's shore!
How many green unnoted graves
Are bordered by those placid waves!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! from sorrow free,
And sin and strife. 'Tis well with thee.
'Tis well: though not a single tear
Laments the buried Volunteer!

—*Evening Post.*

THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

BY G. F. B.

Chieftains! lead us to the Rebel host,
Lead on to Richmond towers!
Who would not deem it a bliss to die
In such a cause as ours?
Lead on, for fearlessly we fight;
The UNION, 'tis a glorious cause of right.

Chieftains! our hearts beat high, in haste
To plunge the rebel heart!
Who could not glory in the deed
To drive them to death's mart?
Come, let us for our country fight
Because her glorious, heavenly cause is right.

Breathe on, ye souls of pride and strife,
'Tis death's immortal age!
To die, is but a change of life,
And heaven a starry stage.
Then with a bright and future hope,
The patriot shall in darkness never grope.

The trumpet shall from Malvern Hill
Proclaim in thunder tones!
How God-like heroes fought and died,
'Mid human blood and bones.
From Pittsburgh's bloody fields shall rise
Clouds of incense, to the admiring skies.

Bring forth the sweet Æolian harp,
From its Etrurian shades!
That it may chant the patriot's song,
In silver bowers and glades.
Yes! patriots' names shall live entwined—
In God's baptismal font, they live enshrined.

Yes! from Fair Oaks their names shall rise,
From Seven Pines they fly!
On many fields their corpses strewn,
Blessed patriots who die.
Let bards the dirge of patriots sing,
Throughout the world, let fame their glory ring.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Amid the throng that gathers where
The mail dispenses joy and care,
I saw a woeful woman stand,
A letter falling from her hand:

She spoke no word, she breathed no sigh ;
Her bloodless cheek, her sad, fixed eye,
And pallid, quivering lips apart,
Showed hopeless grief had seized her heart.

I spoke—a word of kindness cheers
The heavy heart, and heaven-sent tears
Refresh the eye dry sorrow sears.

“Ah! sir, my boy! my brave, bright boy!”

In broken voice, she said ;

“My only son! my only joy!

My brave, bright boy is dead!”

“Sorrow is sacred!” and the eye
That looks on grief is seldom dry :
I listened to her piteous moan,
Then followed to her dwelling lone,
Where sheltered from the biting cold,
She thus her simple story told :

“My gran’father, sir, for freedom died,
On Eutaw’s bloody plain ;
My father left his youthful bride,
And fell at Lundy’s Lane.

“And when my boy, with burning brow,
Told of the nation’s shame—
How Sumter fell!—oh! how, sir, how
Could blood like mine be tame!

“I blessed him; and I bade him go—
Bade him *our* honor keep :
He proudly went to meet the foe ;
Left me to pray and weep.

“In camp—on march—of picket round—
He did his equal share ;
And still the call to battle found
My brave boy always there.

“And when the fleet was all prepared
To sail upon the main,
He all his comrades’ feelings shared—
But *fever scorched his brain!*

“He told the general: ‘He would ne’er
From toil or danger shrink,
But, though the waves he did not fear,
It chilled his heart to think

“How drear the flowerless grave must be,
Beneath the ocean’s foam,
And that he knew ’t would comfort me
To have him die at home.’

“They tell me that the general’s eye
With tears did overflow :
GOD BLESS THE BRAVE MAN!—with a sigh,
He gave him leave to go.

“Quick down the vessel’s side came he ;
Joy seemed to kill his pain ;
‘Comrades!’ he cried, ‘I yet shall see
My mother’s face again!’

“The boat came bounding o’er the tide ;
He sprang upon the strand :
God’s will be done!—*my bright boy died,*
His furlough in his hand!”

Ye, who this artless story read,
If Pity in your bosoms plead,
And “Heaven has blessed your store”—
If broken-hearted woman, meek,
Can win your sympathy—go, seek
That childless widow’s door!

HAPPY LAND OF CANAAN.

BY ONE OF THE FIFTY-SEVENTH OHIO.

Now we are in Camp Chase, and that is just the place,
For the soldier boys to go and get a training,
So that when we go down there, where the seceders
are,

We can send them to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal*de-ral de-da,

O boys! there’s a good time coming,

Oh! we’ll never mind the weather,

But get over double trouble,

For we’re bound for the happy land of
Canaan.

The Ohio Fifty-seventh, Colonel Mungen, can’t be beat,
For he has got the courage and the training,
And when he does go out, the secessionists to rout,
He will send them to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

There’s gallant Captain Rice, oh! he thinks himself so
nice,

Because he company A is commanding,

And he will send the rebels (the nasty, dirty devils)
Right into the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

But there is Captain May, oh! he is on the way,

Down where the seceders are a-training,

And when he gets down there, where the seceders
are,

He will send them to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

Company C is in the field, and will make the traitors
yield,

Captain Mott that brave company is commanding,

And when he gives them a round, he will make their
flag come down,

Or send it to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

Captain Blystone is in command of a gallant little
band,

That will give old Jeffy’s dogs a eaning,

And when they take a hitch,
They will send them to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

Captain Doneyson’s the man that will do all he can,

And he for the Union is a training,

He will take his little squad, and whip them all —,
And send them to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

There’s another little band, that will make the rebels
stand,

And gallant Captain Wilson is a-training,

And when they draw a bead on Jeffy’s gallant steed,
They will send him to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

Faulhaber’s got some boys, that will make a noise,

When their bullets on the rebels go to raining,

And if they don’t look out, oh! he will rub them out,
And send them to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

Captain Strayer’s boys are some, and can whip them
ten to one,

And will make secession go to waning,

And they will cut a swell, and will send them all to —,
Or into the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

Captain Kilkenny's a whale, when he gets under sail,
And his boys have no reason for complaining,
For he's got them under drill, the secessionists to kill,
And send them to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

Captain Hardy, he comes in, with his little squad of
men,
And to fight with the rebels they are aiming,
And when they go to battle they will make the rebels
rattle,

And run them to the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

And to conclude my song, I think I've done no wrong,
And I hope that it will prove entertaining,
And we will cut some figures, when we go among the
niggers,

'Way down in the happy land of Canaan.

CHORUS—Ho, ho, ho, fal-de-ral-de-da, etc.

THE CRUISE OF THE SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

'Tis of the Santiago
That I am going to tell,
Whose fame has rung throughout our land
And Britain, too, as well;
She's the pride of her commander,
And of the crew their boast,
And a terror to the enemy
Along our southern coast.

'Twas in the month November,
In eighteen-sixty-one,
She started from the Battery
With the rising of the sun,
And steaming through the Narrows,
Far out upon the deep,
Her head was turned to south'ard,
A harvest rich to reap.

We were over four months cruising,
Without a single prize,
When on the twenty-first of March
"Sail oh!" the lookout cries,
Up from below now quickly poured,
The Santiago's crew,
While o'er the waves, with dashing speed,
Our gallant steamer flew.

"A steamer, sir," the lookout cried,
"I plainly see the smoke"—
If they but dared the crew would with
A shout the echoes woke:
But here let it be kept in mind,
That on a man-of-war
There's discipline to govern us
Unknown to folks on shore.

A load of cotton soon was seen
Upon the steamer's deck;
But ere the night had well set in
The Delta was a wreck;
Not heaving-to, we fired at her,
They ran her hard aground,
We fired a shell, set her on fire,
And our first prize was found.

Next—month of April, twenty-third—
When the saucy Santiago
Was on the British waters, off
The island of Abaco,

A little schooner hove in sight—
The one we wished to see—
So we ere long had made a prize
Of rebel Charleston Bee.

There was a little steamer bold,
That oftentimes with success
Had carried goods of various kinds
To aid the South's distress,
Oft arms and ammunition,
To carry on the war,
Would by this craft in Charleston Bay
Be safely placed on shore.

'Twas on such sly excursion
Their pride received a fall,
The Santiago captured her
Before "Hole in the Wall;"
No doubt in every Southern port
It sounded like a knell,
When they heard the news that they had lost
The steamer Isabel.

Where was the schooner Mersey, with
The balance of the cargo?
For she must also fall a prey
To the bold Santiago.
Two days went by; "Sail oh!" was heard,
We instantly gave chase,
Came up with her, and here we had
The Mersey for the race.

Another schooner hove in sight
Upon the thirty-first,
And 'twas not long ere those on board
The Santiago cursed.
But what cared we for rebels' curse,
Our cause we knew was just;
We're battling in our country's cause,
In Providence our trust.

While coming slowly down the coast
On twenty-seventh of May,
When the Lucy Holmes, of Charleston,
Was standing in our way,
We sent a prize-crew with her to
The city of New-York,
Where they no doubt her cargo wished
For making cotton-work.

Though England still may boast her speed
In vessels worked by steam,
If they think to beat the Yankees,
They'll find that they but dream;
They built an iron steamer
For the rebellious States—
They thought the way was open then,
But we had closed the gates.

'Twas August third, and Sunday noon,
This steamer came in sight;
We put our engine to the test
To catch her in daylight.
"But what have we to fear?" said they,
"That Yankee cannot catch us;
We easy run of thirteen knots,
And less than that can't match us!"

Their boast was vain, and there was one
On board who knew our speed,
Cried: "That's the Santiago—
Our cruise is up, indeed!"

We thundered several shots at her,
Which soon made her heave to,
Come up with her, we soon on board
Had sent a full prize-crew.

They called her the Columbia,
The worst thing they could do,
For as the name belonged to us,
We claimed the steamer, too ;
She'd Armstrong guns, intended for
A battery on shore,
But as secesh did not get them,
We'll let them hear their roar !

I've yet one more to mention,
Lavinia she by name,
She had run out past the blockade,
But we soon blocked her game ;
She was on her way to Nassau,
And our captain thought it best
To save her from all further harm,
And send her to Key West.

Soon after this a steamer came,
It was the Magnolia,
With orders for us to proceed
After the Oreto ;
But they let her in at Mobile,
Or her we should have caught,
And, though inferior in strength,
Our captain would have fought.

To our engineer's exertions
Great praise we know is due,
And he *has* thanks, the heartiest, from
This steamer's grateful crew ;
'Twas by his quiet knowledge
And energetic will
We caught our wealthiest prizes—
And hope to catch more still.

Our captain is as good a man
As ever trod a plank ;
He's never wilfully abused
A man beneath his rank ;
He's honored by his enemies ;
Though they are very few ;
Far better still, he's loved by all
The Santiago's crew.

I hope that I've offended none
On land or on the main ;
If not, perhaps some future time
I'll try my hand again.
But while there's fighting to be done
For our Red, White, and Blue,
You always can depend upon
The Santiago's crew.

J. L. K.

—*Sunday Mercury*.

CARPET CLOTHING.—Savannah is up and doing in behalf of our suffering soldiers in Virginia. A public meeting has been held, and prompt measures taken to secure at once clothing for the army. Messrs. W. H. Wiltberger & Co., proprietors of the Pulaski House, have offered the entire stock of carpets of their establishment to be converted into covering for the soldiers. Some idea of the munificence of the donation may be formed when we state that it comprises the carpeting of one hundred and twenty rooms, and when cut up will make over five hundred comfortable and good-sized blankets.—*Mobile Tribune, October 7.*

VOL. VI.—POETRY 2

A LOYAL PIGEON.—The following is a true and singularly remarkable story of a pigeon captured by Mr. Tinker, a teamster of the Forty-second New-York volunteers, while the regiment was encamped at Kalorama Heights, Va. Mr. Tinker made a pet of him, and kept him in camp until they started for Poolesville. Strange to say, the pigeon followed on with the train, occasionally flying away at a great distance, but always returning, and, when weary, would alight on some wagon of the train.

At night he was sure to come home, and, watching his opportunity, would select a position, and quietly go to roost in Tinker's wagon.

Many of the men in the regiment took a fancy to him, and he soon became a general favorite. From Poolesville he followed to Washington, and down to the dock, where Tinker took him on board the steamer ; so he went to Fortress Monroe, thence to Yorktown, where he was accustomed to make flights over and beyond the enemy's works, but was always sure to return at evening, to roost and receive his food in Tinker's wagon. From thence he went all through the Peninsular campaign, afterwards to Antietam, and Harper's Ferry, witnessing all the battles fought by his regiment.

By this time he had gained so much favor, that a friend offered twenty-five dollars to purchase him, but Tinker would not sell him at any price, and soon after sent him home as a present to some friend. It might be interesting to trace the future movements of this remarkable specimen of the feathered tribe, but none will doubt his instinctive loyalty, and attachment to the old Tammany regiment.

Any of the brave Forty-Second boys who read this history of their favorite, will attest the truth of these statements, and be pleased to see him honored by this history of his wanderings. Such devotion to the Stars and Stripes is, we believe, a fair illustration of the character of the Tammany regiment in the field, and worthy of imitation by those who have more than instinct to guide them.

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 6th.—Two gentlemen who recently made their escape from Aecomae, and have arrived in this city, represent that the state of affairs in that county amounts almost to a reign of terror. The Yankee General, Lockwood, who commands that department, is already practically enforcing Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, by issuing "free papers" to slaves. In a single day, last week, he thus liberated two hundred and fifty, and retained them in the community, instead of sending them North, as the Yankee Generals elsewhere have done. Of course, their masters are charged with their support without the benefit of their services. The gentlemen from whom we obtain this information crossed the Chesapeake in an open row-boat, and then made their way to Richmond by land.—*Richmond Whig, October 6.*

A REVIEW AT FORT SUMTER.—Last Friday was a bright and balmy October day, and General Ripley by appointment went down to review the garrison at Fort Sumter, consisting of the First regiment of South-Carolina artillery. A large number of ladies were present. The General looked as fine as a fiddle, and performed his part with style and expedition. The splendid corps at the post appeared to great advantage before their original and honored commander. The excellent band added much to the occasion. After the exercises on the parade a ten-inch columbiad was fired

for the benefit of the ladies, and also a casemate gun. After a luncheon the visitors retired in a state of decided gratification.—*Charleston Mercury, Nov. 4.*

PRAIRIE GROVE—AN INCIDENT.—A most thrilling incident of the terrible fight at Prairie Grove is thus related by Lieutenant Will. S. Brooks, of the Nineteenth Iowa volunteers.

"The fight was most determined and the slaughter immense. I was struck at four o'clock p.m., while we were being driven back from a too far advanced position. We were outflanked and had to run three hundred yards over open ground and exposed to a murderous fire from the right, left, and centre, or rear; here we lost Lieutenant-Colonel McFarland. We lost one half our regiment, and, in company D, more than half our effective men. I was hit at the commencement of the retreat, and was near being captured, as I could not run. When more than half-way to our battery the color-sergeant fell, and I received the colors. The pursuing rebel colonel shouted: 'God d—n them, take their colors!' This enraged me, and I hallooed back: 'You can't do it.' The cowardly rascals did not dare to close on me, but let go a volley which left nine holes in the flag and eighteen in my clothes! Four bullets passed through the cuff of my shirt-sleeve, but they could not wound the hand that held the old flag."—*Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.*

THE ADVENTURES OF A SOLDIER.—About a year and a half before the breaking out of the rebellion a young man named Henry C. Reed, then residing on Wood street, in Cleveland, Ohio, but originally from Massachusetts, went South and obtained a situation in Fernandina, Florida, as clerk in a drug-store, where he was at the breaking out of the rebellion.

When the conscription law of the confederate government was put in force, young Reed was taken as one of the conscripts, and was enrolled in the First Florida regiment. He accompanied the regiment to Savannah, Yorktown, and Richmond, and participated in the battles of Williamsburgh, Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, though, he says, he took good care that no Northern man was hurt by his bullets. After the series of battles, a portion of the regiment to which he belonged was sent to Staunton, Virginia, to recruit.

Here he formed an idea of escaping, and managed to obtain the confidence of some Union citizens, who furnished him with the names of reliable Union men on the road between Staunton and Winchester. With the aid of his Union friends he succeeded in escaping, and in getting safely to Winchester, where General Dix, on hearing his story, furnished him with passes by which he was enabled to get home.

He reached Cleveland about September last, and found that his three cousins, who also lived on Wood street, had enlisted in the Seventh regiment. Reed determined to accompany them, and joined the Seventh regiment also. He is a likely young man and is spoken of by his comrades as a brave soldier. He says that he finds quite a difference between the Federal army and the rebel army, and that he greatly prefers the Federal service. In a recent letter to some friends here, describing the reconnoissance made by the Seventh regiment and some other troops under General Geary, he describes a personal adventure he had as follows:

"I was sent to search a house about eight hundred yards from the road. I came up to the house and walked in, but on opening the door could not see any

body in the house. The table was set, ready for breakfast, the table-cloth hanging down, touching the floor. I first looked under the bed, but in vain. As I was about to go away I thought I would look under the table, so I lifted the cloth and discovered a pair of spurs and also a cavalryman attached to them. He lay there so quiet that I could hardly hear him breathe. As soon as I discovered him, I cocked my piece and presented it to his breast, at the same time ordering him to come out. After looking at me for a second, he complied with my order. As we came out of the house, he told me that he was a member of Ashby's cavalry, and had stopped there to get something to eat. He then said: "Since you have got me you may as well have my horse." So we walked round to the barn and got his horse, also a sabre and a carbine. We then proceeded to Charleston, at which place our boys had quartered themselves. I delivered my prisoner to General Geary, who after a short examination placed him in charge of the guards."—*Cleveland Herald, December 9.*

AN INCIDENT OF ANTIETAM.—During the battle, Corporal William Roach, of company K, Eighty-first Pennsylvania, shot a color-sergeant, ran forward of the company, took his cap, and, placing it upon the end of his bayonet, twirled it about, cried out to his companions, "That is the way to do it," but the member of another company in the mean time had seized the colors and carried them off in triumph. This act was done under a heavy fire of musketry, in as cool a manner and with as much deliberation, as if the regiment had been on parade. Company K had seven wounded but none killed.—*N. Y. Times, September 21.*

A BRAVE MAN.—Mr. Ryder, of Dunbarton, N. H., has testimony to the truth of the following account of the murder of his brother-in-law at Genevieve, Mo., some months ago: James R. Cochrane, of New-Boston, N. H., had been in Missouri several years engaged in teaching. He had been in Genevieve nearly a year in the same occupation. One day a rebel by the name of Andrew Burnett met him and asked him to swear allegiance to the confederate government, and on his refusal threatened to shoot him. "Shoot," says Cochrane, with patriotic determination, I shall never acknowledge allegiance to that government." Burnett drew his pistol and killed him on the spot.—*Concord Patriot, September 27.*

MOBILE, Sept. 13.—A special despatch to the *Advertiser and Register*, dated Charleston, September eleventh, says:

It is reported that the people of Baltimore have risen *en masse* and cleared the city of the Yankee troops, hung the Provost-Marshal, Van Nostrand, and his deputy, McPhailes, and captured a large fort erected on Federal Hill by the Yankees for the destruction of the city in the event of a successful revolt.

Stuart's cavalry are spreading consternation among the enemy in Maryland.

The foregoing report is fully credited in Richmond.—*Grenada Appeal, September 13.*

LOSS OF THE FIFTIETH GEORGIA REGIMENT AT ANTIETAM.—An officer of the Fiftieth Georgia regiment writes to the *Savannah Republican* a letter, which shows that the slaughter of the rebels in the battle of Antietam has not been exaggerated, at least in regard

to the regiments whose movements he witnessed. He says: "The Fiftieth were posted in a narrow path, washed out into a regular gully, and were fired into by the enemy from the front, rear and left flank. The men stood their ground nobly, returning their fire until nearly two thirds of their number lay dead or wounded in that lane. Out of two hundred and ten carried into the fight over one hundred and twenty-five were killed and wounded in less than twenty minutes. The slaughter was horrible! When ordered to retreat I could scarcely extricate myself from the dead and wounded around me. A man could have walked from the head of our line to the foot on their bodies. The survivors of the regiment retreated very orderly back to where Gen. Anderson's brigade rested. The brigade suffered terribly. James's South-Carolina battalion was nearly annihilated. The Fiftieth Georgia lost nearly all their commissioned officers." At night only fifty-five men of the Fiftieth remained fit for duty. They were over forty-eight hours without any thing to eat or drink.

A QUESTION WHICH MAJOR-GEN. HALLECK WON'T ANSWER.

If, before Corinth, you laid ninety days,
Pleasing the foe with *masterly* delays,
Failing, at last, to beat 'em;
How long should you have given "Little Mae,"
To make all ready for a grand attack,
From the day he won "Antietam?" RIBS.

THE NORTH A UNIT AGAINST THE REBELLION.—MOBILE, August 20.—Elsewhere, the telegraph gives us a synopsis of the Queen's speech proroguing Parliament. The little Guelphish lady speaks nothing that is not written or indorsed by Palmerston, as every body knows. Recognition and armed intervention are phantoms which the good sense of the Southern people will no longer see by night and by day. The British government is determined to "take no part in the contest."

Now that there is no chance of English interference, another illusion should be dispelled. We republish the speech of Dr. Olds of Ohio, as a part of the history of these remarkable times. Our people are disposed to rely too much on the prospect of a grand smash of the Union of Yankeeland. Such men as Vallandigham and Dr. Olds are, perhaps, like Burns, dropped in the wrong country, but they are not exponents of Yankee sentiment.

There is no safety in any thing short of the bayonet. Hope of something turning up, of the gradual omnipotence of a peace party, of the West separating from the East, of a resistance to the onerous taxation of the Lincoln Government, have too long deluded the public mind of the South. All such hopes are fallacious. The sober mind at last turns back to the bayonet as the only peace-maker.

The North is a unit, and has been a unit since the commencement of this war. The fact could not be otherwise; for the races North and South have always been antagonistic. It was so when the Federal Government was inaugurated. Many persons are inclined to think that with the Missouri Compromise began our troubles. Not so. When the question of fixing a permanent capital was agitated in Congress, the South-Carolinians insisted that it should be removed from Philadelphia, because the Quakers were eternally pestering them about slavery. It was with much difficulty that the capital was located on the banks of the Poto-

mac, because the New-Englanders and the Quakers were opposed to a location so Southern. Subsequently, the Quakers became silent, and New-England, having stolen the thunder of these quiet people, has been the hot-bed of Abolitionism.

In the settlement of this country, two great streams of civilization poured out. One had its head at Jamestown, and one at Plymouth Rock. The canting, witeh-hanging, nasal-twangng, money-worshipping, euriosity-loving, meddling, fanatical, "ism"-breeding followers of Cromwell, spread over the greater part of the North and West. Jamestown stock chiefly peopled the South, and small sections of the North-west Territory, which, with Kentucky, belonged to Virginia. It was the descendants of the genuine Yankee which met us at Manassas and before Richmond, and fled from the Valley of the Shenandoah before Jackson. It was in part the descendants of the Jamestown stock, crossed with the Yankee, which met us at Donelson and Shiloh, and who are our stoutest foes. Any one who will look into this bit of history will see that it is true.

Extreme religious bigotry indulged for more than two centuries, and constant intermarriage have impoverished the Yankee blood, until the Yankee mind has become diseased and filled with innumerable "isms." On the contrary, though the South has preserved its great English features, a healthy admixture of the blood of other races has kept it from degeneration. Besides, our people were from the start tolerant and well-bred, haters of Cromwell and his whole cropped, steeple-hatted race, and its accursed cant, and worshipping another God than mammon. They have held honor as the highest excellence, and cultivated the refinements of civilization.

With such a race as peoples the North, it is idle to dream of peace, for bigotry has no ears and cannot hear—no eyes and cannot see. Its sole object is subjugation for the purpose of gain, the God of Jæob being wholly supplanted by the god Mammon. The Slavery question was only agitated for political supremacy; and the Yankee only wanted political supremacy that he might rob the South with a form of law.

Peace will be declared when the North is impoverished and exhausted—not before. The South, then, should gird its loins for the contest, and rely no longer on foreign intervention or Western secession, but upon its bayonets. Let it go into the field like Duke Godfrey, crying, "God for the right and just!" and conquer the Saracens with the cold steel of the Southern legion.—*Mobile Telegraph*, August 20.

THE STORY OF ONE REGIMENT.—When the Maine Eleventh passed through New-York last November, the "Hallelujah Chorus" chanted by eight hundred and fifty sturdy fellows, few persons who saw them could have anticipated that those tall lumbermen would, within a twelvemonth, be almost decimated. Arriving in Washington they built those famous barracks which were visited by so many strangers; but in spite of the fine shelter the typhoid was soon busy in their ranks, and when they went down with Casey's division they were only seven hundred and fifty strong; one eighth died of disease. While on the Peninsula they lived on hard biscuit and water for five weeks, owing to the inefficiency or rascality of some one, so that when they took up the double-quick for Williamsburgh the men fell on the road and died from sheer exhaustion. At the battle of Fair Oaks they numbered, fit

for duty, only one hundred and eighty men. One half of this number were in action, and were nearly all killed and wounded.—*New-York Evening Post*, June 11.

SAN ANTONIO, N. M., April 26.—“It affords me great pleasure to announce to you another glorious victory, achieved by the Texan confederate army of New-Mexico.

“The battle of Gloutta was fought on the twenty-seventh of March, by eleven hundred Texans under Colonel Seurry, and over two thousand Federals, under Colonel Slough, of the Pike’s Peak volunteers. We whipped and utterly routed them after six hours’ hard fighting. They left five hundred and seventeen dead and wounded on the field. Their loss, however, is now learned to be over seven hundred. Victory was gained by the loss of the brave Majors Roguet and Buekholtz, of the Fourth, and Major Shropshire of the Fifth; our loss in killed and wounded being sixty-seven.—*Texas State Gazette*, April 28.

[This is a rebel account of the battle of Apache Pass.—Ed. R. R.]

NORTHERN WOMEN AND THE WAR.—The sufferings of our sick and wounded soldiers have drawn forth freely all the noble and benevolent characteristics of the women of the North, hundreds of whom have flocked to the hospitals east and west, and are cheerfully acting as angels of mercy to the poor fellows who are suffering there with wounds and disease. Conspicuous among these philanthropic women is Mrs. Henry Baylis, the wife of a merchant of New-York, who, as chief directress of the Women’s Relief Hospital, has left a home of affluence and ease, and is now devoting her whole time and energies to the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers at Yorktown. She has not only volunteered to endure the privations and discharge the disagreeable duties of hospital life, but she has studied the profession of surgeon and nurse, so that she can care for a wounded limb equal to any of the surgeons of the army. The memory of such a woman should be cherished by the whole nation, and she is richly entitled to a fame equal to that which Florence Nightingale has so justly earned.—*New-York Atlas*.

CURTIS HORSE SURPRISE.—W. D. Gleason of Wyoming, Jones County, a member of the Curtis Horse, and who was in Major Schaeffer’s command when surprised by the rebels, relates the following incidents in a letter published in the *Anamosa Eureka*:

“Just before sundown the alarm was given, and we were ordered to saddle as quickly as possible. We did so, but were hardly in time. I saddled my horse as quickly as possible, but when trying to bridle him, he stubbornly refused to open his mouth. I finally forced the bits into his mouth, untied him, and mounted. The enemy were then close upon us, and when I reached the road, they were within two and a half rods of me, and yelling like fiends. They called upon me to surrender, and as I gave no heed to their cries, fired; but luckily for me, their aim was poor, and I escaped without a wound, although one shot went through my blouse. After reaching the road I put spurs to my horse and flew like lightning along the road.

“I ran about a mile and a half, when my horse jumped into a mud-hole and fell, unhorsing me and plunging me into the mud. He then jumped up and ran away. As I rose and brushed the mud from my face and eyes, I received a blow with the butt of a gun

from one of them. My sabre was then gone and my revolver was my only weapon. I turned, and levelling it at his breast, fired, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing him fall from his horse. I then ran a distance of about four rods into the woods, and lay flat upon my face until they passed me, and then took my way through the woods to a farm-house, about one mile distant. Fortune favored me, and I found the farmer a whole-souled Union man.

“Major Schaeffer was killed. We deeply mourn his loss, as he was a noble, whole-souled man, and a good officer.

“Lieut. Wheeler is with us. He was taken prisoner, but effected his escape by throwing his captor’s head over a fence and holding his throat across a rail until life was extinct.”

REBEL OFFICERS IN BATTLE.—The following is a rebel official circular, and accounts for the fact that the National loss in officers in battle is oftentimes so much greater than that of the enemy:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL’S }
OFFICE, RICHMOND, June 3, 1862. }

Officers of the field are permitted to wear a fatigue dress, consisting of the regulation froek-coat, without embroidery on the collar, or a gray jacket, with the designation of rank upon the collar. Only caps such as are worn by the privates of their respective commands may be worn by officers of the line.

Mounted officers are ordered to dismount in time of action, whenever they can do so without interference with the proper discharge of their duties.

Officers of all grades are reminded that unnecessary exposure in time of battle, on the part of commissioned officers, is not only unsoldierlike, but productive of great injury to the army and infinite peril to the country. They are recommended to follow, in this particular, to a reasonable extent, the excellent example set them by the enemy.

By command of the Secretary of War.

S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector-General.

Official—GEO. P. FOOTE, A. A. General.

THE KEEPER OF THE RICHMOND BASTILE.—Capt. T. D. Jeffress, U.S.A., has been assigned to the command of the confederate States military prison, known as the “Libby,” corner of Twentieth and Cary streets. Capt. Jeffress was attached to the Fifty-sixth Virginia regiment, and was with Gen. John B. Floyd in Western Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and also served in the battles of Gaines’s Mills and Frazier’s Dam, around Richmond, where for gallant and meritorious service he received honorable mention in the brigade report.—*Richmond Examiner*, October 3.

JOE PARSONS, A MARYLAND BRAVE.—A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, writing from the hospitals of Alexandria, Va., relates the following anecdote: Joe enlisted in the First Maryland regiment, and was plainly a “rough” originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him crouched near an open window, lustily singing, “I’m a bold soldier boy,” and observing the broad bandage over his eyes, I said: “What’s your name, my good fellow?” “Joe, sir,” he answered, “Joe Parsons.” “And what is the matter with you?” “Blind, sir, blind as a bat.” “In battle?” “Yes, at Antietam; both eyes shot out at one clip.” Poor Joe was in the front, at Antietam Creek, and a Minié ball had passed directly through his eyes,

across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty years old, but he was as happy as a lark! "It is dreadful," I said. "I'm very thankful I'm alive, sir. It might ha' been worse, yer see," he continued. And then he told us his story.

"I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and the next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flyin' all round, and I wanted to get away. I couldn't see nothin', though. So I waited and listened; and at last I heard a feller groanin' beyond me. 'Hello!' says I. 'Hello, yourself,' says he. 'Who be yer?' says I—'a rebel?' 'You're a Yankee,' says he. 'So I am,' says I; 'What's the matter with you?' 'My leg's smashed,' says he. 'Can't yer walk?' 'No.' 'Can yer see?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' says I, 'you're a — rebel, but will you do me a little favor?' 'I will,' says he, 'ef I ken.' Then I says: 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin'. My eyes is knocked out; but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's git out o' this. You p'int the way, an' I'll tote yer off the field on my back.' 'Bully for you,' says he. And so we managed to git together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outer his canteen, and he got on to my shoulders.

"I did the walkin' for both, an' he did the navigatin'. An' ef he didn't make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar! Hows'ever, the colonel came up, an' says he, 'Whar d'yer come from? who be yer?' I told him. He said I was done for, and couldn't do no more shoot'n; an' he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doin' pretty well, all things considered." "But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow," I suggested, sympathetically. "That's so," he answered, glibly, "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty—got shot, pop in the eye—an' that's my misfort'n, not my fault—as the old man said of his blind hoss. But—I'm a bold soldier boy," he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular meriment. Poor, sightless, unlucky, but stout-hearted Joe Parsons.

SONGS OF THE REBELS.

BATTLE ODE TO VIRGINIA.

Old Virginia! virgin crowned
Daughter of the royal Bess,
Send the fiery ensign round,
Call your chivalry renowned,
Lineage of the lioness.

You have thrown the gauntlet down,
Pledged to vindicate the right;
Bid your sons from field and town,
Through summer's smile and winter's frown
Make ready for the fight.

Now that you have drawn the sword,
Throw away the useless sheath,
Hear your destiny's award—
Drive the invaders from your sward,
Or lay your heads beneath.

In the field with conflict rife,
None must falter, yield, or fly;
Honor, liberty, and life,
All are staked upon the strife,
You must "do or die."

Let your daughters shed no tear,
Though their dearest may be slain;
None for *self* must hope or fear,
All with joy their burdens bear,
Till you are free again.

By the consecrated soil
Where your Washington had birth,
Keep your homes from ruthless spoil,
Keep your shield from spot or soil,
Or perish from the earth.*

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Father, in the battle fray,
Shelter his dear head, I pray!
Nerve his young arm with the might
Of Justice, Liberty, and Right.
Where the red hail deadliest falls,
Where stern duty loudly calls,
Where the strife is fierce and wild—
Father! guard, oh! guard my child!

Where the foe rush swift and strong,
Madly striking for the wrong;
Where the clash of angry steel
Rings above the battle-field;
Where the stifling air is hot,
With bursting shell and whistling shot,
Father! to my boy's brave breast
Let no treacherous blade be pressed!

Father! if my woman's heart—
Frail and weak in every part—
Wanders from thy mercy-seat,
After those dear roving feet,
Let thy tender, pitying grace,
Every selfish thought erase!
If this mother's love be wrong—
Pardon, bless, and make me strong.

For when silent shades of night
Shut the bright world from my sight;
When around the cheerful fire
Gather brothers, sister, sire,
Then I miss my boy's bright face
From the old familiar place,
And my sad heart wanders back
To tented field and bivouac!

Often in my troubled sleep,
Waking, wearily, to weep—
Often dreaming he is near,
Calming every anxious fear—
Often startled by the flash
Of hostile swords that meet and clash,
Till the cannon's smoke and roar
Hide him from my eyes once more!

Thus I dream, and hope, and pray
All the weary hours away;
But I know his cause is just,
And I centre all my trust
In thy promise—as thy day
So shall thy strength be always!
Yet I need thy guidance still;
Father! let me do thy will!

* NEW-ALBANY, INDIANA, April 23, 1863.
MR. FRANK MOORE, EDITOR REBELLION RECORD: The inclosed is a genuine rebel ode, which came to my hands last year. It seems to have more merit than most of their productions.
Very respectfully, F. WILLSON.

If new sorrow should befall,
 If my noble boy should fall,
 If the bright head I have blessed,
 On the cold earth finds its rest—
 Still, with all the mother's heart,
 Torn, and quivering with the smart,
 I yield him, 'neath thy chastening rod,
 To his dear country and his God.
 —*Richmond Dispatch*, Oct. 18.

THE REBEL IN THE WOODS.

The winter is gone and spring has come once more
 The rebels rejoice that winter is no more
 For it is spring and the leaves are growing green
 The rebels rejoice that they cannot be seen.

CHORUS.

Then home soon they will be
 Home, dearest home to this our country
 Where the rose is in the bud and the blossom on
 the tree
 And the Lark is singing home to North Missouri.

We have taken up arms in defense of our farms
 And if the Federals trouble us we will surely do them
 harm
 For we have declared that our land shall be free
 But if they stay away how quiet we will be.

CHORUS.

From home, home we will be, &c.

The rebels from their homes are compelled to go,
 And stay in the woods where the bushes are thick and
 low ;
 For if they do go home and there attempt to stay,
 The Feds will come and force them away.

CHORUS.

Away, away they will be,
 Away from their homes in their own country.

Away from their sweethearts they have to be,
 And lay in the woods by night and by day,
 And for fear of Alton penitentiary,
 Still from their homes they have to be.

For if by the Feds they should captured be,
 They will be carried to the penitentiary,
 And there be confined in cells dark and low,
 Away from his home in his own country.

But for the sake of still remaining free
 They had rather sleep neath some wide spreading tree
 Than to be carried to some distant shore
 There to be confined till the war will be o'er.

CHORUS.

Then home, home we will return
 Home, dearest home, for which we did yearn, &c.

When the war is over he'll return home
 The bloom of health from his cheeks will be gone
 But when he is released and set at liberty
 He will return to the land of the free.

Now my song is almost ended, and since it is so,
 Away to the wars with all speed I must go,
 With my gun in my hand, my jacket all so blue—
 Farewell, my friends, I must bid you adieu.

CHORUS.

Then away, away I will be,
 Away from my home and away from thee.

When the war is over I will return to thee,
 We will get married if we can agree,
 And when we are joined in wedlock's happy band,
 Then we never more will take the parting hand.

But if by you I should rejected be,
 Then my happiness can never completely be,
 But if my bride you do consent to be,
 Then we'll live together in love and harmony.

Captain Z y K has eighteen in command
 The Feds do fear him whenever he makes a stand
 For they do make such a gallant charg
 The Federals always thinks therr force is large.

CHORUS.

Then away the Feds will be, &c.

General Guitar if a fight you do crave
 Attack co. Z y K & they will send you to your grave
 For their men are brave and true & all you have to do
 Is to bring on your force and they will put you through.

The girls of Terrapin encourage us to fight,
 They say by driving the Feds away we'll surely do
 right,

Come out you new militia we'd like to get a whack
 We will make you run and shoot you in the back.

NEW-ORLEANS, Oct. 10.—A case of some interest to the "cullered population" was decided, yesterday, by Judge Kinsman. It appears that a free colored man named John Montamat was married to a slave woman, by whom he had two children, one of which died; the other, a little girl about eleven years of age, a bright mulatto, quite fair to look upon, still survives, and was the subject of the present legal proceedings. Montamat, at the time of his marriage, determined to purchase the freedom of his wife from her owner, and, in furtherance of that object, had paid six hundred dollars. In order to secure the freedom of his surviving child, he sent her to Cincinnati, where she was baptized into the Catholic Church. Montamat, the father, subsequently became involved in debt in this city, and mortgaged his daughter as a slave to secure his creditors. The mortgage was foreclosed in February, 1862, and the child of this father was sold to a Mr. Slavoie, at sheriff's sale. In the present case, Montamat applied for the freedom of his child under the circumstances above detailed. Able counsel had been retained by both parties—Christian Roselius for the defendant, and Colonel A. P. Field for Montamat. The Court decided that the girl was entitled to her freedom, and so ordered.—*N. O. Delta*, October 10.

REBEL CONSCRIPT LAW.—By a general order, dated the second of October, issued from the army headquarters in Richmond, "the execution of the act approved April sixteenth, 1862, commonly called the conscription act, and of all the amendments thereto, is suspended by direction of the President in the States of Kentucky and Missouri. Troops from those States will, until further orders, be received into the confederate service under the act passed by the confederate Congress prior to the act above referred to, and the execution of which is suspended."

In the Mayor's Court at Richmond, October sixteenth, James Simpson was charged with buying one hundred and seventy dollars worth of bacon, butter, and eggs, to sell at his store; the facts being established, the butter and eggs were confiscated. In the same Court, J. Cropper had twenty-two dozen eggs confiscated, and E. J. Talliafero was fined ten dollars for riding a horse in the street faster than six miles an hour.

The Varieties Theatre to-night gives a benefit for the sufferers of Wilmington, N. C.—*Richmond Examiner*, October 17.

STONEWALL JACKSON ADMINISTERS THE SACRAMENT.—On the morning of a recent battle near Harper's Ferry, after a sermon by one of his chaplains, Stonewall Jackson, who, by the way, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, administered the sacrament to the church members in his army. He invited all Christians to participate in this ceremony. A Baptist, the strictest of his sect, thoroughly imbued with the idea of close communion, was seen to hesitate; but the occasion, and the man who presided, overcame his scruples, and thus it has happened that the prospect of a fight and the eloquence of Jackson made a Baptist forget that baptism is the door into the church. In all Jackson's army an oath is rarely uttered. A religious enthusiasm pervades it, which makes every man a hero. Conscious of the justice of our cause, and imbued with the strongest convictions of patriotism, his men are irresistible. In this incident we have an explanation of General Jackson's invincibility, and we are thus enabled to understand why his men are all heroes, and why they endure without a murmur the severest hardships to which any troops have been subjected during the war. When peace is restored it will be honor enough for any man to say: "I belonged to the army of Stonewall Jackson."—*Knoxville Register*, September 30.

AN INCIDENT OF SOUTH-MOUNTAIN.—At the battle of South-Mountain, Richard Garrabrant, of the Ninety-fifth New-York regiment, was wounded in the shoulders. After dark, missing his regiment, he became lost in the woods and went in the direction of the rebels. He saw a party of men ahead, and called out: "What regiment do you belong to?" They answered: "The Third South-Carolina. What do you belong to?" "The Tenth Virginia," answered Garrabrant, and made off in the opposite direction, when he soon met some Federal soldiers. He is now lying in a hospital at Baltimore.

NEW REBEL SEAL.—The rebel Congress could not settle a seal for the confederacy. The two houses could not agree upon a device, and a committee of conference failed to settle the matter. The following was the Senate's design:

An armed youth in classic costume, standing beneath, a woman is clinging. The whole is surrounded by a margin of rice, cotton, tobacco, and sugar-cane. Motto, "*Pro Aris et Focis*."

GENERAL GRANT received the following communication from a rebel. The letter was written on three leaves out of a memorandum book, about four by three inches in size:

SINATOBIA, July 16, 1862.

U. S. GRANT: SIR: We have seen your infamous and fiendish proclamation. It is characteristic of your

infernal policy. We had hoped that this war would be conducted upon principles recognized by civilized nations. But you have seen fit to ignore all the rules of civilized warfare, and resort to means which ought to and would make half-civilized nations blush. If you attempt to carry out your threat against the property of citizens, we will make you rue the day you issued your dastardly proclamation. If we can't act upon the principle of *lex talionis* in regard to private property, we will visit summary vengeance upon your men. You call us guerrillas, which you know is false. We are recognized by our government, and it was us who attacked your wagon-train at Morning Sun. We have twenty-three men of yours, and as soon as you carry out your threat against the citizens of the vicinity of Morning Sun, your Hessians shall pay for it. You shall conduct this war upon proper principles.

We intend to force you to do it. If you intend to make this a war of extermination you will please inform us of it at the earliest convenience. We are ready and more than willing to raise the "black flag." There are two thousand partisans who have sworn to retaliate. If you do not retract your proclamation, you may expect to have scenes of the most bloody character. We all remember the manner in which your vandal soldiers put to death Mr. Owens, of Missouri. Henceforth our motto shall be, blood for blood and blood for property. We intend, by the help of God, to hang on the outskirts of your rabble like lightning around the edge of a cloud. We don't intend this as a threat, but simply a warning of what we intend to do in case you pursue your disgraceful and nefarious policy towards our citizens, as marked out in your threat of recent date. Respectfully,

GEO. R. MERRITT.

PROMOTIONS IN THE REBEL ARMY.—Brigadier-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, to be major-general of cavalry; Col. Fitz-Hugh Lee, of the First Virginia cavalry, to be brigadier-general of cavalry; Col. Hays, of the Eleventh Louisiana regiment, to be brigadier-general; Brig.-General Wade Hampton has been assigned to the brigade of cavalry.—*Richmond Examiner*, July 28.

GENERAL SUMNER had a son, a captain on his staff, who is but twenty-one years of age. During the battle of Antietam, when the bullets were whistling around the General's ears, he found it necessary to send the young man upon a mission of duty to a certain portion of the field. After giving him the requisite instructions, Gen. Sumner embraced him and said: "Good-by, Sammy." "Good-by, father," was the response, and the captain rode forth upon his mission. On his return, the fond father grasped his hand, with the simple remark of "How d'ye do, Sammy?" The spectators of this filial scene were much affected.

SALT IN VIRGINIA.—The first instalment of salt for the citizens of Henrico County has arrived, and will be distributed to-day, (Oct. 3.) by Mr. M. C. Eggleston, at the county court-house. Persons before applying must procure a certificate from a justice of the peace in his district. Each person in charge of a family is entitled to one and a half pounds for each member of the family, at five cents per pound.

Carry the right change in order to prevent confusion and delay. Ten days is only allowed to deliver the above instalment. ELIJAH BAKER.

SALT FOR HENRICO.

I am prepared to furnish certificates to all persons entitled to receive salt in the upper district. I can be found at my shop, corner Seventh and Grace streets, in rear of Theatre.

JOHN W. LEE, J. P.,
of Henrico County.

—*Richmond Whig*, October 4.

BISHOP ROSECRANS.—As Bishop Rosecrans (brother of the General) was at dinner recently, the conversation reverted to the war.

"It would seem to me, Bishop, that you and your brother, the General, are engaged in very different callings," remarked a gentleman.

"Yes, it appears so," returned the Bishop. "And yet," he continued, "we are both fighting men. While the General is wielding the sword of the flesh, I trust that I am using the sword of the Spirit. He is fighting the rebels, and I am fighting the spirits of darkness. There is this difference in the terms of our service: he is fighting with *Price*, while I am fighting without price.—*New-York Evening Post*, October 8.

IN Bethel, Vt., on the twenty-second of September, Mr. David Owen was ridden upon a rail, because he declined to cheer the Stars and Stripes, and persisted in refusing to comply with the requests of a party who waited upon him at his residence, with the express intention of making him a Union man.—*New-York Commercial*, October 8.

BUSHWHACKING AND THE BLACK FLAG.—Now is the time for bushwhacking and the black flag. Now is the time to punish, with the full measure of retributive justice, the Vandals who have dared to desecrate our soil for purposes of rapine, murder, and every manner of cruelty and outrage which illustrates the depravity and wickedness of human nature in its most degenerate form. It is not improbable that, by means of iron-clad boats, they will succeed, occasionally, in effecting landings upon the Mississippi River, with a view to predatory incursions into the interior. Nothing better could be desired. It will give each man, of whatever age, calling, or occupation, an opportunity to become at once an efficient soldier. He can take his gun, ascertain the places most likely to be frequented by the Yankee thieves, conceal himself in ravine, thicket, or undergrowth, and pick them off by the wholesale. This will be fine sport—better, indeed, than hunting wild game. And those engaged in it will have the satisfaction of knowing that whenever they bring one of these prowling beasts to the dust, the number of our remorseless enemies will be that much less. We know of one quiet but shrewd and resolute citizen in a certain region infested with these plunderers from Yankee land, who has bagged about a dozen of them. His example is commended especially to the people of the river counties; but not to them alone. Where the base hoof of a Yankee leaves its impress, there let his carcass be made to enrich the soil which he has come to plunder. Nor must their coming be awaited. Every part of our territory should alike be held sacred from such a loathsome presence. The Yankee generals, dreading the guerrilla and bushwhacking system of war, have indicated their purpose to retaliate, by seizing non-combatants and destroying property indiscriminately. It is not for our people to be deterred by this expedient. We must remember that our condition cannot possibly be made worse than

it will have become should the Yankees succeed in their scheme of subjugation. As for the rules of civilized war, we have this to say: A people who, for no justifiable cause whatever, have come to place a yoke of iron on our necks, are not entitled to their benefit. Moreover, those rules, as well as the ordinary obligations of humanity, have been entirely disregarded by the Yankees wherever they have succeeded in obtaining control. Witness their inhuman conduct at Nashville, Huntsville, New-Orleans, and elsewhere. Witness their attack with shell and shot upon Chattanooga, without a warning for the removal of the women and children.

In addition to pitched battles upon the open field, let us try partisan ranging bushwhacking—and henceforward, until the close of this war, let our sign be, The Black Flag and no Quarter!—*Jackson Mississippian*, June 10.

REBEL CRUELTY.—A lady in Ulster County, N. Y., writes: "We have just received the horrid news of poor James Webster's death. He owned a farm in Virginia, was a Methodist minister, and a quiet Union man. The rebels took him while thrashing in his barn, without allowing him even a change of clothing, drove him three days without eating, so that he died. He was my nephew."—*New-York Tribune*, June 11.

WEST-POINTERS IN THE TWO ARMIES.—From a list before us of the West-Point graduates, who are officers in the armies of the United States and confederate States, it appears that there are in the United States army seventeen major-generals and twenty-four brigadier-generals; in the confederate States army, five generals (beside A. S. Johnson, killed at Shiloh,) eighteen major-generals, forty-one brigadier-generals. From this list, which ends with 1848, it appears that we have sixty-four generals from West-Point in our army, while the United States have but forty-one. It was no idle or unmeaning boast of President Davis that he had pick and choice of the officers of the old army. Notwithstanding the frequent flings at West-Pointers, we may yet find it a cause of congratulation that we had at the head of our government one who was educated at West-Point himself, but who, by his service in the army and in the War Department, was so thoroughly acquainted with the military talent of all the United States officers.—*Mobile Evening News*, September 22.

A GALLANT DASH.—Capt. Frank Findlay, with his little company of Partisan Rangers, from Washington County, Va., nearly all of whom are youths under eighteen years of age, and attached to the State line service, made a dash into Wyoming County a few days ago, and captured Capt. Godfrey, a noted leader of a Union company, and ten of his men. They brought them into camp at Abb's Valley, where they are in limbo for the present.—*Richmond Whig*, September 6.

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION WANTED.

To the Editor of the World: My husband is an officer in the rebel army, and will never lay down his arms while Mr. Lincoln is President. There are many ladies in this State also who have husbands fighting against the North. As there is a proclamation to free the slaves of disloyal citizens, why can't we have a proclamation to free wives from disloyal husbands?

DERBY, Sept. 23.
—*New-York World*, October 10.

EUNICE.

MOBILE, *October 3.*—Brute Butler has issued an order (No. 76) requiring all persons in New-Orleans, male or female, eighteen years of age or upwards, who sympathize with the Southern Confederacy, to report themselves by first October, with descriptive lists of their property, real and personal. If they renew their allegiance to the United States Government, they are to be recommended for pardon; if not, they will be fined and imprisoned, and their property confiscated. The policemen of the city are charged with the duty of seeing that every householder enrolls his property in the respective districts.—*Richmond Inquirer, October 6.*

THE NECESSITIES OF THE REBEL ARMY.

MARSHAL'S OFFICE, BRAZORIA COUNTY, {
July 14, 1862. }

In compliance with the General Order No. 41, issued by Gen. P. O. Herbert, I hereby summon every white male person above the age of sixteen years, being temporarily or otherwise within the limits of Brazoria County, to appear promptly at this office in Columbia, and register their names and occupation, and furnish such information as may be required of them.

GEO. W. MCNEEL,
Provost-Marshal.

THOMAS STEWART, aged ninety-two years, of East-Newton, Ohio, was a private in the One Hundred and First Ohio regiment, and took part in the battle of Perryville, where he was complimented for his bravery and soldierly bearing. He has four sons, two grandsons, and three sons-in-law at present in the army. He was born in 1770, at Litchfield, Ct., where his father now resides, aged one hundred and twenty-two years.

A BRILLIANT EXPLOIT.—One of the coolest and most extraordinary exploits of the war is thus described in a letter by Brig.-Gen. Brown, dated Springfield, Mo. After a preliminary description of an engagement with the rebels, eighteen miles from Newtonia, Gen. Brown proceeds:

"The General (Schofield) sent Lieutenant Blodgett, attended by an orderly, with orders to Colonel Hall, Fourth Missouri cavalry, to move to the left and attack in that direction. The route of the Lieutenant was across a point of woods, in which, while passing, he suddenly found himself facing about forty rebels drawn up in irregular line. Without a moment's hesitation, he and the orderly drew their pistols and charged. At the same time, tempering bravery with merey, and not feeling any desire to shed blood needlessly, he drew out his handkerchief and waved it in token of his willingness to surround and capture the whole rebel force rather than shoot them down.

"The cool impudence of the act nonplused the foe, and perhaps thinking there was a large force in the rear, eight of them threw down their arms and surrendered, and the balance 'skedaddled.' It is difficult to say which I admired most in the Lieutenant, his bravery in making the charge against such odds, when to have hesitated a moment was certain death, or his presence of mind and coolness in offering them their lives. The orderly, too, deserves more than a passing notice. His name is Peter Basnett, and he was at one time Sheriff of Brown County, Wis. The Lieutenant and orderly were well matched—both quiet and determined men. I am glad of having an opportunity of bearing testimony to the bravery and soldierly conduct of Lieut.

Wells H. Blodgett. I hope the Governor will reward him as he deserves.

"I am very truly your obedient servant,
"E. B. BROWN,
"Brigadier-General."

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruit and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What means the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
From all the tears of blood we sow,
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers
And ripen like her corn.

Oh! give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

Oh! give to us her finer ear!
Above the stormy din,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in!

A RECRUITING RALLY.

Men of Maine! men of Maine!
Now again, now again,
Our country calls her sons to the field:
Leave your work, leave your plough,
Rally prompt, rally now,
For *Dirigo's* emblazed on Maine's shield.

Hold not baek, hold not baek,
 Glory's traek, glory's track
 Opes to us, as it did to our sires ;
 What they built we renew,
 Let their sons light anew
 Freedom's pure flame, of liberty's fires.

As our pine, as our pine,
 Always shine, always shine,
 Ever verdant, amid winter's blast ;
 Let our faith in the right
 Make us stand to the fight,
 Not relax while the battle doth last.

Sons of Maine ! Sons of Maine !
 Not in vain, not in vain,
 Let our brothers enamped eall for aid ;
 Let the Seven Thousand* echarge !
 With the ONE-ARMED, at their targe,
 And rebellion at our feet will be laid.

PORTLAND.

A SONG WITHOUT A TITLE.

COMPOSED BY J. FERGUSON, CO. A, TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT
 INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—*Happy Land of Canaan.*

The rebels are enraged,
 To think we are engaged
 In trying to put down this cursed rebellion ;
 We will show them that we ean
 Turn out to a single man,
 To drive them to the happy Land of Canaan.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! Confeds, don't you know
 A good time for us is a-eoming ?
 We will show you that we're right,
 That you rebels eannot fight,
 And we'll blow you to the happy land of Canaan.

The rebels soon will find
 That the Yankees are the kind
 Of men to put down this rebellion ;
 The rebs think they are strong ;
 But 'twill not be very long,
 Until we send them to the happy land of Canaan.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! Ye rebels, don't you know
 That the Yankees from the North are a-eoming ?
 You may think we are in fun,
 But we'll make you rebels run,
 Or we'll blow you to the happy land of Canaan.

Jeff Davis, he is wise,
 At least in rebel eyes ;
 He is waiting for some foreign intervention.
 If Johnny Bull eomes in,
 We will whip him like all sin,
 And send him with the rebels down to Canaan.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! Ye rebels, don't you know
 A good time for the Yankees is a-eoming ?
 The rebs may make a noise,
 But the Yankees are the boys
 To drive them to the happy land of Canaan.

It makes the rebs look sad
 To think that Lineoln had
 To issue the late proelamation ;
 But it seems to be the plan
 To reduce the rebel van,
 And start them to the happy land of Canaan.

* Maine's quota of 300,000.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! Ye rebels, don't you know
 A good time for the Yankees is a-eoming ?
 Secession has played out,
 We will make you face about,
 And march you to the happy land of Canaan.

The happy time has eome,
 And the rebels are undone,
 Their eonscription no longer will sustain them ;
 We will show them how the South
 And Jeff Davis are played out
 Since they started from the happy Land of Canaan.
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! Ye rebels, don't you know
 A good time for the Feds is a-eoming ?
 We will show you how to fight,
 And put you all to flight,
 En route for the happy land of Canaan.

AN APPEAL.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Listen, young heroes ! your eountry is ealling !
 Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true !
 Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
 Fill up the ranks that have opened for you !

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
 Stain not the seroll that emblazons their fame !
 You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
 Leave not your ehildren a birthright of shame !

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping !
 Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall !
 Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping—
 "Off for the wars !" is enough for them all.

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you !
 Hark ! 'tis the bugle-blast ! sabres are drawn !
 Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you !
 Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone !

Never or now ! eries the blood of a nation,
 Poured on the turf where the red rose should
 bloom :
 Now is the day and the hour of salvation—
 Never or now ! peals the trumpet of doom !

Never or now ! roars the hoarse-throated eannon
 Through the blaek eanopy blotting the skies !
 Never or now ! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
 O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies !

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
 Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,
 From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying
 Pleading in vain for a handful of earth ;

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
 Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough.
 Comes the loud summons ; too long you have slumbered,
 Here the last Angel-trump—Never or Now !

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Close his eyes ; his work is done !
 What to him is friend or foe-man,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

A SONG OF LAMENTATION.

"On hearing of the battle of Lexington, Col. Putnam left his plough standing in the middle of the field, and, without changing his clothes, repaired to Cambridge, riding in a single day one hundred miles."—*National Portrait Gallery, published 1834.*

"A little beyond, a rebel was ploughing in a field by the roadside: both animals were taken, and the plough left standing in the furrow."—*Tribune Correspondence.*

THRENODY.

Strophe First:

The plough stands in the furrow. Ah! how long?
The unbroken sod invites the share in vain,
The fertile fields produce not: and among
The woods resounds the tramp of armed men.

Cercs aye yields to Mars. The warrior-god
Over her fields relentless drives his steeds;
And when and where he hurls his barbed rod,
"Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds."

Strophe Second:

The plough stood in the furrow. Putnam heard
His country's trumpet-call, and left it there.
In *her* behalf, the soul within him stirred
To such deeds as few mortals do, or dare.

Antistrophe:

The plough stands in the furrow. Where is he
Who lately guided it with wonted skill?
Go, seek him in the camp where traitors be,
Armed 'gainst the land which calls them "brothers" still.

Strophe Third:

The song of birds amid the summer trees,
The forest foliage, glittering goldenly,
The azure sky, the many-perfumed breeze,
Ah! sunny clime! fond Nature smiles on thee.

Antistrophe:

The sound of mourning! dear homes ruthlessly
Laid waste! for Death and Hell walk hand in hand!
Sackcloth and Ashes! Bend the stubborn knee—
Woe is thy heritage, thou goodly land.

EPODE.

O bleeding land! there is, that bringeth cheer;
Renew thy fading hopes, repress thy sighs.
O traitor band! there is, that causeth fear;
Haste ye and hide, ere Nemesis arise!

O mourning heart, be still! The gloomy night,
Even to eye that's not "of faith," grows gray;
Soon shall its darkness melt away in light.
Come, quickly come, light of the glorious day!

Arise, and gird your loins, ye men of might!
Earth trembling, hope, heaven, bide the end;
hear ye!
Go forth, great-hearts! Do battle for the right!
Go forth, and faint not: "God and Liberty!"

"Thine is the fight, O God." For liberty
To worship thee in peace, we draw the sword;
Thy cause shall fail not, save ordained by thee;
Even as the sparrow falls but by thy word.

Grant thou, All-Merciful! thy mercy to us,
Only thine arm of strength can us subdue.
With thine own spirit toward our foes, imbue us;
So shall we "temper justice" to thy view.

EDMUNDUS SCOTUS, Ninth Illinois Cavalry.

CHICAGO, November 27, 1862.

FREDERICKSBURGH.

BY W. F. W.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two—
That is the number of wounded men
Who, if the telegraph's tale be true,
Reached Washington City but yester e'en

And it is but a handful, the telegrams add,
To those who are coming by boats and by cars;
Weary and wounded, dying and sad;
Covered—but only in front—with sears.

Some are wounded by Minié shot,
Others are torn by the hissing shell,
As it burst upon them as fierce and as hot
As a demon spawned in a traitor's hell.

Some are pierced by the sharp bayonet,
Others are crushed by the horses' hoof;
Or fell 'neath the shower of iron which met
Them as hail beats down on an open roof.

Shall I tell what they did to meet this fate?
Why was this living death their doom—
Why did they fall to this piteous state
'Neath the rifle's crack and the cannon's boom?

Orders arrived, and the river they crossed—
Built the bridge in the enemy's face—
No matter how many were shot and lost,
And floated—sad corpses—away from the place.

Orders they heard, and they scaled the height,
Climbing right "into the jaws of death;"
Each man grasping his rifle-piece tight—
Scarcely pausing to draw his breath.

Sudden flashed on them a sheet of flame
From hidden fence and from ambushade ;
A moment more—(they say this is fame)—
A thousand dead men on the grass were laid.

Fifteen thousand in wounded and killed,
At least, is "our loss," the newspapers say.
This loss to our army must surely be filled
Against another great battle-day.

"Our loss!" Whose loss? Let demagogues say
That the Cabinet, President, all are in wrong.
What do the orphans and widows pray?
What is the burden of their sad song?

'Tis *their* loss! But the tears in their weeping eyes
Hide Cabinet, President, Generals—all ;
And they only can see a cold form that lies
On the hillside slope, by that fatal wall.

They cannot discriminate men or means—
They only demand that this blundering cease.
In their frenzied grief they would end such scenes,
Though that end be—even with traitors—peace.

Is thy face from thy people turned, O God?
Is thy arm for the Nation no longer strong?
We cry from our homes—the dead cry from the sod—
How long, O our righteous God! how long?

NEW-YORK, December 17, 1862.

THE EAGLE OF CORINTH.*

Did you hear of the fight at Corinth,
How we whipped out Price and Van Dorn?
Ah! that day we earned our rations—
(Our cause was God's and the Nation's,
Or we'd have come out forlorn!)
A long and a terrible day!
And, at last, when night grew gray,
By the hundred, there they lay,
(Heavy sleepers, you'd say)—
That wouldn't wake on the morn.

Our staff was bare of a flag,
We didn't carry a rag
In those brave marching days—
Ah! no—but a finer thing!
With never a cord or string,
An Eagle, of ruffled wing,
And an eye of awful gaze!

The grape it rattled like hail,
The Minies were dropping like rain,
The first of a thunder-shower—
The wads were blowing like chaff,
(There was pounding, like floor and flail,
All the front of our line!)
So we stood it, hour after hour—
But our eagle, he felt fine!
'Twould have made you cheer and laugh,

* "The finest thing I ever saw was a live American eagle, carried by the Eighth Iowa, in the place of a flag. It would fly off over the enemy during the hottest of the fight, then would return and seat himself upon his pole, clap his pinions, shake his head and start again. Many and hearty were the cheers that arose from our lines as the old fellow would sail around, first to the right, then to the left, and always return to his post, regardless of the storm of leaden hail that was around him. Something seemed to tell us that that battle was to result in our favor, and when the order was given to charge, every man went at them with fixed bayonets, and the enemy scattered in all directions, leaving us in possession of the battle-field."—*Letter from Chester D. Howe, Co. E, Twelfth Illinois Volunteers.*

To see, through that iron gale,
How the Old Fellow'd swoop and sail
Above the racket and roar—
To right and to left he'd soar,
But ever came back, without fail,
And perched on his standard-staff.

All that day, I tell you true,
They had pressed us, steady and fair,
Till we fought in street and square—
(The affair, you might think, looked blue,)
But we knew we had them there!
Our works and batteries were few,
Every gun, they'd have sworn, they knew—
But, you see, there was one or two
We had fixed for them, unaware.

They reckon they've got us now!
For the next half-hour 'twill be warm—
Ay, ay, look yonder!—I vow,
If they weren't secesh, how I'd love them!
Only see how grandly they form,
(Our eagle whirling above them,)
To take Robinette by storm!
They're timing!—it can't be long—
Now for the nub of the fight!
(You may guess that we held our breath,)
By the Lord, 'tis a splendid sight!
A column two thousand strong
Marching square to the death!

On they came, in solid column,
For once, no whooping nor yell—
(Ah! I dare say they felt solemn.)
Front and flank—grape and shell—
Our batteries pounded away!
And the Minies hummed to remind 'em
They had started on no child's play!
Steady they kept a-going,
But a grim wake settled behind 'em—
From the edge of the *abattis*,
(Where our dead and dying lay
Under fence and fallen tree,)
Up to Robinette, all the way
The dreadful swath kept growing!
'Twas butternut, flecked with gray.

Now for it, at Robinette!
Muzzle to muzzle we met—
(Not a breath of bluster or brag,
Not a lisp for quarter or favor)—
Three times, there, by Robinette,
With a rush, their feet they set
On the logs of our parapet,
And waved their bit of a flag—
What could be finer or braver!

But our cross-fire stunned them in flank,
They melted, rank after rank—
(O'er them, with terrible poise,
Our Bird did circle and wheel!)
Their whole line began to waver—
Now for the bayonet, boys!
On them with the cold steel!

Ah! well—you know how it ended—
We did for them, there and then,
But their pluck, throughout, was splendid.
(As I said before, I could love them!)
They stood, to the last, like men—
Only a handful of them
Found the way back again.

Red as blood, o'er the town,
The angry sun went down,
Firing flag-staff and vane—
And our eagle—as for him,
There, all ruffled and grim,
He sat, o'erlooking the slain!

Next morning, you'd have wondered
How we had to drive the spade!
There, in great trenches and holes,
(Ah! God rest their poor souls!)
We piled some fifteen hundred,
Where that last charge was made!

Sad enough, I must say.
No mother to mourn and search,
No priest to bless or to pray—
We buried them where they lay,
Without a rite of the church—
But our eagle, all that day,
Stood solemn and still on his perch.

'Tis many a stormy day
Since, out of the cold, bleak North,
Our Great War Eagle sailed forth
To swoop o'er battle and fray.
Many and many a day
O'er charge and storm hath he wheeled—
Foray and foughten-field—
Tramp, and volley, and rattle!—
Over crimson trench and turf,
Over climbing clouds of surf,
Through tempest and cannon-rack,
Have his terrible pinions whirled—
(A thousand fields of battle!
A million leagues of foam!)
But our Bird shall yet come back,
He shall soar to his eyrie-home—
And his thunderous wings be furled,
In the gaze of a gladdened world,
On the Nation's loftiest Dome.

December, 1862.

H. H. B.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Great God! to whom our nation's woes,
Our dire distress, our angry foes,
In all their awful gloom are known,
We bow to thee and thee alone.

We pray thee mitigate this strife,
Attended by such waste of life,
Such wounds and anguish, groans and tears,
That fill our inmost hearts with fears.

Oh! darkly now the tempest rolls,
Wide o'er our desolated souls;
Yet, beaten downward to the dust,
In thy forgiveness still we trust.

We trust to thy protecting power
In this, our country's saddest hour,
And pray that thou wilt spread thy shield
Above us in the camp and field.

O God of battles! let thy might
Protect our armies in the fight—
Till they shall win the victory,
And set the hapless bondmen free.

Till, guided by thy glorious hand,
Those armies reunite the land,
And North and South alike shall raise
To God their peaceful hymns of praise.

"I FIGHTS MIT SIGEL!"

BY GRANT P. ROBINSON.

I met him again, he was trudging along,
His knapsack with eliekens was swelling:
He'd "Blenkered" these dainties, and thought it no
wrong

From some secessionist's dwelling.

"What regiment's yours? and under whose flag
Do you fight?" said I, touching his shoulder;
Turning slowly around he smilingly said,
For the thought made him stronger and bolder:
"I fights mit Sigel!"

The next time I saw him his knapsack was gone,
His cap and canteen were missing,
Shell, shrapnel, and grape, and the swift rifle-ball
Around him and o'er him were hissing.
How are you, my friend, and where have you been,
And for what and for whom are you fighting?
He said, as a shell from the enemy's gun
Sent his arm and his musket a "kiting":
"I fights mit Sigel!"

And once more I saw him and knelt by his side,
His life-blood was rapidly flowing;
I whispered of home, wife, children and friends,
The bright land to which he was going;
And have you no word for the dear ones at home,
The "wee one," the father or mother?
"Yaw! yaw!" said he, "tell them! oh! tell them I
fights!"

Poor fellow! he thought of no other—
"I fights mit Sigel!"

We scaped out a grave, and he dreamlessly sleeps
On the banks of the Shenandoah River;
His home or his kindred alike are unknown,
His reward in the hands of the Giver.
We placed a rough board at the head of his grave,
"And we left him alone in his glory,"
But on it we marked ere we turned from the spot,
The little we knew of his story—
"I fights mit Sigel!"

TROPHIES OF THE FIELD OF ANTIETAM.

MESSRS. EDITORS: During a visit to the headquarters of the army of the Potomac at Sharpsburgh, a few days after the great battle of Antietam, in company with several gentlemen from Philadelphia, I was favored with a personal interview with Gen. McClellan, during which our attention, while in his tent, was drawn to a large number of colors taken from the rebels in the battles of South-Mountain, Antietam, and Shepherdstown Bluffs. As they possessed great interest to our party, Gen. McClellan very kindly gave us a great deal of information in regard to them, and by his permission I made the list and descriptions of them herewith appended. As will be seen by a reference to the General's official report of the battles, this list comprises less than one half of the colors captured, the whole number being thirty-nine. The list embraces all, however, which at the time of our visit had been received at the headquarters, and though only partial, may, nevertheless, possess an interest for your readers.

1. We were first shown the battle-flag of the rebels, which Gen. McClellan informed us had been generally adopted by them, in lieu of the regular confederate or national rebel flag, which was the only one carried in the earlier periods of the war. This flag was about four feet square, red ground, with blue stripes, about four inches wide, running diagonally across, or from corner to corner. On these stripes are twelve white stars, representing the twelve States claimed by the rebels as belonging to their confederacy. It was very badly torn and blood-stained. From a written paper sewed on it, I learned that it had been the battle-flag of the Eleventh Alabama regiment, captured by the Fifty-seventh New-York volunteers, Richardson's division, Sumner's corps, at the battle of "Antietam," September seventeenth, 1862.

2. A regular confederate flag, with the stars and bars. I could not learn the history of this flag, from what regiment captured, nor by whom?

3. Another battle-flag, similar in all respects to No. 1. It was very much torn and very bloody. The following history of its capture was pinned to it:

"HEADQUARTERS DOUBLEDAY'S DIVISION, }
TWELFTH ARMY CORPS. }

"This flag was captured by private Isaac Thomas, company G, Twentieth regiment N.Y.S.M., September seventeenth, 1862, at the battle of 'Antietam.' Thomas shot the rebel color-bearer, then ran forward and brought off the colors. THEO. R. GATES,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding."

4. Another battle-flag, similar to the last. On the upper edge of this flag "Williamsburgh" is painted in large letters, and "Seven Pines" on the lower edge. It was captured at the battle of "Antietam," September seventeenth, 1862, by the Seventh New-York volunteers, Caldwell's brigade, Richardson's division.

5. Another battle-flag captured at "Antietam," similar to No. 4, with the words "Seven Pines," in large letters on the lower edge.

6. A large and very splendid silk flag, with the staff shot in two in the middle. This flag is composed of silk of three colors, and when new must have been a very superb one. The field is of deep blue, with a single large straw-colored star in the centre. The bars are of straw color and delicate purple. On the field at the top is inscribed "Seven Pines," on the yellow bar, "Gaines' Farm" and "Eltham's Landing," and "Malvern Hills" on the purple bar. It is much torn and stained, and is bordered with heavy but tarnished silver fringe. This is evidently a Texan standard. I regret that I could not learn its history.

7. Flag of North-Carolina. Red field with single star. Above the star is the inscription, "May 20th, 1775," referring to the Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence; below the star, "May 20th, 1861," referring to the rebel declaration of independence. In other respects it is similar to the regular battle-flag of the confederate States.

8. Battle-flag abandoned by the rebels on the battlefield of "Shepherdstown Bluffs," September 19, 1862, when a portion of Griffin's brigade, of Morell's division, Gen. Fitz-John Porter's Fifth army corps, forded the Potomac and carried the heights by assault. This is a silk flag of large size. Its color originally was pink, but now faded by exposure to the weather. It had the diagonal bars of blue, with the white stars, and is bordered with rich yellow fringe. It must have been very handsome when new.

9. A regular confederate flag, the history of which I did not learn.

10. Regular battle-flag, captured by the Fourth regiment Vermont volunteers, at the battle of "Crampton's Pass," (South-Mountain,) Maryland, on Sunday, September fourteenth, 1862.

11. A flag of different style from any of the preceding ones, composed of two triangular pieces of red and white bunting, without star, bar, or inscription.

12, 13, 14. Three battle-flags, without history.

15. Another battle-flag, differing from those already described, it being bordered with orange-colored fringe. The others were without borders. This flag was captured at the battle of Antietam, September seventeenth, 1862, by the Sixty-first New-York volunteers, Caldwell's brigade, Richardson's division.

16. A battle-flag, captured at Antietam, September seventeenth, 1862, by the Seventeenth regiment New-York volunteers, Caldwell's brigade, Richardson's division.

17. A magnificent, large, dark-blue silk flag, with handsome centre painted, representing two females, one holding a pod of unripe cotton, and the other a staff and liberty cap in her left hand, and a scroll, on which is inscribed "The Constitution of North-Carolina," in her right hand. Below, "4th Regiment North-Carolina Volunteers." This flag was captured by the Fifth New-Hampshire volunteers, Colonel E. E. Cross, of Caldwell's brigade, Richardson's division, at "Antietam," September seventeenth, 1862. Color-Corporal George Nettleson, seized the colors and brought them off, although badly wounded. The same regiment shot down the color-bearers of battle-flags of other regiments opposed to them.

18. Another battle-flag, made of two triangular pieces of coarse bunting, with staff surmounted by a pike-head of iron, similar to the head of a John Brown spear or pike.

19. A dirty-looking rebel flag, captured at "Crampton's Pass" (South-Mountain,) September the fourteenth, 1862, from the Sixteenth regiment Virginia, by the Fourth regiment New-Jersey volunteers, Torbert's brigade, Slocum's division, Franklin's corps d'armée. W. B. Hatch, Col. Fourth United States volunteers.

20. A dingy-looking flag of very coarse bunting, captured by the same regiment, at Crampton's Pass, September fourteenth, 1862, by the Fourth New-Jersey volunteers, from the "Cobb Legion of Georgia."

JEFF DAVIS'S EARLY HISTORY.—For the benefit of those who admire and hurrah for Jeff Davis, we publish the following bit of family history taken from the *Nashville Union*:

"A trifling little rebel paper in Kentucky professes to doubt the truth of our statement respecting the origin of Jeff Davis. What we stated is well known to hundreds of our best citizens of Christian and Todd Counties of Kentucky. Jeff Davis's father lived for a number of years in a log cabin situated in what is now the town of Fairview, twelve miles from Hopkinsville, Kentucky. The house is now weather-boarded, and used as a tavern. Old Davis was a man of bad character, a horse-trader, a sandler, and of very low habits. A fine horse was missing on one occasion in the neighborhood, under such suspicious circumstances that he found it safest to leave the country immediately and fly to Mississippi. Jeff Davis is his illegitimate son, born some miles distant from his father's house, and taken home by him when several years of age. These are notorious facts. Some of Davis's relatives still live in that part of Kentucky. We would not

have alluded to this sinister bar on Jeff's escutcheon, were not his friends continually prating about Southern gentility and the low breeding of the Union people. Our own opinion is, that Jeff's birth does him more credit than any portion of his subsequent life."—*The New South*.

A UNION soldier died at St. Louis of wounds received at Fort Donelson. He was from Iowa, and his funeral was held in the capital of that State. His dying injunction was, that no enemy of his country, secessionist or abolitionist, should be permitted to touch his body.—*Chicago Times*.

The repugnance of that soldier to abolitionism—his detestation of it—is not singular, but is shared in by three fourths of the army. The feeling is increasing in intensity every day.—*Ohio Statesman*, May 7.

A REBEL'S PARTING WORDS TO THE YANKEES.—The following document, found in one of the dwellings at Yorktown, Va., speaks for itself:

To the Future Yankee Occupants of this Place:

We have retired to the country for a short time to recruit our health. We find that with your two hundred thousand men you are too modest to visit this place, and we give you an opportunity to satisfy your curiosity with regard to our defences, assuring you that we will call upon you soon.

We hope a few days' residence in a house once occupied by men will induce enough courage in your gallant hearts to enable you to come within at least two miles of white men hereafter. Be sure to have on hand a supply of "pork'n beans" when we return; also some codfish and "apple sass." When we learn to relish such diet we may become like you—Puritanical, selfish, thieving, God-forgotten, devil-worshipping, devil-belonging, African-loving, blue-bellied Yankees. Advise father Abraham to keep his Scotch cloak on hand, to keep soberer, and your wise Congress to hunt up two thousand five hundred millions of specie to pay the debt you have incurred in winning the contempt of every live man. We have on hand a few tools which we devote to the special duty of loosening the links of your steel shirts. Couldn't you get a few iron-clad men to do your fighting? Are you not horribly afraid that we will shoot you below the shirts? When are you coming to Richmond? Couldn't you go up the river with us? There is one score which we will yet settle with you, to the death. Your fiend-like treatment of old men and helpless women reads you out of the pale of civilized warfare, and if rifles are true and knives keen, we will rid some of you of your beastly inclinations.

When you arise as high in the scale of created beings as a Brazilian monkey, we will allow you sometimes to associate with our negroes; but until then Southern soil will be too hot for the sons of the Pilgrims. The only dealing we will have with you is, henceforth, war to the knife. We despise you as heartily as we can whip you easily on any equal field.

Most heartily at your service, whenever you offer a fight.

J. TRAVISO SCOTT,

Company A, Sixth Georgia Volunteers.

—*Missouri Democrat*, May 10.

A MARCHING RECORD.—A few days since General Halleck ordered General Curtis to detach a portion of the army of the South-west, and send it with all possible despatch to the aid of the Federal forces before Corinth. The order was received by the latter at Bates-

ville, Ark., and promptly obeyed. How many men were forwarded it is unnecessary to mention, but the alacrity of their movements is worthy of note.

The march from Batesville to Cape Girardeau, Mo., a distance of two hundred and forty miles, was accomplished in ten days, some of the men being obliged to travel barefoot for the last sixty miles. This gives an average of twenty-four miles per day; and when it is remembered that the regulation day's march is fifteen miles, we can readily accord the honor for rapid locomotion to the soldiers of the South-west. The day before the battle of Pea Ridge, a detachment from Curtis's army, under Colonel Vandever, marched from Huntsville to Sugar Creek, forty-one miles, with but two halts of fifteen minutes each.

Few of the soldiers in the armies under McClellan and Halleck have undergone hardships equal to those incident to a campaign in Missouri and Arkansas. It is a significant fact that there have been proportionately fewer deaths by disease in the armies of the South-west than in those which, month after month, lay dormant along the Potomac and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"SKEDADDLE."—This word has been supposed to have originated in the fertile brain of some Yankee, who was at loss for an appropriate term to express his idea of the mania of the rebels for retreating before the advance of our armies. The *Louisville Journal*, however, shows that the word is of Grecian birth, as will be seen by the following extract from an article in that paper:

"The primitive of skedaddle is a pure Greek word of great antiquity. It occurs in Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, and it was used to express in Greek the very idea that we undertake, in using it, to express in English. Homer, in the 'Iliad,' uses only the aorist *eskedasa* or *skedasa*. Thus in 'Iliad' 19:171, we have *skedason laon*, for scattering, dispersing.

"In Prometheus, Æschylus thus uses it (*skeda*) in making 'the sun disperse the hoar frost of the morn.' And again Prometheus uses this word in predicting woes upon Jupiter, when he says that 'a flame more potent than the lightning' shall be 'invented, which shall (*skeda*) shiver the ocean-trident, the spear of Neptune.'

"In the Odyssey, we find Homer using *skedasis* in describing the scattering of the suitors of Penelope when Ulysses should come, and in the twentieth book of the Odyssey we have the same word used for 'the dispersing of the suitors to their houses,' as the result of the return of Ulysses.

"In Thucydides, book iv., 56, we have an account of 'a garrison at Cotyria and Aphrodisia, which terrified by an attack a (*eskedasmemon*) scattered crowd.' At the capture of Torone, in Chalcidice, Thucydides describes the result of the rush of Brasidas and his troops toward the highest parts of the town, and among these results 'the rest of the multitude (*eskedanunto*) scattered or dispersed in all directions alike.' In this sense *skedasis* is used by Xenophon in the Anabasis, by Plato in the Timæus, by Apollonius of Rhodes, by Hesiod, and by Sophocles. It is, therefore, a classic word, and is full of expression."

THE following advertisement appears in the *Memphis Appeal*, of the thirty-first of May. The "despicable monster" referred to is General Butler:

ATTENTION, MEN!—A DARING ENTERPRISE.—Twenty-five able-bodied men are wanted to engage in an enterprise, having for its object the capture or killing of the most despicable monster that now treads Southern soil. Each individual must be a calm, cool, intelligent, desperate man, who enlists in the enterprise with a certainty of death before him in case of failure, and is willing to yield his life cheerfully to accomplish the end in view. The scene of their labors will be hundreds of miles away, and in a community where a hint of the contemplated movement would result in an immediate self-sacrifice. Every man will provide himself with a revolver and a small bowie knife. His reward will be the gratitude of his country. Applicants will address, with *references* as to their courage and character, "A. O.," Memphis Post-office, and be prepared to respond to a further call.

REBEL PARTISAN CORPS.—The following advertisement appeared in the *Mississippian*:

PARTISAN RANGERS.

I have to-day received authority from the Secretary of War, at Richmond, to raise a corps of Partisan Rangers, to serve in the southern part of this State, for the war, where they are most urgently needed at this time, to check and intercept the marauding parties of our vandal enemies, who are every day committing robbery and murder upon Mississippi soil. They must be driven back.

Bold, true, and earnest men, of any age, will be received in this corps; but no others are wanted, or will be retained.

Each man will furnish his horse, saddle, bridle, double-barrel shot-gun or rifle, and clothing.

Fifty dollars bounty and commutation paid to all who join this corps now.

We will rendezvous at Jackson, Mississippi, on Tuesday, the tenth June next.

Those wishing to join will find a list at Messrs. Allen, Ligon and Co.'s, Jackson. C. McLaurin.

JACKSON, MISS., May 25, 1862.

RICHMOND, *May 1.*—The Earl of Dunmore, who ran the blockade in the steamer Nashville, on her last inward trip, arrived in this city on Tuesday, and is stopping at the Exchange Hotel. The Earl will spend a few days in Richmond, and then leave for Canada, via Norfolk and Fortress Monroe. He says the Nashville brought twenty tons of powder, seven thousand Enfield rifles, and a great number of blankets and shoes. —*Richmond Examiner, May 1.*

LOG OF THE PLANTER.—The following is a copy of the log of the steamer Planter, kept by Robert Small when he escaped from Charleston harbor to the blockading fleet:

List.—Robert Small, Pilot; Alfred Gridiron, Engineer; Abram Jackson, Jebel Turner, W. C. Thompson, Sam Chishlin, Abram Allerton, Hannah Small, Susan Small, Clara Jones, Anna White, Levina Wilson, David McCloud, 3 small children.

Log.—We leave Charleston at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

We pass Fort Sumter $\frac{1}{4}$ past 4 o'clock. We arrived at blockading squadron at Charleston bar at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6. We give three cheers for the Union flag wonce more.

Articles of Sundary.—4 large c, not mounted; 2 mortars. We arrive at Port Royal, Hilton, on same night about 9 P.M.—*New-York Tribune.*

CONFEDERATE IMPRESSMENTS.

Mr. T. E. Chambliss, of a south-side county, "believing that much injury has been done our cause by injudicious impressments," addressed a letter to Gen. Lee on the subject, and received the following reply:

HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, May 22.

T. E. Chambliss, Esq., Petersburg:

SIR: Your letter of the twentieth inst., is received. I am opposed to the whole system of impressment, and endeavor to put a stop to it as far as I am able, and prefer relying on the patriotism and zeal of our citizens. Officers of the army say that it is sometimes absolutely necessary to resort to it, in cases of great emergency. I shall forward your letter to General Huger, commanding the department embracing the counties enumerated in your letter, and request him to prevent impressment from being resorted to, except in cases of necessity, and also to take precautions against any undue interference with the agricultural operations of the people. I hope you will do all in your power to encourage the production of subsistence by the farmers, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

—*Richmond Enquirer, June 10.*

THE OLD SERGEANT.

The carrier cannot sing to-day the ballads
With which he used to go,
Rhyming the grand-rounds of the happy New-Years
That are now beneath the snow;

For the same awful and portentous shadow
That overcast the earth,
And smote the land last year with desolation,
Still darkens every hearth.

And the carrier hears Beethoven's mighty death-march
Come up from every mart,
And he hears and feels it breathing in his bosom,
And beating in his heart.

And to-day, like a scarred and weather-beaten veteran,
Again he comes along,
To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles,
In another New-Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story;
For the story, you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant-Surgeon Austin,
By a soldier of Shiloh:

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the Adams
With his death-wound in his side;
And who told the story to the Assistant-Surgeon
On the same night that he died:

But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
If all should deem it right,
To sing the story as if what it speaks of
Had happened but last night:

"Come a little nearer, Doctor—Thank you! let me
 take the cup!
 Draw your chair up—draw it closer—just another little
 sup!
 May be you may think I'm better, but I'm pretty well
 used up—
 Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a
 going up.

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it is no use to
 try."
 "Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered
 down a sigh,
 "It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say
 die!"
 "What you say will make no difference, Doctor, when
 you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were
 very faint they say;
 You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I
 been away?"
 "No, my venerable comrade." "Doctor, will you
 please to stay?
 There is something I must tell you, and you won't
 have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and am ready now
 to go;
 Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it couldn't have
 been so—
 For as sure as I'm a sergeant and was wounded at
 Shiloh,
 I've this very night been back there—on the old field
 of Shiloh!

"You may think it all delusion— all the sickness of
 the brain—
 If you do, you are mistaken, and mistaken to my pain;
 For upon my dying honor, as I hope to live again,
 I have just been back to Shiloh and all over it again!

"This is all that I remember; the last time the Lighter
 came,
 And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises
 much the same,
 He had not been gone five minutes before something
 called my name—
 'ORDERLY-SERGEANT-ROBERT-BURTON!'—just that way
 it called my name.

"Then I thought, who could have called me so distinct-
 ly and so slow—
 It can't be the Lighter, surely, he could not have
 spoken so,
 And I tried to answer, 'Here sir!' but I couldn't
 make it go,
 For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it
 go!

"Then I thought, it's all a nightmare— all a humbug
 and a bore!
 It is just another *grapevine*, and it won't come any
 more;
 But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same words
 as before
 'ORDERLY-SERGEANT-ROBERT-BURTON!' more distinctly
 than before!

"That is all that I remember till a sudden burst of
 light
 And I stood beside the river, where we stood that
 Sunday night

Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
 When the river seemed perdition and all hell seemed
 opposite!
 "And the same old palpitation came again with all its
 power,
 And I heard a bugle sounding as from heaven or a
 tower;
 And the same mysterious voice said: 'It is—THE
 ELEVENTH HOUR!
 ORDERLY-SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT IS THE ELEV-
 ENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin!—what *day* is this?"—"It is Wednes-
 day night, you know;"
 "Yes! To-morrow will be New-Year's, and a right
 good time below!
 What *time* is it, Doctor Austin!"—"Nearly twelve:"
 —"Then don't you go!
 Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour
 ago!

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark,
 rebellious host,
 And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon
 the coast—
 There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or
 else their ghost—
 And the same old transport came and took me over—
 or its ghost!

"And the whole field lay before me, all deserted far
 and wide—
 'There was where they fell on Prentiss—there McCler-
 nand met the tide;
 There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where
 Hurlbut's heroes died—
 Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept
 charging till he died!

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was
 of the *cannie* kin—
 There was where old Nelson thundered and where
 Rousseau waded in—
 There McCook 'sent them to breakfast,' and we all
 began to win—
 There was where the grape-shot took me just as we
 began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over every thing
 was spread;
 And but for this old, blue mantle, and the old hat on
 my head,
 I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I
 was dead;
 For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the
 dead!

"Death and silence! Death and silence! starry si-
 lence overheard!
 And behold a mighty tower, as if builded to the
 dead,
 To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty
 head!
 Till the Stars and Stripes of heaven all seemed wav-
 ing from its head!

"Round and mighty-based, it towered—up into the
 infinite!
 And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft
 so bright;

For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair
of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out
of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it with a rapt and daz-
zled stare —
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the
great stair —
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of, 'Halt! and
who goes there!'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are' — 'Then advance,
sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced — that sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballan-
tyne —
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the
line!
'Welcome! my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by
that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there under this old cloak
of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered — thinking
only of the grave —
But he smiled and pointed upward, with a bright and
bloodless glaive —
'That's the way, sir, to headquarters' — 'What head-
quarters!' 'Of the brave!'
'But the great tower?' — 'That was builded of the
great deeds of the brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform
of light —
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and
bright:"
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform
to-night!
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve
o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting
there, and I —
Doctor! it is hard to leave you — Hark! God bless
you all! Good by!
Doctor! please to give my musket and my knapsack,
when I die,
To my son — my son that's coming — he won't get
here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did
before —
And to carry that old musket — Hark! a knock is at
the door! —
Till the Union — see! it opens!" — "Father! father!
speak once more!" —
"Bless you!" gasped the old, gray Sergeant, and he
lay and said no more!

When the Surgeon gave the heir-son the old Sergeant's
last advice —
And his musket and his knapsack — how the fire
flashed in his eyes! —
He is on the march this morning, and will march on
till he dies —
He will save this bleeding country or will fight until
he dies!*

* This very remarkable poem was distributed on the first day
of the year, 1863, by the carriers of the *Louisville Journal*.

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

For others' weal let good men labor,
And not for fame or paltry pelf,
And mind the maxim, love thy neighbor
As well as thou dost love thyself.
Point him beyond the hills of time,
Aid him in every true endeavor
To crown his life with deeds sublime,
Now, and forever and forever.

And should thy feeble brother stumble,
And often fall upon the road,
Though poor, despised, deformed, and humble,
In pity help him bear his load.
Heed not the-color of his skin;
As stars shine, quenched by midnight never,
So souls that God has lit within
Will shine forever and forever.

Break not the heart that's almost broken;
But light up hope and banish fear;
Let pleasant thoughts be softly spoken,
While pity wipes away the tear.
We all are joined by kindred ties,
That mortal man cannot dissever;
They link us here and in the skies,
And last forever and forever.

We shall behold the blessed dawning
Of eras we have sought so long,
The light of that millennial morning
Of cloudless sun and freedom's song.
When truth and love have power and might,
Truth's the fulcrum, love the lever,
That moves the world, when moved aright;
God reigns forever and forever.

COME LIST, MY BOYS, ENLIST.

Hurrah! the boys are moving — the fife and drum
speak war;
A Quaker's son is captain, and numbers up his score,
And harvest past, right well we know, he'll drill his
eighty more.

For it must be done, the people say;
It must be done, and now's the day;
It must be done, and this the way —
Come list, my boys, enlist.

The fields stand rough in stubble, the wheat is under
roof;
What are you made of, country boys? come, give your
mother proof:
Your comrades fight, and eowards you if you shall
stand aloof.

For it must be done, the people say, etc.

Up, change the rake for rifle — the companies recruit;
Come, out with arms all brawn, and learn the secret
how to shoot;
Your sisters, in the cider-time, will gather in the fruit.
For it must be done, the people say, etc.

Good tidings for the telegraph, swift let the message
run;
Old Chester sends her greeting proud along to Wash-
ington;
Each farm-house pours it treasures free, and conse-
crates a son.

For it must be done, the people say, etc.

Hurrah! hurrah! old farmer, shout from your brown-tanned throat;
Pish! for each home-found man, to-day, who wears moustache or goat;
For every male who well might go, but stays, *a petticoat*.
For it must be done, the people say, etc.

Hurrah! hurrah! old farmer's wife, you'll see the whole thing done;
The maidens will be weaving it—you'll see the worst-ed spun;
The eoward's be the *petticoat*—but it will not be your son.

For it must be done, the people say;
It must be done, and now's the day;
It must be done, and this the way—
Come list, my boys, enlist.

—*Philadelphia Press.* CHESTER COUNTY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

JANUARY FIRST, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE.

Stand like an anvil, when 'tis beaten
With the full vigor of the smith's right arm!
Stand like the noble oak-tree, when 'tis eaten
By the Saperda and his ravenous swarm!
For many smiths will strike the ringing blows,
Ere the red drama now enacting close;
And human insects, gnawing at thy fame,
Conspire to bring thy honored head to shame.

Stand like the firmament, upholden
By an invisible but Almighty hand!
He whomsoever JUSTICE doth embolden,
Unshaken, unseduced, unawed shall stand.
Invisible support is mightier far,
With noble aims, than walls of granite are;
And simple consciousness of justice gives
Strength to a purpose while that purpose lives.

Stand like the rock that looks defiant
Far o'er the surging seas that lash its form!
Composed, determined, watchful, self-reliant,
Be master of thyself, and rule the storm!
And thou shalt soon behold the bow of peace
Span the broad heavens, and the wild tumult cease;
And see the billows, with the clouds that meet,
Subdued and calm, come crouching to thy feet.
KENTUCKY, December, 1862. W. D. GALLAGHER.

OUR WOUNDED.

BY C. K. TUCKERMAN.

As loftier rise the ocean's heaving crests,
Ere they sink, tempest driven, on the strand;
So do these hearts and freedom-beating breasts,
Sublimed by suffering, fall upon our land.

Wounded! O sweet-lipped word! for on the page
Of this strange history, all these scars shall be
The hieroglyphics of a valiant age,
Deep writ in freedom's blood-red mystery.

What though your fate sharp agony reveals!
What though the mark of brothers' blows you bear!
The breath of your oppression upward steals,
Like incense from crushed spices into air.

Freedom lies listening, nor as yet averts
The battle horrors of these months' slow length;

But as she listens, silently she girds
More close, more firm, the armor of her strength.

Then deem them not as lost, these bitter days,
Nor those which yet in anguish must be spent
Far from loved skies and home's peace-moving ways,
For these are not the losses you lament.

It is the glory that your country bore,
Which you would rescue from a living grave;
It is the unity that once she wore,
Which your true hearts are yearning still to save.

Despair not: *it is written*, though the eye,
Red with its watching, can no future scan,
The glow of triumph yet shall flush the sky,
And God redeem the ruin made by man.

THE DRUMMER-BOY OF TENNESSEE.

When called the fife and drum at morn
The soldier from his rest,
And those to higher honors born
With softer couches blest,
There came, a captain brave to seek,
Deep in her mourning clad,
By loss made sad, and journeying weak,
A mother and a lad—
And they had come from Tennessee,
Waiting the beat of reveillé.

But, penniless and widowed,
Her story soon she told:
The hand of traitor had not spared
Her husband's life nor gold;
And now she brought her only son
To fill the drummer's place;
Thus young his daily bread to earn,
His country's foes to face:
For he had learned, in Tennessee,
To beat the eall of reveillé.

The boy upturned his eager gaze,
And, with a beating heart,
He read upon the captain's face
Both kindness and doubt;
For he had marked his tender years,
His little fragile form—
"Don't be afraid," he boldly cried,
"For, captain, I can drum!
And I have come from Tennessee,
To sound for you the reveillé."

"Well, eall the fifer!—bring the drum,
To test this noble youth!"
And well his part he did perform,
A "drummer-boy," in truth!
"Yes, madam, I will take your boy,"
The captain kindly said.
"Oh! bring him back," her quick reply,
"Unnumbered with the dead!"
And Eddie Lee, of Tennessee,
Shall play for you the reveillé."

'Twas many a weary march was made,
To sound of drum and fife,
And well the "drummer-boy" essayed
To play the march of life;
Each soldier loved and sought to share
Their part of good with him;
The fifer on his back did bear
Across each swollen stream

This "drummer-boy" from Tennessee,
Who beat with him the reveillé.

But came the battle-shock, and doom
Of one great "Lyon" heart,
The victor's shout—the victim's groan,
Fulfilled their fearful part!
And, on that blood-stained field of woe
The darkness threw its pall!
The morning dawned on flying foe;
When, list!—the "morning call!"
Our "drummer-boy" from Tennessee,
Beating for help the reveillé!

Upon the valley sod he lay
Beside a lifeless foe,
Whose dying hand had sought to stay
The life-blood's ebbing flow:
The quivering drum yet echoing
The beating of his heart—
The encamping angel beckoning
From drum and fife to part!
And Eddie Lee, of Tennessee,
Awaits the final reveillé!

MINNIE HART.

INCIDENTS OF VICKSBURGH, MISS.

JOHNSON'S PLANTATION, NEAR VICKSBURGH, }
January 2, 1863. }

I have given you an account of the action which occurred on the twenty-ninth day of December, and of its results. But two divisions—those of Morgan's and Steele's—were generally and closely engaged. A portion of Smith's division made some advance under a terrible fire, in which the gallant Sixth Missouri were most actively engaged. This regiment crossed the levee, which had been occupied by the enemy as an earthwork, and was still, after being crossed, commanded by the enemy's cannon. It however, led to an advance upon Smith's line, but without any positive advantage to us. From certain points on the new line thus made, Vicksburgh could be seen. The movements of the rebel troops in the city, and some portions of Vicksburgh, were clearly and fairly in view. It was tempting to look straight in upon the beleaguered city, and still know that its occupation was improbable, if not impossible. But so it was, and our troops lay down upon their arms on the night of the twenty-ninth with anxious hearts and high hopes that something might occur to make it practicable. The night of the twenty-ninth passed and the morning dawned without any new development being made, except that the enemy assumed a threatening position with their artillery. It was evidently his intention to shell our camp. It having rained incessantly during the night, and our men having been exposed to it all, it was deemed advisable to place our troops in such a position that they would not be exposed to the enemy's cannon, and where they could examine their ammunition and clean their rusted arms, preparatory to further operations. In the mean time, our front was to be held firmly, and heavier artillery was to be placed in position behind earth-works. The threatening preparations in front deterred the enemy from shelling the camps, and put him on his guard, for offensive operations on our part. Wednesday was occupied by both armies in the presence of each other, throwing up new works, digging new pits, preparing for operations offensive and defensive. During the afternoon of Tuesday the cries of our wounded could be heard, and an impromptu

effort was made to recover them by a flag of truce. Being irregular, and perhaps not authorized, and occasional skirmishes still going on, the flag was fired on by the enemy. The wounded and dead of Thayer's and Blair's brigades had to lie there and await the tedious process of official communication. This is one of the most horrible pictures which a battle-field presents, but frequently is unavoidable. It seems to have been so in this instance. While a tear here and there was dropped for the dying and the dead, still the great purpose of the expedition were not accomplished, and generally our army looked forward to watch future movements.

Wednesday morning came and still no change from Tuesday. The front was kept up by Smith's and Morgan's divisions, while Steele's division lay along Chickasaw Bayou, ready to meet the enemy if they should make a deployment in that direction. Every thing was quiet on the line, and this being a favorable opportunity, a flag of truce was sent to the enemy for the purpose of recovering and attending to our dead and wounded. The flag was duly recognized, the message was received and was answered, allowing us four hours to bury our dead. The cessation of hostilities consequent to the removal of our dead and wounded, gave the sharpshooters and pickets an opportunity to converse with each other. The conversation was opened by our pickets, by asking: "How far it was to Vicksburgh?"

Rebel Picket—"So far that you'll never git thar."

Federal—"How many men you got?"

Rebel—"Enough to clean you out."

One rebel, who seemed to be somewhat of a stumper, said that "Banks had been whipped out at Port Hudson; that Memphis had been retaken, and that the Yankees would not take Vicksburgh till hell froze over." A thousand questions were asked, and all answered in the same defiant way.

While this interesting parley was going on, the wounded and dead were removed. In a very short time the field was cleared, and every thing was again quiet on the lines.

The camps were soon astir again; orderlies and aids were galloping to and from the various division and brigade headquarters; of course it could be interpreted to mean nothing else than further orders. The critical and trying position of our army lent an additional interest to orders. They were important, for Steele's division was ordered to make a night assault on Haines's Bluff, while the other division commanders were to hold their fronts firm and advance, if they could, while Steele was storming the enemy's works at Haines's Bluff. The movement preparatory to this was, for Steele to mask his division from the enemy's look-outs by marching down Chickasaw bayou to the river, put his troops on board the transports and steam quietly up the Yazoo, and before daylight debark his troops under the enemy's guns at Haines's Bluff. In this matter the gunboat and mortar fleets were to play an important part. The river was lined with torpedoes, and it was necessary to clear it out before the transports could go up. This being accomplished, they were to take a position further up the river from the point of debarkation, and engage the batteries, while the troops should advance to the Bluffs. During the day, the boilers of the steamboats designated for the hazardous business were protected by bales of hay and otherwise. Pilots and river men were shaky, and anxiously inquired what it meant. No information was imparted, as the whole plan was to be kept strictly secret.

When night came, Steele's division marched noiselessly down the bayou, and embarked on the transports as quietly as possible. The men were instructed to be as quiet as possible on the boats. From the orders given out, they gathered that something perilous was on hand, and seemed to be impressed with the danger they had soon to encounter. So Steele's division lay down to sleep at nine o'clock that night expecting to awake to the performance of a sanguinary duty.

During the night the fleet made a reconnoissance up the river; they attempted to work at the torpedoes, but the fog was so heavy that they could not accomplish any thing. It was also discovered that several pilots had deserted to the enemy, who would probably inform the enemy of the plan in time for him to thwart it.

These and other reasons thus delayed the execution of this perilous undertaking—a plan which, if successful, would have been one of the most brilliant and daring exploits of the present war.

General Thayer, while leading his column up the hill where the enemy had dug rifle-pits and thrown up earth-works, lost his sword. There was a fence half-way up the hill, and near the second line of works, which it was necessary for his troops to climb over. The General sheathed his sword for the purpose, and in climbing over the fence, the lower part of it was caught, which reversed the scabbard, and the sword noiselessly slipped out. He started back after other regiments in his brigade, and not having occasion to use it, he did not miss it until after the enemy had possession of the field. He regretted it very much, as it was presented to him for distinguished services in the Indian war which occurred some years ago on the frontier. Whilst our dead were being taken off the field under the flag of truce, a soldier of the Fourth Iowa discovered it, and slipped it on the platter which was being used to convey a wounded man off the field. It was restored to the General. The casualties are not as great as at first supposed. The number will not reach one thousand killed, wounded, and missing. The Fourth Iowa, in Thayer's brigade, and Thirteenth Illinois, in Blair's brigade, suffered most. In these two regiments the killed and wounded amount to near three hundred. The Fifty-eighth Ohio is said to have suffered considerably. Colonel Dresler, one of the best officers in the service, is numbered among the killed. Colonel Wyman, Thirteenth Illinois, was mortally wounded in the action of the twenty-eighth, and has since died. General Morgan L. Smith was wounded on the same day, but not seriously. He is recovering, and will be able to return to his command in a few days.

We are not in Vicksburgh yet. A change has been made in the programme. Instead of storming this formidable citadel of rebeldom, we go North. General McClelland has arrived and supersedes Sherman. Such are the mutations of military operations, that correspondents can't help but be mistaken.

The army is in excellent spirits. "Push forward the columns." AKSARBEN.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—A. Z. Reeve, of the Iowa army, gives the following thrilling incident in a letter to his brother:

GERMANTOWN, TENN., March 12, 1863.

We have been here about six weeks, protecting the railroad. Colonel Richardson, a rebel guerrilla, has been hovering in the vicinity for some time, capturing forage parties and tearing up the road whenever op-

portunity offered. When pursued, he retreats to the swamps, and his command, dispersing in small squads, generally evade all attempts to discover them. To make the matter worse, they frequently dress in Federal uniform.

On the morning of the ninth of this month, our regiment and the Fourth Illinois cavalry started out with a guide for the retreat of the guerrillas. Before we reached the rebel camp, the Sixth Illinois cavalry, with flying artillery attached, attacked the rebels from the opposite side, killed twenty-five of them, took some prisoners, and burned the camp and garrison equipage. In their headlong stampede, the rebels came well-nigh running into our hands. While in hot pursuit, we came to the residence of one Robert C. Forbes, who, intrenching himself in the house, commenced firing on our flankers as they approached. The flankers then charged on the house, effected an entrance, and discovered that Forbes had taken shelter in an upper chamber. The desperate man was called upon to surrender, but refused. He had already killed one member of the Fourth Illinois cavalry, and had wounded another. He also had received a wound in the right arm, which disabled him to such an extent that he could not load his gun. His wound was received by a shot fired up through the floor. Still the desperate man refused to yield. As a last resort the house was set on fire. This compelled the man to come down, but he still obstinately refused to surrender. He was immediately surrounded by the exasperated soldiers, who refrained from shooting him on account of the certainty of shooting their comrades. Meanwhile the old man clubbed his gun, and although his arm was badly lacerated and bleeding, he ferociously kept the soldiers at bay. At length one of the officers ordered the soldiers opposite to him to get away, and give him a chance "to shoot the old secession scoundrel!"

At these words the gun dropped from the old man's hands, and he earnestly inquired:

"Is it possible? Have I been fighting Union soldiers all this time?"

"Of course, we are Union men," replied the officer.

"My God! why didn't I know this before?" said the old man in a voice of agony; "I am a Union man, too. I thought I was fighting Richardson's guerrillas!"

The soldiers did not believe him at first, but in brief time he proved to them beyond all dispute that there was no counterfeit Unionism about him. He had been an incorruptible patriot during the war. At the outbreak of the rebellion, he had been arrested by confederate authority and placed in chains. His crime consisted in telling the rebels that they were traitors and deserved hanging. When General Hurlburt passed through this part of the country, the old man joined him, but came back occasionally to see his family. He was on a brief furlough from the Federal army when the raid was made on his house. Richardson had sworn vengeance against him, and he had resolved never to be taken alive. Owing to the fact that the guerrillas were in the habit of prowling about in Federal uniform, the old man was led to mistake our soldiers for rebels.

The explanation came too late to save the house. It was consumed with all its contents. There was not a quilt left to defend the mother and children from the cold. They had fled from the burning building just in time to save their lives. It was a sad spectacle. The old man begged to be taken along with us.

He told his wife to get to the Federal lines as soon as possible. A braver and a truer man to his country does not exist than Robert C. Forbes. I gave the mother and children ten dollars in greenbacks and my blankets. The other soldiers contributed to relieve the distresses of the family. Many sympathizing tears were shed by us all. I have not witnessed a scene so affecting since my enlistment.—*Iowa State Register*.

A NEW CASSABIANCA.—A correspondent, giving an account, by a rebel prisoner who participated in the affair, of the capture of the Harriet Lane, at Galveston, Texas, relates the following remarkable incident:

Almost the first men struck down were the gallant Captain Wainwright and Lieut. Lee, who both fought, the prisoner says, with a desperation and valor that no mortal could surpass. He saw them bleeding and prostrate upon the deck, still dealing death among their enemies. One young son of Captain Wainwright—only ten years old, just think of it!—stood at the cabin door, a revolver in each hand, and never ceased firing until he had expended every shot. One of his poor little hands was disabled by a ball, shattering his four fingers, and then his infantile soul gave way; he burst into tears, and cried: "Do you want to kill me?" Darling young hero—may his country never forget him! Where is the Hemans to wed his name to immortal verse, like another Cassabianca? Philanthropists, whose hearts are yearning for something to love, here is a noble orphan boy on whom to lavish your care. He is now a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.—The *Hartford Evening Press* narrates the following curious incident, which it has from an officer in the Twentieth Connecticut regiment:

"When the regiment first marched towards Dumfries, in December, it halted for two or three hours close by a farmhouse, three miles south of the Occoquan River. Corporal Halsey J. Tibbals, of company D, a member of the color-guard, while gratifying his propensity for sight-seeing, with the rest, discovered what seemed to him familiar localities. He remembered that he was born in Virginia, and lived there till the age of eight years, but had not any definite idea of the precise locality. He was soon satisfied, however, that he had found his birthplace, and pointed out the grave of his grandfather, and the path leading to the spring which supplied the household with water. Inquiry of the occupants of the house corroborated his convictions, and brought out the fact that he was the sole surviving heir to the property, which still goes by the name of 'The Tibbals Farm.' The property consists of over three hundred acres, and in New-England would make a man independent, but Mr. Tibbals declines to prosecute his claim, as he has a poor estimate of Southern property since the rebellion. He is also the rightful owner of one thousand acres of land in Texas, which fell to him by the death of a relative."

A FEDERAL scout named W. J. Murray went on horseback from New-Orleans to Baton Rouge, to ascertain the condition of the telegraph line, which has been destroyed by the rebels. He rode forty miles through the enemy's country, which was infested with roving bands of guerrillas, but met with no opposition, and returned to New-Orleans with safety.—*Louisville Journal*.

GENERAL BUTLER.—Theodore Winthrop, whom the country only began to appreciate when she had lost him, in a paper describing one of the early scenes of the war, says: "The army of the United States at this time consisted of six thousand men. Three thousand were"—certain specified regiments. "The other three thousand were — *General Butler*."—*Boston Advertiser*.

BRAGG'S LAST ORDER TO WHEELER.
AFTER THE SECOND FORT DONELSON DEFEAT.

Mitte Sectari, *rosa* quo locorum
Sera moretur.

— Me sub *areta vite* bibentem.

HORACE: *Ode XXXVIII*.

HEADQUARTERS TULLAHOMA,
February 14, 1863. }

I hate, my boy Wheeler, old Abe's apparatus,
Of *hemp* garlands twisted to choke our afflatus.
Cease to rove where that Stanley the devil is playing,
Nor scout near the spot where "Old *Rosy*" is staying.
Fort Donelson's sold to Uncle Sam,
For "bloodhounds" can't butt with a Federal *ram*.
My sedulous care is to make my escape
And drink myself tight with a "little more grape."
You're rather *Lowe-flung*, and have shown the white
rag,
And I'm nearly played out —
Your old friend,
BRAXTON BRAGG.

ROMANCE OF THE CAMP.—The *Louisville Journal* tells the following singular story: A few weeks since a Captain, accompanied by a young soldier, apparently about seventeen years of age, arrived in this city in charge of some rebel prisoners. During their stay in the city the young soldier alluded to had occasion to visit headquarters, and at once attracted the attention of Colonel Mundy by being exceedingly sprightly and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. Being in need of such a young man at Barracks No. 1, the Colonel detailed him for service in that institution. He soon won the esteem of his superior officers and became a general favorite with all connected with the Barracks. A few days ago, however, the startling secret was disclosed that the supposed young man was a young lady, and the fact was established beyond doubt by a soldier who was raised in the same town with her and knew her parents. She "acknowledged the eorn," and begged to be retained in the position to which she was assigned; having been in the service ten months, she desired to serve during the war. Her wish was accordingly granted, and she is still at her post.

We learned the facts above stated yesterday, and took occasion to visit the barracks, and was introduced to "Frank Martin," (her assumed name,) and gleaned the following incidents connected with her extraordinary career during the past ten months:

"Frank" was born near Bristol, Pa., and her parents now reside in Alleghany City, Pa., where she was raised. They are highly respectable people, and in very good circumstances. She was sent to the convent in Wheeling, Va., at twelve years of age, where she remained until the breaking out of the war, having acquired a superior education, and all the accomplishments of modern usage. She visited home after leaving the convent, and after taking leave of her par-

ents, proceeded to this city in July last, with the design of enlisting in the Second East-Tennessec cavalry, which she accomplished, and accompanied the army of the Cumberland to Nashville. She was in the thickest of the fight at Murfreesboro, and was severely wounded in the shoulder, but fought gallantly, and waded Stone River into Murfreesboro on the memorable Sunday on which our forces were driven back. She had her wound dressed, and her sex was disclosed, and General Rosecrans made acquainted with the fact. She was accordingly mustered out of service, notwithstanding her earnest entreaty to be allowed to serve the cause she loved so well. The General was very favorably impressed with her daring bravery, and superintended the arrangements for her safe transmission to her parents. She left the army of the Cumberland resolved to enlist again in the first regiment she met. When she arrived at Bowling Green she found the Eighth Michigan there, and enlisted, since which time she has been and is now connected with it.

She is represented as an excellent horseman, and has been honored with the position of regimental bugler in the regiment. She has seen and endured all the privations and hardships incident to the life of the soldier, and gained an enviable reputation as a scout, having made several wonderful expeditions which were attended with signal success. Frank is only eighteen years of age, quite small, and a beautiful figure. She has auburn hair, which she wears quite short, and large blue eyes, beaming with brightness and intelligence. Her complexion is naturally very fair, though slightly bronzed at present from the effects of exposure. She is exceedingly pretty, and very amiable. Her conversation denotes more than ordinary accomplishment, and, what is stranger than all, she appears very refined in her manners, giving no evidence whatever of the rudeness which might naturally be expected from her late associations.

Frank informs us that she has discovered a great many females in the army, and is now intimately acquainted with a young lady who is a lieutenant in the army. She has assisted in burying three female soldiers at different times, whose sex were unknown to any but herself.

Since she has been in the city she formed the acquaintance of a young lady, who has taken quite a fancy to her, supposing her to be a handsome young man. We pressed (we should say urged) her for her real name, but she very respectfully declined giving it. She is very patriotic, and expresses a determination "to see the war out, come what will."

NEWBERN, N. C., *January 20.*—After the recent battle at Kinston, our forces buried their dead decently and in order. On the first instant, a flag of truce left this city for that place, for the purpose of disinterring some of the bodies, and sending them home. Imagine their feelings, on opening the graves, to find that the chivalry of rebeldom had previously opened them, stripped the bodies of every vestige of clothing, and tumbled them back into their resting-places, without any regard to Christian burial, but simply as they would roll the body of a dead animal in a pit. The hearts of men, who would treat the dead bodies of their enemies in this manner, must be indeed callous, and hardened to every fine feeling pertaining to man.—*Newbern Progress, January 21.*

AN UNCONSCIOUS HERO.—The notice, by the dailies, that Gen. Hooker desired to appoint George W. Smalley,

of the *Tribune*, on his staff, as an acknowledgment of the great merit of his report of the battle of Antietam, reminds us of a personal interview we had with General Hooker, which, in justice to Hooker and to Mr. Smalley, we feel it to be our duty to recite. The General was laid up with his wound, but on the occasion referred to, he was well enough to be bolstered in a chair, and was engaged in writing a letter. Our conversation soon turned to the battle of Antietam, when he referred, with considerable enthusiasm, to what he characterized as the wonderful account of the battle given by the reporter for the *Tribune*. "It was," said he, "a perfect reproduction of the scene and all its incidents; and it is a marvel to me how you writers can perform such tasks." I asked the General if he knew who the reporter of the *Tribune* was. "I saw him first upon the battle-field," was his reply. "I first noticed him when we were in the hottest portion of the fight, early in the morning. My attention was then attracted to a civilian, who sat upon his horse, in advance of my whole staff; and though he was in the hottest of the fire, and the shot and shell were striking and sputtering around us like so much hail, he sat gazing on the strife as steady and as undisturbed as if he were in a quiet theatre, looking at a scene upon the stage. In all the experience which I have had of war, I never saw the most experienced and veteran soldier exhibit more tranquil fortitude and unshaken valor than was exhibited by that young man. I was concerned at the needless risk which he invited, and told one of my aids to order him in our rear. Presently, all my aids had left me, on one service and another; whereupon, turning to give an order, I found no one but this young stranger at my side. I then asked him if he would oblige me by bearing a despatch to Gen. McClellan, and by acting as my aid, until some of my staff should come up. He rode off with alacrity, through a most exposed position, returned with the answer, and served me as an aid through the remainder of the fight, till I was carried from the ground." "And his name, General?" "He was a young man, recently from college, named George W. Smalley, and I am writing to him now!" Those who know the noble nature of Gen. Hooker, will therefore wonder but little that one of his first acts, when placed in chief command of the army of the Potomac, was to ask to have George W. Smalley placed upon his staff. The writer of this has never seen George W. Smalley, but he deems it a simple act of justice to relate this interview.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LAST.—The President looks haggard and careworn—who wonders at it?—yet he preserves his good nature, and some new story or *bon mot* from him is always in circulation. The last was uttered on Saturday, at the public reception, when a Western paymaster, in full major's attire, was introduced, and said: "Being here, Mr. Lincoln, I thought I'd call and pay my respects." "From the complaints of the soldiers," responded the President, "I guess that's about all any of you do pay."—*Washington Correspondent Boston Journal.*

INTERVIEW WITH STONEWALL JACKSON.

CAMP PAROLE, ANNAPOLIS, MD., January 6, 1863.

DEAR SIR: I will attempt, in accordance with your request, to give you an account of my interview with Stonewall Jackson, while a prisoner at his camp, and of my sojourn at Libby Prison in Richmond. A few

days after my capture, I was sent to Jackson's camp, at Nineveh, Warren County, Va. I reached there Tuesday, November eleventh, in company with four others. Gen. Jackson came out of his tent just as we were leaving for the guard-house, (an old church near by,) and desired us to wait a few minutes, as he would like to ask us a few questions.

"When were you taken?" he inquired.

"November seventh," I replied.

"Have you any New-York papers with you?" he asked.

I replied that we had not, but told him I had read the *Herald* of the fifth, which had reached camp on the day of my capture.

"Ah! did you?" said he. "I wanted to inquire about the recent elections. Do you know what majority Seymour received?"

"Between ten and fifteen thousand," I replied.

"Do you know how many Congressmen the Democrats elected in the State?"

I answered that it was believed they had elected nineteen out of the thirty-one.

"Were the Woods both elected?"

I answered that they were, and that all of the city and river districts were claimed as Democratic.

"Good!" he replied. "New-York City will have more to say in the next session of Congress than all the rest of the State."

"Their constituents would hardly feel flattered to hear you," I said.

"Any man who sincerely desires peace," he said, "should certainly rejoice at their election. If you had such men in power at Washington, to-day, there would be no more bloodshed, and we could easily come to an honorable settlement."

I did not dispute that, nor ask him what he would call an honorable settlement. Desiring to continue the conversation, I agreed with him.

"But they all claimed to be War Democrats," I continued, "and in favor of a more 'vigorous prosecution of the war.' Was that a mere political dodge? Your soldiers would hardly cheer the announcement of the election of War Democrats, I should think."

"Oh! no!" he replied. "They *are* in favor of prosecuting the war with more vigor. They think that if we are to be conquered, it should be done at once, before spring. If we are not subjugated by *that* time, they will demand a peace, and force your Government to stop the war. We know we can hold out, and when the next Congress meets, they will all be found to be peace men, and willing to recognize our independence, in preference to a bloody and endless war. When once convinced that they cannot conquer us by merely gaining one or two battles, they will cease to be War Democrats. It is because we know them to be more reasonable than the Republicans, that my men cheered the news of Seymour's election. But what other news was there?"

"New-Jersey," I answered, "has gone strongly Democratic, and the party has gained in Ohio."

"Yes," said the General. "I heard that they had carried Ohio. Did you notice whether Vallandigham was reelected or not?"

"He was defeated," I answered; "but another friend of yours in the West, was returned."

"Who was it?" he inquired.

"Voorhees!"

"A good Democrat," he said. "Vallandigham was too outspoken at first; he would have been reelected if he had been more moderate."

The General was here interrupted, and as he turned

to leave, he asked if any of us had any "green-backs" we would like to exchange for confederate paper!

We remained there two days, with the "Jackson foot cavalry," a brigade of Irish soldiers. Those with whom I conversed, said they would give almost any thing to be back at the North, but as they were in Virginia when the war broke out, there was nothing else to do but join the army.

We were paroled on the thirteenth, and the next morning started for Winchester. From there, we walked to Staunton, in five days, a distance of ninety-two miles, and thence by cars to Richmond and Libby Prison.

As we were paroled, we had more liberty than the rest of the party. (There were eighty-four of us, and only five paroled.) Instead of staying with the rest nights, we would put up at hotels, and report to the Provost in the morning, and join our party. Two or three times we staid over a day or two, and went on with the next lot. At one place, which it would be unwise to mention, we found some negroes who asked us if we were Yankees. On assuring them we were, and speaking a few kind words, they asked us to follow them, at a distance, to a room of theirs. We had not been there long, before several joined them, each speaking some word through the key-hole, without which they would get no reply from those within. They asked us innumerable questions about the North, the Administration, and the prospects of the war, which we answered to the best of our knowledge. They told us that they were organized into secret societies throughout the South, and were patiently waiting for an "opportunity" to render the President's expected Proclamation of Freedom their aid. Several present were men whom their masters trusted in important transactions, and many assured me that their masters could hardly be convinced that *they* would do aught against the "institution," but placed the most implicit confidence in them. They appeared to be well posted in public affairs, and confident that the "Confederacy" was on its last legs, as they said the people everywhere were grumbling, and complaining of hard times, and praying for peace. One compared the "Confederacy" to a closet-door in the room, which hung on only one hinge, and that cracked!

In Libby, we were placed in a large room, about one hundred and twenty-five by fifty feet. The room was entirely destitute of every thing, save one bench capable of holding five. We had one hundred and forty-five in the room, and not twenty-five had blankets. The windows were all open, not one pane of glass being left. We had a fire-place at one end of the room, but the fortunate few who got around it, would shut off the heat from reaching the unlucky mortals outside the ring. I remained there twelve days, and at no time did I get more than two hours' sleep, but I would wake up shivering, and walk the floor to get warm. Every crack in the floor appeared to be swarming with vermin, and none of us could say we were free from them. We had two meals a day — at eight A.M., and five P.M.; at each meal, a half loaf of bread and a cup of weak soup, and meat twice a week. But few had cups, and those who had none, had to go without the pleasure of drinking cold soup, which had never heard of such an article as salt. On leaving the prison, those who had blankets were obliged to leave them, but all were glad to leave at any cost. When next I meet them, I hope it will be with rifle in hand, and with a victorious army.

I remain, yours truly, D. D. L.

—N. Y. Tribune.

SONGS OF THE REBELS.

WAR SONG.

BY J. H. WOODCOCK.

TUNE—"Bonnie Blue Flag."

Huzza! huzza! let's raise the battle-cry,
 And whip the Yankees from our land,
 Or with them fall and die.
 Rush on our Southron columns,
 And make the brigands feel
 That all the booty they will get,
 Will be our Southern steel.
 Huzza! huzza! let's raise (the) our banner
 high,
 And nobly drive the Yankees out,
 Or with them fall and die.

Rush on the columns—let every Southron
 brave
 Nobly charge the accursed foe,
 Or find a soldier's grave.
 With bowie and with pike,
 We'll rally to the field,
 And bravely to the last we'll strike:
 Resolved, we'll never yield.
 Huzza! huzza! etc.

We are fighting for our mothers, our sisters,
 our wives;
 For these, and our country's rights,
 We'll sacrifice our lives.
 Then, trusting still to heaven,
 We'll charge th' invading host,
 Till liberty and independence
 Shall be the nation's boast.
 Huzza! huzza! etc.

Then on with our columns—slay the vandal
 foe—
 Beat them from our sunny soil,
 And lay their colors low.
 To the great God of nations
 Our sacred cause confide,
 For we are fighting for our liberty,
 And he is on our side.
 Huzza! huzza! etc.

BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURGH.

DEDICATED WITH RESPECT AND ADMIRATION TO MAJOR-
GENERAL EARL VAN DORN.

For sixty days and upwards
 A storm of shell and shot
 Rained round as in a flaming shower,
 But still we faltered not!
 "If the noble city perish,"
 Our grand young leader said,
 "Let the only walls the foe shall scale
 Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards
 The eye of heaven waxed dim,
 And even throughout God's holy morn,
 O'er Christian's prayer and hymn,
 Arose a hissing tumult,
 As if the fiends of air
 Strove to engulf the voice of faith
 In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
 There was trembling on the marts,
 While the tempest raged and thundered,
 'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;
 But the Lord, our shield, was with us,
 And ere a month had sped,
 Our very women walked the streets
 With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gamboled—
 Their faces purely raised,
 Just for a wondering moment,
 As the huge bombs whirled and blazed!
 Then turning with silvery laughter
 To the sports which children love,
 Thrice mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought,
 That the good God watched above.*

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster
 From scores of flame-clad ships,
 And above us denser, darker,
 Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
 Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
 Like a type of doom and ire,
 Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
 Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
 These death-shafts warned aside,
 And the dove of heavenly mercy
 Ruled o'er the battle tide;
 In the houses ceased the wailing,
 And through the war-scarred marts
 The people strode with the step of hope
 To the music in their hearts.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 6, 1862.

"THE YANKEE DEVIL."

BY W. P. RIVERS.

The Nondescript, or "Yankee Devil," for clearing the harbor,
 was washed ashore on yesterday at Morris Island, and is now in
 our possession. It is described as an old scow-like vessel, paint-
 ed red, with a long protruding beak, and jutting iron prongs,
 and claws, intended for the removal of torpedoes. It was at-
 tached to the Passaic, and managed by her during the engage-
 ment.—*Charleston Courier*.

The enemy are waiting for a new machine, ("Devil,") to re-
 move the torpedoes in the harbor, and to have every thing in
 readiness before the attack.—*Intelligencer*.

Hurrah, hurrah, good news and true,
 Our woes will soon be past;
 To Charleston, boys, all praise be due,
 The Devil's caught at last.

He's caught, he's dead, and met his fate
 On Morris Island's sands,
 His carcass lies in solemn state,
 The spoil of rebel hands.

Hurrah, hurrah, let Dixie cheer!
 What may not Charleston do!
 The devil's caught at last, we hear;
 A Yankee devil, too!

The blackest, bluest from below,
 The prince of all is he,
 Who leads the Yankees where they go,
 On land, or on the sea.

* It has been stated by one professing to have witnessed the
 fact, that some weeks after the beginning of this terrific bom-
 bardment, not only were ladies seen coolly walking the streets,
 but that in some parts of the town children were observed at
 play, only interrupting their sports to gaze and listen at the
 hursting shells.

The news is true, all doubt dispel,
All grief and fears be o'er!
The chiefest from perdition's well
Lies on a Southern shore.

On South-Carolina's beach he lies,
His majesty ashore!
Ah! well we know that devil dies
Who enters at that door.

His name and hue, and shape and size,
Identify the beast;
'Tis he—the father of all lies,
Of devils not the least.

Scow-like, across the deep he came,
Blood-red his iron sides;
With beak, and claws, and fins of flame
To plough the vernal tides.

Like serpents which Minerva sent
To crush the Trojan sire,
So northern devils come to vent
On Charleston blood and fire.

But Neptune ne'er decreed the fate
Of Laocoon's dear sons,
To gratify the Yankees' hate
On Charleston's dearer ones.

They'll never bear one fatal hour,
The Northern serpent's coil,
Nor feel the Yankee devil's power
Who come to crush and spoil.

The "Nondescript," name chosen well;
The "Northern devil," aye!
A fiend, a ghoul, a spirit fell!
Who may describe it—say!

Foul, artful, bloody, false, insane,
This Northern ghote* of sin;
The heathen hells could ne'er contain
A darker power within.

But now, hurrah, the devil's dead!
High, dry upon the shore!
Rebellion still may rear its head,
The war will soon be o'er.

Hold, not so fast, abate your cheer,
The battle is not won;
Another devil comes, we hear,
Before the work is done.

Alas! when will this warfare end?
Not till all Yankee foes are dead;
For nondescript is each—or fiend—
His soul with murder red.

CAVE SPRING, GA., April 11, 1863.

—*Atlanta Intelligencer*, April 16.

GENERAL ROSECRANS indulges occasionally in a witicism. The Nashville *Despatch* says that a lady called upon him for the purpose of procuring a pass, which was declined very politely. Tears came to the lady's eyes as she remarked that her uncle was very ill, and might not recover. "Very sorry, indeed, madam," replied the General. "My uncle has been indisposed for some time. As soon as Uncle Sam recovers a little, you shall have a pass to go where you please."

* Ghote—an imaginary evil being among Eastern nations.

REBEL WRITERS IN LONDON.—*The Mobile Register* publishes a private letter from London which states that the editorial sanctum of *The Index* has become the focus and rendezvous of Southerners in London. It is a seminary of Southern intelligence, and a school of Southern writers, not for its own columns, but for the other London papers. J. B. Hopkins and Percy Gregg, both Englishmen, both writers for *The Index*, are mentioned as doing valuable service for the South. Gregg is also one of the principal leader writers for *The Saturday Review*, the leading London weekly, for which he writes Southern articles. He is also an editorial contributor to *The Morning Herald*, and *Standard*, both of which papers, says the writer, are in effect daily Southern organs. The financial writer for *The Index* is Mr. George McHenry, an ardent Southerner, though born in Philadelphia. This gentleman also does yeoman's service to the Southern cause in *The Times*.

LEAVING NEW-ENGLAND OUT.—The Chicago *Times* having proposed to enter upon the discussion of the question whether it would not be best to have a Union leaving New-England out, the Louisville *Journal* asks: "Wouldn't that question have been an interesting one in the revolutionary war? How would the proposition have sounded to exclude New-England privateers and New-England sailors and New-England soldiers from the last war with Great Britain?"

A NOBLE WOMAN.—Morgan Barclay, son of Dr. J. B. Barclay, of Brownsville, Fayette County, a member of company G, Eighth regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, was killed by a ball through the heart, in one of the late series of battles before Richmond. On receiving the sad tidings of his death, and learning that he died as only die the gallant and the brave, fighting for his country, the noble mother exclaimed, "It is well, and I only regret that I have not another to send in his place"—a sentiment worthy of the matron of the best days of Sparta and of Rome.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.—The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* gives some interesting instances of female patriotism in the county of Butler, Alabama, which we know all our readers will receive with applause. The first is that of Miss A. Dunham, who, finding that she could not buy shoes, with her own hands tanned skins and made shoes for her mother, three brothers, decrepit father and herself. The other is that of Miss E. Fickling, a girl of nine years of age, who spun a most beautiful article of fine cotton sewing-thread, upon a common spinning-wheel.—*Charleston Mercury*, November 4.

A NOVEL PUNISHMENT.—A somewhat amusing occurrence took place at Port Republic, Va. One of the men connected with Rigby's battery had stolen an old yellow dress, a scarf, and a small piece of new carpet.

The act coming to General Milroy's notice, he sent at once for the man, and having ascertained that there could be no mistake concerning his guilt, he at once concluded he would let him cultivate a still more familiar acquaintance with a female apparel, and accordingly ordered the old dress put on the offender, the scarf tied about his neck, and the carpeting carefully laid across his arm. Thus equipped and prepared for creating a sensation, he was ordered to be marched through the camp. The mortification of the man was complete. No more delaine dresses were stolen in his command, and the effect was most wholesome.

A SOLDIER in the field sends the following appeal to the boys to volunteer :

I've left my home and all my friends,
And crossed the mountains craggy,
To fight the foe and traitor bands ;
And left my own dear Maggie.

But now old Jeff is doomed to fall,
The traitor dogs do yelp,
But why leave us to do it all,
Why don't you come and help ?

ATLANTA, GA., October 30, 1862.—Our sanetum was honored yesterday with the presenee of Colonel Durant da Ponte, the accomplished chief editor, in past days, of that able journal, the New-Orleans *Delta*, but who is now on the military staff of General Magruder, and *en route* for that General's command in Texas and New-Mexico. When New-Orleans fell, Col. da Ponte abandoned the pen for the sword, and has done gallant service for the South with the latter, as he did with the former, when at the head of that popular journal.—*Atlanta Intelligencer*.

A CURIOUS WILL.—John A. Tainter, who died in Hartford, Ct., left all his property, about one million dollars, to his wife and two daughters. In his will he forbids either of his daughters to marry a foreigner, or a native of a Southern or slaveholding State, under penalty of forfeiting her interest in the property.—*New-York Tribune*, January 8.

THE BOYS OF THE REBEL ARMY.—A remarkable instance of gallantry and endurance, on the part of a youth of fifteen years, has been brought to our notice, on the authority of his captain. His name is Francis Hnger Rutledge Gould, a *protégé* of the Right Rev. Bishop Rutledge, of Florida, and a private in company B, Captain Latt. Phillips, Third Florida regiment. On the eighth ult., he fought barefooted through the battle of Perryville, and made himself conspicuous by his daring conduct, winning from his captain the highest enomiums for his gallantry.—*Charleston Courier*, November 14.

AMONG the peculiarities of the secession rebellion is the fact that on the thirty-first of December, 1862, Lieutenant-Col. Garesche was killed at Murfreesboro, and on the twenty-ninth of December, 1862, Major Garesche was killed at Vicksburgh. Thus at different points, nearly a thousand miles apart, the two brothers have lost their lives within two days of each other, both having fallen in support of the Union.

GENERAL LYON'S MEMORY.—A soldier of Gen. Heron's division, writes from Springfield, Mo., as follows : "General Lyon's memory is cherished by the soldiers here as something holy. The Union men think that no man ever lived like him. The Third division visited the battle-field of Wilson's Creek on Thanksgiving Day, and each man placed a stone on the spot where Lyon fell, so that there now stands a monument some ten feet high, built by eight thousand soldiers, to point out to the visitor of this classic ground the place where the hero died."—*Maquoketa Excelsior*, January 13.

EXECUTIONS BY THE REBELS.—*The Rebel Banner*, of the twenty-seventh December, 1862, has the following in a letter from Murfreesboro :

"Yesterday the sentences of court-martial were executed upon several persons in the vicinity of this place. Gray, resident of this county, was hung as a spy in presenee of an immense throng of soldiers and citizens. Proof of guilt was very comprehensive and conclusive. He had been for several months acting in concert with the enemy, and giving them aid and comfort. The gallows was erected near the railroad dépôt, whither at noon the condemned man was conveyed. He appeared quite unconcerned, and his forbidding features did not display any particular interest in the dread tragedy about to be enacted. Just after the noose had been adjusted about the prisoner's neck, and as Captain Peters was about reading the sentence, Gray leaped from the platform, thus launching himself into eternity. He struggled severely for several minutes, and then expired.

"At the same hour, amidst a dreneching rain-storm, Asa Lewis, member of Captain Page's company, Sixth Kentucky regiment, was shot by a file of men. He was executed upon a charge of desertion, which was fully proven against him. The scene was one of great impressiveness and solemnity. The several regiments of Hanson's brigade were drawn up in a hollow square, while Generals Breckinridge and Hanson, with their staffs, were present to witness the execution. The prisoner was conveyed from jail to the brigade drill-ground on an open wagon, under the escort of a file of ten men, commanded by Major Morse and Lieut. George B. Brumley. Lewis's hands were tied behind him, a few words were said to him by Generals Breckinridge and Hanson, the word fire was given, and all was over. The unfortunate man conducted himself with great coolness and composure. He was said to have been a brave soldier, and distinguished himself at the battle of Shiloh.

"A soldier of the Twenty-fourth Tennessee regiment, sentenced to death, was led to the execution ground ; but just as the sentence was about being executed, a courier arrived, bringing a reprieve from General Bragg.

"In one of the Alabama regiments, a soldier was executed for desertion."

January 1, 1863.—At Port Royal there is a negro under Governor Saxton's tuition, one hundred and five years old, who has just learned his letters. He belonged at first to a Governor of South-Carolina, and was presented by him, when sixteen years old, to General Nathaniel Greene, of Revolution memory, and was his personal servant as long as he (the General) lived.

IN THE SEPULCHRE.

O Keeper of the Sacred Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny !
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
Look down upon the world once more and tell us what
the end will be.

Three cold, bright moons have filled and wheeled,
And the white ecrement that concealed
The lifeless Figure on the shield,
Is turned to verdure, and the land is now one mighty
battle-field.

And the twin brothers that we said
Had clashed above the fallen head,
Heedless of all on which they tread,
Now crimson with each other's blood the vernal dra-
pery of the dead.

And all their children, far and wide,
That are so greatly multiplied,
Rise up in frenzy and divide,
And all, according to their might, unsheathe the sword
and choose their side.

I see the champion sword-strokes flash,
I see them fall and hear them clash,
I hear the murderous engines crash,
I see a brother stoop to lose his foeman-brother's
bloody sash.

I hear the curses and the thanks,
I see the mad charge on the flanks—
The rents—the gaps—the broken ranks—
And see the vanquished driven headlong down the
river's bridgeless banks.

I see the death-gripe on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the main,
I see the thousands that are slain,
And all the speechless suffering and agony of heart
and brain.

I see the torn and mangled corpse,
The dead and dying heaped in scores,
The heedless rider by his horse—
The wounded captives bayoneted through and through
without remorse.

I see the dark and bloody spots—
The crowded rooms and crowded eots—
The bleaching bones, the battle-blots—
And write on many a nameless grave a legend of for-
get-me-nots.

I see the assassin crouch and fire—
I see his victim fall—expire—
I see the victor creeping nigher,
To strip the dead—he turns the head—the face!—
the son beholds his sire!

I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With his crushed face turned to the sky,
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head into its bloody
slime and die.

And in the low sun's blood-shot rays—
Portentous of the coming days—
I see the oceans blush and blaze,
And the emergent continent between them wrapt in
crimson haze.

And I foreorder and ordain,
That ere the sixth red moon shall wane,
Those brothers' swords shall cross again,
And the true shall smite down the false within the
Virgin's waste domain.

And, lo! the bloody dew shall fall,
And my great darkness like a pall
Of deep compassion cover all,
Till the dead nation rise, transformed by truth, to
triumph over all.

Thus saith the Keeper of the Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
And casts the pall of his great darkness over all the
land and sea. —*Louisville Journal.*

SONG OF A SENTINEL.

Alas! there ne'er was time in human story,
When fighting, killing, were not going on!
Conquest, plunder, mastery, and "glory,"
By these the race has ever been undone.
And Christian men, with age and learning hoary,
Have found a conscience even to smile upon
The "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of war—
(The Juggernaut, who rolls his crunching car!)

And history is mostly a disastrous tale
Of marches, battles, and that sort of thing;
Sometimes upon a large, and then a smaller scale,
As prosers tell us, or as poets sing.
It seems that mankind at no time can fail
Upon themselves war's miseries to bring.
Doubtless the rulers are to blame; but then,
What could the rulers do without the men?

Suppose no soldier e'er could be enlisted,
From worthier motive—or to fight for hire?
Suppose all men were Christians, and existed
To do just what the Christian rules require?
Then our Constitution had not been resisted
By Northern State laws! Then no frantic ire
Had e'er inflamed the Southern men, to tear
From Sumter's walls our banner floating there.

For what has brought our land to this condition—
So feeble now, and late so hale and hearty?
Not Christianity, but sinful superstition,
Inspiring a politico-religious party
Ye left Republican, but really Abolition!
When Garrison, its founder, took his start, he
Scarce could have hoped his English Yankee notion
So soon would end in war's insane commotion.

But he had chosen well his field of labor!
He knew the puritanic inclination
To regulate the doings of one's neighbor
By one's own bigotry, for his salvation!
And now for ferule they do wield the sabre,
Since schooled has been the later generation
To hate, to execrate, and to contemn
Their countrymen, who ne'er had injured them!

Yes—well he chose! And well the people there
Have been infused with heresy and hate;
Well taught and trained the sacred bond to tear
That ought to bind each, to each other, State;
Brought step by step the Union to declare
A "league with hell!" and yet profanely prate
Of their great love of country, while preparing
To break it up, almost beyond repairing.

The Constitution was a covenant with death!
Its obligations they might freely set aside!
They could no longer draw contented breath
In such a Union—and so "let it slide!"
They were too free, too pure to live beneath
The good old roof-tree! They could not abide
The laws "pursuant" to the Constitution:
But claimed a "higher law"—and brought on revo-
lution.

They did all this ; and sadly they defamed
 Their country in the ears of all mankind
 "Barbarians" were their countrymen, who claimed
 The rights the Constitution had defined.
 Resistance to the statutes was proclaimed
 The pious duty of a people so refined !
 And all this madness, tending or intended,
 To rend the Union—as we've seen it rended.

But—Davis, Yancey, Keitt, and Beauregard,
 Slidell and Mason, Toombs and Benjamin,
Et id genus omne !—what reward
 Were match to your immeasurable sin
 Against your God and country ? 'Twere as hard
 To measure your offences, as it's been
 To estimate the wretchedness abounding,
 Since Mars his brazen trumpet has been sounding.

What demon could possess you to abandon
 The Union—and your rights as Union men ?
 The Constitution was enough to stand on ;
 And on it were arrayed a host of men,
 Prepared to lay a strong, suppressing hand on
 The mad fanatics, who assailed you then.
 But you in frenzy gave us battle's thunder—
 A monstrous crime, and worse—a monstrous blunder !

'Twas Talleyrand, French Secretary, said
 A blunder's worse than crime ;—but never
 Hath any one in earthly annals read
 Of blunder like your efforts to dis sever
 Our glorious country ! Lucifer once made
 A similar but unprovoked endeavor !
 But different his fate—perchance you know—
 When he "seceded," they just let him go.

I know that Milton undertakes to prove,
 (But probabilities a good deal straining,)
 That Lucifer, on falling from above,
 Enlisted armies, and had soldiers training,
 And then in mad, rebellious fury drove
 Against angelic hosts, in rude campaigning !
 So says the poet ; and to human level,
 He thus brings down the conduct of the devil.

But sacred chronicle has nothing said
 Of Lucifer behaving in this way.
 Some shabby tricks it seems that he had played,
 And so in Heaven could no longer stay.
 But war, I'm satisfied, he never made,
 As Milton tells us. There was no display
 Of spears and shields and other like "material,"
 And loud explosions from the guns ethereal.

No ! Milton's epic's very far from true—
 (A stately story, but a sorry quiz,)
 So, let the devil ever have his due,
 And do not paint him blacker than he is.
 For he to "set a squadron" never knew,
 Nor ever heard a single bullet whiz.
 No, he had failed to rule as he desired,
 And (may be with compulsion) he retired.

It was in fact secession, and no less,
 All quietly and peaceably out-acted.
 The devil, jealous, was in some distress,
 Because his plottings had been counteracted ;
 The rule of others only would oppress,
 He said ; and so to rule, himself, exacted ;
 But failing, took his leave, and sundry minions—
 Dropping headlong into his own dominions.

And this was all. So Milton's solemn song
 Belies the devil, (in angelic verse,)
 For Lucifer is guiltless of the wrong
 Of armed rebellion ! This is something worse
 Than even he enacted, when on pinions strong
 The gulf to Erebus he did traverse.
 No, no—he's bad enough ; but men defame him,
 When for the crime of rebel war they blame him !

But 'twas a losing business ; and the devil
 Often, doubtless, doth bemoan it well.
 He gave up heaven ; that wildly he might revel
 In all the dread magnificence of hell ;
 Where he's sole ruler, rising to the level
 Of "recognized" confederacy, as they tell.
 But would it not have been more wise and winning
 For him, if he had kept from any sinning ?

And so with you and yours. Oh ! had you stood
 For right and justice—but not separation !
 Then had you seen how every neighborhood
 Had echoed your demand for reparation.
 Or had you made the sacrifice you should,
 By bringing your supplies from some far nation,
 And not from mad New-England, you'd have made
 Her bigotry surrender to the laws of trade.

She would have given up her abolition
 For trade and profit. We have seen her scout
 The Southern statesmen's wisest proposition
 To bring in territories round about ;
 But since she's profited by this condition
 In larger markets—they shall not go out !
 So even abolition she'd have scouted,
 On finding it to be a loss undoubted.

Some fifty years ago, New-England thought
 The war with Britain was a grievous wrong.
 It touched her pocket ; and she said, "twas fraught
 With evil only." Then in protest strong,
 She threatened to secede, unless 'twere brought
 To prompt conclusions ! She could get along,
 An independent, pious, moral nation,
 Just by herself, and work her own salvation.

She boasts, New-England does, of her capacity
 For making money ; and we grant the claim.
 She grasps the profits with a rare sagacity,
 That puts poor Western hoosiers all to shame.
 (And some do even use the term rapacity,
 In close connection, when they speak her name,)
 For even War her pockets now is filling,
 While Western men heroic blood are spilling.

She makes the guns, the powder, clothing, shoes,
 And other articles an army needs :
 She makes professions wondrously profuse
 Of patriotism, though she rarely bleeds.
 She knoweth well her vaunted skill to use
 In arms—preparing them for others' deeds.
 And so, while honest Western men are fighting,
 She's in the contract part of war delighting.

She loveth war, while to her mill is brought
 The profitable grist ! Her pockets lined—
 For blood and misery she careth not,
 So they to other people are confined.
 Let others suffer as they will, 'tis naught
 To her and hers. And so the public mind
 She poisons and embitters with infusion
 Of negro madness, to prolong confusion.

'Tis true, the poor lost negroes, who are "free"
 By means of war, she hopes may all do well!
 But Governor Andrew, as we late did see,
 Can't entertain them for the briefest spell;
 For when they claimed his hospitality,
 He virtually told them, "Go to ——!"
 No, no—New-England wants the negroes freed,
 But the poor darkies will not clothe and feed.

In several places there are "contrabands"
 In utter misery and destitution,
 Poor Cuffee! he now understands
 The blessings brought on him, by revolution.
 And honest white men, in our own and other lands,
 Lament his losses, when we lost the Constitution.
 Adown in Cairo there are sorry sights—
 Negroes more wretched, even, than poor whites!

The "old plantation!" How doth Cuffee mourn
 For home, and "massa;" and the jolly days,
 When he was "fat and sauey," and could turn
 His back on want! He sang his simple lays—
 Minstrel of nature! nor did he ever learn
 That he was all "down-trodden." In the maze
 Of negro dance, with Dinah *vis-a-vis*,
 What monareh ever happier than he?

For Africa's barbarians, once brought
 In middle passages o'er ocean's tide,
 Have left descendants, who have haply caught
 Some sparks of Christianity, beside
 A race superior. And you would have sought
 In vain, through all of earth's dominions wide,
 For laboring people happier than they,
 While meddling disturbers could be kept away.

It could not last. New-England's pseudo saints
 Must rectify affairs to suit their notion.
 They spurned all constitutional restraints
 To aid the "fugitives" in locomotion.
 They gave foundation to the South's complaints,
 And thus arose this terrible commotion.
 'Twas ignorance and madness that incited them,
 And—God of Heaven! the upshot has delighted them.

For war, they say, is better than "aggression"
 Of "slavery" upon the Northern rights!
 And Pharisees in pulpit, make profession
 Of Christian gifts—applauding deadly fights!
 O'er battle-fields they gloat! the sad procession
 Of killed and mangled are refreshing sights!
 For vacant hearth-stones, ruin, desolation,
 They say, are tokens of the land's salvation!

But what aggression ever yet was made
 Upon a single Northern law or right?
 Did Southern people ever yet invade
 The soil of any State, for spoil or fight?
 Did any John Brown, at his felon's trade,
 A single Northern heart e'er wound or blight?
 (I mean of course, before we had secession—
 The remedy, ill chosen, for the North's aggression.)

"Oh! yes!" we're told, "they labored to expand
 The country's bounds! They years ago did vex us
 With Louisiana, (which turned out a grand
 Affair enough;) then Florida, then Texas
 Were taken in; enlarging thus the land
 Against the Northern protest; did perplex us
 With California, and some other slices
 Of Mexico, against our sage advices."

Thus we have briefly told "what was the matter;"
 Thus the "aggression" of the South we see!
 But more than this, they even sought to scatter
 Themselves o'er these new lands, as well as we;
 And equal rights they claimed, while we did flatter
 Ourselves we were superiors to be!
 And this was all; no right they e'er denied us,
 Except, that when we threatened, they defied us.

They did what born Americans must do,
 When wronged; they swore to seek redress!
 They to the Union had been firm and true—
 Made for their safety and their happiness;
 They elung to rights by Constitution due
 To free white men, who only them possess.
 But they did err in choice of modes for righting
 All wrongs; they chose secession, and then fighting!

But view the case reversed. Suppose the North
 Denied the rights, essential to existence;
 Suppose her people styled "barbarians," and so forth;
 Their "chattels" stolen, with insane persistence?
 Suppose the Constitution of so little worth,
 That plain provisions met with mad resistance?
 Suppose the South a "higher law" thus claiming,
 To wound the North, and all her sons defaming?

How long would Yankees bear such imposition?
 O shades of Otis, Adams, Warren! Ye
 Have left but craven sons, if such condition
 Could e'er be theirs, and borne all patiently!
 No! in their self-defence they'd take position,
 Stand on their rights! and swear fidelity
 To their own section; and defend it ever,
 Even if the strife the Union should dis sever!

For have not Yankees struggled for their right?
 Ask Concord, Lexington, Tieonderoga!
 Ask Bunker Hill, and many a lesser fight!
 Ask old Burgoyne, him "bagged" at Saratoga!
 Or ask the Indian files at night
 In Boston Bay, when "tea" was all in vogue—eh?
 Oh! these are names on history's gilt-edged paper!
 Which men will read while Time can hold his taper!

But they, whose sires for right could thus contend,
 Have caught their spirit somewhere in extreme;
 And not content their own rights to defend,
 To queleh the rights of others is their dream!
 All—all—to them must basely bow and bend,
 Howe'er degrading such submission seem.
 The South to madness goaded, now they'd take
 The little profit that the West can make!

The tariff—fixed precisely as they want it,
 The markets to secure, sans competition—
 May drain our pockets; but they only vaunt it
 A happy trick, and laugh at our position.
 Though poverty the Western home may haunt, it
 May not invade the home of Abolition!
 The land in other parts howe'er distrest—
 New-England yet will "feather her own nest."
 But they did err in choice of modes for righting
 All wrongs; they chose secession and then fighting!

But Shakspeare, prince of poets, hap'ly says
 "Vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself,"
 And even New-England may see other days,
 When ruined hopes another tale will tell.
 "Curses come home to roost"—and wicket ways
 Have retribution, when deserved so well.

She's gloating now o'er distant desolation,
But yet may sadly mourn a ruined nation.

She madly fanned the fires that glow in war,
She "bravoed" when a negro used his legs;
But blind in bigotry—the South to mar,
She kills the hen that laid her golden eggs!
For when the cotton fields in ruin are,
Where then her trade? If Western labor begs
All vainly, freedom from unequal tax,
Will we still kiss the rod that smarts our backs?

Like boy on bladder, sporting on a river,
She's floating now, all buoyant on the stream;
But war's fat contracts cannot last forever,
And when they're over, ended is her dream!
Her bladders all collapsed—how can she ever
Her prestige and prosperity redeem?
Domestic trade let down—then foreign trade a-court-
ing,
She'll find that paper prices don't permit exporting!

Of honesty she'll then give some example—
In honest hearty curses on herself,
And those who led her on the laws to trample—
Laying her Sumners quiet on the shelf!
For vain regrets her time will then be ample,
Her idle spindles gathering no pelf.
Inevitable fate! and then, when *non est*
Her profit, she'll in wrath, at least, be honest.

Pompeii sported—eating, drinking, making love, in
House, hall, or chamber, to the latest hour;
The baker, joeund, putting in his oven
The neatest little loaves of four ace flour;
And not a soul suspecting that above, in
Laden darkness came volcanic shower!
And yet it came! Vesuvius, 'midst the flashes
Of lurid gloom, sent up a world of ashes!

And so the world (except of ashes) ended
For proud old Pompeii and all her people.
They would no doubt have gallantly defended
Themselves, if possible; but 'neath a heap, all
Ash and einders, they in vain contended
With fate—when ashes buried even the steeple.
Sad lot, Pompeii! was for you selected,
And came, besides, so very unexpected.

All hail, New-England! We have heard your cry
For Pompey, till the matter's rather stale;
And now 'tis time you'd think of Pompeii
And her distressing and suggestive tale.
A grand eruption may come, by and by,
Of Western passion, and it may not fail
To 'whelm your interests. So, do think again
Of Pompeii, or of the "cities of the plain."

Those "cities of the plain" went down in sorrow,
Because of sin and shame—perhaps you know;
But from their sorry fate can you not borrow
A hint to mend your ways, and better grow?
Suppose that you, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
Were brought to judgment. Could you show
A record clear of malice, avarice, and pride,
Bigotry, intolerance, and grievous things beside?
—*Missouri Republican.*

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

From the deep heart of all this land is sounding,
Like the weird voice of Fate, the tramp of men;

And now, where serried ranks are fast emerging,
Mountain gap, and glen,
And slope, and field, and plain, and stream, are glist-
ening
With points of steel and banners flaunting high;
And the awed world stands looking on and listening!
'Midst it all, a ery
Steals up! in the beginning like a murmur
From a high mountain or the distant sea,
But swelling to a blast: "O human brothers!
Help up! We would be men; we would be free!"

On the broad page that bears the varied record
Of every man's experience, this is found;
That great accomplishments or sure successes,
Never yet have crowned
Him who has faltered in his own convictions;
By varying and opposing counsels tossed;
Until, 'mid multitudinous convictions
Truth and right were lost.
But cool, calm, cautious, and determined action,
When comes the passing hour that's big with fate,
Fixes its impress on the individual,
Exalts, expands, and magnifies the state.

From out the dusk of far receding centuries,
One clear, prophetic voice of warning calls—
'Tis this: that in the hour of trust and trial,
He who falters falls!
Oh! hearken to it, thou to-day, who holdest
In thy hand a nation's wavering fate;
And be thou truest of the true, and boldest
Of the bold! We wait—
We wait, thy people, patient but expectant;
And the far nations, tip-toe, stand agape,
Whilst thou dost solve the problem of the present,
And giv'st the future certainty and shape!
KENTUCKY, December 27, 1862. W. D. G.

OUR HEROES.

Ah! no, they have not passed away,
The glorious men of old,
Of lofty deeds, whose souls were cast
In virtue's sternest mould.

O patriot names! Brighter for such
Shines forth the storied past;
O loyal lives! in days of gloom
A beacon to the last.

Hear ye their call? Up! Save this Land!
Fulfil your mission high;
It stirs each true heroic heart,
That thrilling battle-ery.

They come! they come! O waiting souls!
They gather in their might;
Their hearts are leal, their swords are true,
They battle for the right.

Thank God, my country, for the brave,
The wise, the eloquent;
Their noblest thoughts are given to thee,
And on thy future bent.

They fight and bleed and die
On hill-side, plain, and sea,
That the old flag cleansed from every stain
May yet float fair and free!

BRUNSWICK, ME., January 10, 1863.

S. R. C.

LARRY'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.

BY WILL S. HAYS.

The black clouds were angrily chasing each other ;
The cold winter winds howling carelessly by
The cottage where sat Kitty Gray and her mother—
Poor Kitty looked sad, with a tear in her eye.
She thought of her lover, with whom she had parted—
Who had gone to the wars—it was Larry O'More.
Oh! hark! she heard footsteps, and suddenly started—
Then smiled, as she leaped, like a fawn, to the door.

And, lo! there stood Larry, as fresh and as easy
As when he left Kitty's bewitching young charms ;
Whose eyes were so bright, and whose cheeks were so
rosy—

"Arrah! Kitty," said Larry, "love, come to me arms."
"O Larry! you're safe!" "Yes, thrue for ye,
darlin' ;

I've been in the battles, whin the balance wor kilt,
An' the ribils, like haythens, come fightin' an' snarlin'—
Arrah! Kitty, no knowin' the blood that was spilt."

"Come, Larry, sit down;" "Faith, I will, an' close
near you—

For lonesome I've been, for many months past ;
I often have wished—d'ye mind?" "Yes, I hear you."
"That ivery big fight that we had was the last."

"And have you been wounded?" "Ah! no; I wor
lucky.

The boys fought like divils, an' died in a hape ;
An' since our last march, as we wint through Kintucky,
How many brave fellows have laid down to slape!

"No longer a sojer, dear Kitty, I'll tarry—
Faith, while I wor one, to the cause I wor thrue ;
An' now I've come home, love, a swate girl to marry."
"Pray, Larry, who is she?" "Arrah! Kitty, 'tis you!
I've got me discharge, an' through life's wintry weather
We'll make the path aisy, as aisy can be.

"Me heart's in me hand." "I'll take them together."
"Presint arms, then, darlint!" "I will, love," says
she.

"Ah! Larry, I'm glad—are you tired of fightin'?"
And sweet Kitty smiled—looked him full in the eyes.

"Oh! no, Kitty, dear, for I took a delight in
Performin' me dooty, wherever it lies ;

May me hand lave me body, whin I pull the thrigger
In battle again." "Why, Larry?" "Because

The goddess of Liberty's turned to a nigger,
An' ould Father Abram's forgotten the laws!"

HERMITAGE, JANUARY 8, 1863.

—*Louisville Sunday Democrat.*

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LEATHER.—There are two modes of preparing skins for use — one is by tanning, and the other by tawing. The first of these requires months or years; the last only a few weeks. The first produces thick leather, the latter thin. In tawing, the skin is soaked and scraped to get rid of the hair and putrescible parts, then treated with alum and salt; then stretched, and scraped, and rubbed to make it flexible, and in some cases saturated with animal fat. It is not only by custom and convenience that we are confined to leather in the making of our shoes. Any substance which will exclude water and which will endure the rubs and thumps given by the foot will do for shoes. A hatter can make an excellent shoe out of the same felt and by the same process which he uses in making hats; using one other mould, and

some waterproof mixture in the sole to keep out the wet.

A farmer may make a very pleasant shoe out of an old wool hat by providing a suitable sole; and he may provide a suitable sole by combining several thicknesses of felt with a little wax and rosin, or wax and India-rubber, or tallow, rubber, and rosin inserted between the leaves to keep out moisture. Osnaburgs, boiled in linseed oil, and wax, and then blackened, will do very well for the uppers, only it will require a lining of osnaburgs again to make it sufficiently strong, and to keep the blackened fabric from defiling the foot. The skins of a pair of squirrels tanned would make a pretty and pleasant pair of shoes for a lady. Soles of shoes for men (beside the substitute already mentioned) may be made of old saddle-skirts, leather gin-bands, gutta-percha bands, several thicknesses of tough cloth of any sort sewed together and saturated with the waterproof; or they may be compounded of several things—the outer of leather or hardened felt, the inner of cloth or doubled osnaburgs or duck, and between the two a broad and flexible split of white oak, hickory, palmetto-stalk, or birch-bark.—*Savannah Republican.*

AMONG the novelties which this extraordinary war has produced are the instances which have repeatedly occurred of late of cavalry capturing gunboats. A friend suggests that our horses should be fitted out with sails and rudders, in order to facilitate their amphibious operations. The gunboats, it must be admitted, have fallen amazingly from their original prestige. At one time they had nearly scared the South from its propriety; but they are now manifest humbugs, which even a few troopers can explode. The gallant cities of Vicksburg and Richmond deserve the credit of having first shorn the gunboats of their terrors. From the hour when Drury's Bluff demolished their iron-clads, they have been gradually sinking to their proper level.—*Richmond Dispatch, Jan. 27.*

REBEL SOLDIERS TIRED OF THE WAR.

The following colloquy is said to have occurred between the National and the rebel pickets on either side of the Rappahannock:

Rebel.—I say, Yankee, I'll throw my musket into the river and skedaddle, if you will.

Yankee.—Can't see it.

Rebel.—Well, we'll all agree on this side to bite the bullets off our cartridges when we have the next fight, if your boys will.

Yankee.—Can't see it.—*N. Y. Tribune, Feb. 6.*

DELAWARE.—No State in the Union has been more conspicuous for its gallantry and loyalty, during the present struggle, than the little Border State of Delaware. When every other Slave State either wavered or broke out into rebellion, she stood firm—"faithful among the faithless." When, after the attack upon Fort Sumter, a call was made for troops, she promptly sent a regiment of militia to Washington to guard the National capital, and with equal alacrity responded to the demand of the President for volunteers to put down the rebellion.

The regiment designated upon the Army Register as the "Second Delaware," but more familiarly known among the veterans of the Potomac as "the Crazy Delawares," was the first regiment raised in the State for three years or during the war. It has been prominent in every general engagement of the grand army

of the Potomac. It is commanded by Colonel William P. Baily, formerly an officer in the third company of the National Guard, a cool, brave, and experienced officer, who possesses the confidence and affection of his men, and will never disappoint the hopes of his country.

At the battles of Gaines's Mill, White Oak Swamp, Peach Orchard, Savage's Station, Antietam, and Fredericksburgh, this gallant regiment, now reduced to about two hundred and fifty effective men, fought with a valor and self-sacrificing devotion that won the applause of the whole army. It was the last to leave the field at the bloody fight at Gaines's Mill, and at Fredericksburgh led the charge of Zook's brigade, and laid its dead nearer the rebel works than any other regiment. In this charge Colonel Baily was wounded by a fragment of a shell which struck him in the breast, fracturing the collar-bone; but we are happy to learn that he is rapidly recovering, and that he will soon rejoin the "Crazy Delawares," which he has so often led to glorious deeds on the field of battle. — *Baltimore American*, January 14.

A PATRIOTIC PARSON.—A New-Hampshire paper publishes a letter from Lieut.-Col. Billings, Third New-Hampshire volunteers. This officer was formerly pastor of a Unitarian church in Concord, New-Hampshire, and first entered the service as chaplain. His former profession would seem to imply some Christian foundation of character and some of the sentiments and feelings of a gentleman. Whether he is entitled to such a charitable construction may be judged about by the following extract from his letter:

"I was authorized to order the evacuation of St. Simon's Island, Georgia, and took off ex-slaves, horses, cattle, rice, corn, etc., leaving nothing of value. The splendid mansion once occupied by that ex-U. S. Senator and arch-rebel T. Butler King, is on this island, and we stripped it of every thing. I write this letter on his writing-desk, which, with his piano, were presented to me on my return."—*N. Y. World*, Jan. 22.

MASSACRE OF THE GERMANS IN TEXAS.

Translated from the *Galveston Union*, a German paper, established since the occupation of that place by the Union forces.

Near the origin of the Grand Cape and Piedrales, on Johnston's Creek, several American and two German families settled but two years ago. Contending against the roughness of the soil and the wild Indians, they had no pleasant position, but they persevered, conscious of their courage and their intrepidity, and the lower settlements owed it to them that they had less to suffer from the raids of the Indians. These border inhabitants received but little news about the condition of the country and the events of the war. All at once they were notified to pay war taxes and to drill. The first demand they could not comply with, because they had no money, not even corn-meal for their families, and the last order they could not obey, because they lived so distant from each other and their absence would leave their families without protection.

For these reasons they were considered Union men, and Captain Duff, a notorious rowdy, was sent against the settlers with a company of Texans. They asked the protection of their friends, but had to fly from the overpowering number of their enemies to the mountains. Many Germans and Americans were arrested and imprisoned in Fredericksburgh, and Captain Duff was reinforced by four hundred men to operate suc-

cessfully against the German Abolitionists and hunt up the Yankees. The soldiers again visited Johnston's Creek, but found the most of the settlers had fled to the mountains. Frederick Degener alone they surprised, sleeping under the porch of his house, but awakened by the cries of distress of his wife and the discharge of the muskets of his enemies, who fired four-teen shots after him. He fortunately made his escape.

The house was ransacked, and all movable property taken off. Other farms in the neighborhood were also searched, the families taken prisoners, and the houses burnt down. Upon the news of these events, Fred Degener and other fugitives concluded to fly to Mexico; more exiles joined them, and soon they had a company of sixty-eight men. But they travelled too slowly, and before daybreak one morning they were surprised by two hundred Texans. After a most determined resistance, they were defeated, and only twelve of them, covered with wounds, made good their escape.

All fugitives which afterward fell into the hands of the enemy were hung up. Among these sixty-eight men only five were Americans, the others all Germans. A few of the fugitives escaped across the Rio Grande; others, wandering in the mountains and suffering extreme hunger, sought protection among American families, but were handed over to their persecutors and shot or hung.

To this news, Dr. Adolph Douai, a celebrated German traveller, who for many years had lived in that country, makes the following notes:

"We know personally the most of these unfortunate victims, which have been murdered so mercilessly, not because they rebelled against the government, but because they would not act against the Union, and would rather fly to Mexico. These murdered Union men were some of the greatest benefactors of the State; they had done the hardest pioneer work in it, cleared it from the wild beasts and Indians; they had saved it to civilization through more than one period of pestilence and famine; secured as borderers their present persecutors, the slaveholders, against the invasion of Indians, and done the best service as volunteers in the Mexican war and the wars on the frontier. They placed the arts and sciences in Texas as well as they could be found anywhere among the American Germans. They furnished the proof that they could cultivate sugar and cotton without the least danger to health, and increased the riches of the country millions of dollars."

The above related events are their reward for it. Hundreds who succeeded in making their escape rove about the woods, having lost every thing, some even their families. Hundreds are now chased like wild beasts through the wilderness of North-western Texas, and succumb because of the most horrid tortures, their fate never being known to their fellow-men.—*St. Louis Republican*, January 16.

PRICE AND HIS MISSOURIANS.—Of the ten thousand gallant fellows whom Gen. Price led from Missouri in April and May last, not more than two thousand five hundred were lately left survivors of the casualties of battles and camps fit for service.—*Selma (Ala.) Sentinel*, January 2.

NATIONALS FRIGHTENED BY A ROOSTER.—One of the soldiers of General T. R. R. Cobb's brigade has a game-cock, which he had with him on the day of the battle of Fredericksburgh. By a trick, or signal, which they had taught him, the soldiers could make the cock crow whenever they chose. Upon each advance of the ene-

my, just before our sharp-shooters opened upon them, the cock's clear, shrill clarion rung out on the sulphurous air. This strange defiance, while it cheered and amused our boys, fell with a depressing effect upon the ears of the enemy. When the foe retired to return no more, the cock, with repeated crows, sounded the victory.—*Savannah Republican, January 8.*

THE PEACE MOVEMENT.—The peace movement at the North is fairly begun at last. The voice of a populous longing to close a hopeless and ruinous war of aggression, can no longer be stifled. The mighty rabble of New-York and Philadelphia have caught up the cry raised by the Hoosiers of the North-west, and day by day the peace element in party politics grows stronger and more distinct. The utterances which reach us show that there has been no lack of venal presses and unscrupulous politicians, shaping their course so as to share the rising fortunes of the anti-war movement. Everywhere throughout the North we find supple demagogues echoing the popular sentiment with a vigor and boldness which, a year ago, would have consigned them to a dungeon; and even the fearless and consistent Vallandigham takes a step farther than he ever dared before, and unfurls the white flag in the very halls of the Yankee Congress.

To give to the new party such an overwhelming and decisive preponderance of strength as will at once terminate the effort to subjugate the South, we believe that it is only necessary that, in the next great shock of arms, which must now be close at hand, our troops shall once more vindicate their superiority over the ruffianly invaders whom they must encounter. That our brave soldiers may enter this final struggle under the least possible disadvantage of numbers, is an object which should enlist all the attention and energies of those who rule the policy of the Confederacy.—*Charleston Mercury, January 31.*

January 30.—A daughter of South-Carolina writes to the *Charleston Courier* from Darlington district:

"I propose to spin the thread to make the cord to execute the order of our noble President, Davis, when old Butler is caught, and my daughter asks that she may be allowed to adjust it round his neck."

LINES.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Men of the Northland! where's the manly spirit
Of the true hearted and the unshackled gone?
Sons of old freemen! do we but inherit
Their names alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within us?
Stoops the strong manhood of our souls so low
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us
To silence now?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is verging,
In God's name let us speak while there is time!
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,
Silence is crime!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors
Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter
For treacherous peace the freedom nature gave us,
God and our charter?

Here shall the statesman forge his human fetters,
Here the false jurist human rights deny,
And in the church their proud and skilled abettors
Make truth a lie!

Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible,
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood!
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel
Both man and God!

Shall our New-England stand erect no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs, and stronger
Day after day?

Oh! no, methinks from all her wild, green mountains—
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
And clear, old sky—

From her rough coast and isles which hungry ocean
Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billow's motion
Round rock and cliff—

From the free fireside of her unbought farmer—
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—
From the brown smith-shop, where beneath the hammer
Rings the red steel—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken
Our land, and left us to an evil choice,
Loud as the summer's thunderbolt shall waken
A people's voice!

Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall bear it
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it
Within her grave.

Oh! let that voice go forth! the bondman sighing
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing
Sadly upon us from afar shall smile,
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,
Bless us the while.

Oh! for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,
For the wronged captive, bleeding, crushed, and lowly,
Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter
With all they left ye perilled and at stake?
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar
The fire awake!

Prayer strengthened for the trial, come together,
Put on the harness for the moral fight,
And with the blessing of your heavenly Father,
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

OREMUS.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

We will not raise, O God! the formal prayer
Of broken heart and shattered nerve;
Thou know'st our griefs, our wants, and whatsoe'er
Is best for those who serve.

Before thy feet, in silence and in awe,
 We open lay our cause and need ;
 As brave men may, the patriot sword we draw,
 But thine must be the deed.

We have no pageantry, to please thy eye,
 Save marshaled men, who marching come
 Beneath thy gaze in armed panoply ;
 No music save the drum.

We have no altar builded in thy sight,
 From which the fragrant offerings rise,
 Save this wild field of hot and bloody fight ;
 These dead our sacrifice.

To this great cause the force of prayer is given,
 The wordless prayer of righteous will,
 Before whose strength the ivory gates of heaven
 Fall open, and are still.

For we believe, within our inmost souls,
 That what men do with spirit sad,
 To thee in one vast cloud of worship rolls—
 Rolls up, and makes thee glad.

O God ! if reason may presume so far,
 We say our cause is also thine ;
 We read its truth in every flashing star,
 In every sacred line.

By thy commission freedom first was sent,
 To hold the tyrant's force at bay ;
 The chain that broke in Egypt was not meant
 To bind our shining day.

Freedom to all ! in Thy great name we cry,
 And lift to heaven thy bloody sword ;
 Too long have we been blind in heart and eye
 To thy outspoken word.

Before the terrors of that battle-call,
 As flax before the gusty flame,
 Down, down, the vanquished enemy shall fall,
 Stricken with endless shame !

Here let division cease. Join hand with hand,
 Join voice with voice ; a general shout
 Shall, like a whirlwind, sweep our native land,
 And purge the traitors out !

Fear not or faint not. God, who ruleth men,
 Marks where his noble martyrs lie ;
 They shall all rise beneath his smile again ;
 His foes alone shall die.

AFTER ALL.

BY WM. WINTER.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
 The work of the reaper is done,
 And the golden woodlands redden
 In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire
 Sits pale in his easy chair,
 While the gentle wind of twilight
 Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him ;
 A fair young head is pressed,
 In the first wild passion of sorrow,
 Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
 The faltering echoes come
 Of the flying blast of trumpet,
 And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper :
 "The end no man can see ;
 But we give him to his country,
 And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
 The rose-buds fringe the door,
 And over the grassy orchard
 The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
 The cottage is dark and still ;
 There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
 And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
 By the cold hearth sits alone,
 And the old clock in the corner
 Ticks on with a steady drone.

A PATRIOTIC CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

BY J. G. L.

Come, Freedom's sons, arouse, arouse !
 Nor longer now delay,
 And pledge to God above your vows,
 Rebellion foul to slay.

Come from the forge, come from the plough,
 Come from the bank and store ;
 From wave and wood, come, Freemen, *now*,
 And fight as those of yore.

Where Freemen all victorious stood,
 Where tyranny did yield ;
 Just here, where your bold fathers' blood
 Stained red the battle-field.

From North to South, from East to West,
 Let Union shouts arise,
 From valley deep to eagle's nest,
 And echo through the skies.

Come, bold sons of your pilgrim sires,
 Sons of the brave and free,
 Who left to you, their rightful heirs,
 This glorious legacy.

This lovely home of hill and dell,
 Of river, lake, and sea ;
 Where tyrant ruled, as William Tell
 Can find sweet liberty.

Come, then, from forge, and come from plough,
 Come from the bank and store ;
 From wave and wood, come, Freemen, *now*,
 To fight as those of yore.

Come, clear away the gloomy pall
 Of treason dark and drear ;
 Before your arms 'tis doomed to fall—
 Hark ! hear the victors cheer.

Your COUNTRY calls ! see there's the foe,
 Rebellion, strike it down ;
 Yes, strike the one decisive blow,
 Then wear the victor's crown :

A more than crown—a laurel wreath,
 Around each patriot's brow—
 While treason sleeps a traitor's death:
 Then, up, and—*win it now.*

AVENGED!

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

God's scales of Justice hang between
 The deed Unjust and the end Unseen,
 And the sparrow's fall in the one is weighed
 By the Lord's own hand in the other laid.

In the prairie path to our Sunset gate,
 In the flow'ring heart of a new-born State,
 Are the hopes of an old man's waning years,
 'Neath headstones worn with an old man's tears.

When the bright sun sinks in the rose-lipped West,
 His last red ray is the headstone's crest:
 And the mounds he laves in a crimson flood
 Are a Soldier's wealth baptized in blood!

Do ye ask who reared those headstones there,
 And crowned with thorns a sire's gray hair?
 And by whom the Land's great debt was paid
 To the Soldier old, in the graves they made?

Shrink, Pity, shrink, at the question dire;
 And, Honor, burn in a blush of fire!
 Turn, Angel, turn, from the page thine eyes,
 Or the Sin, once written, never dies!

They were men of the land he had fought to save
 From a foreign foe that had crossed the wave,
 When his sunlit youth was a martial song,
 And shook a throne as it swelled along.

They were sons of a clime whose soft, warm breath
 Is the soul of earth, and a life in death;
 Where the Summer dreams on the couch of Spring,
 And songs of birds through the whole year ring;

Where the falling leaf is the cup that grew
 To catch the gems of the new leaf's dew,
 And the winds that through the vine-leaves ereep
 Are the sighs of Time in a pleasant sleep.

But there lurked a taint in the clime so blest,
 Like a serpent coiled in a ring-dove's nest,
 And the human sounds to the ear it gave
 Were the clank of chains on a low-browed Slave.

The Soldier old, at his sentry-post,
 Where the sun's last trail of light is lost,
 Beheld the shame of the land he loved,
 And the old, old love in his bosom moved.

He cried to the land, Beware! Beware
 Of the symbol'd curse in the Bondman there!
 And a prophet's soul in fire came down
 To live in the voice of old John Brown.

He cried; and the ingrate answer came
 In words of steel from a tongue of flame;
 They dyed his hearth in the blood of kin,
 And his dear ones fell for the Nation's Sin!

O matchless deed! that a fiend might scorn;
 O deed of shame! for a world to mourn;
 A prophet's pay in his blood most dear,
 And a land to mock at a Father's tear!

Is't strange that the tranquil soul of age
 Was turned to strife in a madman's rage?
 Is't strange that the cry of blood did seem
 Like the roll of drums in a martial dream?

Is't strange that the clank of the Helot's chain
 Should drive the Wrong to the old man's brain,
 To fire his heart with a Santon's zeal,
 And mate his arm to the Soldier's steel?

The bane of Wrong to its depth had gone,
 And the sword of Right from its sheath was drawn,
 But the cabled slave heard not his cry,
 And the old man armed him but to die.

Ye may eall him mad that he did not quail
 When his stout blade broke on the unblest mail;
 Ye may eall him mad, that he struck alone,
 And made the land's dark Curse his own;

But the Eye of God looked down and saw
 A just life lost by an unjust law;
 And black was the day with God's own frown
 When the Southern Cross was a martyr's Crown!

Apostate clime! the blood then shed
 Fell thick with vengeance on thy head,
 To weigh it down 'neath the coming rod,
 When thy red hand should be stretched to God.

Behold the price of the life ye took;
 At the death ye gave 'twas a world that shook:
 And the despot deed that one heart broke,
 From their slavish sleep a million woke!

Not all alone did the victim fall,
 Whose wrongs first brought him to your thrall:
 The old man played a Nation's part,
 And ye struck your blow at the Nation's heart!

The freemen host is at your door,
 And a voice goes forth with a stern "No more!"
 To the deadly Curse, whose swift redeem
 Was the vision'd thought of John Brown's dream.

To the Country's Wrong and the Country's stain,
 It shall prove as the scythe to the yielding grain;
 And the dauntless power to spread it forth
 Is the free-born soul of the chainless North.

From the East, and West, and North they come,
 To the bugle's call and the roll of drum;
 And a form walks viewless by their side—
 A form that was born when the Old Man died!

The Soldier old in his grave may rest,
 Afar with his dead in the prairie West;
 But the red ray falls on the headstone there,
 Like a God's reply to a soldier's prayer.

He may sleep in peace 'neath the greenwood pall,
 For the land's great heart hath heard his call;
 And a people's Will and a people's Might
 Shall right the Wrong and proclaim the Right.

The foe may howl at the fiat just,
 And gnash his fangs in the trodden dust;
 But the battle leaves his bark a wreck,
 And the Freeman's heel is on his track.

Not all in vain is the lesson taught,
 That a great soul's Dream is the world's New Thought;
 And the Scaffold marked with a death sublime
 Is the Throne ordained for the coming time.

THE COLOR SERGEANT.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

You say that in every battle
 No soldier was braver than he,
 As, aloft in the roar and the rattle,
 He carried the flag of the free:
 I knew, ah! I knew he'd ne'er falter,
 I could trust him, the dutiful boy.
 My Robert was wilful—but Walter,
 Dear Walter, was ever a joy.

And if he was true to his mother,
 Do you think he his trust would betray,
 And give up his place to another,
 Or turn from the danger away?
 He knew while afar he was straying,
 He felt in the thick of the fight,
 That at home his poor mother was praying
 For him and the cause of the right!

Tell me, comrade, who saw him when dying,
 What he said, what he did, if you can;
 On the field in his agony lying,
 Did he suffer and die like a man?
 Do you think he once wished he had never
 Borne arms for the right and the true?
Nay, he shouted Our Country forever!
When he died he was praying for you!

O my darling! my youngest and fairest,
 Whom I gathered so close to my breast;
 I called thee my dearest and rarest,
 And thou wert my purest and best!
 I tell you, O friend! as a mother,
 Whose full heart is breaking to-day,
 The Infinite Father—none other—
 Can know what he's taken away!

I thank you once more for your kindness,
 For this lock of his auburn hair:
 Perhaps 'tis the one I in blindness
 Last touched, as we parted just there!
 When he asked, through his tears, should he linger
 From duty, I answered him, *Nay*;
 And he smiled, as he placed on my finger
 The ring I am wearing to-day.

I watched him leap into that meadow;
 There, a child, he with others had played;
 I saw him pass slowly the shadow
 Of the trees, where his father was laid;
 And there, where the road meets two others,
 Without turning he went on his way:
 Once his face toward the foe—not his mother's
 Should unman him, or cause him delay.

It may be that some day your duty
 Will carry you that way again;
 When the field shall be ripen in beauty,
 Enriched by the blood of the slain;
 Would you see if the grasses are growing
 On the grave of my boy? Will you see
 If a flower, e'en the smallest, is blowing,
 And pluck it, and send it to me?

Don't think, in my grief, I'm complaining;
 I gave him, God took him, 'tis right;
 And the cry of his mother remaining
 Shall strengthen his comrades in fight.
 Not for vengeance, to-day, in my weeping,
 Goes my prayer to the Infinite Throne.
 God pity the foe when he's reaping
 The harvest of what he has sown!

Tell his comrades these words of his mother:
 All over the wide land to-day,
 The Rachels who weep with each other,
 Together in agony pray.
 They know in their great tribulation,
 By the blood of their children outpoured,
 We shall smite down the foes of the Nation,
 In the terrible day of the Lord.

THE FISHERMAN OF BEAUFORT.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 And still the fisherman's boat,
 At early dawn and at evening shade,
 Is ever and ever afloat:
 His net goes down, and his net comes up,
 And we hear his song of glee,
 "De fishes dey hates de ole slave nets,
 But comes to de nets of de free."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 And the oysterman below
 Is picking away, in the slimy sands,
 In the sands ob de long ago.
 But now if an empty hand he bears,
 He shudders no more with fear,
 There's no stretching board for the aching bones,
 And no lash of the overseer.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 And ever I hear a song,
 As the moaning winds, through the moss-hung oaks,
 Sweep surging ever along.
 "O massa white man! help de slave,
 And de wife and chillen too,
 Eber dey'll work, wid de hard worn hand,
 Ef ell gib 'em de work to do."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 But it bides no tyrant's word,
 As it chants unceasing the anthem grand
 Of its Freedom, to the Lord.
 The fisherman floating on its breast
 Has caught up the key-note true,
 "De sea works, massa, for't sef and God,
 And so must de brack man too."

"Den gib him* de work, and gib him de pay,
 For de chillen and wife him love,
 And de yam shall grow, and de cotton shall blow,
 And him nebber, nebber rove;
 For him love de ole Carlina State,
 And de ole magnolia-tree:
 Oh! nebber him trouble de iew Norf,
 Ef de brack folks—am go free."

THE REVEILLE.

BY T. B. HART, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
 And of armed men the hum;
 Lo! a Nation's hosts have gathered
 Round the quick alarming drum—
 Saying, "Come,
 Freemen, come!
 Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming
 drum.

* The colored people use the word *him* for "us," and apply the same pronoun to animate and inanimate objects, whether of masculine, feminine, or neuter gender.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
 War is not of life the sum;
 Who shall stay and reap the harvest
 When the autumn days shall come?"
 But the drum
 Echoed, "Come!

Death shall reap the braver harvests," said the solemn
 sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
 What of profit springs therefrom?
 What if conquests—subjugation—
 Even greater ills become?"

But the drum
 Answered, "Come!

You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-
 answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
 Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
 When my brothers fall around me,
 Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum
 Answered, "Come

Better there in death united, than in life a recreant—
 come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing—

Some in faith, and doubting some,

Till a trumpet-voice, proclaiming,

Said, "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum,

Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the Nation, throbbing, answered,
 "Lord! we come!"

THE DEAD DRUMMER-BOY.

'Midst tangled roots that lined the wild ravine,
 Where the fierce fight raged hottest through the day,
 And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
 Amid the darkling forest's shade and sheen,
 Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
 In slanting lines, like amber-tinted rain,
 Fell sidewise on the drummer's upturned face,
 Where death had left his gory finger's trace
 In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
 Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair;
 His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
 That with his soul had mounted to the sky
 On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
 The shrill reveille, or the long roll's call,
 Or sound the charge, when in the smoke and heat
 Of fiery onset, foe with foe shall meet,
 And gallant men shall fall.

Yet may be in some happy home, that one,
 A mother, reading from the list of dead,
 Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
 And move her lips to say, "God's will be done!"
 And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell his story?
 Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame;
 He lived, he died; and so, *memento mori*—
 Enough if on the page of War and Glory
 Some hand has writ his name.

THE RED STAIN ON THE LEAVES.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

The wood-bird's nest upon the bough
 Deserted hangs, and heaped with leaves:
 Once filled with life and joy, but now
 Sad as a stricken heart that grieves.
 Amid the light of such a scene,
 Where silent vales and hills are clad
 In gayest hues of gold and green,
 Why should the human heart be sad?

Yet sombre thoughts flit through the mind,
 And pass unspoken and unsung,
 As leaves, touched by the autumn wind,
 Fall from the twigs to which they elung.
 Here, like the patriarch in his dream,
 We see the ladder angels trod,
 The mountains to our vision seem
 To lean against the throne of God.

The vales of golden mist that rise
 Over the woodlands to the sea,
 Drop where the gallant soldier lies,
 Whose furlough is eternity.
 Upon the leaves now sear and red,
 That once were flakes of fire to me,
 I see the blood our armies shed,
 That our dear country might be free.

WAR SONG.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

With sword on thigh, "to do or die,"
 I march to meet the foe;
 A pirate band have cursed the land,
 Then deal the deadly blow.
 To Richmond on, and write upon
 Her walls the words of doom;
 Secession's horde from Freedom's sword
 Deserves a bloody tomb.

Sound, bugle, sound! a rally round
 The Star-flag of the Free;
 Nursed by a flood of generous blood
 Was Freedom's sacred tree.
 Accursed by God in dust be trod
 Rebellion's hellish horde;
 The fiends to tame hearts are aflame
 With cannon-peal and sword.

'Tis hard to leave the babes that grieve
 For a fond, absent sire;
 His cherished wife, charm of his life,
 To brave the battle's fire;
 But duty calls, and loudly falls
 Our war-cry on the ear;
 Our banners wave above the brave—
 Then on! and know not fear.

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

Don't stop a moment to think, John,
 Your country calls—then go;
 Don't think of me or the children, John,
 I'll care for them, you know.
 Leave the corn upon the stalks, John,
 Potatoes on the hill,
 And the pumpkins on the vines, John—
 I'll gather them with a will.

But take your gun and go, John,
Take your gun and go,
For Ruth can drive the oxen, John,
And I can use the hoc.

I've heard my grandsire tell, John,
(He fought at Bunker Hill,)
How he counted all his life and wealth
His country's offering still.
Shall we shame the brave old blood, John,
That flowed on Monmouth plain?
No! take your gun and go, John,
If you ne'er return again.
Then take your gun and go, etc.

Our army's short of blankets, John,
Then take this heavy pair;
I spun and wove them when a girl,
And worked them with great care.
There's a rose in every corner, John,
And there's my name you see;
On the cold ground they'll warmer feel
That they were made by me.
Then take your gun and go, etc.

And if it be God's will, John,
You ne'er come back again,
I'll do my best for the children, John,
In sorrow, want, and pain.
In winter nights I'll teach them all
That I have learned at school,
To love the country, keep the laws,
Obey the Saviour's rule.
Then take your gun and go, etc.

And in the village church, John,
And at our humble board,
We'll pray that God will keep you, John,
And heavenly aid afford;
And all who love their country's cause
Will love and bless you too,
And nights and mornings they will pray
For freedom and for you.
Then take your gun and go, etc.

And now good by to you, John—
I cannot say farewell;
We'll hope and pray for the best, John;
God's goodness none can tell.
Be his great arm around you, John,
To guard you night and day;
Be our beloved country's shield,
Till the war has passed away.
Then take your gun and go, etc.

LADY WASHINGTON'S LAMENTATION.

DECEMBER, 1799.*

When Columbia's brave sons called my hero to lead
'em,
To vanquish their foes and establish their freedom,
I rejoiced at his honor—my fears I dissembled;
At the thought of his danger, my heart, how it trem-
bled:
O my Washington! O my Washington! O my Wash-
ington!

All was hazardous.

* Copied from an original, January 9th, 1803, and presented by a lady of Richmond, Va., to Miss Susan McCain, (Mrs. S. M. Bell,) of Lunenburg County, Virginia.

The contest decided with peace to the nation;
My hero retired 'mid the loud acclamation
Of men without number, and praise without measure;
My own heart exulted in transports of pleasure.
O my happiness! O my happiness! O my happiness!
How precarious!

Our Freedom, with order, by Faction rejected,
A new Constitution our country erected;
My hero was raised to preside over the Union,
And his cares intercepted our blissful communion:
O my happiness! O my happiness! O my happiness!
How precarious!

Declining the trust of his dignified station,
With joy to the seat of his dear estimation,
Surrounded with honors, he humbly retreated;
Sweet hopes, softly whispered, my bliss was completed,
O my happiness! O my happiness! O my happiness!
How precarious!

When the pangs of disease had fatally seized him,
My heart would have yielded its life to have eased him;
I prayed the Most High if for death *He* designed him,
That he would not permit me to loiter behind him.
O my Washington! O my Washington! O my Wash-
ington!

All was dubious.

When hope was all fled, and I saw him resigning
His soul to his God without dread or repining,
What, my heart, were thy feelings, lamenting, ad-
miring,
To see *him* so nobly, so calmly expiring?
O my Washington! O my Washington! O my Wash-
ington!

Has forsaken us!

When I followed his corpse with grief unconfined,
And saw to the tomb his dear relics consigned,
When I left *him* in silence and darkness surrounded,
With what pangs of fresh anguish my bosom was
wounded.
O my Washington! O my Washington! O my Wash-
ington!

Has forsaken us!

His aspect so noble, pale grave-clothes disfigured,
And his conquering arm despoiled of its vigor;
On those lips, which dropped wisdom, is silence im-
posed,
And those kind, beaming eyes forever are closed.
O my Washington! O my Washington! O my Wash-
ington!

Has forsaken us!

THE REBELLION.

BY DAVID BARKER.

THERE'S a law of compensation,
And a law of retribution,
For each mortal and each nation,
And I've seen the plain solution.

If there's truth in the evangel,
Then the old recording angel,
By that law of compensation,
And that law of retribution,
(For I've seen the whole solution,)
Has a reckoning with this nation.

I have seen the primal entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever,
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover.

On a midnight dark and dreary,
When my form was weak and weary
Then my spirit left its dwelling,
Left it in another's keeping ;
In the kind care of another,
Of a loving angel brother,
Who had left his earth-friends weeping,
And had crossed the river swelling,
But had found a passage over—
Found a backward passage over,
Through the dark bridge with the cover,
And had made another entry
On the shore this side the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover.

As my spirit made its entry
On the shore beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover,
There I met the writing angel
With his records all before him,
And a halo hanging o'er him,
With his books named in the evangel.

With an anxious, saddened feeling
Through my inner spirit stealing,
Turned I to the writing angel,
With his books named in the evangel,
Just to learn the situation
Of our struggling, bleeding nation ;
Just to learn this from the entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover.

With a tear the angel said it :
" There's your debt and there's your credit—
Just inspect each primal entry
On the books this side the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river."

Turned I quick aside the cover,
And I glanced the pages over,
And I found the primal entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
Was before the old embargo,
When the Dutch ship with her cargo,
Ploughed her keel across our waters,
With her fettered sons and daughters,
'Twas a charge for " countless terrors,"
And the " middle passage horrors."

Then the next or second entry
On the books beyond the sentry,

Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover,
Was for " wails of wives and mothers,
And for sisters, fathers, brothers,
When the auction-hammer thundered
That all kindred ties were sundered."

Then the next and final entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river,
At the bridge that passes over,
At the dark bridge with the cover,
Was for " proceeds of the cargo,
Brought before the old embargo,"
And I found the angel had it,
With each mill of interest added—
But we pass now to the credit
As the writing angel had it.

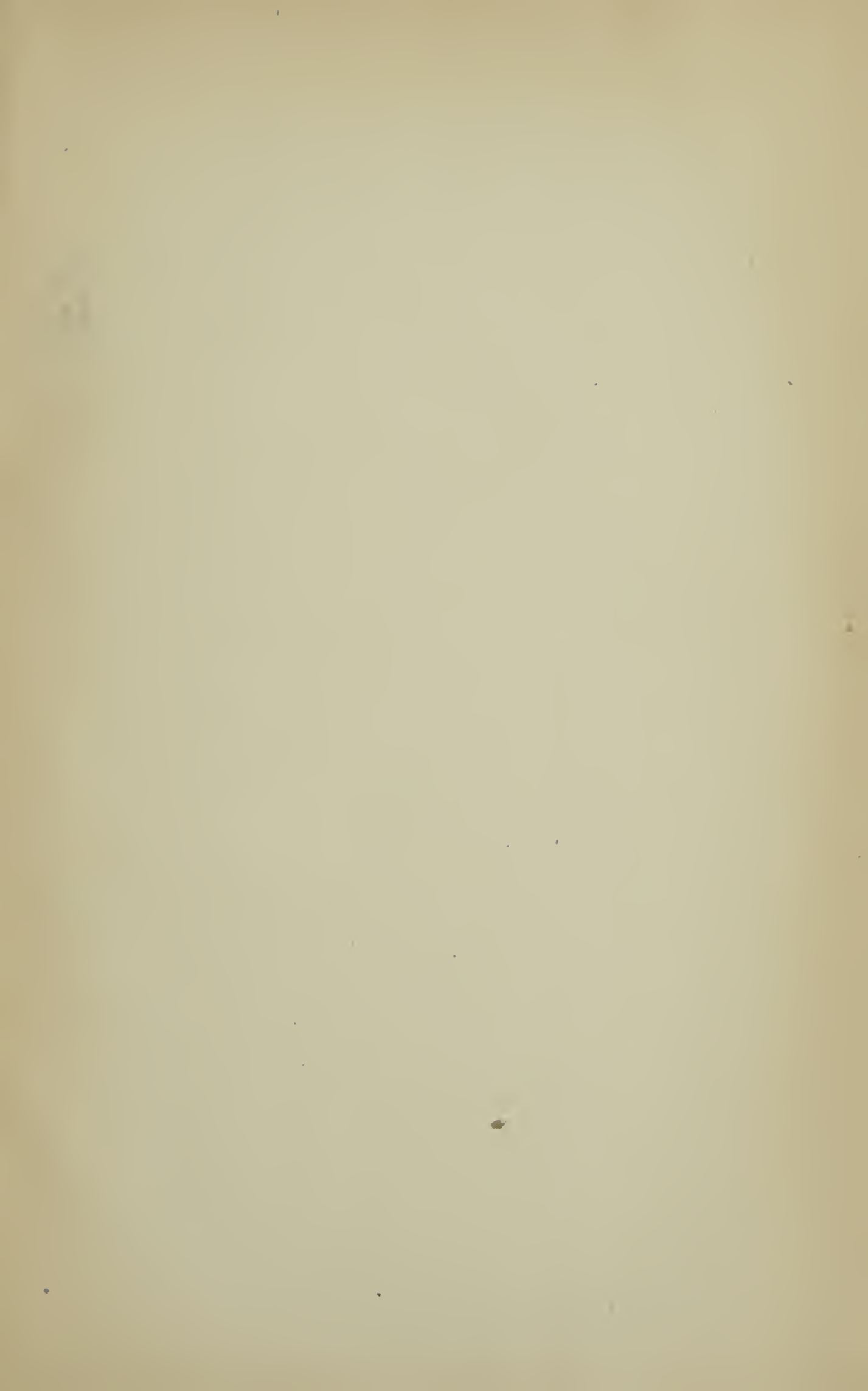
Turned I then again the cover,
And I searched the pages over,
But I found no credit entry
On the books beyond the sentry,
Of the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside the river ;
Then I gave unto the angel
All his books named in the evangel,
When a deeper, saddened feeling
Came across my spirit stealing ;
But the angel sternly said it—
" You shall have your honest credit."

" When your land is filled with terrors
Like the Middle Passage horrors,
All the horrors of each cargo
Since the Dutch keel ploughed your waters,
With her sable sons and daughters,
Long before the slave embargo :

" When your wails of wives and mothers,
Of your sisters, fathers, brothers,
Shall amount through all your slaughters
To the wails of sons and daughters,
Of the sable sons and daughters,
Since the auction-hammer thundered
That all human ties were sundered :

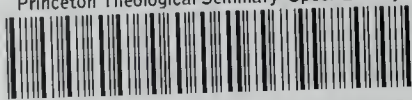
" When the proceeds of the cargo,
Brought before the old embargo—
When the proceeds as you had it,
With each mill of interest added,
Shall be squandered in your slaughters,
'Mid your wails of wives and daughters,
You will get your honest credit !"

Then he closed the opening cover,
When again I crossed the river,
By the sentry standing ever
Gaunt and grim beside that river ;
Then my spirit sought its dwelling,
Left within a brother's keeping,
Of an angel brother's keeping,
When that brother left my dwelling,
And recrossed the river swelling,
From this land with sorrow laden,
To his better home in Aidenn.



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